

The next morning, Harry stretched out on a bed that was still in disarray after several rounds of off and on lovemaking between him and Ginny. The two even ended up ordering out since they were too depleted by dinner time. Ginny set up the pick-up order and Harry jumped into pants and threw on a shirt before apparating to a nearby street corner, picking up the food and then discreetly apparating back inside of his home. After eating, the pair of young lovers got right back into it.

'We should spend a few days apart more often,' Harry thought cockily before he put his glasses on and then turned to wish his gorgeous and busty wife a 'good morning'.

Ginny felt Harry's hand on her ass, and then on the small of her back and finally her shoulder. He kissed her the whole way up and eventually his still messy cock began kissing her cheeks as he hovered, finally enjoying his wife's lips in the quiet early morning hours. She loved his greeting, but the strong and sultry redhead obscured any sense that her body was as sore as it was. Ginny didn't know if she'd be able to ride a broom, let alone walk at that moment. And she even had some of her husband's cum inside of her pussy.

'I am going to need to stretch for a solid hour today...' She thought as her hands wrapped around Harry's neck while their tongues played and wriggled playfully.

The redhead's fingers scrapped playfully over his chest and ears. As much as she wanted to feel him inside of her yet again, they both had work to do.

"Tonight?"

"Tonight..." She answered him readily. When it was just the two of them, she could be even more eager and confident than she normally was. Nary was there a woman alive who knew what she wanted and worked for it half as much as Ginny Potter.

After Harry got himself cleaned up, he put on his work clothes stepped out onto the porch of Grimmauld Place. After checking to make sure the coast was clear, the ruggedly handsome wizard apparated in the blink of any eye. After whooshing and soaring through the immaterium for a few moments ended with Harry arriving at the spot that he and Hermione had worked out. His bushy haired friend stood waiting for him.

"Good morning, Harry," She said as she moved a few stray bushy strands of hair out of her face. His friend's brown eyes looked at him intensely and twinkled with not-so-hidden excitement.

"Hermione, you alright then?"

She nodded quickly and then took out a map she had prepared. It showed the area that the muggle witness had described feeling like all of the goodness and warmth of the world had been sucked out. Harry's bespectacled eyes studied the map of the region. The main spot that

Hermione had pointed out was near Saxon Arms, apparently some defunct weapons production company. He also noticed other marks on the map.

“And what are those?” He asked.

“Other possible locations of nests. I did some digging after you left last night,”

“Blimey, how late were you still at the office, Hermione?”

“This is important, Harry. We can’t just leave rogue Dementors on the loose. Now I poured over any reports of the area from the last month. There wasn’t much, but there was enough that these areas merit a search in my mind.

Harry squared his jaw. Looking around the immediate area, he didn’t even detect a shred of the darkness that he’d felt before when Dementors came out to play.

Hermione touched his shoulder, bringing his attention back in. “It could be nothing, but we may be dealing with more than one nest. We should check them all, Harry...”

Harry eyed her and then gave a nod before he rolled his neck. He privately admitted that at least he’d only need to be able to focus on good memories, and not wrestle with a troll after last night. Reaching a hand down towards where his wand was hidden and giving it a little pat helped dispel some nerves. Even though he’d fought off Dementors before, he knew they were not to be taken lightly.

About an hour later, the pair had investigated four out of the five spots. That left just the main site near Saxon Arms and another possible site, the one they’d just arrived at. Harry didn’t really think that the last site would merit anything, none of the other ones had. He was even beginning to think that the muggle who made the report had just gotten scared of some shadow or some noise. The whole time he’d seen no hide nor hair of Dementors, though he had noticed something else.

Nearly every minute of each examination of a location, Hermione acted quite strangely. She would bend over in front of him, and whenever she could, she’d move up nice and close to his body to the point that she was becoming quite the distraction. He laughed mentally thinking about how much she’d wanted to get him out on this investigation. It was clear his friend seemed to have something else in mind.

“What’s going on Hermione?” He finally asked.

They had been about to mark off the second to last location on the map, but Harry knew she had something occupying her mind. He could see it in her soft brown eyes and practically feel it glowing off of her body.

"I-I... I want to keep repaying you, Harry. That's alright isn't it?" She asked and then smiled when she saw him moving closer to her. Each step made the young woman's heart race. When he didn't stay with her yesterday to spend time with her in her office, Hermione had become positively flustered. She respected that Ginny was his wife, but how could she be expected to... repay Harry if he never gave her the opportunity?

"If I can't feel you inside of me, I'll go mad," She blurted out. The wizard saw Hermione pulling off her sweater to reveal that she wasn't wearing a shirt or blouse. All that she had covering up her breasts was a very erotic-looking lingerie top.

Harry was pleasantly surprised. He'd never imagined his long-time friend investing in something so flashy. Moving in closer, he stroked her hips gently. His green eyes looked deeply into her brown orbs while his arousal continued to mount. It wouldn't be long till his cock began nudging against Hermione's jeans.

