

**This story was commissioned by an anonymous supporter.**

## **The Warden**

Hermione Granger had never been so scared in her entire life. As the boat was rocked by rough seas and violent waves, Hermione nearly puked over the side. She always suffered from motion sickness. Her body was shivering from the frigid temperatures of the North Sea, not to mention that her uniform was ill-equipped to keep the cold at bay. Goosebumps covered her body as the cold wind bit at her sensitive skin. It was the dead of night, and that gave off a deep sense of foreboding. She didn't need foreboding to give her the chills, not with the place that she was going. She squealed when a big wave hit the side of the boat and sent icy cold sprinkles of saltwater spraying over her face. She used her shackled hands to rub it off, attempting to keep herself warm. She couldn't believe the predicament that she was in. In the end, she only had herself to blame. Many of her friends had warned her to stop, but she kept on going and ignored the potential consequences of her actions.

It had been a little over five years since the downfall of Voldemort and his followers. Of course, Hermione did her part, but most of it was thanks to Harry Potter, her best friend, or rather former best friend. Hermione didn't know exactly how he had defeated the most feared Dark Lord since Grindelwald himself, but she did know that after it was done, no one wanted to mess with him. Everyone went out of their way to avoid getting on his bad side, which Hermione thought was smart. Who would want to antagonize someone that just killed Voldemort? Hermione sighed. Perhaps she should have taken her own internal advice. After Harry came out victorious, the magical government was bending over backward to give him what he wanted. Harry didn't ask for much, but the one thing that he did ask for was reform in the justice system. No longer would criminals be able to bribe their way out of trouble, or simply claim that they were Imperiused. Under Harry's system, if you did the crime, then you were damn sure going to do the time. The Death Eaters that had escaped death were tried quickly and were either put to death or sentenced to life in prison. It didn't matter if you were only a supporter or not, or even if you never killed anyone with your own hands. You were considered a terrorist and treated as such. Dumbledore of course objected to the whole thing, claiming that those scumbags could be rehabilitated and brought back into society after a short prison term. Harry stamped down on that immediately.

After that, Dumbledore could see the writing on the wall. He was pushed aside as he was no longer needed. He was replaced on all of his duties except the Headmaster of Hogwarts. Being considered near useless didn't sit well with the old man, and he slipped into poor health. Soon after, he was replaced as Headmaster by Professor McGonagall. All Dumbledore could do was lay in his hospital bed and watch the world change around him. As a bit of a kick in the ass, Harry commissioned a state-of-the-art prison and had it named after the old man. The Dumbledore National Supermax Penitentiary would be home to the most deadly and violent prisoners in the future. Already it was filled with the former followers of Voldemort. There were other, less violent, and dangerous prisoners there as well, but they would eventually be moved to other, low, and medium-security prisons that were currently being built.

How Hermione ended up as a prisoner was a bit of a stupid mistake on her part. Admittedly, as the best friend of Harry Potter, she got a bit of a big head. At some point, she even thought that the law was above her. Most things in the wizarding world, she didn't really care about. Most problems would end up fixing themselves given time. The one thing that she had always cared deeply about was House Elf welfare. She had started her crusade during Hogwarts when she found out about the plight of the House Elves. What she failed to come to terms with was that not all House Elves were owned by people like Malfoy. Most House Elves were quite happy doing the work that they were doing. Hermione didn't want to hear it. She started anew once she had graduated, and ended up annoying a lot of people. She tried her best to free as many elves as possible. Truth be told, she didn't free very many, if any at all. Still, she wouldn't give up hope. Her acquaintance Nymphadora Tonks who worked at the Ministry of Magic, in the Department of Magical Law Enforcement as an Auror even warned her that there were rumblings about a possible arrest. She simply ignored it, rightfully believing that Harry would step in and get her out of trouble.

Harry probably would have, if she didn't fuck up royally and attempt to free his elves. Harry had one of the largest collections of House Elves in the entire world. Many free elves flocked to him when they saw how he treated Dobby and Kreacher. All of them wanted to work for the great and powerful Mr. Harry Potter Sir. Being kind-hearted, Harry of course brought them into the fold and did his best to give them enough work to be happy. Harry eventually bought a small farm for the elves to work on. He gave the food to Hogwarts as a donation, and only sold enough to financially break even. Hermione was livid.

