

Summary: Ron attempts to use his affair partner to get back at Hermione when she comes to move the last of her things out. Harry has other ideas. (Harry/Hermione/Lavender)

**Content Warnings/Themes: Anal sex, voyeurism**

*Patron Early Access*

The first thing that Harry saw when he stepped out of the fireplace was a fat arse in front of his face. The woman who the arse belonged to was wearing only a red thong and a flimsy, see-through negligee, so he could see pretty much all of it.

She turned around at the sound of him arriving, and he found himself face to face with Lavender Brown. “Oh, hi, Harry,” she said, smiling at him. “I had a feeling you’d be showing up soon.”

Harry nodded. “I see. I guess it’s not really surprising that you’d be here. Hermione told me about you and Ron.” He chose not to criticize her for the affair, as that would have been rather hypocritical considering he was shagging all four Weasley wives. “But I wasn’t expecting you to be here today, knowing we were coming. Maybe I should have, though.”

Once they’d agreed that she was going to be his for good, Hermione had requested that Harry let her deal with Ron on her own, and he’d agreed. She’d held his massive debt over his head and threatened to convince Harry to demand immediate repayment unless he agreed to give her a divorce. There was no way Ron would have been able to repay that kind of money, and Harry pressing the issue would have resulted in not only financial ruin, but the potential for significant legal consequences. Ron had screamed, raged and called her all kinds of names, to hear Hermione tell it, but he’d known that he had no choice in the matter.

Ron had reluctantly agreed to give Hermione her divorce in exchange for the absolution of his debts to Harry, but not before he’d tried to strike back by telling her he had been sleeping with Lavender for several months. It couldn’t have landed the way that he wanted it to, because Hermione hadn’t sounded the slightest bit upset about it when she told Harry about it afterwards. Ron had known that Hermione was coming back to the home they’d shared to get the rest of her things this afternoon, so Harry was sure that Lavender being here in skimpy underwear was not a coincidence.

“Ronnie asked me to come over during my lunch break for a little midday fun,” she said, giggling. Where nicknames were concerned, Ronnie was a definite improvement over Won-Won; Harry would say that much. “I guess he must’ve forgotten that Hermione was coming over to get her stuff.”

“Yeah, guess so,” Harry said with a straight face. “Did Hermione seem upset when she saw you here?”

“No, not at all!” Lavender said. “She just rolled her eyes, said hello and went upstairs where her things are. If anyone was upset, it was Ronnie. It must have been embarrassing for him, having his soon to be ex-wife walk in to see him groping my arse!”

“I’m sure it was,” Harry said. It seemed far more likely that he was upset because Hermione hadn’t reacted the way he’d wanted her to. In their sixth year at Hogwarts, using Lavender to make Hermione jealous had worked very well, but things were different now. Hermione wasn’t chasing after him anymore. She was walking away from him now, and not looking back.

Harry was here to help make sure she had everything she needed, and Ron didn’t try to do anything stupid. Apparently, his stupidity had been spent on trying and failing to make Hermione jealous. “So, you and Ron, together again, huh?” he asked.

Lavender laughed and shook her head. “*Together?*” she said, still giggling. “Don’t be silly, Harry! Ronnie’s fun to fool around with, but he’s not boyfriend material! He proved as much in 6<sup>th</sup> year. I’m just between boyfriends right now, so Ronnie’s a fun distraction.”

Harry smiled. He’d been leaning towards leaving Lavender to stand there half-naked in Ron’s sitting room while he went upstairs to help Hermione pack what was left of her things. But he saw an opportunity for fun now if he stayed down here. Ron had invited Lavender over to try and get back at Hermione, but Harry saw a chance to turn the tables and rub his former best mate’s face in it instead.

“So long as we’re both here, Lavender, maybe we can have a little bit of midday fun together,” he said, stepping closer to her. Rather than backing up as he stepped into her personal space, Lavender smiled, took another step closer to him, and pushed her big tits against his chest with a giggle.

