

PREPUBLICATION NOTES:

The Curio Shoppe Store Policy

It was November 1st, one of the quietest days of the year in the Curio Shoppe. What few costumes hadn't been selected for the previous night's revelries were beginning their long process of gathering dust until it was decided they were duds and must therefore be destroyed. Fake blood and costume makeup was scattered haphazardly from the purchase frenzy. Empty hangers, racks largely depleted of gag gifts and prank props, dressing rooms with nary a soul to get dressed in them... these were the relaxing problems the proprietor, Cornelius Jasper, had earned with the busy season's hard work.

Like any business owner, he enjoyed hustle and bustle in his establishment. It meant people were spending money, and thanks to his hard work, it meant they were finding purchases that would bring them a memorable holiday. The quiet the day after only meant that people were satisfied with their purchases, rather than thronging in with complaints and demands for restitution. Mr. Jasper did his best to avoid such encounters. His top-notch selection helped insure it; the faded pieces of paper hung behind the register proclaiming his store policies did the rest.

When people knew the policy, it helped smooth out the occasional wrinkle before it could become a crease.

He was beginning the post-holiday lull with the happiest part, reviewing the receipts to see just how good business had been. As the only Halloween-themed store in these parts, and with the extra special attention he put into providing quality merchandise, it was always a rewarding review. Mr. Jasper was subconsciously whistling a merry tune when suddenly, the door burst open.

A wrinkle no doubt, he thought to himself.

A gust of brisk fall air whooshed into the store, scattering the receipts. As Mr. Jasper yelped in surprise and darted to recover them before any were lost, the cause of the disruption made itself known. It was nothing less than a young woman in her early twenties wearing what was easily recognizable as a Hermione Granger costume. At least, that's what it seemed to have started as. A charcoal gray ankle-length robe over a white blouse, and green- and yellow-striped scarf. The woman's natural features complemented the look perfectly – long brown hair hanging down to her waist in a mass of wild curls, pretty face, eyes that on an ordinary day shone with intelligence.

Which wasn't to say they looked unintelligent now – only that the stark desperation, a look of needfulness well beyond manic, was more evident. The robe was shredded down the front from the neckline all the way down, and the blouse beneath it was wide open. Most of the buttons were gone as if they'd simply been torn off. The hem of the robe would normally hung

down to the floor, but the young woman had hiked it up above her waist so that she – really, anyone – could have ease of access to her pussy.

Mr. Jasper stood up from behind the counter to find her frantically looking around for assistance. He took the sight of her in stride; he'd learned as a young man not to judge a potential customer. Just satisfy their itch as best he could. "Well hello there, young miss. Welcome to the Curio Shoppe!"

The Hogwarts prodigy staggered over to the counter, her balance threatened by the frenzied work of the hand at her pussy. "Oh thank fucking GOD you're here! I was so worried you'd be closed today!"

"Oh no, miss, we're open every day, rain or shine. I'm Mr. Jasper, at your service. What can I—"

"You have to fix me!" she blurted over him, propping herself up on the countertop with an elbow as the attached hand reached inside her shredded top to grope at a heaving breast. They were stupendous by any objective standard, round and full, sufficient to stand out from the inspiration for her costume by a good three cup sizes. The shopkeep doubted the actress shaved her pussy as such either – though again, he wasn't one to judge.

"Fix? May I ask what's broken?" he said with a little chuckle, twisting one end of his white mustache.

"Is it not a little fucking obvious?!" she shrieked, then in the next moment doubled over as her fingers working over her cunt induced an orgasm. She dropped to her knees, which he now noticed were already plenty scuffed from prior such incidents.

"Is it your costume?" he asked. "I don't believe you could have purchased it here. We stopped carrying Harry Potter costumes several years back as they waned in popularity."

She took a few moments to recover, but after three tries, never made it up from her knees. Her hands never relented. "No. My IDIOT boyfriend – ex-boyfriend – bought an, mm, 'potion' or whatever from your fucking store!"

He waited for her to continue, but the would-be Hermione seemed otherwise occupied. Mr. Jasper politely disregarded her while she saw to her needs, returning his attention to his receipts. He couldn't help but frown when after a few minutes (and a few more orgasms), a delicate feminine hand slammed down on the counter and pulled the girl to her feet.

