

Harry and Hermione moved in, wands at the ready. They had gotten cleaned up after having sex and then journeyed to the final spot on the map to investigate Dementor sightings in Enfield. They had surveyed much of the area, mainly ignoring this last venue. It was a space in between two of the old and abandoned warehouses. In his mind, Harry wished that they had come to the spot first instead of waiting till the end. Now they were both tired, and every now and then, he felt his wand's tip dipping ever so slightly. Each time, when he blinked, it appeared that it had just been a trick of the light. At least that's what he told himself. It was hardly a good idea going after Dementors at the best of times.

Neither of the two magic users voiced such concerns, though Hermione felt guilty about not keeping her libido in check. Like Harry, she was feeling a bit worn out. Harry's was the biggest she knew, and they had gotten very hot and heavy as they fucked on the corner of a street during the previous investigation area. That said, she was confident in both of their skills; after all, she only had to close her eyes to remember the brilliant sight of Harry defending her, Sirius, and himself from the horde of Dementors during their third year.

They explored the alley and even ventured into the warehouses on occasions. Things felt cold, but it wasn't anything out of ordinary compared to the weather around them. Harry's green continued surveying the area and keeping his wand at the ready. Part of him half expected some prankster to toss a bottle in their direction. That was what he assumed was the culprit that had scared the muggle who made the reports. Such was Harry's thinking until he realized that he noticed that Hermione wasn't near him.

Pushing through his shock, he brandished his wand in the area in front of him while his jaw clenched. "Hermione!"

The call for his friend hardly seemed to reach further than about a meter from his feet. That and her disappearance sent off warning bells throughout his mind. Harry swirled around, having nearly felt what appeared to be a cold claw scraping against the back of his jacket. Something else nudged against his back, and Harry's wand flew into action.

"Confringo!" Harry shouted out. Suddenly the air burned and exploded in front of Harry after he used the spell. Rising up to his feet quickly, he stared at something worse than death for many witches and wizards. The black and vile form of a Dementor, seemingly having appeared out of nowhere, now bared its rotted, skeletal arm reached out for him, but Harry was quicker.

He thought of him and Hermione from earlier, her lips kissing him while their bodies ground together. "Expecto Patronum!"

Mighty antlers of gleaming whiteness suddenly jabbed into the Dementor. It snarled and hissed an eerie death-call before the rest of Harry's stag launched free of the tip of his wand. The beast of light and happiness tossed the Dementor to the side and then wheeled around on its powerful legs. Harry shivered, suddenly feeling much colder than before. His head jerked upward as he followed the upraised snout of the stag.

Floating above him and his Patronus, forming a whirlpool of inky darkness, he saw at least ten Dementors lazily floating along the warehouse's ceiling. It felt less like he was looking at the top of the room. Instead, his green eyes stared into a dark ocean filled with shark-like humanoids wrapped in spectral cloaks. One Dementor held Hermione, with its mouth angling directly close to her face.

"Hermione!!!" Harry shouted out, raising his wand towards the ceiling. With a stamp of its hooves, the powerful creature manifested by Harry's good memories raced up on an invisible ramp and began crashing into the nest of terrible magical creatures. Awoken by his call, Hermione's eyes blinked, and as she found herself staring into the terrible visage in front of her, reacting on rote learning and practice, she jabbed the tip of her wand right up to the monster with a hole for a mouth.

"Expecto Patronum!" Harry couldn't be sure of what he saw, things above him were a mass of mostly darkness, but when the wispy white vision of an otter took shape, it almost looked like the creature smacked the Dementor holding Hermione with its paw.

The being uttered a shrill and venomous shriek before dropping Hermione. Harry had prepared for it and was in the perfect position to catch his friend. Above them, the stag and otter swirled among the darkness, sending the Dementors into an unexpected battle. Even more unexpected to Harry, was when Hermione locked her hands around him and pulled him in for a deep and passionate kiss.

Remembering exactly where they were, Harry had to be the one to pull back from where their lips connected.

"Hermione..."

