

## Happy Accident

### PART 1

Hermione Granger was sitting down at a table in the back of the library at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. This was nothing new. She had spent countless hours sitting in the library studying or doing research. She knew this place better than anyone. However, that day she wasn't there to study. She needed a quiet place to think, and there was no place quieter than a library. She had thought back on the news that she had recently received. It all started here at this very table. She was having a normal day as she pawed through books looking for something interesting to read. One day, she had found a particularly interesting book. It was a potion book from around forty years in the past if the date on the inside was to be believed. Most of the potions she had already brewed, or at least had heard about. One, however, had caught her attention.

The potion recipe in question would allow her to brew a potion that would temporarily increase the amount of information that her brain could process. In essence, it would make her be able to study more efficiently. She thought that it was likely that it was a derivative of the Wit Sharpening Draught. Of course, being the bookworm that she was, Hermione instantly wanted to both brew the potion and test it out. If it could make her better at studying, then she was all for it. So that's exactly what she did. She checked the book out of the library and quickly gathered up the necessary ingredients. Thankfully, the ingredients necessary weren't difficult to come by. She had all of them in her potion's kit, except one. For that, she simply went to Hagrid who was able to procure it for her in one of his trips into the Forbidden Forest. So with ingredients in hand, she went to a secret room that she knew about. There was nothing special about the room. It was an old classroom that held a desk and a chair. That was all that she really needed. Occasionally, she would use the classroom to practice casting spells, but more often she would use it to brew her potions.

Hermione had set up her brewing station and started the process. It was a tricky potion to get right. There were a lot of things that needed to be done over a three day period. She started on a Friday after class and timed things to be able to get it right. Once her potion was complete, she examined it. It looked very similar to what was described in the book. Not exact, but pretty close. Gathering her courage, she placed the vial against her lips and tilted her head back. Down the gullet it went, and she coughed as it burned its way down her throat. The book said that it took around ten minutes for the effects to start, so she waited. She waited fifteen minutes just to be sure and tried her hand at studying. Her face scrunched up in a frown. She didn't feel like she was any better at studying. In fact, she felt like she couldn't concentrate as much as before. Her body was tingling strangely. It didn't hurt or anything. On the contrary, it was quite the opposite. The tingling felt pleasant to her. It started in her chest before traveling south and pooling in her groin. Her face instantly heated up in embarrassment. She wasn't embarrassed about being aroused. She was a teenager, of course she had been aroused before. No, she was embarrassed because she knew that she must have messed up the brewing process. She instantly delved into the books to see what she had done wrong.

She thought that she may have gotten the timing wrong. Hermione shook her head. Thankfully, the only side effect seemed to be an increased libido. Hopefully, it would only be temporary, so she put it out of her mind. She went back to her normal life. Unfortunately, it wasn't that easy. It didn't go away. It stayed with the same intensity as before. Twenty-four hours a day she had a dripping wet pussy. It got so bad that she had to stop herself from constantly masturbating. The worst of it was that it had started negatively affecting her grades! She couldn't concentrate, and studying was near impossible. That's when she had to suck it up and admit defeat. It wasn't going away without help. So with nothing left to lose, she turned to the school matron, Madam Pomfrey. After admitting what had happened and some thorough testing, Madam Pomfrey discovered what had happened. It turned out that the ingredients used to make that potion were near identical to the ingredients that were used to make a powerful lust-inducing potion. Somehow she had messed up the timing and created a potion that was much closer to the lust-inducing one than the one she had meant to create.