"You don't owe me anything... Hermione. But... I take it things haven't improved with Ron?"

"No... I tried; believe me, I have. But it's not enough. He cannot do the *things* you do to me..." she spoke out awkwardly. Talking about sex was probably the only time he saw her get flummoxed apart from when she got angry or was told she couldn't figure something out.

'She's so cute at moments like these,'

Knowing that she'd come to him, hat in hand in need of sexual release, stirred something deep inside of Harry. After his brush with death, he'd thought about all his sacrifices, everything he'd put on hold, or even put aside because of the destiny that had been thrust upon him. The desire to enjoy life to the fullest and the inclination to take everything he deserved had grown from a whisper into a defined statement on occasions. That included occasions such as when Hermione first came to him. Now it appeared he was due to enjoy his reward once again.

"P-Please Harry... don't make me beg..." The man with black hair smiled and then cupped her chin.

"It's not your fault Hermione. And I would never make a good person like you beg..."

They kissed, intimately and passionately. Unlike the usual fiery and almost feverish kisses he shared with his wife, this moment with Hermione involved much more measured and controlled exchanges between their lips. Each time the pair got like this, it was like they were reaching back in time, finding a page from their combined history, looking into a single moment when the two should have given in, should have said yes. But hadn't.

Still, as much as Hermione enjoyed kissing and making up for lost time, she knew of far more fulfilling ways to show off their adoration and love for one another.

With a swish of her wand, Hermione's work pants vanished and her panties. Of course, she only did this so she could drag the lacey fabric slowly down around her legs to give Harry a bit of a show. Even as badly as she wanted him to just take her and begin pounding her eager sex, Hermione managed to retain some sense of self-control. Slowly, her fingers hooked into the lacey material.

"You're so beautiful, Hermione,"

She turned away from him and clenched her fingers idly. As far removed as the pair were from their time at Hogwarts, the brunette thought it might all be a prank, like the kind that the girls had pulled on her after seeing her show up with Viktor Krum at the Yule Ball.

"You don't have to say that... Harry. I'm just... I only know reading, and studying... learning... This is..."

"Keep going..."

"Yes Harry..."

"And I called you beautiful because it's the truth..."

Harry watched her lips quiver with nervousness through his glasses. Just underneath, his skin hungered throughout his body while blood began pooling in his loins. As she'd been instructed, Hermione began pulling her panties down, to offer more of her body to him. Harry noticed wet strings of her juice stuck to the lacey and sheer material as her panties descended down her cream-colored legs. It was plain to see how aroused the clever but submissive woman had become while working at his side. Shifting her feet, she finally dropped her panties. After that, Harry could hold back no longer.

"Awaahhauh... oohuahh..." Hermione called out as Harry grabbed her and nudged her up against the nearby wall. His wand flicked out and quickly cast some charms and wards around them so that they wouldn't be detected. It was true his friend's woman's pussy was sopping wet and excited to feel him throb inside of her once more, but he didn't think Hermione wanted anyone else coming around and noticing her out of control lust.

Braced up against a brick wall by her muscular friend, Hermione's nipples soon poked against her top as her body reacted to her position as the object of his hunger. The talented witch rubbed her hands all over the scintillatingly designed top, the last thing now covering up a part that she craved to give to him. As her breathing became duskiest, Hermione found that the only thing on her mind was having Harry make her mind melt with his powerful dick once more.

"H-Harry... Please I... you... sometimes all I can think about is how g-good you make me feel..." When Harry exposed his big, juicy rod to her, Hermione felt light-headed. As her nipples itched against her top, she felt her pussy becoming a sloppy mess. Each heartbeat caused

more and more of her cunny lips to become drenched in nectar. While her slit spilled out her delicious wetness, she played harder and harder with the small hard, pink nubs waiting just beneath her bra while the man she adored inched closer and closer.

“Mrrhmm... Mmhraahh...” Hermione whimpered out, each noise more like an animal in heat than her normal verbose self. ‘I am like a beast right now. I’m Harry’s bitch, good only for breeding...’ She thought as she continued whimpering and mewling before him.

Harry hiked up one of her legs, before pushing his thick member right up against her bottom lips. Hermione gasped as his heat connected with her wetness and she quickly unclipped her bra, completely offering herself up to her mate’s hands and cock. Another gasp broke out of her lips as Harry nudged his tip even harder against the entrance to her sex. The bushy-haired woman’s breathing hiked up again, allowing only short little pleasure-laced notes to flow from her mouth. Soon, the first few inches of Harry’s burly cock began splitting open Hermione’s oozing and delicate folds.

“Harry... please... kiss meeeauahh...” This time, she was definitely begging, but she didn’t care. Their lips connected against one another and her heart burned as her mouth and pussy were ravished by the man she longed for. Each new thrust brought her closer and closer to another sensational orgasm. When Harry began attacking her nipples with his teeth, the wild and now uncaged side of the eager woman stopped holding back her screams. Ron never got so rough with her, never gave her exactly what she wanted. Working so close to Harry only made it harder for her. How could she be expected to remain in control if every time she saw him, the only thoughts in her head urged her to give in, to have him dominate and fuck her without any second thoughts...