"Right... Excuse me," She said, touching her friend's chest while he let her down. From there, standing at each other's sides, the magic users focused their efforts on the dark entities that had made the Muggle warehouse their home. Despite every invisible pull at their hearts and minds from the mere presence of such foul creatures, both Harry and Hermione stood defiant, using their Patronuses to continue driving the Dementors from every shadow and crevice. With each impact, the pair of spellcasters weakened the beings of cruel destruction. The Dementors' chance at a meal lost their meal, and Harry and Hermione expelled them from the abandoned area where they had been reproducing. When it was finally over, Harry looked down, noticing Hermione's hand holding his own, just as they had when the pair raced through the Forbidden Forest towards where Sirius and Harry's past self nearly died.

"We should get out of here, they may be gone, but I can still feel their stain on this place," Hermione nodded, and the pair soon Apparated out of Enfield entirely. Harry took his friend to a sweet shop near the Ministry so that they could both help restore themselves on a nice helping of chocolate. Even with that, the witch sitting across from him remained quite pale.

“It’s alright, Hermione. We beat them. Just like last time,”

She gave the bespectacled man a quick smile that faded from her face, returning her expression to a mousier one. “It felt worse this time—more than ever before. I feared... losing you. I want to be with you, Harry. I love Ron, but you are the only one who can truly make me feel whole,”

Harry nodded, more to calm her than anything. He knew that it was the fear from the Dementors that was making her speak so foolishly. Hermione didn’t fear anything, and once they both put the day behind themselves, he imagined she’d be right as rain.

Still, Harry decided that he couldn’t bring her back to the Ministry in the state she was in. Hermione, ever the bluntest of speakers, had not really endeared herself to many of her co-workers in the office. The wizard was quite sure that if people saw her as she was, her fitness for the job would come under serious review. Instead, they journeyed to 12 Grimmauld Place.

Hermione got cleaned up, and Harry prepared some more food snacks together. He even pulled out a bottle of Ogden’s Old Firewhiskey. She frowned at the glass of whiskey, but as soon as Hermione took a drink, the sharp, heated taste of the liquor nearly overpowered her system so much that she almost forgot all about the Dementors. Naturally, the alcohol didn’t make her forget about her feelings and admission to Harry. Nothing would ever make her forget about that.

‘I could have cost Harry his life. If I had somehow escaped and he did not, how could I live with myself knowing that!’

“You’re being so kind to me after what happened, Harry,” Harry looked back at her, nearly getting lost in the warm-brown color of her eyes.

“Come off it, Hermione. These sorts of things happen,” he said, remembering the attack on his life in Scotland. He feared that somehow, Hermione had managed to feel safer and more secure after Voldemort was defeated. Harry, on the other hand, knew the perils that still plagued their world. The Ministry and all good wizards and witches were not out of the woods because Voldemort was gone. Not by a long shot.

“Right. Well, I’m just glad you were with me...” Hermione replied back.

“Anytime,”

Ginny came home and greeted Hermione with a hug. The redhead’s presence filled Hermione with even more pleasant memories to focus on, further adding iron to her resolve after the Dementors had nearly laid her low. The group had a lovely meal together, but Hermione got a little worried when she noticed Harry whisper something to Ginny.

'Oh, I hope she's not worried and going to send a message to Ron. He'll want me to quit the Ministry. Or that very least never go off to do fieldwork again,' That thought alone filled her with glum. She didn't want to be rude and interrupt whatever the couple was talking about. So instead, she ended up doing something drastic. Reaching for the bottle of fiery-tasting whiskey, she tried to be as subtle as possible as she prepared another shot.

Ginny and Harry finally stopped talking. The bushy-haired witch watched as the redhead nodded towards her husband readily. Then Harry kissed her, but he didn't stop there. As their lips locked in front of their dinner guest, Hermione's breath caught in her throat, and her hand raised as she watched Harry's hand slide underneath Ginny's shirt. Her mouth felt dry, but her pussy instantly felt wet as she saw the outline of Harry's fingers squeezing around Ginny's thick tit.

She felt her lips burn but didn't look away. Mumbling and gently nibbling on her lips, Hermione found herself a bit lost. Never had she found herself in a situation quite like this. Soon, the noises that the lovers were making were so loud that she felt her body reacting to the scene unfolding. The feelings of awkwardness swirling inside of her vanished when Harry's powerful gaze fell on her. He gave Ginny's breast one more squeeze, and then he locked his attention entirely on Hermione.