While that was embarrassing, it wasn't the end of the world. People messed up potions all the time. That was when Madam Pomfrey dropped the bomb on her. She couldn't undo it. Hermione would have to live with the effects for the rest of her life. It was devastating news for a student that loved studying and getting good grades. Madam Pomfrey gave her some potions to take that would help dull the urges that she was feeling. However, Madam Pomfrey did tell her something else that was potentially useful. She said that it was quite probable that if she received sexual pleasure from someone else, that it may almost completely negate the effects for a short while. How long, she couldn't be sure, but she said that it would at least be for a few hours. When she asked why masturbation didn't work the same way, she was told that another person's magic had to mingle with hers for the effects to take place. That level of mingling only happened when sexual acts were taking place. Red-faced, Hermione decided to try the potions before turning to that. Madam Pomfrey did issue her a room to use. Hermione still had a year and a half of school left, so the room would be hers exclusively until she graduated. The matron had told her that it was a safe and private place for her to have her "activities" in. Hermione had nearly died of embarrassment. Still, she was grateful. If it needed to happen, then she was glad to have a place to do it in. She would also make use of the room in other ways, like studying.

So for the following week, Hermione used the potions. They did dull the effects somewhat, but not enough to make a huge difference. Worse still, she was beginning to injure herself. Much to her shame, she was masturbating too much. Hermione had to go back to Madam Pomfrey for some cream to heal her. She was told that she would probably need to find a suitable partner to take care of her needs at least three times a day. Hermione could only think of one boy, her best friend, Harry Potter. She needed to talk to him.

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Hermione had invited Harry to her new room and sat him down. She explained to him exactly what had happened, and how she needed his help. Red-faced and embarrassed, they calmly discussed everything for nearly an hour before Harry agreed. Hermione knew that he already

had some experience when it came to women. She herself didn't have any. Before the potion incident, she barely even touched herself. She told Harry that he would need to guide her, to which he agreed.

"So ... are you ready?" Hermione asked pink-cheeked.

"Already?" Harry raised an eyebrow. He expected her to take her time to do some research or something. This was Hermione Granger after all. Hermione blushed shyly and nodded her head. She could feel the dulling potion wearing off, and she was beginning to get really horny again. She needed relief.

"Alright. Let's take this to the bed then," Harry said happily. He couldn't believe his luck. His best friend had come to him and asked him to basically have sex with her multiple times a day for as long as she needed it, which could be years. He wasn't going to say no to that obviously. Harry took her by the hand and led her to her bedroom. Once there, he turned to her and kissed her passionately. He wanted to let her know that he actually cared about her. She happily returned the kiss by wrapping her arms around his neck and flicking her tongue into his mouth. They moaned together as Harry reached around her and unclasped her skirt. He then pulled the zipper down and let the material fall to the ground. Hermione kept her lips on his while she stepped out of the pooled skirt.

"You're a really good kisser," Harry told her, nipping at the tender skin of her neck. Hermione turned her head to give him better access. She blushed from the compliment and gasped when his hand lowered and squeezed her behind. Her panties were soaking wet, and she was beginning to get uncomfortable from how turned on that she was.

"Harry, please ...," she moaned. "It's starting to hurt. I need it now," a pleading whine escaped her lips. Harry pulled his lips away from her neck.

"Then get on the bed," he ordered.

Hermione didn't waste time. She immediately began crawling up on all fours. Harry saw the view from behind and became as hard as a rock. The little cotton panties that she was wearing were soaked. The crotch of her panties clung to her plump, virgin lips giving her the sexiest camel toe that he had ever seen. Unable to control his perverse actions, he grabbed her hips and buried his face into her ass. He ignored her squeak of surprise and inhaled deeply. Her scent was incredible. Not satisfied with that alone, he ran his tongue over the crack of her ass and over her wet panties. Her flavor was just as good. He sucked and nipped at her pale, perky cheeks until she began grinding her ass against his face. Harry knew that she needed it now. He quickly pulled her shoes and socks off and peeled the wet panties off of her virgin pussy. Two hairless pussy lips were exposed to him as the panties dropped halfway down her thighs. Her legs being closed made her lips press together tightly, causing Harry to nearly cum in his trousers from that sight alone. Her plump lips were glistening from the absurd amount of juices that were flowing

from her. He could see the beads of arousal dripping down the smooth skin of her thighs. He rolled her onto her back to get things started.

