

## **The Payment**

### **Chapter 4**

Hermione's meeting with the leader of the ICW had gone well for her. It was just another connection that she had made that she could hopefully use in the future. Thanks to Harry, she had built up a nice collection of contacts that she could trade favors with. That really bodes well for her future. She was moving up in the world in rapid succession. Unfortunately, her skyward trajectory had hit a snag.

A man she met while at the ICW had messaged her and asked for a favor. Normally this wouldn't have bothered her. In this case, however, the favor was to get Harry to show up to his daughter's birthday party next week. Apparently, his daughter was just coming into adulthood and wanted the Boy-Who-Lived at her party. Like most seventeen-year-old girls, she had had a crush on him for many years. Hermione couldn't fault her for that after all, she had been quick to jump in his bed.

The man himself was a big shot in the import/export business. His company moved magical products all over the world, and his family became massively rich from it. If you wanted to transport products in bulk, he was the man to go to. He also had his hand in many other businesses and industries. Having a favor from him in your back pocket was worth more than a sack of gold. That was something that Hermione desperately wanted. Now she just needed to convince Harry to make it happen.

That was a problem. Harry didn't like doing favors for a friend of a friend. He said that it creates a slippery slope that's hard to get off. He wasn't wrong, but at least he could be reasoned with. She just had to put him in a good mood. That shouldn't be a problem for her, she smirked to herself. She bit her lip as her hand snaked into her panties, and she let her fingers glance along the tender skin of her hairless mound. She had removed the hair only an hour ago, so her skin was extra smooth. If she slathered lotion on her body, she doubted that Harry would be able to resist. As her fingers brushed over her clit, Hermione shuddered and pulled her hand out of her underwear with great reluctance.

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Hermione blushed as Harry lifted her foot to his mouth and kissed her delicate sole. She was in bed with him and laying on her back, facing away from him. He held her ankle in his hand as her other foot slid up and down the underside of his oiled-up cock. He groaned and the vibrations felt good against the sensitive skin of her foot. It always fascinated her when she rubbed her small feet on his absurdly massive cock. Gently she tickled the bottom of his cockhead with her toes as he kissed her ankle. When he licked her from her heel to the bottom of her toes, she squealed and pulled her foot away.

"Still ticklish?" he teased, chuckling at her red face.

“Shut up,” she complained, trapping his cock against the oil-slickened arch of her foot while she worked it with the other foot. Harry laid back and moaned. Hermione bit her lip and reached between her legs. As her fingers touched her soft folds, she found them completely drenched in arousal. She could smell her scent wafted up from between her sexy legs. Two fingers slid into her depths as her thumb rubbed circles around her hardened clit.

“So what do you want exactly?” Harry suddenly asked. Hermione stopped with a look of surprise on her face. “You never give me a footjob unless you want something. Last time was because you broke that expensive vase in the library,” he told her. Hermione’s cheeks heated up.

Harry grabbed her feet and held them together as he continued thrusting into them. Hermione gasped as his cock tickled the oiled soles of her feet.

“Well ...” she trailed off, trying to think of the best way to bring it up.

“Out with it,” he ordered, groaning as he fucked her feet.

“You know that guy I was talking about? The one that I met while at the ICW ...” she said, shuddering from the sensation of his slippery cock sliding back and forth over the sensitive skin of her feet.

“Alametro Pappalardo,” Harry finished. He suddenly pulled her by the ankles causing her to squeal. She slid up the bed toward him, and he grabbed her by the waist and lifted her bottom half off of the bed. Her pussy was now right next to his face as he sat up. Hermione looked up at him from down on the bed. He nuzzled her clit with his nose before inhaling her scent. “What about him?” he asked, slowly kissing her around her wet, naked pussy. Hermione gasped and shuddered as his lips left a trail of fire around her pink, puffy pussy.

“He asked me to convince you to attend his daughter’s birthday party next week,” she confessed as his tongue tickled the area of flesh between her pussy and asshole.