Harry was using the labor of slaves to feed the magical children of Britain, and Hermione wouldn't stand for it. She came up with a terrible plan to free his elves. It involved tossing clothes around and attempting to trick Harry into freeing them. Soon she was caught and charged. Harry didn't press charges against her, but there was a huge list of her other crimes involving freeing other people's elves. Under the law, that was considered theft. Even though Harry refused to press charges against her, he also refused to speak on her behalf, claiming a few years in prison will do her good. That upset her greatly. In the end, she was found guilty and sentenced to three and a half years in the new prison. She spent that night in her cell crying her eyes out.

After a week or so, she was booked and her transfer was arranged. She of course didn't want to go and attempted to stay in her nice warm cell, but a few overpowered stinging hexes had her moving. She was ushered onto a boat in the middle of the night and dragged across the violently churning North Sea.

"There's your home for the next few years, you dumb bint," Tonks needled the terrified witch. Indeed, Hermione could see the lights in the distance. She knew that the new prison was on a small, rocky island not far from Azkaban. The weight of the situation along with the freezing cold had her body shaking uncontrollably. As the minutes rolled by, the island came closer and closer until they finally docked at a long pier. Hermione was forced out of the boat at wand

point and was made to march up the winding path until she entered the thankfully warm holding area. Her body was still shivering from the pelting wind and rain.

She wasn't in there long before she was ushered forward into the hall. As she jangled along in her shackles, she saw that a couple of Slytherin girls from her year were standing with their backs against the wall. Hermione recognized them as Daphne Greengrass and Pansy Parkinson. Those two girls were serving life sentences for some horrific crimes that had come to light. Hermione didn't even want to think about the things that they had a hand in. Needless to say, they deserved to be there much more than she did.

"What are they doing here?" Hermione heard Tonks ask a fellow prison guard.

"They tried to escape. A pretty sad attempt if you ask me," the guy snorted. "Anyway, I brought them to see the Warden. He said that he was coming to greet the new prisoner," he said, nodding his head at Hermione. Tonks understood and nodded.

"Well, I'm guarding her so I can guard them as well. They won't be going anywhere," Tonks offered.

"You sure?" he asked eagerly. Obviously, he had better things to do, like listen to that replay of the Wasps and Harpies match from earlier today.

"Yeah. Go on, I'll keep them here."

"Thanks a million, Tonks," he said, rushing off to do whatever.

"You two idiots at it again? Can't believe you'd try escaping again so soon after the last time. If I remember correctly, you two weren't able to sit properly for a week." she teased the Slytherin prisoners. They heard Pansy hiss angrily, but she kept her mouth shut. "Doesn't matter. The Warden will deal with you two when he's ready."

Tonks waved her wand and the two girls dropped to their knees and were unable to move. Next, she turned her wand on Hermione. Hermione was harshly turned so that she was facing the wall, and her hands shot up and pressed against it. Hermione tried to remove them but found that she was unable. With another wave of her wand, Hermione's uniform disappeared. She squeaked out in embarrassment and was unable to cover herself. "Tonks! What are you doing?" Hermione screeched angrily.

"Gotta delouse you and search you for contraband. If you can believe it, Lucius Malfoy tried to smuggle in a wand inside of his rectum. If you knew him, you wouldn't be surprised. According to his ex-wife, he loved taking it up the ass," Tonks snickered. She walked to a cabinet and brought out a sack of white powder. Unceremoniously, she started throwing the powder at Hermione, causing the bookworm to squeal. The powder stuck to her pale, smooth form, and soon, Tonks put the sack away and walked up to her.

Hermione gasped as the metamorph started rubbing the powder into her body. Hermione squirmed trying to get away, but her hands were everywhere. They ran up her belly and groped her naked breasts. They were all over her back and bottom, and she even cupped her pussy and stroked her clit with her thumb, causing Hermione's body to buck in pleasure.