Harry lifted her legs and slipped her soiled panties off of her smooth legs and tossed them aside. Hermione must have been suffering because it seemed that all shyness was now gone. As soon as her panties were off, her legs parted widely giving Harry a view of everything that she had to offer. Her hand landed on her pussy, and he watched, momentarily stunned as she rubbed her throbbing clit. "Harry!" she whined, begging him for relief. He quickly pulled his trousers and underwear off and settled between her spread thighs. No sooner had he settled between them, when Hermione grabbed what she thought was a massively huge cock and rubbed it between her wet folds.

Hermione moaned, "You're so big," as her hips wiggled, and his cock head slid up and down, splitting her virgin lips. "Inside me, please," she begged.

"Okay," he groaned, leaning down and kissing her as he slowly thrust his hips, entering her for the first time. They moaned in unison as inch after inch penetrated the lovely bookworm. Harry thought that her pussy felt incredible. She was so damn tight and wet. He could feel her walls squeezing the life out of his cock. With a quick, hard thrust, he tore through her innocence and claimed her for the first time. Hermione yelped into his mouth and buried her face into his shoulder as her body tensed up.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked, concerned. He held her close as she squeezed him.

"Hurt," she finally said, before finally calming down. Her body relaxed, and her legs parted a bit giving him room to start moving. Hermione pulled him in and kissed him again. "Don't go slow, Harry," she whispered into him. "Hurry and make me cum," she begged, going back to kissing him.

Harry pulled away after a moment and placed his hands on her smooth, creamy thighs. His hips pulled back before slamming forward, earning a groan of pleasure from them both. "Unbutton your shirt," Harry said, as he began to fuck her.

Hermione's body was jerking from the impact as she unbuttoned her white shirt. Once she got all the buttons undone, Harry reached out and pulled it open, exposing her white bra. His hand squeezed one of her bra covered breasts before he pulled both cups down. His eyes were glued to her jiggling breasts as he fucked her as hard as he could.

"Oh my god, Harry! It feels really good. Please don't stop!" she cried out, her back arching from the pleasure. Her scent filled the small room as her pussy juices coated his big, throbbing cock. She could hear how wet she was. The sloshing and squelching of their fucking was making her body tingle in naughty pleasure. "Play with my clit!" she squeaked out as she gripped her tits and fondled them in front of her best friend. Hermione felt his hand slide down her thigh, and his

thumb brushed over her damp, hardened clit. She gasped out loud when he rolled her clit between his fingers, making her pussy tighten.

Hermione was gasping and mewling as her body was jerked harshly. Her eyes fluttered when he changed angles, and his massive penis began battering her G-spot. Trembles rocked her young body as she felt a powerful orgasm quickly approaching. Her toes began to curl and her pussy contracted as her back arched. Hermione pulled at her hard nipples as Harry rolled her hyper-sensitive clit.

“Harry, it’s coming!” she yelled out as a massive spray of fluid escaped her rippling pussy. She thrashed wildly as Harry fucked her senseless, her pussy squeezing his penetrating cock. She heard him groan, and he buried his face in her bushy, brown hair as he flooded her virgin cunt with his seed. Hermione was still squirting uncontrollably as he seeded her, unable to stop the chaotic spasming of her body. Thankfully, Harry laid on top of her and kissed her. She quickly wrapped her arms and legs around him as her pussy came around his cock. He kissed her slowly and lovingly while her body calmed, and soon after she was able to relax with a contented sigh.

“So ... do you feel better now?” Harry asked, laying beside her. His hand stroked her flat belly and slid up to play with her perky breast. Hermione rolled her eyes and smacked his hand away. She fixed her bra then rolled over and cuddled against his chest.

“I feel incredible. The arousal is almost completely gone for now. I’ll keep track of the time to see how long it lasts, then we can try again. We’ll need to repeat the process several times to make sure it’s consistent, and not just a fluke. We’ve got so much research to do,” she groaned, stretching like a cat.

Harry rolled his eyes. At least this was the kind of research that he could get behind.