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“What the bloody hell is that noise?” Ron muttered as he walked back down the stairs.

“Hmm, I don’t know, Ronald,” Hermione said. “Did you fix that leak I told you about two months ago?” She actually thought she had a fairly good idea what the loud slurping sound they could hear downstairs was. She knew that Harry was planning to show up about twenty minutes after she left, giving her time to gather her things and minimizing the amount of contact he would need to have with Ron. And seeing as Ron had invited a big-boobed bimbo over and left her in the sitting room when he followed Hermione up the stairs to try and fail to convince her how much better off he was now that she was no longer living with him, she felt like she knew exactly what that sound was. She didn’t want to spoil the surprise though, so she played at being ignorant and followed behind Ron, carrying a shrunk-down bag in both hands and using her magic to levitate a third bag behind her.

“What the *fuck?*” Ron suddenly shouted once he was on the second to last step. Hermione smiled. She couldn’t see around the lanky body of her now ex-husband, but she didn’t need to. “Get your hands off of her, Potter!”

Hermione stepped around Ron and made it to the bottom of the steps. Her hovering bag hit him in the back of the head, and he let out a grunt. “Oh yes, Lavender looks like she’s just *waiting* for you to come and save her, Ronald.”

Ron’s mistress had been half-naked when Hermione arrived, and he had been making a show of sticking his hands underneath her negligee and groping her arse while smirking at Hermione. The smirk had disappeared quickly once Hermione just rolled her eyes, said hello to Lavender without any sadness, humiliation or anger in her voice, and gone upstairs to get her things.

There was plenty of sadness, anger and humiliation in the air now, but it was coming from Ron. Harry couldn’t have been here for more than a few minutes, but he already had Lavender down on her knees in front of the fireplace. Her negligee, thong and bra were hanging up on top of the couch, so Hermione had a side profile view of her former dorm mate’s curvy body in the nude as she sucked Harry’s cock and gave him a titfuck at the same time. She definitely had the body for it, and she was loudly demonstrating her oral skill as well, hence the slurps that Hermione and Ron had been able to hear before they’d started back down the stairs. Hermione was not surprised that Lavender was apparently good at giving head. Frankly, she would have expected nothing less.

“Hi, mate,” Harry said, turning his head towards the stairs and giving Ron a casual smile, as if Ron’s mistress wasn’t currently suckling at the tip of his cock and sliding her boobs up and down his shaft. He rested his hands on top of Lavender’s head and stood there with his trousers and underwear down around his ankles while she bobbed on his cock. “I was just having some fun with Lav-Lav while we waited for Hermione to finish packing up. Thanks for asking her to stop by. She’s a *really* fucking good host, mate.” He patted her dark blonde hair in praise.

“She’s not for you, Potter!” Ron spat. “She’s here for me! It wasn’t enough for you to steal Hermione away from me—now you’re gonna take advantage of my girlfriend too?!”

Harry shook his head. “You may want to have a talk with Lavender about where you both see yourselves, Ron. When I asked if you two were together, she laughed and told me to stop being silly. She’s only here for a good time, mate. But I think I might be showing her a better one.”

“Of course you are,” Hermione said dryly. “Only an idiot would want to hang around and wait for Ron to come back downstairs if they’ve got you in their grasp, Harry.” She turned her head back to look at her fuming ex-husband. “Sorry, Ron, but you were right to be insecure about measuring up to Harry for all those years. You never could, and you never will.”

Ron's face turned as red as his hair. "Listen, you bi—"

Hermione rolled her eyes and silenced her ex-husband with a flick of her wand. "Oh, do be quiet, Ron," she said. "You and I both know that if I hadn't come here three minutes earlier than I was supposed to, I would have had Lavender's tits bouncing in front of my face as you bent her over and fucked her." He looked satisfied briefly, but that wouldn't last. "And if I'd been two minutes later than that, you would have already been done." Ron's smile fell. "It's no wonder Lavender jumped at the chance to slobber all over Harry's dick." Ron tried to say something, but her spell held up and kept him quiet.