"I can see that you liked it. Isn't that so little miss know-it-all? Obviously, you don't know it all, otherwise, you wouldn't be here with your ass and tits hanging out," Tonks teased her, making her wilt in fright. She was so scared about being here for the next few years, and now she was being groped like a common whore! Tonks waved her wand and the powder vanished from her body, leaving her skin silky smooth and tingling. "Now I've got to frisk you," Tonks said, putting her wand away.

Hermione gasped when Tonks groped her tits. She squeezed them, pulled them, and batted them together. "I bet you're getting wet," Tonks teased. "You're such a filthy little criminal," she said, pulling her nipples causing Hermione to squeak in pain. Tonks' hands slid down her belly and between her legs. Hermione was shaking badly when Tonks cupped her naked cunt. She slid her finger back and forth, rubbing Hermione between her hairless pussy lips.

"I told you that you were wet!" Tonks laughed, holding her hand up for Hermione to see. It was slightly wet. Her hand went back down, and soon her other joined in. Hermione bit her lip and shuddered in shame when two fingers slid inside of her pussy and started wiggling around. Then another finger slipped between her butt cheeks and penetrated her virgin backdoor.

"Please stop!" Hermione begged, but Tonks' fingers kept wiggling. Hermione gasped and tried to get away as her finger sawed in and out of her ass. Tonks' thumb was working Hermione's clit, bringing her pleasure that she didn't want to feel. Hermione bit her lip and stopped fighting it. This was going to happen no matter what, so she had better get it over with, she decided.

"That's enough, Tonks!" came a voice that Hermione knew very well. She looked over her shoulder and saw Harry walking toward them. Hermione sighed in relief. She knew that Harry would come for her. "You need to check deeper. I'll handle that ... you just handle those two for the time being."

Hermione's jaw nearly hit the floor. She couldn't believe it. She was even more shocked when Harry waved his wand and his trousers and underwear disappeared. Hermione eyed his penis. It was incredibly big and thick looking. Hermione hadn't been with many boys, but the ones that she had weren't anywhere near his size. It was so long, straight, and veiny. He was looking right at her while stroking himself to full hardness. Hermione blushed and looked away.

Harry looked over at his right-hand woman. Some would call her a slave, but that wouldn't be correct. Tonks chose to serve him, and she was rewarded greatly for it. Tonks walked over to Pansy Parkinson and whispered something in her ear that made her audibly gulp. She sensually ran her fingers down the Slytherin's cheek before grabbing the front of Pansy's prison uniform

and ripping it open, causing her perky, nude breasts to jiggle wildly. Pansy squeaked in alarm but didn't even attempt to cover herself. She knew that if she did, she was going to get punished even worse when all this was over. Next Tonks ripped open Daphne's as well, exposing her beautiful tits to the room. With a quick grope of her breast, Tonks went back to Harry's side. "They're ready for you, Warden," Tonks looked at him with worshipful eyes. He kissed her gently and squeezed her bum.

"You did good, honey," Tonks purred happily. She liked being called cutesy nicknames. Harry was happy to satisfy her wants and needs. "Now, Hermione's rectum could be hiding shanks or shivs or any other dangerous items. I need to check it for myself," he said, stroking himself, the head of his cock brushing against Hermione's smooth skin.

"Why don't you prepare her for my cavity search," he told her. Tonks happily agreed and got down on her knees behind his bookworm friend.

Hermione gasped out loud when her cheeks were spread and a warm tongue lapped at her virgin hole. She trembled in fear and pleasure as Tonks' tongue wiggled right against the opening of her ass. She felt her tongue get harder before the tip slipped inside. "Ohhh, no please! That's dirty!" Hermione whined as her ass was eaten by the bubbly metamorph. She could feel the tongue wiggling around inside of her, and it made her feel so naughty because she enjoyed the sensation.

Tonks pulled her tongue from Hermione's ass and turned to her master. He was standing between the two sluts who were still down on their knees. Both bitches had a hand around his cock and there was still room for a third! They were beating him off as he watched her in action. Tonks smiled, "She's all lubed up."