"I don't know what the hell this thing was, but I need you to turn me back to the way I was!"

"The way you were?" he prompted.

She scowled, the glare fading as her mouth opened to let out another moan of pleasure. "Are you kidding me?! Look at me! These... boobs! And my hair, it's grown like two and a half feet overnight! I swear, even my ass is bigger, not that I can look in a mirror without screaming out another... mmm... another fucking orgasm, mmm god yes, another orgasm at... how... god damnit! ... how sexy... this slutty.... yes, yes, fucking yes, YES YES!"

She dipped back below the counter again. Mr. Jasper chuckled once more and resumed his bookkeeping until she at last made it back up. "... how fucking sexy this slutty body looks," she finished, panting.

"I see, I see," he said, stroking his chin pensively. "Why don't you start at the beginning. Exactly what happened?"

Rachael's Story

I guess it all started last night when I went over to JP's house. That's my boyfriend, you see. Ex-boyfriend. Well we'll get to that. We had a big Halloween party to go to at his friend Tony's house, and I was already in costume when I showed up. I've always loved Harry Potter, and Emma Watson is totes a personal hero of mine. You wouldn't know it, but I am a huge feminist. Hash tag me too, hash tag yes all women.

Now remember, I was a normal-looking woman yesterday, not some porn star freak like now. Fresh pixie cut, which I know didn't go with the outfit, but hey, it was more my take on Hermione than a true inspiration. Hair aside, I was a B cup yesterday for pity's sake! I don't even know what these things are any more. And if I had a little more around the midsection then, so what? I was comfortable in my own loose skin, and I never felt the need to change my look for some man.

JP always supported that stuff. At least, I thought he did. I guess I should've been more suspicious from a guy who was going to the party dressed as a caveman. I thought he just wanted to show off how he'd been hitting the gym a little (but probably not enough), or maybe the costume was cheaper, but... sorry, getting ahead again.

So he was supposed to be ready when I walk in the door, only he's not. Not even close.

"What the heck, JP? We're running twenty minutes late already, and you're not even dressed yet."

JP just looked at me like I'm crazy, which of course, drives me crazy. "Oh, what's the rush," he said. "These things don't get going for at least an hour or two after they say. Besides, I got you a little something."

"A present?" I was flattered. Little did I know. At the time, I noticed he was holding something behind his back, and I made an immediate grab for it. "Gimme gimme gimme!"

"Now hold on there, Rachael," he said, restraining me with a hand on my chest. Perv. "Do you have anything for me?" I rolled my eyes but went ahead and gave him a kiss, then held out my hands expectantly. "That the best you got?"

I forced myself to take a patient breath, then leaned down to JP's lips and settled in for a spell. I even used tongue this time, just to satisfy him. It's true I was seldom very affectionate, and he liked to extort it out of me when he could. Eventually, the pervball was satisfied and handed over...

"What the hell is this?" I asked, frowning at it. At first I thought it was a bottle of perfume, but it didn't have a spray cap, just a stopper. Some kind of fancy bottle with this amber-colored liquid inside. I unscrewed it and took a sniff; it smelled sweet, but that was as specific as I could be.

"It's for you, pretty lady," JP said cryptically. "Got it special, 'cause you're special."

"Um, OK, only this isn't Valentine's Day, so lay off the cheeseball act. Is this wine or something?" I am kind of a wine snob, and it didn't smell like any wine I'd ever sampled.

“You’re right, it’s not Valentine’s, it’s Halloween. You don’t want to drink a spooooky potion?” He laughed.

OK, so I admit, what I said then was a little bit shitty. I might have sorta kinda asked him if he’d roofied it. In hindsight, I should have been far more paranoid. Anyways, he got all offended, and I guess that’s fair, since he’d by and large been a gentleman with me. Just, c’mon, who gives a girl a spooky potion and just expects her to chug it down? Apparently, JP. He succeeded in making me feel bad enough that I went right on ahead and drank the stuff.

It was thick, almost like syrup, but just smooth enough that it slid down my throat before I thought anything of it. It didn’t taste awful but I certainly wouldn’t market it on flavor alone; it was somewhere between a honey lemon cough drop and a bowl of sugary children’s cereal. The aftertaste, though, was awful – give me toothpaste and OJ over that shit any day.

