

Chapter 10

“Are you sure that it’s okay if I stay with you?” asked Harry, as Hermione side-along apparated him to her parents’ house.

“For the last time, yes,” she said, rolling her eyes and taking him by the hand. “Besides, I’m the one who asked you to come.” Her mother and father had finally decided to get a divorce. When Hermione had heard the news from her mother, she wasn’t surprised one bit. She figured that it was only a matter of time. It was obvious that they only stayed together for the sake of Hermione. Now that she was an adult and living on her own, they didn’t need to keep up with the charade any longer ... not that the charade was any good to begin with. They loved each other but just couldn’t get along any more. If Hermione had to take a guess, she would say that her father was probably staying somewhere else during her school year. He already had a fancy townhouse that he had bought. Her mother was keeping the family home. Both being dentists, they earned fairly close to the same amount, so splitting stuff up wasn’t a problem. All in all, the split was quick and easy. Hermione was saddened by the news, but she just wanted them to be happy. If they weren’t happy, then the obvious thing to do was split, and she supported them in the decision. She had already visited her father. He was doing well for himself. She thought that maybe he was already seeing another woman, but Hermione wasn’t sure.

She had visited her mom the previous week as well. Her mother seemed to be doing fine. Hermione had noticed that she seemed to be taking better care of herself. She had started taking her exercises more seriously and things like that. Her hair was done up nicely, meaning that she had just gone to one of those fancy-pants hair salons and spent a good amount of money on a quality cut. Her choice of wardrobe had subtly changed as well. Hermione noticed it, but didn’t ask about it. Her mother was dressing just a little bit sexier than normal. Emma Granger had always dressed nicely, sometimes even sexily. She was a beautiful woman and liked the attention she received from the opposite sex. As a married woman, she had to make sure to tone it down a bit, so as to not be labeled a slut. Now that she was single again, Hermione could see her showing off her MILF body once more.

Emma had invited her daughter to stay the weekend with her. Hermione had thought that maybe she was being invited because her mother was feeling lonely. If that was true, it made sense. It had been a very long time since the woman had been living alone. Hermione loved her mother dearly and would do anything to make her happy, so of course, she would go and stay with her for a while. She would stay for as long as she was needed! Hermione, being the sly one, brought back up. She had made sure to ask her mother first, not wanting to bring a boy over without giving her the head’s up. Her mom seemed quite happy to have him over. She liked Harry, having met him on several occasions. To her, it was “the more, the merrier”. Hermione had slightly sinister plans though. She had already talked to Harry about it. Hermione told him to make her mother feel as young and sexy as possible. If he had to fuck her brains out, then he had her permission! She knew that Gabrielle wouldn’t mind. In fact, the precocious teen would probably enjoy hearing about their sexcapades!

Hermione wanted her mother to get back into the saddle. Her mother was still beautiful and desirable, but she wasn't getting any younger. She had just turned 40 and the days were ticking by until she would start losing her sexiness. Hermione wanted to make sure that she had someone that could make her happy when she reached that age. It wouldn't do for her to be old and alone. She could tell that her mother was a little more than hesitant to get back into the saddle. It had been a long time after all. That's where Harry would come in. He was there to kind of "break the ice" so to speak. He could seduce the older woman and show her that men still wanted her. All Hermione could do was try. Whatever happened was up to her mom.

Hermione shook her head at Harry's hesitance. He was nervous to try and hit on her mom. She didn't know why! Harry fucked practically everything that moved! He had lines of women hopping into his bed, both young and old. One more shouldn't matter. Apparently, seducing your best friend's mom was crossing the line a bit. Kind of stupid if you asked her, but to each his own. Still, he eventually agreed. Gabrielle was still in France and Harry and she would be meeting up with their lover early the following week. Hermione couldn't wait for their French vacation! First thing's first though. First, she needed Harry to violate her mother.

Emma answered the door enthusiastically and swept them both into a hug. Harry, being the perv that he was, was unable to stop himself. By instinct, he snaked his hand around her waist and squeezed her hip. Hermione saw her mother blushing even though she couldn't see why. They were led into the house to have lunch.

Later in the Evening

Emma was sitting on her bed thinking about all the small things that had occurred in the last few hours. First, her daughter and the young, delicious Harry Potter arrived for the weekend. She was very happy since she was getting a little lonely and wanted some company. Then Harry happened. He came in confidently, grabbing her body and groping and squeezing her. While it was true that he wasn't exactly touching her inappropriately, he was still being very familiar with her. She was embarrassed to say that she liked it! It had been quite a while since she had any real contact from someone she found desirable. She just didn't know what to do about it. She and her daughter had had a talk about things. She knew that Harry had a girlfriend that let him sleep around. She also knew that Hermione was sleeping with him, kind of a friends with benefits deal. So why couldn't she? True it would be kind of weird to sleep with the same man as her daughter. It was also a little weird that he was so much younger than her. That part wasn't exactly a problem though. In fact, she found it kind of hot! Her pussy moistened just thinking about taking such a young stud into the bedroom.

