

The Man in Charge

Chapter 1

Harry sat on the edge of a king-sized bed with white Egyptian cotton sheets, and the remnants of an early evening rain painted wavering lines across the windows. The air in the room hung heavy with the faint, sweet smoke of a burning incense stick. The glass in his hand glowed amber in the light of the crackling fire. Harry's silhouette in the window reflected a man that any woman would swoon over. He had broad, powerful shoulders, a muscled swimmer's chest, and a cheeky smile that would instantly dampen the panties of any woman near him. Harry had a strong, chiseled jawline and raven hair that refused to be tamed. He looked thirty, perhaps, but his real age was far beyond that.

He sipped his glass, and the firewhiskey burned his throat, and woke a deep, silent satisfaction. Harry had not merely landed in this world ... he had dominated it. Every spell, every duel, and every subtle conversation played in his favor. He'd been summoned here by a stroke of luck and pulled from a timeline just one degree off from this one. The only thing in his old world was the memory of friends and lovers who had long since passed. His summoner ... some mad warlock from Eastern Europe who had been trying to summon a copy of his dead son from a similar universe. Needless to say, it didn't work out for him too well. Harry quickly incapacitated him and wiped his memories of the event. Harry then ransacked his house, took all his research on summoning, and helped himself to everything else of value. That was the price for annoying Harry Potter.

A year later, Harry found himself in a posh flat in London, with a closet full of expensive tailored clothes and a daily routine of pleasure. Harry enjoyed the finer things in life.

Harry wasn't a glutton, but when there was something he wanted, he just had to have it. The Hermione Granger of this world was the first thing he truly wanted since landing in Universe 886-B, as the mad warlock had labeled it in his notes. She was eighteen, as brilliant as ever, and subordinate in a way that delighted him. Her mind was razor sharp, and her body was unspoiled. He thought of the smattering of freckles over her shoulders and the way her hair framed her pale, beautiful face. He thought of her sweet lips that were so often pressed together in silent mortification, and the blush that set her skin aglow with the right word or the right touch.

Harry poured another finger of firewhiskey and walked to the window. It was raining again. The English weather was as miserable as always, Harry thought. Across the hall, the bathroom light shone under the closed door, and he pictured Hermione in the shower. He wondered if she would do as she'd been told. He hoped so, but Harry knew better than to count on her obedience. She tended to get too nervous and chicken out. He found her meekness adorable, and something deep in his chest twisted with anticipation at the possibility of catching her out. If she skipped a step, he'd know instantly. He would feel it when he ran his fingers across her skin.

The clock on the nightstand blinked 8:17. Harry returned to the bed, let his bathrobe slip open, and waited.

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Hermione stood in front of the steamed-over mirror, counting her breaths. She had placed her wand on the toilet tank, just in case, but the ritual was supposed to be entirely nonmagical ... even if the product wasn't. Hermione trusted Harry, but some habits from Hogwarts were impossible to break. She exhaled, wiped a circle in the glass, and examined the face that stared back. Her eyes were wide and nervous, and her lips were pulled into a tight line. Her hair had frizzed out in every direction, which wasn't anything new for her.

She slowly undressed with careful, awkward movements. Her cardigan, skirt, plain white blouse, and socks were each folded and stacked on the little wicker hamper by the door. She left her bra and panties for last. She did not like to look at herself naked, but she forced herself to do it now. Her body was thin, but not athletic, with unexpectedly lush curves. The swell of her hips, the soft undercurve of her buttocks, and the roundness of her breasts kind of surprised her. She really didn't spend much time examining her own form. When showering, she was usually in and out with focused efficiency. Any second not studying was a second wasted after all. Her nipples stood out pale and pink against her skin, and the crinkled tips jutted out from her slightly puffy areolas. She touched her thigh and flinched.