"She looks like she's doing a fine job, Harry," she said, turning her back on her former husband and facing the only man she wanted for the rest of her life.

"She really is," he said, giving her head another pat. "Right now, I'm just trying to decide whether I want to take her back with us when we leave. I think she'd be plenty of fun."

Hermione was about to say that she was fine with the idea of bringing Lavender back with them so they could celebrate her getting the last of her belongings out of her old house by having a threesome with Ron's mistress. But then she looked back at Ron, who was standing there red-faced with his hands clenched into fists as Harry humiliated him, and she remembered that if he'd had his way, it would have been her who was humiliated today. She remembered every argument, every slight, every time he'd belittled her or showed disappointment that she cared about her career and didn't want to be a housewife like Ron's mother had been. She thought about how wrong they were for each other, and what her life would have been like if she'd remained with him, and it put her in the mood to be vindictive. She'd been prepared to just come here, get her things and then preferably never see him again. But since he had tried to humiliate her one last time, she decided to let him have a taste of it in return.

"Why wait, Harry?" she said, stepping around Ron and walking into the sitting room. "Let's just have a threesome with her right here." Harry made eye contact with, and she raised her eyebrow at him and shrugged her shoulders.

"What do you think, Lavender?" Harry asked. "Do you want to let Hermione in on our midday fun?" He gave her a tap on the cheek, and she pulled her mouth off of his cock.

"That sounds like *fun!*" she said, giggling. "I haven't had a threesome since Parv got exclusive with her new boyfriend." She looked over at Hermione. "Uh, sorry for having sex with your husband, Hermione."

She smiled and shook her head while setting her boxes down on the ground. "Don't worry about it, Lavender," she said. She kicked her shoes off of her feet. "I can hardly be upset with you when I had Harry shag me in Ron's childhood bedroom during family dinner, now can I?" Lavender giggled again, but then her look got curious while she watched Hermione pull her shirt up over her head and toss it on the ground.

Hermione used to be self-conscious about her body, but knowing how sexy Harry found her had cured her of all of that. She undid her jeans and pulled them down her legs and removed her bra and knickers without ceremony. Harry watched her get naked with the same interest that he always did, but it was Lavender who hadn't seen her in any state of undress for years, and she was the one who watched with the greatest curiosity. After Hermione had been naked for a few seconds, her former roommate hummed.

"You look *really* good naked, Hermione," she said, smiling.

Hermione smiled back. "Thanks, Lavender." She looked back over her shoulder to see if Ron had stomped back up the stairs, but he was still standing right where he had been. From the way he jerked his eyes back up, she could tell he had been staring at her arse while standing behind her. "I suppose you can stay and watch if you want, Ronald, if you want to see me naked one last time, or if you're curious about how great a fuck Harry really is. I really don't care whether you stay and watch or go and sulk in your room. Just don't get any closer than you are right now or get any stupid ideas in your head about trying to interrupt us. If you do, the public details surrounding our divorce are going to be *far* more humiliating for you than the version of the story that we're going to provide to the Daily Prophet." Ron could be really thick sometimes, but he wouldn't be stupid enough to risk that, nor would he think it to be an idle threat.

She legitimately wasn't sure whether Ron was still there or not as she approached the fireplace, where the man she was meant to be with and the woman her ex tried and failed to throw in her face waited for her. Today was about celebrating her new life and saying goodbye to her old one.

"So, how do you want to do this?" Lavender asked, looking back and forth between both of them. "I'm ready for whatever you want."

Hermione laughed. "You should be careful saying something like that around Harry, Lavender. His mind is filthy."

"That's rich, coming from the woman who was waiting for me to come and fuck her in her husband's childhood bedroom while dressed like a slutty Hogwarts student," Harry replied, making her grin. "But since you said you're ready for whatever, Lavender: do you do anal?"