“Yech! Now you wanna tell me what that was?” I demanded once I’d assuaged his hurt feelings.

“Oh, just something I picked up at the costume store, thought it might be amusing. It smelled good, and I know how you’re into trying weird stuff and all.”

“What weird stuff am I into?”

“You know, like... sushi, or whatever.”

I should’ve dumped him then and there. Little did I know then it was already too late. “Well next time, feel free to buy two, taste-test it yourself, and if you don’t like it, then guzzle down the second one to punish yourself for having such a stupid idea!” I snapped.

“Sorry babe. Geez, it was just a little harmless fun.” He gave me this look like I was the bad guy here. “Look, I’m gonna go take a shower and get my costume on.”

“You haven’t even showered?!”

“Chill, Rachael, damn! You can be so uptight sometimes. I’ll be ready in like a half hour tops.” He kissed the top of my head, like that was supposed to make it up to me, then ran off to the bathroom to get ready.

So there I was, stuck in his boring-ass apartment. Mind you, at the time I still thought the potion was just so much bullshit, so I just sat there killing time. I’ll try to tell it to you how it felt at the time, because of course in hindsight I know exactly what was happening. So I was just sitting around, doing a quick brush-up on trivia for my character so I could rock the full effect at the party. Only...

I wondered if I had bigger breasts than Hermione.

No, that’s not quite true. I remember wondering specifically if I had bigger *tits* than Hermione. It struck me as a weird thought the moment I had it, because I *hate* words like that. Moreover, what I really hate are girls who wonder about things like that, as if tit size actually matters somehow. Yet for the first time in my adult life... it did.

I was pretty sure I had bigger tits.

Only then, assuming wasn’t enough. I found myself fishing my phone out of my purse to look up her measurements. B cup. Shit. I was a B cup. Not that I couldn’t still be a *bigger* B cup,

but still. Not the clear-cut victory I needed. I should have at least stuffed my bra. It was Halloween, after all – the perfect night to play pretend with my body. It pissed me off that I'd have to pretend though. I squeezed my boobs through my costume. Boobs. That's all these were. They weren't really even tits. Just a flat little girl with sad little boobs.

I paused for a moment to remind myself that chest size is nothing compared to brain size, but that was some small comfort. I'd take straight C's on my transcript in exchange for C's on my chest. Somehow, that thought arrested my attention. I felt awful for thinking it, but I was allowed to have a low moment or two. Once in a while it was OK to feel like a normal girl, who cared about how big her tits were, or how hot boys thought she was.

JP probably still thought I was hot, even with these sorry excuses for boobs. Right? I gave them a reproving squeeze for being so disappointing. "Bad boobs," I grumbled.

(I wasn't completely gone yet; I still had enough of myself in there to stop and realize I'd just scolded my boobs for being too small.)

I was still giving them a thorough dressing down when I was startled by a voice behind me. "Having fun?" JP asked, a bemused expression on his face. No wonder; he'd just walked in on his girlfriend taking her bra off beneath her costume while musing aloud that they'd look bigger if the nipples were more visible.

"Sorry," I murmured, blushing as I dropped the thing on the floor. Beige! I'd worn a *beige* bra. Who would want to look at a girl's boobs in that bland, ugly thing? So much better without it.

"No worries. So... how do I look?" he asked, doing a few theatrical turns to pose for me. He was in full caveman mode, a mullet wig atop his head, thick eyebrows painted on and dark lines across his forehead to accentuate its size. His outfit was a rental, a furry brown scrap of clothing that was little more than a loincloth with a shoulder strap. When my boyfriend had rented it, I'd felt like he might be calling undue attention to a body not ready for that much exposure, if you know what I mean.

Now, though... I was being perfectly honest when I answered, "You look amazing, JP."

"Amazing, eh?" he repeated. Why was he grinning so smugly? And why did I keep feeling like my slightly overweight boyfriend might also give me a run in the boobs department? People should be looking at *my* boobs, not his, damnit!

"Amazing," I reiterated, running my hands across his exposed skin. I guess I must've kept at it too long, because next thing I knew the bottom of his loin cloth was starting to hover in the front. "Are you...?!"