“Oh?” Harry moved on to her inner thighs, kissing and nipping at the soft, smooth skin. Hermione nodded rapidly as her legs were draped over his shoulders.

“And what do you plan on giving me in return?” Harry asked, his fingertip toying with her crinkled hole. He would push only the tip in before pulling it out then circling the rim.

“What do you want?” Hermione asked, gasping as he brushed his lips against her aching clit. She was in desperate need of relief.

“I was planning to spend tomorrow night with a girl that loves books as much as you. I think I’ll have you join us in bed. Oh ... and I expect you to show her as much fun as you show me. Understood?” Harry said, pinching her clit lightly.

Hermione shivered with wide eyes. She had never been with a girl before. She had never really given it any thought. Still, she needed Harry to go. Biting her lip, she made up her mind and nodded. Harry smiled.

“Good,” he replied, rolling her hard clit between his wet fingers. Hermione arched her back and moaned as Harry settled between her legs and slid into her cunt as he leaned down and captured her nipple with his lips.

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Penelope Clearwater nervously walked up to the front door of the expansive manor home of Harry Potter. With her heart hammering in her chest, she knocked on the door. She couldn't believe that she had made such a deal with him, but it had to be done.

When Harry had discovered that ancient book, it set off a firestorm as adventure seekers, cursebreakers, historians, and everyone else immediately searched for any rumor of lost treasures or ancient artifacts. Some wanted them for the power that they supposedly possessed, but some like Penny wanted them for their value.

Being a muggleborn was tough on her. Only finding menial jobs that could barely pay the bills, she had resorted to working in the muggle world. Unfortunately, since she was schooled in the magical world, she didn't exactly have the credentials to get a high-paying job there either. Her only hope of moving up was to earn enough gold to buy her way in. That was when she had heard of Harry's discovery. This lit a fire under her that couldn't be squelched. On her time off, she tore through the library at Hogwarts. She was thankful that she still had some connections with the teachers there. She had done enough research to conclude that a little-known treasure horde that was supposedly lost somewhere on the Irish coast was in fact real. It was said that the treasure held one thousand times a man's weight in gold. That wasn't even counting silver, or gems, or other artifacts. Penny was positively drooling at the thought. The only problem was that the directions to the location of the treasure started in an old village that had long since disappeared. The village was so small that it wasn't on any map of the time, not that there were many maps. Not only that but maps from hundreds of years ago weren't exactly the most accurate. Since the village was so old, there wasn't anyone that knew exactly where it once stood, just that it was somewhere in the north. There was only one place that held a map that had the exact location. An old book that was owned by Harry Potter.

There were supposedly other copies of the book, but she didn't know anyone that had one. The problem was that Harry Potter was notoriously wary about showing people his private books or artifacts to anyone, not that she blamed him. She wouldn't either. He was, however, open to exchanging favors. Sadly, she didn't have anything of value and had no important connections. She did have one thing going for her though ... her looks. While she didn't consider herself among the most beautiful girls around, she was quite pretty. More than once she had been badgered by older purebloods as they tried to tempt her into becoming a mistress. She of

course turned them down. This time, however, she was willing to use her looks to her advantage. It was well known that Potter was a bit of a horndog, and that was something that she could use. While she didn't like having to use her body for such a thing, there wasn't a whole lot that she could do about it. She needed that book.

Getting a meeting was easy. She sent a sexy picture of herself with a note about needing a meeting with him. She was contacted within the hour. Once she met him, she told him what she wanted and why she wanted it. In the end, they came up with an agreement that suited them both. She would get unlimited access to his library until they found the treasure. Harry would join in on the expedition and get twenty-five percent of the wealth. Not only that, but she had to agree to be his mistress until the treasure was found. It was that very night that she found herself knocking on his door.