‘Whatever he wants, whatever he needs, he only has to ask. I’d do it and beg to serve him more!’.

Her outer thigh ground against the wall as Harry continued sticking every single inch of his great rod inside of her. Every moan from Hermione made her body tremble as it yearned for more. All throughout her pussy, her folds pulled on and tightened around Harry’s cock as he railed her body with incredible power. Each feminine gasp corresponded with another clench as her soaked, inner channel hungered for Harry’s seed to fill her up once more.

“Please Harry... just c-cum inside of me!” She said as she wrapped her arms around his damp neck to pull him closer. The smell of his sweaty body was intoxicating. She kissed his cheek and forehead as Harry pressed all of his body right up against her own. The young woman’s body trembled uncontrollably even before she exploded and when Harry’s thick warmth began spurting out from the tip of his stiffness, Hermione’s tongue splayed out and her eyes became jumbled by the complete loss of control.

“Ohhauuuuahh... Harr... Harry... it’s... I can’t even thinkiaaaahhh...” Hermione gasped out as his seed continued spilling out into her vessel. Her body continued contracting, milking out every

last drop of that which the brunette coveted so deeply. Still, when the two managed to catch their breath, the wild desires inside the normally bookish woman made it clear she wasn't quite done.

"You're the bravest... and most powerful among us, Harry..." Hermione declared after untangling herself from his grasp. Now she knelt before her lover, coaxing his cock back to a state of readiness with her tongue and her slutty lips. In no time, she had him rearing to go again, but this time she preferred enjoying him with her mouth.

Before that, her brown eyes gazed at his green pupils. "Whatever happens... I... N-never want to be far from you... Please Harry..."

Settled out in front of him, Harry watched as Hermione took his cock in her mouth, eagerly and with a look of potent desire all along her lips before she opened her hole. One hand remained on the task at hand, rubbing and teasing his balls as his re-ignited cock was treated to all the pleasures of Hermione's mouth as her head bobbed up and down along his girth. The pleasure for him and his lover got even more intense as she started using her other hand. Instead of playing with Harry thought, the naughty witch supposed to be focusing on work began focusing on her juicy clit. Now and then when her mouth slid back on his long cock, Harry's eyes caught the sight of the witch going to town on her clit while his cum puddled out from inside her dominated womanhood. Harry's head swayed as another spell of intense pleasure began permeating through his body.

Tasting his cock and the juices from her own pussy still infused into his raging stiffness, Hermione's mind stumbled across a rugged plain of rocky pleasure and strain. Her nose worked as hard as it could to get more oxygen into her brain. She wanted to enjoy him as long as she could and the last thing, she wanted was to faint in the middle of showing Harry every last bit of affection she held in her heart for him.

Fortunately, her will held out and the scrumptious woman with bushy, long hair got her reward. Another load of Harry's tasty jizz began painting the inside of her throat, just like he'd done to her tender tunnel near where her fingers continued tweaking her clit. As she toyed with the nub of keen flesh, her eyes rolled up in her head as she received more and more spurts of white-hot pleasure from the man, she wished was her husband. When Harry was finally done, Hermione took in a long breath through her nose and then offered up the image of her gaping mouth still filled to the brim with Harry's load. Harry beamed down at her and stroked her hair affectionately before Hermione closed up her lips to swallow up every last bit that he'd given her.

The meal of his cum pleased her mind so much that she started cumming once more on the dirty steps of the area they'd been investigating. The thrill of each tremble and shiver as Harry stood over her, with his cock still drooling off a mix of cum and her saliva, filled the woman with such wicked pleasure.

“Muwaaah... ohuaaahh... oh Harry...” Hermione mewled out, her mind still simply floating along through the immaterium of bliss and satisfaction after enjoying his body again. She didn't care about her work, her husband, or anything else in the world at that point. The only thought not utterly consumed by pleasure was to ensure that she didn't wait as long as she had before, to get Harry to ravish her once more.

Since Harry easily recovered first, he set to work cleaning up all the signs of what the pair of lovers had just done. He kept the wards and charms up of course, but he made sure to fix up Hermione's now messy looking hair to return it to its normal state of only slightly messy. When the young witch finally returned to her senses, she got her bra and panties back on and then donned her work attire once more.

Her lust finally fulfilled, at least for a while, Hermione returned her attention to the map and then crossed off the sight that the two had investigated and then fucked each other's brains out at.

“Now then,” Hermione cleared her throat. “Shall we go to Saxon Arms?”

“I'm right beside you,” Harry said with a grin, thinking about just how moments ago the woman had been all but consumed by her lust for him. Now with plenty of his cum probably still swirling within her, Hermione was all set to return to the task at hand.