The real problem was how to make it happen. It had been a long time since she had seduced anyone. She would probably embarrass herself! What she needed to do was show off a little and hope that he took the bait and seduced her! Genius!

She knew that Hermione had turned in early. She said that she was tired from a long day of vacation planning. That meant that she had spent hours marking a path to every bookstore in a

hundred-mile radius. She chuckled. Her daughter would never change. Hermione being asleep meant that she had Harry all to herself for the next few hours at least. She decided to be bold and leave no doubts about what she wanted. She threw on her sexiest nightgown. It was baby blue and made of silk. She had bought it the other day thinking that she probably would never get to use it. How wrong she was. It was short ... very short. In fact, it was much shorter than anything that she had ever owned. Putting it on and looking at herself in the mirror had her eyes widening. She must have bought the wrong size! It barely covered her crotch! She spun around and looked over her shoulder at the back. The bottom of her ass was showing! Well, if this didn't give a clear message then nothing would!

She took another minute in front of the mirror getting ready. She made sure that her makeup was on point and arranged her boobs to make them look as good as possible. Nodding to herself, she went downstairs to confront the sexy male specimen that was staying with her for the next few days.

Harry looked up as Hermione's mom walked down the stairs wearing the sluttiest nightgown that he had ever seen! Even Gabrielle didn't wear them that short! With every step she descended, her gown would flutter a bit, and he could see her bald pussy! She wanted it bad. 'Message received,' he thought naughtily.

Emma watched Harry get up from the couch with a determined look in his eyes. It wasn't only a look of determination, but a look of pure lust! She gulped as his long strides brought him closer.

"EEEEEP!" she squeaked when he grabbed her by the ass and lifted her up! Her back was slammed into the wall as her body was lifted! She looked down between her parted thighs to see a head of messy black hair and a face buried in her hairless muff. She groaned loudly as she gripped his hair and scratched his scalp. Whatever he was doing felt really good!

Harry was licking her insides and channeling magic through his tongue. He moaned into her pussy as his nose repeatedly bumped her little clit. She tasted good ... just like her daughter!

Emma groaned and wiggled her hips as he munched on her pussy. It had been so long since she had a tongue shoved down her cunt! Now she wanted her clit to be sucked! Giving him a clear hint by rubbing her clit against his face, he removed his tongue from her insides and sucked the hardened nub into his mouth.

"Ohhhh god, Harry! Yes, please keep sucking," she moaned, dry humping his face with her legs over his shoulders. She had never been pleased while pressed against a wall. In fact, there were many sexual acts that she never got to try! Her husband wasn't very inventive, and she was too embarrassed to ask. Suddenly her eyes widened and toes curled as a long finger slowly penetrated her puckered hole! She squeaked out as it went knuckle deep on her. She never had anything in there before! He shut her up by flicking his tongue rapidly over her sensitive clit. Now she was squeezing his head between her thighs while he sucked on her and

his finger sawed her virgin asshole. Out of nowhere, her pussy went wild as Harry slid his finger all the way in and fired off a pleasure spell.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh!” she let out a long moan, her body trembling and breasts jiggling in her tiny, silk nightie. He let go of her clit and started walking while she rested on his shoulders. Her pussy was gushing fluid all down her ass and over his hand and leaving a wet trail on her hardwood floors! She gripped his hair tightly as her body spasmed, and she hoped not to fall. She squealed in panic as she went flying through the air. Emma let out a squeak when she landed on something soft and bounced up. She opened her eyes and saw that they were in her room! She turned back to Harry only to be flipped over and spanked!

“Owww!” she cried, looking back over her shoulder in disbelief. He smirked at her and slapped her ass again! A loud crack echoed off her white bedroom walls as she squealed, her large, cushy cheeks jiggling from the impact. He grabbed the back of her neck and forced her top half to lay flat on the mattress. Her lower half tried to follow, but he held it up. She blushed into her bed. Her back was bowed with her big ass straight up in the air! Her knees were apart, and her nightgown was halfway up her belly. He could see all of her! That thought left her mind when his hand collided with her ass again! Then again! She gripped the covers tightly and moaned into the bed, shaking her head and mentally begging him to stop. Her pussy was fluttering! One last loud crack was heard as she screamed out and sprayed him with a barrage of pussy juice! Her body was shaking uncontrollably, and the bastard was chuckling as he groped her naked ass! She was experiencing the first orgasm in over a decade, and the bastard was sliding his hand everywhere! He was squeezing and groping her pulsating pussy and spreading her cheeks apart! She wailed in embarrassment as her pussy continued to spray her cum everywhere!

“Enough! Please, stop!” she choked out brokenly. Her pussy was still cumming! “I need a ... break!” she choked out through a particularly violent spasm.

“Now, now, Emma. We’re just getting started,” she heard him say before hearing a zipper being lowered. She closed her eyes and gripped the sheets! This was going to be a long night!