

Summer Lovin was the winner of the poll.

Summer Lovin

Chapter 4

Emma looked out the window and sighed at the sight of Harry and her daughter having fun. Normally this would make her incredibly happy. She loved Hermione and wanted her to be happy. Unfortunately, she was so incredibly horny that she could barely contain herself. She didn't just want to go out there and snatch him away for a quick fuck. She was an adult and needed to act like one. She took a look out the window again.

Hermione squealed as Harry tickled her bare sides. Smacking his shoulder, she laughed when he wrapped his arms around her waist and lifted her up. Hermione wrapped her legs around him as he kissed her belly and wiggled his tongue around her belly button. The sight had Emma's pussy absolutely drooling into her panties.

The morning after they had sex, Emma had explained the situation to them. Harry was more than happy to go along with it. What boy wouldn't? He would get to fool around with both Hermione and her mother. The sad part was that Hermione would always get first dibs on him because he was obviously her best friend, but at the moment she really needed Harry's magnum cock inside of her. Emma needed to think of a way that everyone could be happy.

"Ohhh ... Harry," Hermione moaned, her eyes fluttering as she threaded her fingers through his wet hair. His lips and tongue felt wonderful against the damp skin of her belly. He had moved on to nipping at her hips and ribs as she ground her bikini-covered pussy against his upper belly.

Hermione desperately wanted to go all the way tonight but was still very nervous and a bit embarrassed. Of course, Harry had already seen every inch of her naked body and had even explored it with his hands and mouth, but full-on sex was something different. She let out a shuddered moan as a cool breeze blew in and hit her wet bikini top. Instantly, her nipples turned as hard as rocks. She knew that if anyone were looking into her backyard, they would see her being naughty with Harry, and even see the hard peaks that her nipples created in her wet top, but she didn't care. Right now she was too worried about the pleasure that she was feeling. Just then, his hand dipped into her bikini bottom, and his fingers slid between her cheeks. She squealed when they brushed against her puckered hole, and her body responded by grinding even harder against him. When she felt her bikini bottom slip down a bit and half of her ass was hanging out, she stopped him.

"Harry! Someone will see," she squeaked, smacking his shoulder.

"You want to take this to your room?" he asked, lifting her up higher so that his lips peppered the lowest part of her belly. Hermione blushed. She wanted to but was nervous.

“We can later. How about we swim some more before lunch?” she asked as he placed her back onto her feet. He smiled and nodded. Hermione got up on her tip-toes and kissed him passionately. After she broke the kiss, they continued to splash around and have a good time.

After lunch was finished, Harry was sitting on the couch watching the television. Hermione didn't know what he was watching, but she could hear gunshots and explosions, so she guessed it was a show or movie that the average boy would like. “Hermione? Can I talk to you for a minute ... in private?” she added. Hermione looked confused but nodded nonetheless. They got up and went into Emma's bedroom.

“What do you want to talk about?” Hermione asked, sitting on the bed.

“It's about you and Harry. You said that you haven't had sex with him yet, correct?” Emma asked, sitting next to her daughter. Hermione shook her head.

“How come? Obviously, you both want it,” she continued, looking at her daughter fiddling with her thumbs.

“Well ... I guess that I'm a bit nervous for my first time,” Hermione admitted, lowering her head in embarrassment.

“There's no shame in that,” Emma soothed her. “Everyone's nervous about their first time. I kind of figured that might be the case with you. I was actually hoping to help you with that,” she said, smiling at her.

“You were?” Hermione lifted her head and looked at her. “How?”

“I was thinking that we might bring Harry in here, and you can watch the two of us having sex. You can ask questions, and I'll try my best to explain it,” she said, crossing her fingers. Obviously, she didn't tell Hermione that this was part of her plan to get her comfortable enough for the three of them to have sex in the same room. Emma knew that once Hermione and Harry had sex, Hermione would be taking up the lion's share of the time with him. Hermione would be wanting to have sex at all available times, and Harry would never deny her that. She had to weasel her way in somehow. Now that she had experienced Harry's magnificent cock, she wasn't planning on going without it.

“Sex ... in the same room,” Hermione squeaked in embarrassment.

“Don't worry, honey. I'll be in the room right after when Harry takes you for the first time. I'll even talk you through it if need be,” she told her, placing a hand on her leg and squeezing her thigh in a comforting way.

“I don't know ...” Hermione said, not knowing what she should do. In truth, having her mother there would calm her nerves quite a bit, but it would also be incredibly embarrassing.

"Everything will be fine, honey. I promise," Emma smiled at her. Hermione smiled back. Hermione had always been a bit of a momma's girl, so in the end, she agreed.

Emma smiled as she felt great relief settle over her. She wouldn't have to go without Harry's horse cock after all, and at the same time, she would get to help her daughter out. "Alright, Hermione. Let's get ready. Clothes off," Emma ordered, peeling her shirt and bra off.

Hermione watched as her mother's lovely tits were freed before she worked her skirt off. Her panties hit the floor before Hermione even had a single piece off. Snapping out of it, she too worked her clothes off. Once completely naked, they looked at each other. Hermione was jealous of her mother's womanly curves while Emma was jealous of Hermione's young, pert body.