"Good," Harry smiled. He looked down at the naughty girls. They caught his eyes and blushed, knowing exactly what they were supposed to do. Each one took a turn kissing his erect cock and thanked him for being a good Warden. Tonks snickered. They were going to be punished greatly for their repeated escape attempts, but that didn't matter at the moment. "Spread her open for me," he ordered. Tonks obeyed instantly and held Hermione's cheeks open for him. Hermione blushed furiously. She knew that Harry along with the other girls could see everything. She opened her mouth to complain but was silenced when fragrant material was stuffed into her open gob. She recognized the scent immediately. It smelled like a woman's pussy!

"Sorry, Hermione," Harry apologized but didn't sound very sincere. "But I don't want to hear about SPEW while I'm bugging you," he finished, holding his cock up to her tiny, puckered hole. She was about to say that it was S.P.E.W. and not spew when she remembered that she had panties in her mouth. She looked over her shoulder and glared at him, trying to spit them out. "Those are Pansy's panties by the way. I got her nice and wet earlier. I thought you might like to taste her."

'Why the hell would I want to taste Pansy?' was what Hermione thought when Harry's big, bulbous head popped into her tight asshole for the first time. Hermione squealed in pain. It was way too big!

"Don't worry. It'll feel better soon. Isn't that right, Daphne?" Harry called out.

"Yes, Warden," Daphne answered quickly.

Hermione didn't care what she had to say. It hurt right now and that was all that mattered. She clenched her eyes shut and attempted to calm her body. As she calmed, her body became less tense, and her backdoor loosened slightly. Even so, she groaned into the panties in her mouth. Inch after inch slid inside of her, causing her not only to groan in pain but also moan in pleasure. To her surprise and relief, it was beginning to feel good. Hermione felt so incredibly full. With every thrust, it felt like her insides were being stuffed, only for him to pull back, and she would feel very empty. After a few minutes, his thrusts increased, and soon he was clapping her booty cheeks so hard that loud slapping sounds reverberated off of the concrete walls. Hermione moaned so loud that it caught Harry's attention.

"I told you that she would like it! You owe me a galleon," Harry told Tonks. Hermione blushed in embarrassment. It wasn't her fault, she thought. She couldn't help it if she had always found Harry attractive, and that she was enjoying the pleasure that he was able to coax from her inexperienced body. She could feel her ass rippling with every impact of his violently thrusting hips. Suddenly, a hand reached under her and pinched her clit. Hermione's eyes bugged out as the fingers rolled and pulled at the super-sensitive nub of flesh. She felt something break inside of her as a massive orgasm hit her body.

Tonks watched as Hermione became tense and squealed loudly, which was muffled by the panties. Her body trembled violently and suddenly a very large spray of fluid burst from her pussy and drenched the floor beneath them. With every thrust of his cock, Hermione would squirt some more. Tonks had never seen an analgasm so powerful before. "Help me out, sweetheart," her master called out. Tonks quickly scurried over to him. She watched as he pulled out of her gaping asshole, then grabbed her by the front of her thighs. Hermione's hands were still stuck to the wall, so when Harry lifted her, suddenly they were in a wheelbarrow position. "Inside her pussy, please." Harry clarified. Tonks grabbed his cock and placed the head against Hermione's sloppy, wet cunt lips.

Harry slammed his hips forward and bottomed out in Hermione's tight, little pussy. He moaned loudly as her walls squeezed his thick cock. It felt fantastic inside of her. "Fuck, Hermione," Harry groaned. "You've got one of the tightest pussies that I've ever felt. Girls ... get over here," he ordered the wayward Slytherins. They rushed to get by his side. "Get on either side of Hermione and play with her nipples."

The girls did what he said with Daphne taking one side and Pansy taking the other. He heard Hermione gasp when they began playing with her tits. "Dora, start playing with her clit and



asshole,” Harry said as he began fucking her slowly. He didn’t want to hurt her, so he gave her time to get used to his size. Her pussy was so tight that it was obvious that she barely ever used it.

