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Mail Order Memories

As Harry Potter woke from his slumber, he yawned deeply and stretched out his sore muscles. He had hit the gym hard yesterday, intent on keeping his body toned and muscular. While he liked being fit as it made him feel more healthy, the real reason why he worked so hard was of course a girl. Hermione Granger to be specific. She loved his body, and he loved making her happy. Harry and Hermione had been best friends since their first year at Hogwarts. Both of them and Ron Weasley were inseparable for years. While they were still friends with the redhead, he had his own girlfriend and a life of his own, so they didn't get to see him as much anymore. As the two had grown up together, they had gotten closer and closer over the years. When Harry was looking for ways to beat Voldemort, Hermione was right there with him, researching and practicing magic. They had done that so much that both became quite adept at using magic.

It was in their fifth year that they really took things up a notch. While they were getting very good at using magic, Voldemort still had decades of knowledge and experience on his side. Harry would get his ass handed to him unless he had some kind of ace up his sleeve. So they spent hours and hours in the musty-smelling library of Hogwarts. He never called it that when she was around though. Hermione was oddly protective of that library, and wouldn't like it if she heard him calling it musty. Sometimes she was a strange creature. They looked for months before finding something. Hermione had found some old book that was out of place. She actually found it in the cooking section of the library. The book was about anything but cooking. It was actually a book on rituals. That had intrigued them, and of course, Hermione would stop at nothing until she learned all that she could about them. Books were checked out of the library, hundreds of his galleons were spent on tomes that would teach her anything new. In the end, she was more knowledgeable about rituals than most adults.

While knowing about rituals was great and all, it still didn't help them unless they were able to use it to their advantage. Thankfully, Hermione was a rare genius and was able to craft a ritual that would help even the odds between him and Voldemort. Most people thought that how strong someone was magically had something to do with how much magic their bodies produced. That couldn't be further from the truth. Most people actually produced very similar levels of magic. Voldemort was no stronger than the average witch or wizard. What made him appear stronger was that the magical pathways in his body were larger than average. More magic could travel through him at once giving the appearance of a higher level of power. That's what Hermione targeted in her self-made ritual. She wanted to expand his pathways to a level where he could compete with people like Voldemort and Dumbledore. For the rest of their fifth year and a good chunk of their sixth, Hermione created a ritual that would do just that. Harry was forced to spend a pretty penny on all of the supplies, but he didn't complain. Anything to help keep him alive was money well spent in his opinion. He of course bought enough supplies for two people, which had Hermione's eyes lighting up in a way that made Harry have to look away. Sometimes she could be too cute for her own good.

After everything was set, they had come up with a plan. Once the school year ended, they put their plan into action. Hermione talked to her parents and told them exactly what was going on. They obviously wanted her to leave with them, but she wouldn't abandon him. After a lot of talking, they agreed to go to Australia and used assumed names until everything was finished here. Hermione promised to go see them the moment everything was safe. Her parents' home was put under a Fidelius Charm to keep it safe, and to give them a safe house of sorts. That's where they spent most of their time. Ron had stayed with them a bit, but his mother was wary of letting her children out of her sight for too long. Harry couldn't exactly blame the woman. Times were dangerous. Living together without the supervision of an adult was a very eye-opening experience for them. They tried to rise above the stereotypes of two horny teenagers, but the first time he saw her walking around in her panties, something snapped. He grabbed her and fucked her right there on the living room couch. After the loss of their virginities, they pretty much fucked on every piece of furniture in every single room of the large house, including her parents' bed. Harry didn't know why, but she always had the best orgasms in that bed. Maybe she was a bit of a freak in bed.

Their time there wasn't all about fucking, however. They of course studied and researched, and once the time was right, they completed the ritual. They had to wait for the summer solstice to occur for them to do it. The solstices were always best for the bigger rituals, according to Hermione. In the basement of her childhood home, Hermione drew the ritual circle in concentrated chalk mixed with dragon blood. Believe it or not, but the chalk was one of the more expensive items that he had to buy. Once the circle was expertly drawn, Hermione prepared everything. She had timed everything perfectly so that when the sun began setting, they started the first phase of the ritual. Together they stripped naked and painted patterns on themselves with dragon blood. Next, each had to pour a concoction of a dozen different ingredients over their heads while Hermione chanted something in Latin. Whatever it was smelled really bad. He didn't even want to think about what was in it. Hermione did a few other things to get the ritual to start, and eventually, it did.