He shrugged. "Sorry, babe. Guess my little enchantress is too enchanting for her own good."

"Hermione is a witch, not an enchantress," I corrected him. Then I wanted to kick myself. He wasn't taking me to this party for my encyclopedic knowledge of Pottermore. He was taking me because he hoped a fun night out coupled with a little booze would hopefully get me to spread my legs for him after.

I found myself grinning. That was so hot, in a way. A guy wanting to use me for sex. I knew JP thought of me as more than just a sex partner, but still, it was cool that he thought of me that way too. I was definitely thinking of him in that way. I hadn't been kidding about how he was looking in his costume.

"Babe, if you don't stop touching me like that, it's never going to go away," he said, looking meaningfully to where his cock was still jutting out from his loincloth.

My hands stopped, but didn't withdraw. "Maybe... maybe that wouldn't be so bad."

"Um, ya it'd be bad. I can't go to the party with my dick sticking out of my costume. Who knows who it might wind up in?" he said, then laughed.

I didn't laugh. Instead, I thought about all the girls there who he'd rather stick his dick in. It was a party with his friends, and I didn't know a lot of them. I knew some of them, though, and there were definitely some girls with real tits that would be there. They'd probably be showing them off, too. Skimpy outfits that showed tummies and thighs and cleavage and ass cracks and camel toes and... here I was, clad in my Hermione outfit. I looked like I was auditioning for position as mother superior at a convent. None of the guys there would be wanting to ditch their girlfriends with their big hot tits for someone like me. Even JP would wish I was one of those girls.

"I could make it go away..." I said. I hadn't even thought about it; the words just came out.

"Ugh, please don't remind me about your hairy legs, OK?" he said.

It was true, I didn't often attend to them. Like I said, I was a feminist, and my body's appearance was for my approval, not men's. Except... it felt really good to have men approve of it. Like... really good. So good, in fact...

"Wait right here," I said, then darted off to the bathroom.

I know some guys have hangups about girls using their razor, but hey, it was Halloween, and I was doing it for his benefit. He'd definitely be more attracted to me with smooth legs. I got a look at myself in the mirror. It was still a little fogged over from JP's shower, but I could see myself well enough.

The image made me smile. I was having a really good skin day. Not that I had bad skin, but there wasn't a blemish to be seen. In fact, I was having a great hair day, too, full and longer than I'd remembered. And my teeth, even! I seldom smiled wide enough to show teeth as I had this annoying gap between my front uppers, but right now, I couldn't even see it. How little attention had I been paying to myself not to notice?

I shook myself out of it; none of that was why I'd come in here, and JP was waiting. I hiked up my robes and planted a foot on the edge of the tub. Before I could even grab the shaving cream, I gasped. My legs were hairless! Not just short, but baby smooth. What the hell...?

As I tried to make sense of it, I pulled the skirt of my robes higher and higher (discarding of those ugly granny panties I'd been wearing in the trash). Holy SHIT – my pussy was even

bald! What was going on with my pussy?! Was I sick with some kind of pussy-flu? How on earth had I not noticed this happening to my pussy?

And when did I stop using the word “vagina” in my inner voice?

I marched back out to the living room, where JP’s erection had shown no sign of withdrawing. I guess it had only been a couple minutes. Still, I was flattered I’d kept my man hard for so long. I shook myself. Focus, Rachael!

“JP, do you know anything about this?” I asked, lifting my robes to show him my discovery.

He looked for a moment. “Uh, yeah. It’s called a pussy, babe. How’s come you shaved it? Looks really hot like that.”

All my suspicion flew right out of my head at those simple words. JP thinks I have a hot pussy.

“You think so?”

“Oh totes, babe. Were you really not gonna wear a bra or panties? That’s so slutty.” His voice clearly conveyed this was a positive. Which I would have heard it as regardless.

“Yeah, I guess I wasn’t. Is that OK?” Why did I want his approval? A woman shouldn’t need a man’s approval on her underwear. But... I wanted it.

He walked over to me and patted me right on my half-bared butt, the robe only partially concealing it. “You have my blessing, babe. Though I might have to call you Whormione instead,” he said, accenting the shifted vowel.

That made me smile for some reason. Hermione was an amazing character, don’t get me wrong, but... this was definitely a big improvement. “Thanks,” I said, giggling.