A House Elf met her at the door and ushered her up the stairs and pointed to an elaborate set of double doors. Telling her to just go in, Penny took a deep breath and opened the door. Once she stepped inside, she was immediately hit in the face with the scent of wet pussy. As her eyes snapped onto the scene in front of her, they widened comically. Hermione Granger was completely nude while standing up. Her legs were crossed at the ankles and an equally naked Harry Potter was thrusting his huge, fat cock between her closed thighs. Unable to stop her eyes from drifting lower, she saw his enormous, horse cock sawing back and forth between her silky, smooth legs as he fucked her thighs. His thick, bulbous head would disappear as he pulled back, then burst through, spreading her plump, hairless lips and battering her poor, abused clit as he thrust forward. His cock was absolutely glistening with her arousal. Hermione's eyes were fluttering as she arched her back. Harry was holding her arms to her side so that she couldn't hide herself from Penny's gaze. Blushing furiously, she waited for instructions. She didn't have to wait long.

"Penny, this is Hermione. Hermione, this is Penny," he introduced them as Hermione creamed his cock. "Now Penny, be a dear and strip down. Then come over here and give my cock a kiss," he ordered.

Taking a second to calm herself, she did what he said. She removed her robe, then socks and shoes, then her underwear. She could see Harry's eyes on her naked body as she stood up. She was a pretty girl with long, curly blonde hair the color of straw. She was slightly tall for a girl and quite lithe. She had a toned, bubbly ass and a pair of beautiful tits that were very perky, despite being large c-cups. She walked over to him and dropped to her knees in front of Hermione. It wasn't surprising that she would have to do stuff with another girl. She had already prepared herself for this. He stopped thrusting, and his cock stood out in front of her, poking from between Hermione's gorgeous thighs. She saw streaks of white covering his cock and knew that Hermione had been cumming all over it. Looking up, she saw Hermione blush and look away. Gathering her courage, she placed the head in her mouth. Harry groaned as she began sucking on the arousal-slickened pole of meat. She heard him say something to Hermione before she placed her hand on the back of her head. Just then, Harry began thrusting.

Penny's eyes widened as he started fucking Hermione's thighs and her mouth at the same time! Wrapping her lips tightly around his girth, she wiggled her tongue against his thrusting cock as the head continuously bumped into the back of her throat. She could taste Hermione's drippings as she continued to clean his cock. After a moment, he pulled out and grabbed Hermione by the back of her knees. She squealed as he lifted her up, spreading her legs apart. Penny had a front-row seat as her pussy was presented to her.

"Help me stick it in," Harry said, holding the blushing brunette. Penny blushed as well as she grabbed his massive girth and stuck the head inside of Hermione's arousal-smeared pussy. She watched as Harry pushed in and sank balls deep into her. Hermione's gasping moans filled the room as he slowly began fucking her.

"Suck her clit," he commanded as he got closer. Holding onto Hermione's hips, she leaned down and licked the hard nub that was right above his thrusting cock. Hermione squeaked and curled her toes in pleasure. Another lick had Hermione panting like a bitch in heat, and when Penny popped the entire thing into her mouth, she threw her head back and shuddered. Harry's cock was moving rapidly now, spreading her lips apart as Hermione continued to cream all over it. Penny could smell nothing but sex as she sucked on Hermione's sensitive clit. Pressing her tongue against it, she wiggled it around rapidly, the same way that she liked to be licked. Hermione screamed out in pleasure, and to Penny's surprise, she was sprayed in the face by her squirting pussy. Harry grunted and let Hermione drop to the floor, quivering through a powerful orgasm.

"Open up," he said breathlessly. Penny opened her mouth. He aimed his cock as he stroked it vigorously in her direction. Penny closed her eyes as rope after rope of sticky, white cum spurted into her mouth. She drank it down as fast as she could, but that didn't stop him from painting her face white as well. Sitting there on her knees, cum dripped from her face and rolled down her chest and over her lovely tits. She noticed that Harry was still rock-hard.

As Harry tossed her onto the bed and lifted her ass up, Penny thought that maybe getting fucked by him wasn't going to be such a chore after all. Just then, his long, thick cock battered her g-spot and made her cum instantly.