It hit them like a ton of bricks. The pain was severe and immense. Both collapsed onto the floor and screamed for hours before the pain began to taper off. When the pain finally went away, they couldn't even move. They had to sleep there on the floor for the rest of the night. Thankfully, no mistakes were made, and the ritual was well worth the pain and suffering. They had to keep from using any serious magic for the first few days so their bodies could get used to the changes. Once they were ready to go, they found that their power had increased dramatically. It was an eye-opening experience.

They had forgone their final year at school to prepare for the fight. They learned as much as they could over the following few months. They used their free time practicing magic until they didn't even need wands for some of it.

It was at the end of the year that Harry finally faced Voldemort. According to recent legends, the battle rivaled even that of Dumbledore versus Grindelwald. That of course wasn't true. Harry

was still decades behind him in experience. Luckily, he had Hermione on his side who hit him from behind with a sneak attack and gave Harry the needed time to take him down. They kept her out of the story to protect her and her parents. They didn't know when a crazy follower of his would decide to exact revenge for their fallen master. Neither of them cared about that though. They were just happy to be alive and healthy. Once the craziness of the situation ended, they went and got her parents from Australia. After that, Hermione insisted that they go back to school for their final year. McGonagall was of course happy to have them back. After graduation, they traveled the world, learning new things before finally coming home. They now shared a small house in Hogsmeade and were still trying to figure out what they wanted to do with their lives.

Harry rubbed the sleep from his eyes and used a wandless charm to clean his teeth and remove morning breath. He would brush his teeth properly later, once he had time to wake up. He laid there drifting in and out of sleep before he heard the door to the bathroom open up. Out came his live-in girlfriend wearing two towels, one around her hair, and the other around her voluptuous body. He watched as she opened the dresser drawer and pulled out a pair of her tiny panties. His cock was hard from watching her. He lowered the bedsheet and exposed his naked lower half. Hermione turned to him and saw his raging erection. She smiled and quickly rolled her pretty brown eyes.

"Fine! But only a quickie. I have to go meet Ginny for lunch in an hour," Hermione said, dropping the towel that was covering her body. She squeaked when he grabbed her and pulled her into his arms. Hermione giggled as his lips peppered kisses all over the side of her neck and down her slender shoulders. His lips kept on going, and they traveled further south. His lips and tongue explored her slim belly, and Hermione gasped when his tongue entered her cute, little belly button. She giggled beautifully when he wiggled it around while still inside, her hands playing with his messy hair. He pulled away from her belly button and kissed even lower. The scent radiating from her nethers was incredible. She smelled like a mixture of her body wash and her arousal. He loved the scent of both. Harry kissed and nipped at her hairless mound, earning a moan from his girlfriend. He nuzzled the delicate skin with the tip of his nose as Hermione gently scratched his scalp.

"I love the way you smell," he told her, burying his face into the V of her mound and thighs and inhaling deeply. Hermione shuddered from the sensation.

"You're such a pervert," she giggled, spreading her legs to give him more room. His face was instantly next to her naked pussy, and before long he was licking and lapping at the wetness leaking from her damp folds. "Yes, Harry! Kiss me there again," she moaned, grinding her pussy on his mouth. Harry's lips clamped down on the junction between her pussy and thighs. He sucked on the sensitive skin hard enough to leave a love mark. Hermione, knowing how much he loved it when she posed for him, pressed her legs together and lifted her knees to her chest. She smiled sexily at him as he was clearly looking at her wet, hairless lips pressed tightly together and sticking out from between the backs of her creamy thighs. Her back arched when he wiggled the tip of his finger between her damp lips and gasped when he slid two of them in.

Faster his finger moved in and out of her until he curled them and pressed them against her G-spot. One of his arms wrapped around her legs so that she couldn't spread them, while his other hand violently finger-fucked her dripping cunt.