Since when did I giggle? But I liked how it sounded. It was... cute. Simple. The sort of sound a girl made to help guys see past her lack of boobs to notice her lack of underwear.

“Seriously, though, it’s not helping my hard-on any. Don’t suppose my little Whormione took any classes on how to make this sucker invisible?” JP grinned that cocky grin, like he had every confidence I’d help him take care of it.

Confidence was such a turn-on. So was his costume. And even his stupid hunky eyebrows.

“I learned an awful lot about how to handle a magic wand,” I said, reaching a hand underneath the loincloth. Holy shit, he wasn’t wearing underwear either. He was fucking huge. I took it in my hand and suppressed a moan of pure arousal.

“Oh yeah? Show me.”

He didn’t have to tell me twice. I started jacking him off before he had the words fully out of his mouth. Damn, I loved that cock. I bet he thought I looked really hot jerking him off, too. My hands felt like they were made out of silk; I made a note to keep moisturizing, because they glided like a dream up and down his thickly veined member.

Simply touching my boyfriend’s cock soon proved not to be enough, however; I needed to *see* it. I squatted down where I could look at it from underneath. JP actually lifted up the flap

of his costume then so I had easier access, but I liked looking at from this angle. Looking slightly up at it. It felt... right. It even smelled right. I'd never appreciated a man's musk before now, but suddenly I found myself licking my lips at the thought of it, breathing it in through a slack-jawed mouth. How I'd managed to date this man for this long without ever once giving in to the temptation of blowing him was beyond me.

"Hey Whormione, wanna learn a new spell?" JP asked, his heavy breathing noticeable in his speech.

"Um, sure," I said. I didn't follow his game, but I was having fun and I definitely didn't want him to take it away.

Then JP grabbed it, my hand slipping out of his way, and thrust it right into my mouth. "EXPECTO PENOSUM!" he cried out.

I wanted to laugh at his joke, but there was a cock in my mouth. That meant I had far more important things to be doing than laughter. I had to wrap my lips around him. I had to press my tongue against his shaft, picking left, right, center or swiping across all three with each sucking motion. I had to gently massage his balls. I had to look at him in the eye to show how grateful his little witch was for this lesson.

He came in my mouth long before I wanted him to, but honestly? It was so fucking delicious I didn't care. I'd been having an amazing time sucking off my boyfriend, but the taste of his spunk was so incredible that I found myself having what felt like a tiny, self-satisfied orgasm of my own. JP kindly held my head in place so he could drain his balls completely into my mouth; I just knelt there and swallowed as he provided, hoping each spurt wouldn't be the last.

Then it was. That was sad. Still. Cum was so fucking good.

"Thank you," I said as I finally stood up. My legs were a little shaky, I was still so horny. "Did I do OK?"

"You did awesome, babe," he said, and I sighed with happiness. Another thing I had on the real Hermione. Nowhere in the books did she show how slutty she could be. All those times Harry and Ron and Neville and the rest had to be thinking about her sucking their dicks... she'd never treated herself to a blowjob.

Besides, I thought, squeezing my ample tits. She was only a B cup. Poor girl.

I was still enjoying the after-taste of JP's cum on my breath when we arrived at the party. I'd made another minor alteration to the costume on the way over, ditching Hermione's red tie and undoing the top two buttons of my blouse. The robe didn't let me show much cleavage, but I wanted to remind everybody (all the boys, anyway) that I had tits. I turned the heater way up in the car so my shoulder-length hair would frizz up a little extra.

While JP drove and occupied himself with looking for a good radio station, I set about touching up my makeup. Hermione had never really worn much; I wanted to help make my take on her – my Whormione costume – stand out. Bright red lipstick, extra eyeshadow, a little glitter across the exposed portion of my tits... it was an improvement. By the time we showed up, I felt a little better. More guys would definitely want to fuck me now.

It was a house party on a corner near the edge of town. Across the street on one side was an empty lot, and across the other a corn field, recently plowed (unlike me, I lamented). Catty-corner and a half-mile off the road was the farmhouse, but they were plenty far enough not to mind the noise. This was a party, all right. The bass beat was vibrating my body before I was even out of the car.