He was soon hitting her with long, steady strokes, and he had to bite down to keep from cumming. Her pussy was too good. Her near virgin slit was glazing his cock with a fresh coat of pussy juice every time that he slipped inside of her. Her loud and continuous moans were bringing him closer to release as he held onto her thighs and plowed the living hell out of his bookish best friend. Her pussy walls were convulsing and gripping his thrusting cock as Tonks rubbed her clit and fingered her asshole at the same time. He could see his Slyther sluts squeezing, groping, and pulling at her large, perky breasts. The wet sloshing and squelching of her pussy caught his attention, and he looked at their point of connection. Her pussy was leaking girl cum all over the floor. It was dribbling down her thighs and all over Tonks’ hand. Lovely Hermione Granger was making a mess. “Fuck me, that feels good,” Harry moaned when her pussy began squeezing his cock harder than before. Her squeals were becoming high-pitched, and her body was vibrating rapidly. She wailed out and thrashed as her pussy squirted all over his cock and Tonks’ hand.

With her second orgasm, Harry decided that he should let her rest. With a few more thrusts, he groaned out as he spurted his thick load inside of her milking pussy. Harry rammed his hips forward and ground his groin against her naked crotch, filling her with his seed. Once dry, he pulled out and let the girl go. She immediately dropped to the floor and curled up in a ball, and her pussy could still be seen trying to milk a cock that wasn’t there. Her plump, hairless lips pressed together tightly, barely letting his cum escape her as it dribbled out and ran down her butt cheek.

“Tonks!” he ordered. She was immediately on his cock, sucking and licking it clean while his two cockwhores helplessly watched. Harry smiled widely. Being the Warden of Dumbledore’s prison certainly had its perks.

## **The Warden**

Hermione woke up with a yawn and stretched out her sore body before snuggling back into the covers. “Wake up you lazy little elf!” she heard someone yell. Hermione immediately sat up, losing all of her tiredness. It was Fleur, Bill’s wife, and she was dressed as a slutty French maid for some reason. Her big, pale breasts were popping out of the top of her low cut blouse, and her skirt was obscenely short. Her ass was hanging halfway out! She put it out of her mind for the moment and tried to recall what had happened. Then it all came back to her, and she looked around wildly. She wasn’t in prison like she expected. She was in a comfortable looking room in what she knew was Potter Manor. She remembered what had happened to her last night, and she blushed deeply.

“Get up and get dressed! Quickly! You’re late for work,” Fleur said, tossing a bag at her. “You don’t want to be a bad little elf like Lovegood, no? Our Master may not take kindly to it.”

Hermione watched as Fleur jiggled in her tiny outfit, then looked at the bag she was now holding. She didn't know what was going on, but she would do anything to keep from going to prison. She pulled out the outfit and her eyes widened.

## **The Warden**

Harry woke up after a very long day of meetings, then he had to deal with the problems at the prison and of course, Hermione. Still being tired, he went to the bathroom and brushed his teeth, and emptied his bladder before falling back in bed. Before he knew it, he was asleep again. A little while later, he woke again, only this time it was much more pleasant. Hermione was between his legs sucking him off. He groaned.

"Good morning, Master," Hermione said, pulling off of his cock. "Mistress Fleur already explained things to me."

Harry looked at her and smiled. This had Fleur written all over it. She loved playing dress-up. Hermione looked pretty cute in her headband with attached, plush floppy ears. She was also wearing a toga-like pillowcase as a short dress. It was attached over one shoulder and showed off quite a bit of cleavage. It was incredibly short as well. Underneath, Hermione had on what appeared to be nude colored leggings. She saw that he was checking her out. "Would you like to use me, Master?" she asked.

"Mmm ... yes, Hermi. I think I would," he replied happily. Hermione got on her hands and knees and turned away from him. She placed her face on the bed and stuck her ass up in the air. Harry quickly got behind her and slid her pillowcase up over her ass. He allowed his hands to explore her legging covered ass. They made her butt look fantastic. Unable to wait any longer, he grabbed the material with both hands and tore a hole in the ass and crotch area. Hermione gasped but kept her head down like a good little elf. With no panties on underneath, Harry could see her damp flower waiting to be fucked. He grabbed her around the thighs and pulled her to him. She squeaked out when he pressed his face against her pussy and inhaled her heady scent. He wanted to taste her, but that could wait for later. Right now he was horny as fuck. Harry held her by the hips and slid inside without any problems. It seemed that he had stretched her out nicely the night before.