"What are you waiting for? Aren't you going to join us, Hermione?" Harry asked.

The question kind of shocked her, but it was just what she needed at that moment. Her mind quieted, and her body answered the call. She pulled out her wand, put the tip to the edge of her simple clothing, and pulled it down along the front of her body. Ginny and Harry watched little by little as their friend's clothing melted and disappeared, leaving her naked in front of them. Ginny licked her lips hungrily, seeing the naked woman who was going to join them. Harry's hand returned to his lover's body, this time sliding beneath her skirt. He rubbed and played with her inner thighs.

"Mmmraah... Mwmwmaaaaah!" the redheaded vixen moaned as Hermione got closer and closer towards them. She quickly thanked Harry in kind, stroking and gently patting the mighty thickness raging to be freed from within the black-haired wizard's clothes.

After Hermione joined the duo, they quickly moved into one of the ornately furnished chambers of the grand estate. Both girls led Harry to a couch and then used spells to remove Ginny and Harry's clothes. Ginny kissed up and down his cock, making a mess of her lipstick while marking Harry's enormous and veiny cock with the imprint of her mouth. Hushed breaths raced out of Hermione's body as she watched. Each moment she felt more feverish than the last. When her lust could no longer be tamed, she moved up. With Ginny's help, she clambered over Harry so that he could get a nice close look at her naked beauty as her bare pussy hovered above the mushroom at the tip of his shaft.

“No need to rush... take all the time you want...” Ginny said with a caring smile as her fingers gently scratched over the muscles of Harry’s bicep and forearm before playing firmly along his pecs. Hermione nodded, and as Harry’s hands gripped her sides, she lowered her hips down. The moment their flesh connected, it felt so much better than when they’d fucked earlier in the day. For Hermione, as the friction and satisfaction branched out from her sex, it felt like coming home.

“Awauhaaah.... Oooh... Harry... Ginny... Th-.... Thank you...” Hermione said out before another gasp flew from her open lips. Nice and slowly, she began sliding her pelvis on an easy curving motion. She’d calculated it out as best as she could to ensure that Harry’s big, thick cock never entirely left her embrace. As he steered against the squishy, molten walls of her pussy, she leaned her upper body forward. The woman’s smaller breasts danced in front of Harry as she kissed his mouth and wrapped her arms longingly around his neck.

While Hermione moaned and gyrated her body on top of Harry’s cock, Ginny brushed aside her long red hair and moved behind Hermione so that her head hovered over Harry’s ankles. There, she took a few moments just to enjoy the show as she watched Hermione bounce up along every inch of her lover’s prodigious length, only to drop back down and get skewered all over once more.

“Ooohuaah... Do you... do you like my pussy, Harry... You’re... you’re stretching me out again... I.... I lovuaaah.... Love it!”

Behind the ecstatic brunette, Ginny leaned in and smiled. The daring Quidditch player brought her lips up to Harry’s big nearly overflowing balls. She rubbed her tongue all over his skin and heightened his pleasure further by giving him little kisses and on a rare occasion a tactile nibble. Even the last part sent some manner of joy through her muscular beau’s body. The way their guest reacted, Ginny was sure her work was being appreciated.

“Ohhaa... it’s amazing... its getting even bigger... You’re... you’re splitting me apartuaaahh...” All of Hermione’s words were both joyous and erratic in equal parts. Harry felt her body warming up even more as his hands rubbed her sides. He idly thought that even though she was thinner, it couldn’t be said his friend was bereft of nice birthing hips.

But, seeing how close she was coming to cumming, he decided to forestall her release for a time. Harry had asked Ginny to help him give Hermione a heartening memory, something she could always draw on if she delt with Dementors again. He didn’t want it to be too brief.

“Hermione, I want you to suck on my cock. Then it will feel even better inside your pussy...” He knew she wanted to get right down to business, but he also knew it would help her relax and spare her the ache later once he was done fucking her. The witch nodded quickly and then climbed off of Harry’s lean, hard body. Kneeling on the floor, her eyes widened ever so slightly as she appreciated his girth with a sexually-refreshed appreciation.