"Oh god, yes please ..." she shuddered as a wet, sloshing sound emanated from her lower half. His hand was moving rapidly, and Hermione could feel the juices already escaping her. Her wetness dripped down on the backs of her thighs as her toes curled and her breath caught. Just then, he slammed his cock inside of her and fucked her like there was no tomorrow. Her squeaks and squeals filled the room as her pussy clamped down on his very thick cock. Deciding that her nipples needed attention, she gripped her breasts and pinched the crinkled nubs, pulling them to add to her pleasure. Harry's hips were slamming into her so hard that loud clapping noises could be heard throughout the house. Hermione could see him coming undone from the pleasure.

"Inside me," she ordered, moaning from the brutal fucking that she was receiving. A few more thrusts and she squealed as her pussy massaged his cumming cock. Her body shivered as she was filled with his seed, and he held her tightly as he thrust all the way in, trying to seed her deepest depths. Once done, Harry fell back onto the bed, breathing heavily. Hermione snuggled up against him and kissed his shoulder.

"That felt really good," she mewled, rubbing her sensitive body against him. Hermione really loved to snuggle after sex.

"Mhmm," Harry agreed. "Your pussy felt extra tight today. Trying out that magic we learned again?" he asked, turning to look at her embarrassed face.

"Yeah. I wanted to see how it would work during sex. Did you like it?" Hermione enjoyed trying out new things in bed. It was surprising to find out how explorative that she truly was when it came to sexuality.

"It was brilliant! I can't wait to try some other stuff," he smiled and kissed the top of her head. Hermione squealed happily and hugged him tightly.

"I've thought of so many things that we can try! We can ..." Harry just laughed and cut her off.

"I'd love to hear about all of it, but you need to finish getting ready, love. You need to leave soon," Harry explained, looking at the clock. Hermione looked as well and eeped out, jumping out of the bed to finish getting ready. Once Hermione finished and left to meet with Ginny, Harry got out of bed and got himself a cup of tea. He thought about what had happened in the bedroom with Hermione making herself tighter with magic.

It was a new type of magic that they were learning. It was very similar to self transfiguration but beyond even that. It wasn't as good as being a Metamorphmagus though. It was somewhere in

the middle. Hermione thought that it was too useful not to master, and Harry agreed. They had spent countless hours researching and practicing. They had even gotten pretty good at it. Some would probably say that they were being ridiculous, sitting here practicing magic instead of finding a job or career, but Harry didn't care. He had more than enough money to live for the rest of his life and not have to work. Eventually, he would figure out what he wanted to do, but until then, he was going to have fun and enjoy spending time with the girl he loved. After taking down Voldemort, he deserved it. He set his cup of tea down and stood in front of a mirror. Harry concentrated and watched as his facial features changed. He went from a good looking, dark-haired man to an ugly blonde in the span of a few seconds. He opened his mouth and attempted to change the shape of his teeth. This proved to be a bit harder, and definitely more painful.

Over the next couple of hours, Harry practiced changing different parts of his body. Things like hair and fingernails were the easiest, while teeth and bones seemed to be the hardest. Changing skin and muscle wasn't so bad, but certainly not easy. He continued to practice until Hermione came home a while later. As she walked in, her face was flushed. Harry couldn't tell if she was embarrassed or what.

"What's wrong, Hermione?" he asked, walking up to her and placing his hand on her cheek and forehead to check her temperature. He didn't know if she was coming down with a fever or something. She grabbed his hand and removed it from her face.

"I'm not sick. I found this and wanted to talk to you about it," she said, handing him a flyer. It was an advertisement to buy homemade pornography by mail order. He'd heard of stuff like this. They called it Mail Order Memories. Since the downfall of Voldemort, a new type of Pensieve was invented. They weren't as good as the real kind, but they were good enough and could be mass produced fairly quickly and cheaply. Since then, it seemed that everyone now had one. Harry had a real Pensieve, so he obviously didn't need one. With the sudden influx of Pensieve-like devices, the market demanded quality memories for people to purchase and watch. Harry had been offered a lot of money for the memory of his fight with Voldemort. He obviously declined, wanting to keep what they did quiet, and also because he didn't need the money. But with the new demand came a demand for another type of memory ... erotic memories. It seemed that porn would always be at the forefront of any new type of media. People sold memories of them having sex and made some serious profit off of it. He couldn't believe that Hermione was considering it.