The bush between her legs was the worst. She'd always hated it. There was too much hair. It was too wild and curly, and it was always a little damp even after showering. She imagined Harry's hand there, his fingers sifting through the dark pubic patch, and she bit her lip. Would he find it disgusting? Would he laugh? Would he care?

Hermione shook her head, trying to banish the image, but the ache between her legs made itself known. Harry had left a note with a bottle of thick blue gel. He gave her instructions on how to use it. The label read "For Magical Hair Removal, Complete Below-Neck Solution." She had read the instructions three times, just to be sure.

She opened the bottle and sniffed. It smelled neither good nor bad. Hermione squeezed out a large blob and shuddered at the texture. It was thick, gooey, and cold. She spread it over her left arm and then over her right. It tingled in a strange way. She smeared some under her arms. She then did her legs, thighs, and ankles. Hermione then did her chest. Her skin felt cold and prickly.

She hesitated, staring at the triangle of hair between her legs. She'd tried to shave once, years ago, but the cuts and stubble had been really annoying and itchy. This would be better ... at least she hoped. She worked a fresh handful into her pubic hair and lathered it over her mound, between her lips, and even around the puckered star of her asshole. That had been in the note. "Don't forget your backside." Harry's handwriting was clear and unambiguous. When she was done, she was blushing furiously.

Her entire crotch was now painted blue. She squirmed and tried not to imagine Harry touching her there. Now she had to wait two minutes. The seconds seemed to go on forever. Her skin felt hot and cold at the same time. She stepped into the shower and watched a bead of blue goop drip from her thigh and plop onto the shower floor.

When the time was up, she turned on the hot water and let the spray wash everything away. The paste washed away in ribbons of pale blue. She watched the hair vanish down the drain. The last to go was the thick patch at her mound, which sloughed off in a single, shameful mat.

Once clean, she stepped from the shower and toweled off, and for the first time in her life, her skin felt utterly smooth. She ran her fingers over her stomach, up her arms, and down her legs. She touched between her legs and gasped. Her pussy looked glossy and pink, and the lips were completely bare. Her asshole was a perfect, hairless ring. She touched it too, her curiosity overpowering the embarrassment she felt. There was nothing. She couldn't feel a single hair anywhere.

Hermione saw herself in the mirror and tried to imagine what Harry would see. She bent, spread her legs a little, and turned to view her ass in profile. It was rounder than she expected, with a pleasant lift. She remembered something Parvati had said in her old dorm room. "Men love a girl with a big ass." Hermione had no idea if that was true, but she found herself comforted by the thought.

She wrapped a towel around her chest, blushing, and tiptoed back into the bedroom, her bare feet silent on the cold tile. She could hear Harry moving on the bed. She tried to steady her breathing. She pushed open the door and stepped inside, eyes averted and bracing herself for his reaction.

Hermione stopped in the doorway with her hands balled tight around the towel. It felt like she couldn't breathe. Harry stood at the foot of the bed, waiting for her. He'd let his bathrobe fall entirely open, and his cock jutted outward, nearly horizontal. She was not prepared for the sheer size of him. It was as thick as her wrist, and its length ... she stared, mind frozen, unable to compute that it could possibly fit inside a human body.

Harry saw her staring and smirked. He then flicked his wand at her. She felt a ripple of warm air sweep over her body, drying the beads of water left on her arms and thighs. The towel slipped a little, and Hermione scrambled to keep it up, her cheeks on fire.

"Come here," Harry said, his voice a rumbling purr.

She hesitated, so he added, "Now." The word held a casual authority that left no room for argument.

Hermione tiptoed across the thick carpet, holding her towel tight to her heaving chest. Harry's eyes drank her in. They ran down the length of her legs, the bare curve of her shoulders, and

the shape of her hips beneath the towel. He made no attempt to hide his arousal. His cock was standing hard, proud, and without shame.

He leaned in and let the tip of his cock brush the cotton at her belly. She gasped shakily. He gently cupped her cheek and turned her face up to his. "Show me," he ordered.