"Okay. I'll call Harry in," she told her. "You lie on the bed." Hermione did what she was told and climbed onto the bed. She crawled all the way up and laid her head on the pillow.

"Harry! Can you come into my room for a second?" Emma called while sticking her head out the door. It only took a few seconds for Harry to walk through the door. The moment that he laid eyes on the two naked women, his eyes nearly bugged out. Knowing what was about to happen, they didn't even need to tell him to undress. He was out of his clothes faster than ever before.

Emma giggled and hugged him tightly. Kissing his cheek, she told him, "We're going to give Hermione a show and hopefully she'll learn a thing or two. After that, she'll put what she learns to use with you ... is that alright with you?"

Harry nodded his head quickly while her hard nipples rubbed against his chest. "Climb on the bed," she ordered Harry. "It's best if you ride him for your first time. That way you can dictate how fast and hard it is," Emma told Hermione. Hermione nodded in compliance.

Harry got onto the bed and laid back between Hermione's legs. Resting the back of his head on her lower belly, he could feel her hot, wet pussy rubbing against the back of his neck. Harry could feel her squirming as she tried to relieve some of the naughty pressure that was beginning to build up. Harry placed his hands on Hermione's smooth legs and rubbed them sensually as Emma mounted him.

"For the first time, you should probably just drop down fast and hard to get it over with. It will hurt, but the pain will pass soon enough," Emma explained to a wide-eyed Hermione.

Emma lifted up a bit and reached down. "Take his cock in hand and stroke it a few times to make sure that it's nice and hard," she shuddered, beating his monstrous dick and gasping as the head brushed against her damp folds.

“Place the tip against your opening and sink down a little.” She did as she described. Harry’s hands groped Hermione’s legs as he tilted his head back in pleasure. Hermione toyed with his messy hair as her eyes were glued to her mother’s pussy. She could see that her mom had taken about an inch into her. “Now ... take it all,” she moaned and slammed her hips down, making her squeal and her back arch.

Harry gasped as her hot, velvety walls massaged his rock-hard cock as she sank down on him. He could hear Hermione’s cute little gasps and squeaks as she rubbed her pussy harder against the back of his neck. The scent of her pussy was strong as she smeared her wetness all over his skin. The scent of her horny mother mixed with the smell of Hermione’s pussy and damn near drove him mad with desire. He was thrusting his hips up while Emma slammed her hips up and down, driving him deeper and deeper with every bounce.

Hermione was so horny that she forgot to take mental notes about the activity that was going on. She was too busy running her soft hands over his naked chest and feeling his muscles underneath her fingers. Her pussy was tingling badly as she tried to angle herself so that her clit could receive some stimulation. The wet squelching sound that her folds were making while rubbing on him made her feel even naughtier. Removing one hand from his hair, she used it to rub and pinch her hard nipples.

“Don’t forget to rub your clit, honey!” Emma gasped loudly as her hand moved back and forth rapidly over the area above her cock-stuffed slit. “It feels really good to have it played with while getting fucked,” Emma shuddered, her tits flopping and bouncing as she rode him passionately.

Hermione flushed at hearing the perverse way that her mother was talking. Fortunately for her mother, she was too far gone to really care. Hermione was gasping and wiggling around while dry humping any part of him that she could reach. She watched as Emma leaned down and placed her hands on his pecs. “When you want extra pleasure, push yourself down on him hard and grind against him,” she mewled, rolling her hips in circles.

Harry loved the way that having her arms tucked in closer caused her breasts to push together.

“Oh god!” she gasped. “I can feel him hitting my cervix,” she exclaimed, her body bucking as her pussy clamped down on his fat cock.

Hermione couldn’t take it anymore. She moved away before throwing a leg over his head and straddling his face. She didn’t even ask permission when she stuffed her dripping pussy into his mouth. As her clit was trapped between his lips, Hermione threw her head back and came hard, her pussy releasing a deluge of girl cum down his throat.

Emma’s pussy was contracting wildly over his huge cock, and she suddenly leaned forward as Harry grunted and began filling her with cum. She wrapped her arms around Hermione’s shaking body and pinched her nipples, causing the young girl to cry out in pleasure. One of her hands slid down Hermione’s supple body and began rubbing her clit as she continued to squirt

pussy juice on Harry's face. With one last shudder, she felt that Harry's balls were drained. Emma rolled off of Harry's cock and saw it glistening with a mixture of their cum. Smiling to herself, she grabbed Hermione's body and shifted it until his hard cock was right in her face. Leaning down to join her, Emma licked the length of his thick cock. Moaning loudly, she pushed his cock closer to her daughter's face.

"Help me lick him clean, honey," Emma commanded. Hermione acted without a thought. Leaning down, her tongue joined her mother's as they took turns licking and sucking him until he was nice and clean. Once he was clean, they didn't bother stopping.

Harry smiled happily as Hermione sucked on his balls and Emma deep-throated his cock. So far, he was having a kick-ass summer.