"Not for everybody, I don't," Lavender said while getting back up to her feet at last. She looked off beyond Hermione's shoulder for a moment, which was about where Ron would be standing if he hadn't left yet. Then she looked back at Harry and smiled brightly. "But you can bugger me anytime, Harry."

He laughed. "Great. Hermione's an anal virgin, but she's going to pick a special occasion for me to break her arse in. Why don't we give her a look at what it's going to be like?"

“Mmm, sounds like fun!” Lavender said, sounding chipper about the idea. She’d gone from thinking she was coming over to fool around with Ron to agreeing to let Harry bugger her while Hermione watched and seemed perfectly at ease with the shift. Hermione knew that she was going to be very happy with it once she felt what Harry could do. If anyone knew the difference in skill between Harry and Ron, it was Hermione.

“Hermione?” Harry said. “Wanna go sit on Lavender’s face while I bugger her?”

“Ooh, that sounds like fun!” Lavender said. She skipped over to the couch, climbed onto it and got down on her back with her legs and arse hanging over the arm of the couch. “I’ve had more experience sucking dick, but I can eat pussy pretty well too, Hermione.”

“I suppose I’ll be the judge of that, won’t I?” Hermione said, walking over to the couch, getting onto her knees and straddling Lavender’s head while facing towards her feet. “Show me what you can do, Lavender.”

“There we go,” Harry said, putting his wand down. “Now Lav-Lav’s all cleaned up and prepared for me to give her a good buggering.” Hermione assumed that this was not Lavender’s first time getting her arse fucked while hanging over the arm of a couch, because her body was perfectly positioned for Harry to use. He didn’t need to adjust her at all. He just stood there, put his hands on her hips and eased his hips forward, nudging his cock inside of her arse.

However sexually active Lavender might have been, Harry still needed to take good care of her, and so he did. That cock was massive; Hermione could still only imagine what it would feel like to take it up her arse. Hermione watched him slowly move his hips back and forth, gradually pushing his cock deeper into her bum and allowing her to get comfortable taking him. Hermione knew how well and how hard Harry could fuck, but as he was reminding her now, he was equally capable of easing off and taking care of his partner when the situation called for it. Even while buggering a woman like Lavender Brown, he was holding back and giving her proper care. It was impressive to watch.

Nearly as impressive was how Lavender licked her. She might be correct in saying that she was better at sucking cock than she was at eating pussy, but that didn’t mean she wasn’t *very* good at the latter. Her tongue ran up and down Hermione’s pussy lips and teased her clit confidently, like she’d done it a thousand times before. Even though she was taking Harry’s massive dick up her arse at the same time, she was doing a wonderful job of eating Hermione out and increasing her pleasure along the way just as Harry was increasing the pace of his buggering. Hermione truly hadn’t been angry with Lavender for having an affair with Ron; how could she have been, when she’d already given her heart, her body and her soul to Harry? But even if she *had* been angry with the blonde, there was no way she would have been able to hold onto it when Lavender was going down on her with this much skill and bringing her this much pleasure.

Hermione felt like she was getting a glimpse into her future here, and not just because she planned to let Harry bugger her one day. She'd asked Harry to make her his, but she hadn't asked him to be hers alone, at least where fucking was concerned. That hadn't seemed fair to her three now-former sisters in law, all of whom had greatly enjoyed their time with Harry thus far. Harry might have given all of that up for her if she'd asked, but she hadn't. It had only been a little over a week since her first time with Harry, and she hadn't yet been with him when any of the remaining Weasley wives had been there to make a repayment. But she felt like it was only a matter of time before that happened, and dragging Lavender into a threesome on her way out of her old home was a good chance for her to get a taste of what it was going to be like.