"Are you nuts, Hermione! I never thought that you would consider doing that," Harry chuckled, taking the flyer from her and reading it.

Hermione blushed fiercely. "It sounds like fun," she said. "Besides, with our powers, we can change what we look like. No one will even know that it's us!" Her eyes were shining brightly. He loved how perverted the girl could sometimes be. Harry shook his head in amusement.

“How did this even come about?” he asked, waving the flyer at her. “I thought you and Ginny were having lunch at that fancy new cafe. They’d never let flyers like these anywhere near that place.” Hermione snatched the flyer from his hand.

“We did have lunch there. It was really good too! They had these little finger sandwiches that were absolutely ...”

“Hermione, please focus!” Harry chuckled at his girlfriend.

“Sorry,” she apologized, blushing. “Anyway, after it was over I went to Diagon to order those potion ingredients that we were talking about last night. It was lying on the floor, so I picked it up to have something to read while I was waiting my turn,” she explained.

“Are you serious about this?” he raised an eyebrow. Hermione nodded her head.

“Yes. I think it would be fun. We’d have to take precautions first. We can already alter our bodies pretty well and our faces somewhat. We can use glamour charms to make sure. I wouldn’t want to do it here in case someone recognized our home, but we could go to a muggle hotel or rent a room at the Three Broomsticks,” she went on.

“Are you sure?” Harry asked. He wanted to make sure that she was completely on board before they made any decisions.

“Yeah. I think it would be really kinky knowing that people were watching us having sex,” Hermione blushed. “I know that we don’t need the money, but we would still earn a decent amount from it. We could save it for another trip or spend it on books,” she added happily. Harry rolled his eyes. Leave it to her to think of books at a time like this.

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Harry looked in the mirror. What stared back was a man that looked almost nothing like him. He had used his powers along with Glamour Charms to make himself unrecognizable. Hermione was doing the same in the other bathroom. They had rented a luxury suite at an upscale hotel in downtown London to use for their memory-making. They had decided to take things up a notch. Hermione of course did her research and found that the porn memory market was filled with people trying to make a quick sack of gold. What they needed was something to set them apart. Harry walked out of the bathroom completely naked and waited for his girlfriend to finish up getting ready. A few minutes later, Hermione came out of the bathroom looking nothing like herself, but still gorgeous. She had long, blonde hair in loose curls, and an incredibly curvy body that made his mouth water. Her breasts were huge! Like double D size! From what he could see, her ass had received the same treatment. Her pillowy cheeks jutted out from her wide hips. He was going to have fun with that.

“Oh god,” Hermione gasped. She looked down at what Harry was packing. He was normally big, but now he was packing double thirteen-inch monsters, one on top of the other. Hermione gulped loudly. She didn’t know how she was going to take those beasts. She saw Harry usher her forward with his finger, and she followed his silent command. Her magically enhanced tits bounced exaggeratedly as she walked up to him. It was a spell that she created, and was quite proud of. It lowered gravity in a small area. Now her breasts would constantly slowly bounce up and down, even if only a little. She dropped to her knees in front of the two gargantuan cocks. Both were equally huge, though he still only had one set of balls. They were as straight as an arrow, veiny, and thick. She wrapped a hand around each and her fingers wouldn’t even touch. Her heart was hammering in her chest as her pussy moistened from the anticipation. Giving them a tug earned her a moan from the man she loved. Smiling to herself, she tugged his cocks again. Then she pulled them again and again until she was giving him a furious double hand job.

“Holy fuck, babe! That’s incredible!” he gasped out. The sensation of having two cocks stroked was mind-numbing. He made sure not to use her name as they agreed. It was best to keep their identities a secret. He didn’t know what was going on with Hermione’s tits, but he was going to make sure she kept it like that from now on. The way that they slowly jiggled and bounced was amazing, just like one of those anime girls from the Japanese cartoons that he liked to watch. His eyes fluttered when she spread his cocks and began sucking on the skin in between them while stroking him furiously. Harry ran his fingers through her silky, golden locks and gently scratched her head in a way that he knew made her wet. Harry shuddered when she began stroking him in an alternating pattern, like someone milking a cow.