Hermione's hands shook as she released the top of the towel. She felt the tension in the knot, and with the gentlest tug, the towel unfurled, slipping down her breasts, over her stomach, and finally pooling around her feet. Her nipples were tight and pink from the sudden exposure. The cold air and her own excitement made them impossibly sensitive.

Harry's eyes widened slightly. His hands moved to her waist, and his fingers glided up and over the ridges of her ribcage. He rotated her by the hip, so the firelight danced along every inch of her bare skin. "Not bad," he said. "Not bad at all."

Hermione was so embarrassed that she wanted to crawl into a hole, but she couldn't look away from his face. He was enthralled by the smoothness of her skin. He thumbed the soft skin just below her navel, then let his hand fall further. He traced the crease where her thigh met her pelvis, and then it moved higher, over her mound. The skin there was silky smooth and very sensitive. She shivered at his touch.

"You followed my instructions," Harry said in a husky, aroused voice

Hermione nodded, unable to find her voice. Her heart was beating so fast that she was afraid it might explode.

Harry dropped to his knees before her. He pressed his face against her lower belly and grazed her skin with his lips. "You have no idea what you do to me," he told her. She felt the warmth of his breath and the prickle of his stubble. His lips brushed the skin above her slit. He softly kissed her inner thigh, and then again, just above her clit. Hermione's knees trembled, and she gripped his shoulders for support.

He buried his nose against her bare mound and inhaled deeply and loudly. The noise tickled her skin as the sound vibrated. "You smell really good," he told her as he inhaled her aroused scent, and Hermione almost believed it.

Harry stood, and the head of his cock grazed her belly button. She could smell his manly scent, and it made her pussy throb. He hooked an arm around her back and guided her to the edge of the bed. She sat down nervously.

He let go and said, "Crawl onto the bed. Get on your hands and knees."

Her cheeks blazed red. "Like ... now?" Harry didn't repeat himself. He watched and waited with an expectant smirk on his lips.

Hermione turned, climbed onto the mattress, and positioned herself on all fours as instructed. The sheets felt slippery against her knees, and her arms shook with the effort of holding herself up. She could feel the cool air on her pussy and asshole. She felt completely exposed. She tried to hide herself by clamping her knees together, but Harry's palm pressed against the inside of her thigh.

"Wider," he said.

She parted her legs. She knew, from the way the air moved, that Harry was crouching behind her, staring at every she had to offer.

"Wider," he told her again. Hermione's knees moved further apart, and they didn't stop until she couldn't spread them anymore. Her cheeks were so hot that she was surprised they didn't burst into flame.

"Arch your back," he ordered. "Ass up, just like that."

The humiliation was beyond words. Hermione closed her eyes and surrendered to it, letting the flush sweep over her whole body. She heard Harry breathing, and she could feel his warm breath caressing her naked pussy.

Harry's hand slid up the length of her thigh, over her hip, and around to her belly button. He pulled her backward, adjusting her pose. She felt utterly helpless.

Then, his hands parted her cheeks. She could feel him looking directly at her asshole. She could practically feel the heat of his gaze. He ran a single finger along the seam, up from the very bottom of her pussy to the tight puckering hole. Harry gently ran the tip of his finger around the rim, teasing her. Her legs nearly gave out.

"Oh, Hermione," Harry said. "I'm going to have so much fun with you."

The line was so brazen that it made Hermione whimper loudly. Her embarrassment burned, but so did her uncontrollable need. She felt a fat drop of arousal drip down her inner thigh.

Harry leaned forward, and she felt his hot, wet tongue press against her clit. The spike of pleasure shot up her spine. She let out a whimper and dropped her head to the mattress. He licked her slowly and began to circle her clit with the tip of his tongue. His hands cupped her ass, pulling her open wider, making her utterly available to him. She could hear herself getting wetter. The licks began to sound sloppy wet as they mixed with Harry's moans.

