

Like Mother Like Daughter

This story was commissioned by an anonymous supporter.

With a loud crack, Harry, Hermione, and her mother appeared out of nowhere. Once materialized, both Hermione and her mother lost their footing and fell on their bottoms.

“Ow!” Hermione complained. Hearing Harry chuckle, Hermione blushed and slapped his leg. “Help me up!” she said, reaching up. Harry took her hand and pulled her to her feet. Seeing that her mother had gotten to her feet, Hermione went over to her and hugged her tight.

“Don’t worry, I’m okay,” Emma consoled her daughter.

They had been at Emma’s house in London just relaxing before dinner. Harry was there to visit Hermione and had been invited to stay and eat. After the fall of Voldemort, Harry and Hermione had traveled to Australia to locate her wayward parents. Once found, they both forgave Hermione for messing with their memories. Unfortunately, during that time, her parents figured out that they hadn’t been compatible with each other for a very long time. While Emma had been eager to return to her home country, her husband Dan wished to remain in Australia. He had a booming business, and he really enjoyed the country. Both of them agreed to get a divorce, though luckily they remained on good terms. Hermione was saddened of course, but she understood. So the three of them left for home.

Once back in England, Emma immediately returned to her old home and redecorated. She wanted a fresh start. Unfortunately, there were still some remnants of Death Eaters that hadn’t yet been captured and were causing problems. One of them had snuck a tracking charm on Hermione and followed her home. He scouted the place and found it an easy target. Going to get his Death Eater friends, they returned looking to make a statement. Sadly for them, Harry had been there. Harry brutalized the idiots and only a handful escaped. Hermione called in the Aurors and those that were still breathing were arrested and questioned. At the moment, the escaped suspects were being rounded up by the DMLE.

Emma’s house had unfortunately been damaged in the attack. Thankfully, it wasn’t as bad as it could have been. It would still take a few weeks to finish the repairs. Not only that, but Harry was paying for quality wards to be placed around their property. Until that time, Harry opened his doors to them.

As they broke their hug, they finally got a good look at their surroundings. Neither had been to Harry’s new home. Right after the war, Harry bought the land and commissioned the Goblins to build his new manor house. He had only moved in a week ago.

Both women were struck speechless at the grandeur presented to them. The grounds themselves were beautiful. In the distance, they could see a small woodland area with very old English Oaks, and right in front of the house was a private lake. Close to them was a very lovely

garden area with tons of different flowers and benches. Marble statues of beautiful, nude women dotted the garden and the cobbled path allowed you to travel throughout the grounds of the estate. They could imagine taking walks late in the afternoon and were sure that the sunsets would look beautiful by the lake. The house itself was something else.

Massive and stately, it was made of a light-colored stone that they couldn't identify. Dozens of windows littered the front of the manor, and they could only imagine the number of rooms that it contained. The house looked to have three main floors. The ground floor was lined with arched windows, and right in the middle were archways that held up four massive pillars and a section of triangular roof. It was obviously old roman by design.

"Wow!" both girls muttered in awe.

"Pretty nice, huh?" Harry chuckled, waving them forward as he began walking. Both women looked at each other and hurried after him. "I'll ask Winky to pop over to your house and grab some clothes. We can always go shopping if need be," Harry told them as he walked down the cobbled path.

As they entered the house, the grandeur became apparent. The house was beautifully decorated with expensive-looking paintings adorning the walls and marble statues placed here and there. "Can you give us a quick tour, Harry?" Hermione asked, jogging up to his side.

"Yeah of course," Harry replied. He led them along the gallery which held a great number of artistic pieces. Next, he showed them the music room which held a grand piano along with many other instruments. Hermione could see guitars, violins, various woodwind instruments, and even a set of drums. "Unfortunately, I don't know how to play any. I thought that I might like to learn though."

"That's a good idea, Harry. Everyone should know how to play at least one instrument. I myself used to play the flute, but it's been many years. Hermione took piano lessons when she was younger, but it became obvious that she preferred books rather than instruments," Emma told him, looking around the room.

Next, Harry took them to the Grand Ballroom. "Woah!" Hermione said, shocked by the opulence of it all. White marble floors accented in gold was the color theme of the room. Everything in it screamed luxury. "I'm not sure if I'll ever use it, but I figured it might be good to have ... you know, just in case."