Slowly he started fucking her, rubbing her asshole with his thumb at the same time, earning sexy, little mewls from her. "You're a good little elf aren't you?" Harry groaned out.

"Yes, Master Harry sir," she breathed out, gasping like the whore that she now was. Her pussy was already squeezing his cock tightly, and coating it in her girl juice with every deep penetration.



"I think that I might make you my personal elf," he moaned as her pussy squeezed his invading cock. "Would you like that, Hermi? Would you like to sleep in here with your master? Would you like me to claim every inch of your slutty body?"

Hermione pressed her face into the bed so that he couldn't hear her pitiful moans of pleasure. Harry's large cock was hitting every spot that could make her feel good. She could feel the length of his massive penis sliding inside of her. She could feel every bump scraping against her damp walls, and she could feel his big, juicy balls slapping against her arousal slickened clit. If that wasn't bad enough, he was using his finger to rim her previously violated asshole. The pleasure that she was feeling was intense. "Answer your master," Harry commanded and finished it with a loud slap to her ass cheek. Hermione squealed in pain as her pussy tingled from the impact.

"Yes! I would like that Master Harry! I would like it if you used my body," she cried out, her pussy beginning to milk his thrusting cock. She felt him insert a finger into her anus, and her pussy exploded all over the bed. She cried out while squirting violently on her master's bed. She was harshly lifted up and turned and flipped until she didn't know where she was. After a second, she had his big cock in front of her face. She was laying on top of him in the sixty-nine position. Immediately he began sucking on her squirting pussy, not caring that her ejaculate was washing over him. He pinched her bottom to let her know what he wanted. She got to work like a good elf. She took his cock as far down her throat as she could. She choked and gagged as she bobbed her head, making sure to keep her tongue on his cock the entire time. Occasionally, she would use her tongue to massage his dick while sucking. His moans let her know that he liked it, so she kept on doing it for him. She could feel Harry devouring her naked pussy, and soon, she came again. Thankfully it wasn't as powerful as before. She was rubbing his balls in her palm, and his moans told her that he was about to finish. She quickly wondered if he was going to finish in her mouth. She had never swallowed before. She was answered when he tossed her on her back and ripped her pillowcase open, exposing her breasts and naked torso. He hovered above her, stroking his long, thick cock. He looked her right in the eyes as he spurted his seed all over her tits and stomach.

"Rub it in! Enjoy what your master gives you," he moaned, still cumming on her naked form. Hermione blushed and rubbed his warm cum into her delicate skin. Once finished, he sighed contentedly, and said, "To the shower." Hermione quickly scampered after him.

Hermione groaned as Harry was behind her naked, soapy body washing her breasts. His fingers danced over her hard nipples and squeezed her slippery tits. One hand went down between her legs and pinched and rolled her slippery clit causing her eyes to widen and gasp out in pleasure. Just then the door opened, and she thought that Fleur and Luna had entered the master bathroom. It was hard to tell because the steam had covered the glass shower door. Hermione wiped her hand across it and created a clear streak for her to look through. It was indeed the other two who lived here. They were looking at her in annoyance. It seemed that they wanted some time to play with Harry. Hermione smirked and over exaggeratedly moaned. Seeing them scowl, she reached behind her and took his slick cock in hand. A few strokes later

and she placed the tip against her entrance. Her eyes fluttered shut as her face pressed against the shower door. Soon the bathroom was filled with the sounds of their raucous fucking. He was still pinching and rolling her soapy clit while fucking her. Her beautiful breasts smushed against the glass, and the other two huffed and left the room. They had to wait for their turn.

Fleur and Luna sat on Harry's bed as a pleased, feminine yell rang out signifying an explosive orgasm had occurred. They looked at each other and rolled their eyes. If they didn't finish soon, both of them were going to join and give Hermione her very first foursome. Luna was rubbing herself between the legs. Fleur slapped her hand away. "That belongs to Master."

Luna blushed but nodded. It was true. She belonged to him now, and so did Fleur. And whether or not Hermione knew it, she belonged to him now as well, Luna thought as Hermione's pleasure-filled screams echoed off the walls.