'I still can't believe that ever fits inside of me,'

Harry's incredible got was now fully engorged and coated with Ginny's lipstick and Hermione's vaginal nectar. Although Ginny had far more experience with his cock, she even found herself staring at it with a look of awe that teetered on stupefied. The first thought that managed to penetrate her mind was the feeling of her nipples hardening. She moved behind Hermione and quickly began nudging her naked chest against the other woman's back. This ended up helping to please the beast of lust always roaring at its cage inside of her vessel, and to bring Hermione's lips, and then cheeks smack up against Harry's incredible manhood.

"Mrrmmhmm... I hope you like it Harry..." Hermione said, her voice little less than a jittery mess. Perhaps it was having Ginny's much larger breasts pressed up against her or just the fact that she was having sex with Harry while Ginny was around or the effects of the day, but Hermione had never felt herself being more nervous. Still, once she got a hold of Harry's cock with her hands, her mouth loosened and her tongue relaxed as if she were under the control of some wonderful spell.

Both Harry and Ginny watched as Hermione's head leaned and bowed as her lips filled her mouth with inch after inch of cock. Ginny practically purred like a kitten while her hands reached around and played and squeezed with Hermione's nipples. While Hermione struggled on every inch of her husband's flesh, Ginny's eyes began heavily from both the wonderful soft shapeliness of Hermione's smaller tits. At the same time, her own boobs continued cruising and sliding against her companion's smooth, slender back.

"That's it, Hermione. Take it all. I know how much you want to serve him..." Ginny playful tones stoked both Hermione's lust and something inside Harry as well. The wizard was sure in time, Hermione would be able to take all his girth, but how he was impatient. Reaching out a hand, he locked his fingers on some of Hermione's hair as she continued slurping out his precum while her tongue slapped and weaved along the contours of his hot, throbbing flesh.

'Yes... Yes Harry... fuck my throat... make me gag around your huge dick! Plllueeesase....' Hermione thought as little gobs of spittle formed on the edges of her mouth. She didn't care how messy or undignified she looked. Her hands continued squeezing and jerking off Harry's balls while her neck shifted further and further. Every thought in her remained focused on voraciously pleasing the man who had saved her again this very day. If he wanted to throat-fuck her until she fainted, she welcomed it whole-heartily.

'Use me, however you want, Harry. No matter what... I will always be yours...' That thought and the constant illuminating assault of Ginny's hands squeezing and pulling on her nipples caused Hermione's body to stiffen before she fell forward into a pit of absolute bliss. Her eyes closed but her tongue, moving reflexively, never failed to strike a match against Harry's own palpable arousal. While the brown-eyed witch emitted a series of lewd, slurping noises and stifled moans, Harry jammed his cock as far as it could go into his friend's throat. With a broken hiss and growl, his balls shuddered before he began releasing the first of his cum inside of Hermione.

As spurt after spurt sank into her mouth, Hermione fought and then failed to ignore her body's reflex. She gagged on Harry's enormous shaft, but he'd seen the trouble coming and quickly released his hands from her hair.

From there, Ginny watched as Harry's cock practically launched out of Hermione's lips. As hard as she'd wanted to suck down every last drop of Harry's load, the pressure had outplayed her, and as Hermione gasped with some cum still poured into her mouth, Harry's cock released the last of his release all over her face. Despite her failure, feeling Harry's salty, thick syrup splashing against her nose, cheek, and neck while her tongue savored some more of the substance inside her mouth had her body nearly ready to cum all over again.

When Harry's body finally stopped shivering from his orgasm. Hermione quickly went to work, first sucking down the cum in her mouth and then licking her tongue all over her lips and cheeks.

As dutiful a host as ever, the buxom redhead moved in and began kissing and lapping away at his husband's efforts on the other witch's face. The intimate and almost animalistic nature of what she was doing finally broke the cage guarding her lust completely. Not only that, but out of the corner of Ginny's chestnut eyes, she noticed Harry's cock already beginning to stir.

Naturally, Ginny knew Hermione wanted another go. Few were the women who could resist having Harry's cock inside them without wanting to feel one of his loads firing off into her womb, but Ginny Potter had already been very patient this evening. Now... It was finally her turn to have a go at her husband. If Harry had any energy left after, then Hermione was welcome to a second round.