They then moved on to another part of the house. "Over here is where the blatantly magical rooms are. I figured it would be better to have them all in one area," Harry told them.

Both of them nodded. They too thought that it was a good idea. You never know when you might have to hide them. He opened the door and showed them his state-of-the-art magical laboratory. Hermione practically drooled at what she saw. One corner held a potions lab with a locker that

held every kind of ingredient imaginable. Hermione saw row after row of plant and animal parts, some she could recognize and some she couldn't. She even saw some that she knew were incredibly rare and expensive. On some shelves were vials ranging from glass, all the way to the more expensive crystal. On yet another shelf were rows of different cauldrons. They were arranged in sizes and in what material that they were made of. Hermione wanted to try out the solid gold cauldron. She knew a few potions that were only able to be brewed in a golden cauldron. They were master-level potions, and she was itching to test her abilities.

"Through that door is the room with magic-resistant walls. I basically use it as a casting room to practice magic," Harry said. Hermione walked over and poked her head in. It was just an empty room with walls that looked to be coated in something.

"What's on the walls?" she asked, turning to Harry.

"It's lined in dragonhide. As you know, dragons are quite resistant to magic." That made sense to her.

"What's all that over there?" she asked, pointing to what appeared to be a blacksmithing area.

"That's an area to create enchanted items. I don't know how to do that, but I asked for it nonetheless. Same with that area over there," he said, indicating to an area with bookshelves and carving kits. "That's for carving runes. I don't know how to use that either," Harry admitted.

Hermione looked very eager to try it out. She knew a few things about runes and had even carved a few during her arithmancy class. She didn't know any advanced techniques, but she was more than willing to read those books and learn.

Harry continued the tour and showed them the many rooms of the house, including the ones that they'd be staying in. They were right next to his in the east wing of the house. Looking out the window, Hermione and her mom could see a stable in the distance with horses trotting around. They were getting tired and hungry, so Harry quickly showed them the library before they ate.

Hermione was awestruck by the sheer volume of books on display. This was a purely magical library with thousands of books lining the dozens of large bookcases situated neatly across the room. Running from shelf to shelf, Hermione was acting like a kid in a candy shop. Her fingers brushed against dozens of spines as she read the titles. She made sure to make a mental note of every book that she intended to read, which was basically all of them. She was just about to pull a particularly large book off of the shelf when her mother stopped her.

"You can wait until tomorrow, Hermione," Emma smiled, knowing exactly what her daughter was thinking. "We need to eat before we get too tired. It's getting late after all."

Hermione huffed but nodded. Her mother was right. Giving the large room one last wistful look, she followed them out of the library and into the dining area. The food provided by Winky was wonderful, and they had soon eaten to their fill. Once full, the three of them retired to their rooms for the night. Hermione was in the room closest to Harry's, and her mother's was on the other side of hers.

Hermione took a bath and changed into her pajamas. She laid on her very comfy bed flipping through a book that she had borrowed from him. While the book was interesting, she couldn't exactly concentrate. She was too worked up from all the action that had happened that day. All she wanted to do was go and talk to Harry for a while. Hermione remained in bed for another hour or so before the urge became too great. She crept out of bed and exited her room. She tip-toed the short distance, wary of waking up her tired mother, and quietly turned the knob on Harry's door. Opening it up, she slipped in and closed it. Immediately, she was hit in the face by the smell of a wet pussy. If that wasn't a clue, then the feminine moaning surely was. Hermione pressed her back to the wall and looked around the corner to where the noise was coming from. To her complete shock, she saw her mother wildly bouncing up and down on a naked Harry's lap.

Hermione had always known that her mother had a nice figure, but even she was blown away by how sexy the older woman was. Her wavy, dark brown hair contrasted wonderfully with the paleness of her skin. Her mother had big breasts that often drew the attention of men whenever they were out and about. Even though she couldn't get a good look at them, she could still see them bouncing and flopping around as she rode him. Seeing her lean forward, Hermione caught sight of her mother's hairless lips that were wrapped around what must have been an incredibly thick cock. Her pussy looked stretched to its limits. Right above that was her puckered hole which seemed to be winking at her. From her gasps and moans, her mother must have been having a fantastic time. She watched as Harry wrapped his arms around her back and pulled her down. Kissing her deeply, his hips moved in a blur as he fucked her mother.