“I can see that you like that,” Hermione giggled. Her voice was slightly altered to help keep their secret. Soon after, she was bobbing intensely on one of his cocks as her hand worked the other. She would pull off one cock and begin sucking on the other. Hermione saw the signs of him coming undone, and she didn’t want him busting so soon. She pulled off of his cocks and placed them between her extremely large tits. She looked up at him lovingly and stared him right in the eyes as she began titty-fucking him for all he was worth. Harry closed his eyes for a moment but opened them back up. He needed to see everything for the memory. He watched carefully as her big tits swallowed both of his large cocks, only for her to kiss or lick them when the heads popped through her cleavage. Unable to control himself, Harry started thrusting his cocks slowly at first, but soon began to pick up speed. Hermione pushed her tits together from both sides, giving him a tight crevice to fuck. He shuddered and gasped as the hot feeling in the pit of his stomach began to coil, and his thick, juicy balls began to contract. He pulled away and stroked both cocks, taking aim at his girlfriend.

Hermione held her tits up for him to cum on forgetting that he now had two cocks. One cock burst all over her tits, but the other spurted his thick, goey seed all over her face. She gasped in surprise as it splattered on her mouth and cheeks. Harry kept on pulling, intent on squeezing out every last drop. Once dry, he sighed in contentment and let go of his cocks. Harry grabbed his nearby wand and waved it at her. Instantly, she was cleaned up.

Both of his cocks were still raging, and he wasn't done with her by a long shot. He lifted her up over his shoulder earning a loud squeal from her. Her smooth legs kicked but were quieted down when he slapped her fat bottom. "Behave yourself!" As Hermione was pacified, he slapped her shapely bottom again, making an earsplitting crack reverberate throughout the room. She squeaked in pain as he tossed her onto the bed. The way her body jiggled when she made contact with the mattress had his balls tingling. Hermione got on all fours and tried to crawl further up onto the bed, but Harry wasn't having any of it. He grabbed her by the front of her thighs and pulled her back toward him. Hermione gasped at being manhandled and gasped even louder when his face pressed itself in between her pillowy cheeks. Biting down on the blanket, she blushed fiercely when he motorboated her fat ass, and she felt his lips and tongue all over her nether region. Hermione shook her head in embarrassment and pressed her face into the bed to hide her shame when Harry grabbed her cheeks with both hands and spread them apart. He just stood there looking at her while she was spread open. She knew that he was putting on a show for the memory, but it was her privates that were on show. The thought turned her on as much as it embarrassed her.

Her body shuddered as his warm tongue slid over her puckered asshole, and her toes curled when he used his magic to make his tongue vibrate rapidly. Drool escaped her gaping mouth as the pleasure of his vibrating tongue on her asshole was intensified by his fingers pinching and rolling her clit. She arched her back like a bitch in heat, presenting herself and giving him permission to do whatever he wanted with her body. Hot flashes and tremors rocked her body when the fingers holding her clit began to vibrate as well. Beads of arousal leaked from her drenched pussy and rolled down the insides of her creamy, smooth thighs. Feeling like a whore, she decided to act like one. She moved her hips back and forth and up and down, grinding her wet, naked pussy on his face, smearing her love juice all over him. Her eyes fluttered when she heard the wet slurping of her boyfriend licking and sucking up her offerings. She had never been so god damn wet before, and that was saying something. Harry could get her pussy flowing like no other. "Please fuck me!" Hermione cried out, desperate to cum. She heard Harry chuckle. 'The bastard always likes it when I beg,' Hermione thought.