He lapped at her pussy, sometimes dipping his tongue inside, and he flicked it against her clit again and again. Hermione's legs shook. She bit down on a pillow, muffling her gasps. Harry took his time as he explored every inch of her smooth, sexy body. He paid special attention to

her asshole, kissing around it and licking the tight ring before moving back to her pussy. The stimulation was overwhelming, intense, and totally new. She had never been touched like this.

Hermione realized she was grinding back against his face, desperate for more. Her arms barely supported her now. Harry noticed and pulled back for a moment, letting her collapse flat onto her elbows. He positioned himself behind her, and his cock rubbed against her thigh.

With one hand, he spread her lips. With the other, he pressed a single finger against her clit and rubbed little circles around it while the tip of his cock pressed into the seam of her pussy. Hermione moaned loudly. It was a sound she had never made before. Harry slipped the head inside and held it there. Her pussy immediately latched onto it and squeezed it tightly.

“Are you ready?” he said in a gentle voice.

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak. Her body was wound so tight she thought she might burst. Harry slowly and patiently eased himself in. Even so, he stretched her open until her wet, silky lips were nearly at their breaking point. She gasped and clung to the sheets. He waited, letting her adjust before slowly withdrawing and pressing in again, a little deeper. Her body trembled around him.

When he was finally fully inside her, Harry leaned over her and kissed her between her shoulder blades. “You feel incredible.”

She shivered violently. Part of it was from the words, and another part was from the sensation of being so utterly filled. Harry rocked his hips a few times to let her get used to the feeling of being fucked. The friction was very pleasurable, and the pressure began mounting in her core. All it took was a few thrusts of his perfect cock to have her whimpering as she teetered on the edge of orgasm.

“Say it,” he said. “Say you’re mine.”

“I’m yours,” she answered immediately. It came out as a whisper, lost in the sound of her ass being clapped.

Harry’s hand snaked around her waist, and his fingers easily found her clit. He rubbed her little bead as he fucked her, and the pleasure became almost blinding. She felt her pussy contract as she hurtled toward the edge. Harry knew how close she was as well.

“Good girl,” Harry said. “Cum for me.”

That was all it took. Hermione’s orgasm hit her like a runaway truck. Her body locked up, and every muscle spasmed. She screamed into the mattress, and her pussy clamped down on Harry’s cock so hard it hurt. She felt a hot, wet rush of liquid. She was squirting, she realized, and the knowledge mortified her, but Harry only groaned in approval.

He pulled out and stroked her body from behind, his hands gliding over her ass and back. He pressed the tip of his cock against her asshole teasingly, but didn't enter her. Instead, he spread her cheeks open and admired his work. Hermione panted while Harry examined her still-cumming pussy.

"You're a natural," Harry said, and there was laughter in his voice. "We're going to have to work on your stamina, though." Hermione could only lie there, exhausted. The sheets beneath her were soaked through. Harry rolled her onto her back and pulled her into his arms. He kissed her forehead and then her lips. "Don't worry," he said. "You'll get lots of practice."

She buried her face in his chest, unable to meet his gaze, but she basked in the comfort of his embrace. Harry stroked her hair until her breathing slowed. Harry then smirked and asked, "Ready for round two?" He reached between her legs and cupped her wet, naked pussy like he owned it. Hermione spread her legs a little wider and let him.

She managed a laugh, even though her legs were still shaking. "Give me a minute," she said, and he grinned wider.

They lay there with Harry's hand caressing her sensitive pussy. Hermione mewled cutely and squirmed against his touch. She whimpered loudly when he began lightly rolling her swollen clit between his fingers. Harry was still hard and ready. She had never felt more exposed, more alive, or more wanted.

The embarrassment lingered, but it was less now. It was more like a badge of honor, maybe. She'd done it. She'd obeyed, endured, and, in the end, loved it. She gripped Harry's free hand, entwined their fingers, and stared at him with pure devotion.