"Harder, Harry ... harder!" she cried out, burying her face in his neck as his cock slipped in and out of her. Looking closer, Hermione could see his cock streaked with white. Blushing madly, Hermione realized that her mother was creaming all over his cock. She couldn't help it when her pussy began to tingle with need. She was eighteen years old and still hadn't had sex yet. Thankfully, her hymen was gone due to an incident with her being overly vigorous with an enchanted dildo. She bit her lip and made sure to keep her hand away from her groin. All she could do was watch as her mother trembled violently while her best friend stuffed her full of cock. Then, Harry reached down and spread her cheeks apart, earning a loud gasp from her mother. Her pussy tingled badly when she witnessed Harry's finger toy with her mother's puckered hole. Her eyes were glued to the scene as he slowly ran this finger over the rim of her tight asshole. Her mother's cries and mewls of pleasure went unnoticed until they became too loud. She screamed out as her pussy clamped down tightly on his thrusting cock. Seeing her mother thrash around in his arms was the cue for her to exit. Taking one last look, she slowly backed out and exited her best friend's room.

Leaning back against the hallway wall, she took a few deep breaths to steady her breathing. Once under control, she traveled the short distance and entered her own room. Flopping back on the bed, Hermione just laid there for a while, her mind a blank. Eventually, she began thinking about what she had just witnessed. Why was her mother having sex with Harry? Obviously, she wasn't married anymore, so it was natural that she would want some physical contact eventually. Harry was a handsome boy, and from what she saw, he had a massive cock. Both were good things in her book. It wasn't surprising that her mother had less than pure thoughts about him. Hermione would be the first to admit that she too had some dirty fantasies about her best friend. Deciding that she would just ask her mother in the morning, Hermione rolled over and tried to get some sleep. Unfortunately, she found that sleep was hard to come by. Her pussy was simply too wet and sensitive. Groaning, she slipped her hand down the waistband of her pajama pants and began rubbing her dripping wet pussy. Letting out a satisfied moan, she parted her legs and rubbed circles around her hard clit. It didn't take long before she came all over her hand. Pulling her hand out, Hermione licked the juices from her fingers before falling asleep with a smile on her face.

Like Mother Like Daughter

Hermione had been awake for a short while. She remained in bed relaxing after a previously stressful day. When her door opened, she looked up to see her mother walk in wearing a short, silk nightie. Her mom always liked to look sexy at night, wearing nighties even when she was alone. It was just one of those weird quirks that people sometimes had, Hermione thought. She walked up and crawled onto the bed, laying on top of the covers next to Hermione. Hermione tried to think of a way to bring up the subject tactfully, but she ended up just blurting out, "I saw you and Harry fucking last night."

Emma sputtered in shock from hearing her daughter curse, and of course from what she said. Emma blushed violently before saying, "Sorry."

"How come?" Hermione asked curiously.

"Mainly, it was to thank him for what he did for our family. Also, it had been a while since I had a decent orgasm," she admitted. "Which brings me to what I wanted to talk to you about," Emma added.

Hermione listened as she went on. "Harry is a fantastic lover. The best I've ever had ... by a long shot. If you want him as your own, I suggest you claim him now before some other girl gets their hands on him," Emma told her seriously. "Just look around at his estate. Some gold-diggers will surely spread their legs for him just to get a chance to mooch off of him."

It was Hermione's turn to blush. "I'll admit that I have thought about being with him like that, but I don't even know how to start. I've never been with a boy."

Emma just smiled. "Don't worry, honey. Just leave that to me. Make sure that you're ready tonight. Shave your body hair," Emma reminded her. "Boys like a smooth body," she told her, lifting up the front of her nightie and showing Hermione her pussy. Her mound had a small tuft of dark hair that was expertly groomed. The rest of her mound and pussy lips were completely void of hair. Hermione nodded. Lavender had been very vocal about girls keeping their vaginas neat and hairless.

"Good. Tonight I'll come get you when I'm ready. Until then, I believe the library is waiting."