No matter how hard Harry went, Lavender's pussy eating never let up. Actually, she only got stronger the more Harry let go and buggered her. By the time that Harry closed his eyes and put greater concentration and force into each thrust of his hips, Lavender had progressed to taking Hermione's clit into her mouth and sucking on it. Hermione moaned and humped her hips, rubbing her pussy around against the other woman's face and mouth while reaching down to cup her breasts, squeeze them and push them together. She'd never really seen what the obsession with tits was, but as she played with Lavender's boobs, she decided that it was far more fun to play with another woman's chest than it was to squeeze her own.

While she enjoyed Lavender's sweet mouth, Hermione kept her eyes on Harry buggering her. If this was a preview of what it was going to be like when Harry buggered her, and also what their sex life might be like if they kept their bed open for Fleur, Angelina and Audrey, and perhaps even other women who might want to pay them a visit, Hermione liked this glimpse into her future.

The present was pretty nice, too. Lavender made her feel so good that her legs squeezed together around her head, and she dug her fingers into the blonde's tits while she came. She didn't bother to hold back her moans of ecstasy. Lavender deserved to hear them after the job she had done, and if Ron was still lurking close enough to hear her, so be it.

She wasn't the only one who got off there on the couch. Of course Harry was going to cum; he was buggering Lavender on the couch. He grunted, squeezed Lavender's plump hips and buried his cock deep in her arse as he came inside of it. That was exciting to watch, but feeling Lavender's hands flail around and grab onto Hermione's wrists while she moaned into her pussy and squirted onto Harry as well as the couch was a more surprising development. And it was all the more satisfying to watch because of it. She wondered if she was going to cum when Harry buggered her too.

"You weren't planning on bringing this couch with you, were you?" Harry asked her once he'd stopped cumming inside of Lavender's bum. Hermione looked down at the couch, seeing not only the wet spots Lavender's squirting were responsible for, but also Harry's cum dripping out of her arse and onto the couch.

“No,” she said, shaking her head. “I watched my former husband spill food onto it one too many times to want to bring it with me. But I suppose it’s not really fair of me to lecture him for that now, considering the mess we just made.”

“To be fair, it was mostly me and Lavender that made the mess,” Harry said. “But I’d be happy to help you change that, if Lavender’s mouth wasn’t enough for you.”

“Lavender’s mouth was amazing,” Hermione answered. “But you know I’ll never turn down a chance for a shag, Harry. Not from you, at least.”

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Hermione would not say that she was going to miss this house. Looking back, she was going to look at the few years she'd lived here as an unfulfilling waste of her time. Everything that had been of any value to her was packed up in one of those shrunken boxes on the floor, or otherwise had already been moved into Harry's place. If she had her way, she would never set feet in this house again. Once she stepped into the fireplace and went back to her new home, this place would be nothing to her.

That being said, this was a pretty enjoyable way to close the book on this chapter of her life. Harry's bare arse was sitting in Ron's favorite armchair, though Hermione would wager that her ex wouldn't have the stomach to sit in it again after this. Hermione was in his lap and riding his cock, switching between circling her hips, slowly rocking on him and furiously bouncing up and down, depending on how the mood struck her. Harry didn't do a thing to dictate the pace, instead keeping his hands to himself on the arms of the comfortable chair and letting her do whatever she wanted. He just sat back and relaxed, making himself at home in Ron's armchair just as he'd made himself comfortable with his now ex-wife.

Lavender, meanwhile, was down on her knees in front of the chair, leaning her body in so she could lick and kiss Harry's balls while Hermione rode his cock. She did not consider the task demeaning in the slightest. It had actually been Lavender who enthusiastically requested permission to worship Harry's nuts once Hermione took him by the hand and led him over to the chair. Harry was of course perfectly happy with that idea, and Hermione didn't mind so long as she didn't get in her way. And to her credit, Lavender had been perfectly accommodating. She would back off when the speed or the angle of Hermione's riding was making it too difficult for her to get to Harry's balls, and she obediently waited her turn without complaining until an opening arrived for her to get back to work. Hermione couldn't see Lavender's technique, but she could hear the wet smooches, the slurps and the groans they all got from Harry.