Hermione was in the doggy-style position with her back arched and her ass as high as it could go when she heard the well-known incantation. They had used it many times. Warm lubricant spread out over her and dripped down the crack of her voluptuous ass. She wiggled her bottom sexily for the people who would no doubt be masturbating to her memory, intent on giving them a good show. She imagined that her oily, naked ass and pussy wiggling at them was a good start. She shuddered and her eyes rolled into the back of her head as his long finger slid inside her tight asshole. Harry was no stranger to her ass, after all, he had been in there dozens of times. He knew exactly how she liked it. She gripped the blankets tightly with her hands as his finger sawed back and forth between her cheeks. Her pussy was dribbling down her thighs and leaking onto the bed as her ass was ferociously finger-fucked. She felt Harry lean over and lick the small of her back. This made her shiver in delight. Soon after, a second finger was added, and now she was being stretched out properly for the buggering that she knew was soon to come.

She was out of her mind, enjoying the ass-play when the head of a very large cock slipped inside her pussy. She gasped at the sheer girth of it. Her pussy was being stretched to the max, and she loved every second of it. The pain mixed with pleasure was something that she absolutely adored. "What are you doing!?" she squeaked in shock. She felt his second cock slip inside of her tightest hole. Harry didn't answer her, he just slid further in. Hermione cried out and mewled, her toes curling and back arching the deeper she was penetrated. She had never taken two cocks before. The most were Harry's cock and his finger at the same time. Her body trembled from the pain and pleasure of having two holes stretched simultaneously. She sexily chattered the closer that he got to bottoming out. Finally, after what had felt like forever, his crotch pressed against her wide, inviting ass.

"Are you ready?" he asked, rubbing the small of her back sensually. Hermione quickly nodded, ready to be fucked. Slowly he pulled out until only his heads were inside, then slowly he pushed forward until his hips clapped her booty.

"Oh god! Please fuck me harder!" she cried as her begs were muffled by the mattress. The tempo picked up and soon her ass was rippling from the brutal fucking that she was receiving. His hands harshly squeezed her hips as his cocks speared both of her tight holes. Hermione reached under and played with her clit as Harry's hands left her hips and slid up her flat belly and over her dangling breasts. He pinched, pulled, and tweaked her hard nubs, drawing out pleased moans from her overly sensitive body. Hermione was beginning to see spots as she was worked over. She had never received pleasure from so many different areas of her body simultaneously. Her pussy was sloshing as it was furiously fucked, and her asshole was stretched so much that it was nearly ruined. Thankfully, they had a salve that would tighten her back up. They often used it on her pussy and ass. It was then that she felt his pure magic enter her body through her nipple. Her eyes widened dramatically as his hand slapped hers out of the way, and he pinched her clit. Magic hit her clit like a lightning bolt. Her pussy and ass began clenching tightly from the stimulation.

Hermione had never felt anything like it before, even from Harry. That was her last thought before his magic traveled through both of his cocks and slammed into her pussy and asshole. "FUUUUUUUUUUCK!" her body thrashed wildly, and Harry had to grab her around the middle to keep her steady. He continued to thrust, fucking her deeply until finally, her convulsing walls milked his cocks simultaneously.

"Oh shit! Fuck that feels good!" he cried out as Hermione wailed in pleasure. Her pussy was spraying juices all over his body and the bed. His balls churned and pumped out globs of cum as he seeded his lovely girlfriend. Her body was spasming violently as he filled her with his hot, sticky cum. He thrust one last time to get his cum deep inside of her, causing her body to buck wildly. He rubbed her back and pulled out, and Hermione collapsed on the bed and curled up into a ball. He looked at her contracting pussy leaking his cum and still trying to milk a cock that wasn't there. He looked at her face. Her fake features were stuck in a look of shock and pleasure. Her eyes were open, but it didn't look like she was seeing anything. Harry chuckled. It seemed that she liked the magic that he had been practicing to surprise her with. Occasionally

her body would spasm as she laid there. Harry smiled. Hopefully, she would recover sooner rather than later. They still had the whole night ahead of them.

It turned out that their memories were a massive hit in the porn memory business. Soon many others tried to copy their style, but could never get it right. It always seemed like a cheap copy. Their memories continued to be in high demand, earning them sacks of gold. They weren't about to stop any time soon. The money was good, and the work was fun as hell. Who in their right mind would stop? Sure as hell not him. In fact, he hoped to take it to the next level, but those were future plans. Harry just wanted to enjoy the present.