Hermione's eyes widened. With all of the craziness, she had completely forgotten about the library. Not even bothering to change, she made her way to the large room. Still nervous about the coming night, she at least had something to keep her mind off of it for a few hours.

Like Mother Like Daughter

Hermione looked at herself in the mirror. Like her mother, she was wearing a very short, silk nightgown. She rubbed her thighs together trying to stop the tingling that she was feeling from her freshly shaved pussy. She had decided to remove all of the hair so that even her mound was hairless. This was a first for her, and she found that she liked the sensation. Right now, she liked it a little too much. She was already on the verge of cumming. She took a deep breath to calm down. Just then, she heard a knock on the door. Knowing who it was, she answered it. Like her, her mother was wearing another tiny nightie, this time in black. It clashed wonderfully with Hermione's own red one. Together they looked like quite the pair. "Come with me," her mother ordered. Hermione dutifully followed, her heart pounding in her chest. When they got to Harry's door, her mother didn't even bother knocking. Opening the door, they just walked in.

When the pair stopped in front of Harry's bed, he just raised an eyebrow. "Both of you?"

Hermione blushed deeply and nodded. "My mum is going to show me what to do. Is that okay?" she asked nervously.

"Yeah, it's okay," Harry said, smiling. She returned his smile. She heard the bed squeak and looked over. Her mother was crawling up the bed toward his crotch.

"Let's get started," Emma said eagerly. She was already pulling down Harry's shorts, leaving him completely nude. Hermione marveled at the size of his cock. Now that she could get a good look at it, she realized how big it truly was. She didn't even know if it would fit inside of her. Nervously, she crawled onto the bed next to her mother. Harry's eyes were glued to the incredible amount of cleavage that was created when she crawled toward him. While Hermione wasn't stacked up top like her mother, she did still have a nice, perky set of tits.

Grabbing his cock, Emma held it up for Hermione to see. "Take his cock in your hand like this."

Hermione followed her directions. Grabbing him by the base, she waited for further instruction. "Now start stroking," Emma told her. "Long deep strokes from the base to the head. Yes, like that."

Hermione's hand stroked the full length of his huge cock. Harry groaned when Emma's hand joined hers. His cock was big enough for a third hand, Hermione realized. Hermione looked down and saw that her mother's other hand was fondling his bloated ball sack. "Boys love to have their balls played with," she explained. "Just don't be rough with them. You try."

Hermione reached down and palmed his heavy sack. She found it warm and soft as she gently rubbed it while vigorously stroking his cock. Hermione stiffened when Harry's hand touched her thigh. It was only for a second, and she quickly relaxed. Her breathing intensified as his hand inched further and further up her smooth, silky leg. Soon, his hand was near her hip, groping and squeezing her to his heart's content.

"Now we need to take it further," Emma said, leaning down and licking the underside of his head, making his body jerk. Emma giggled. "Lick him the full length of the underside of his cock, Hermione."

Leaning down, she stuck out her tongue and dragged it from his balls, all the way to the head. When her lips were on his head, she felt her mother gently push down on her head. Slowly she took her first cock down her throat. Deeper and deeper he sank into her until she finally gagged. She thought that she had at least half in her mouth, but she soon realized that she didn't even have a third. Her disappointment must have shown.

"You'll get better," Emma chuckled, squeezing his balls. "Start bobbing your head. Remember to keep your tongue in contact with his cock and wiggle it around a bit."

Hermione did just that. Slowly she bobbed her head, feeling his cock hitting the back of her throat. She placed the flat of her tongue against the underside of his shaft while giving him her first blowjob. Like her mother suggested, she wiggled the tip of her tongue against his cock while sucking him clean. Hearing him moan filled the bookworm with confidence. Hermione closed her eyes when Harry threaded his fingers through her bushy hair and gently scratched her scalp. She didn't see her mother remove her silk nightie and straddle his stomach. She did, however, hear her moan when she began grinding her wet pussy all over his torso. Letting go of his cock with a wet pop, Hermione looked up. Emma's hips were dancing as she rubbed herself on him. Hermione could see the wet smears of her juices all over Harry's stomach. Scooting down, Emma leaned forward and stuck her wide ass up in the air.