It was good that Lavender was doing her part to help out, but Hermione wasn't overly concerned with that. She wasn't even concerned with whether or not Ron might still be watching. She legitimately had no clue about that, and she didn't care enough to look. Right now, her whole world was Harry. But really, hadn't it always been that way? This was how it should have been all along.



She had her arms around Harry's neck, and she stared deeply into those green eyes she so adored as she rode him. Hermione shut out all else, ignored everything around her, and focused only on that which mattered to her. Who gave a shit if she was bouncing on Harry's cock in Ron's favorite armchair, that his mistress' mouth was attached to his nuts, or that Ron might still be standing there watching it all? She was with Harry, and that was what mattered to her.

He let out a deep groan as she rode him, and Hermione delighted in the sound. She tightened her arms around his shoulders, leaned in so her breasts squished against his chest and their foreheads and noses were touching. She could feel his breath, hot on her face as she rode him. She could feel the rise and fall of his chest against hers as surely as she felt his cock filling her up so wonderfully. She'd never felt this close to any human being in her life, physically or emotionally. What had started as selfish behavior by her husband and her brothers had opened the door for Hermione and the other wives to have some fun, but for her, it had become so much more. It had brought her to a level of happiness, sexual satisfaction and contentment that she hadn't ever expected to find. How could she be angry with Ron, with Lavender, or with anyone else? She wouldn't change a thing that had happened, because it had all been leading up to this.

"Mine," Harry said, reaching down to grab her arse and squeeze it as she rocked back and forth in his lap. Hermione laughed. He'd become very fond of saying that one word on its own over the last week, and it brought her the same thrill as it had when he'd first said it, grabbing her Gryffindor tie and using it to pull her away from the life she'd been leading up to that point.

"Yours," she agreed, rocking faster. They groaned together and came together, Hermione screaming joyfully as her climax shook her, and Harry groaning and squeezing her arse harder while filling her with his cum. The loud slurping from below would suggest that Lavender was sucking hard on one or both of his balls while it was all happening, but Hermione wasn't concerned with that. She was lost in the moment with the love of her life.

They sat there in the chair for some time, resting their foreheads together and holding each other close as they basked in their shared pleasure. It was actually Lavender who brought them back to reality by finally releasing Harry's balls from her mouth and giggling.

"That was fucking *hot*," she said. "Can we do it again?"

Harry looked into Hermione's eyes, and her amusement must have been evident enough for him to know her answer. "Sure, Lavender," he said. "Why don't you pick up one of Hermione's bags, and then the three of us can floo back to my house together? We'll unpack some of her things, maybe eat a late lunch, and then you can help me welcome Hermione to her new home."

"Oh, how fun!" Lavender said. She sprang up to her feet and walked over to pick up one of Hermione's bags, and Hermione turned her head and watched her fat arse jiggle with each step.

"I think I'd like to spank that arse later," she decided as she got off of Harry's lap. "She does need to pay for carrying on with that affair, after all." Harry laughed and shook his head while following her to her feet. Obviously that was only an excuse to have some fun, and they both knew it.

"Should you take that spell off, you think?" Harry asked after they'd put their clothes back on, nodding his head over in the direction of the stairs. Hermione's eyes followed, and she saw that Ron was indeed still there. He was sitting on the bottom step now, but he would have been able to see all of it.

Hermione shrugged. "I suppose," she said. She picked up the last remaining bag in her left hand, and walked over to the fireplace before finally turning back around and pointing her wand at Ron. She undid the spell, allowing him to speak once again. But she wasn't going to stick around to hear anything he might have tried to say. She had no interest in talking to him or listening to him. He was a forgotten page in an outdated book that had been supplanted by a newer, better edition.

"Goodbye," she said simply, before tossing her floo powder into the fireplace and going home.