"Inside," Emma commanded her daughter. Hermione blushed but grabbed Harry's cock. Placing the head against her mother's plump lips, she watched as she slowly lowered herself down. She was mesmerized by the way her mother's pussy stretched around his incredible thickness. Emma groaned loudly and looked over her shoulder. "Watch me and learn, honey."

Hermione nodded as Emma's hips began gyrating. Wiggling herself, she made sure that Harry was properly in before she began slamming her hips up and down. Hermione was shocked at the aggressiveness of her mother's actions. The violent slapping of her ass on Harry's pelvis was near deafening as the scent of sex began to fill Hermione's nostrils. Soon after their fucking started, Hermione once again saw streaks of white cream smeared across Harry's fat cock. Hermione's pussy began to tingle once more. Reaching down, she started rubbing herself and tried to hold in a moan as she watched them fuck.

"Oh, lord! He's so thick," Emma shuddered as her big tits flopped up and down. Hermione's eyes were glued to Harry as he pulled her lower and took her big nipple into his mouth. His hand squeezed and played with the other breast as he continued to suckle on the one in his mouth. Suddenly, her mother squealed and began to shake. Hermione knew that she was having an orgasm. Watching, her mother collapsed forward and kissed Harry before rolling off of him. Harry's wet and slimy cock was exposed as it slipped out of her. Hermione's eyes widened when her mother took it in her mouth and sucked it clean. When she let it go, it was clean and glistening as she held it straight. "Hop on."

Hermione blushed and threw a leg over his laps. Hermione gasped and shuddered as her mother rubbed his fat head up and down her damp lips. When he was in just the right spot, Hermione took it upon herself to slowly drop down. Wincing from being stretched for the first time, she didn't move as she waited for the pain to settle. Feeling a hand slip over her thigh, she looked at her mother who began to fondle her hard clit. Hermione groaned as her eyes fluttered. "This will help with the pain," her mother explained. Hermione nodded rapidly. The intense pleasure did indeed help wash away the pain. Emma was about to pull her hand away, but Hermione stopped her. Grabbing her hand, she held it to her clit as she started bouncing on his pole.

"Leave it," Hermione gasped as her mother's fingers danced over the hard, little nub. She arched her back when Harry's hands slid up her belly and under her silky nightgown. Cupping her breasts, Hermione shuddered when his fingers brushed over her hardened nipples. Her body trembled when he pinched them, and she damn near came when he began rolling them between his fingers. Reaching down, she grabbed the hem of her nightie. Pulling it up off of her body, she tossed it aside, exposing her nude form to them for the first time. Hermione was pulled down and her nipple was latched onto by Harry's lips as she continued to roll her hips the way that her mother's did. Hermione threw her head back and moaned when Emma's other set of fingers began to toy with her virgin asshole. Looking wildly over her shoulder, Emma smiled and shrugged.

"I like having mine played with. I figured that you might as well," she chuckled as Hermione shook violently. Her pussy was making such obscene noises that she knew that she should have been embarrassed. Fortunately, she was too horny to be embarrassed. Harry's cock was absolutely drenched as her juices rolled down the thick pole and coated his fat ball sack. When Harry reached behind her and spread her cheeks, her mother took it upon herself to slip her

finger inside of Hermione's untouched asshole. Her eyes grew to the size of saucers as she cursed and spasmed violently.

"FUUUUUUCK!" she cursed as her pussy sprayed Harry's lap. Her pussy was fluttering over his cock as it desperately tried to milk it of its cum. Emma's finger was sawing back and forth inside of her puckered hole as Hermione shook and trembled.

"Cumming!" Harry cried out. Not knowing if Hermione was on birth control, she pushed her off and took his cock into her mouth. Tasting her daughter, she moaned as he spurted his seed down her throat. Wiggling her tongue against it, his cock continuously filled her mouth with his warm cum until it had been milked dry. Massaging his balls, she made sure to suck out every last drop. Letting it go with a pop, she saw Hermione curled up into the fetal position, still cumming. Shaking her head, she quietly said, "Noob," before straddling his cock once again. She still had so much to teach her daughter, so hopefully, she would quickly recover, she thought as Harry stuck his finger up her ass.