JP guided me in with a controlling hand on my ass. He'd never been so forward with me, and while I could see why not, I was glad he was taking charge. For the night, anyway. It was Halloween; I could let myself be something other than a staunch feminist for the night. Besides, it felt really nice. I could remember a time when I hadn't felt good about my butt. It had been kind of dumpy, unimpressive.

Now, though, ever since... well, since something, it was nice and round and juicy. The kind of ass you couldn't help but want to take a bit out of it. My robe was still fairly loose around it, but mostly because my waist was so small.

JP showed me around, shouting introductions over the music as we met his friends. Brett, Alex, Craig... I'd never noticed how cute they all were. Or maybe I just thought guys were cuter when they were staring at my tits.

"Holy shit, is that Rachael? She looks so..." Brett blurted loudly.

"Hey, don't jinx it man!" JP yelled back.

"Jinx what, honey?" I asked, straining to be heard.

JP just put his finger to my lips and his other hand to my tits, copping a feel right in front of the guys. It was so hot I forgot my question.

"She just lets you... do that?" asked Alex.

"You don't mind, do you, whore?" JP asked.

"Of course n—" I started, then frowned. "Hey, you can't call me that!"

"What, whore?"

"Yeah!" The nerve! Just because I was trying to look my sexiest didn't mean he could call me degrading things like that. Not in front of his friends, at least.

"C'mon, it's just short for your costume name. Whormione?" he prompted.

It took a moment, and then I giggled at my own silliness. How could I be so dense? He was just calling me the same thing he had at home, and here I was making a fuss. I could be so girl-brained sometimes. "Sorry, hon. And no, you know I don't mind."

"Oh, then can I...?" Craig said, wagging his eyebrows. He sounded like he was teasing, but... I bet he really did want to play with my tits. It was only natural, seeing someone who was a plain improvement on the original.

“Go for it,” I said. He hesitated, and I wondered what he’d do. I figured either he’d think I was teasing him and we’d all have a good laugh, or he’d take me up on it and I’d get to feel a man’s hands on my tits. Either way I won.

“Erm, maybe better not,” JP interjected. “C’mon, babe, let’s hit the dance floor.”

I would have agreed regardless, but with JP escorting me by the ass I really had no choice. We headed into the room where the two massive speakers were, a fast-paced song blasting so loud I could feel it almost as much as hear it. Perfect music. It didn’t need style or subtlety; this was music that you fucked to. It was heavy and fast and sensual. I didn’t waste a minute before bending over and grinding myself against JP’s crotch. His erection became the anchor of my existence as I let the music carry me, wiggling and squirming against it. Sometimes I’d bend down and grab my ankles; other times he’d hold me upright with one of my big tits in each hand. All around us I could see men staring, wishing I was working their cocks. Wishing they’d come here with Whormione. Wishing they were leaving with her. Wishing they could rip that stupid robe off of her hot-ass body and fuck her right there on the dance floor.

I lost track of how many orgasms I had, but I know when JP finally dragged me off the dance floor, it was to a mix of jealous boos and support wolf whistles. I didn’t care. I was on cloud nine. I was so hot and fuckable and surrounded by tons of cocks and probably plenty that didn’t even belong to another girl and maybe even if they were it wouldn’t be so bad because I could keep a secret about what I did in closed chambers.

Whormione Granger and the Chambers of Secrets. That’d be an awesome book. Ditch that stupid basilisk and replace it with, like, a hundred cocks. I didn’t want to read about boys being turned into stone. Making them hard was plenty.

JP must have been thinking along similar lines – the way I’d been trying to jack him off on the dance floor had probably helped – because before I knew it he’d taken me to some empty bedroom. It was locked, but I took out a hairpin. I shook my hair out, trying to keep some of the Hermione-esque frizz; my hair only hung to my shoulder blades, though, so I had to settle for being close enough. Meanwhile JP popped the lock.

“Alohomora,” I said, giggling. He probably didn’t get it, but who cared.

It turned out to be someone’s bedroom, and I don’t know where I fell back onto the bed or he threw me there. All I knew was that I needed to be fucked, and *now*.

“Engorgio,” I said, taking his cock in my hand as he settled on top of me. It was so fucking hard again. How did boys get their cocks so hard? I loved that I could touch it whenever I wanted. All cocks should be like this. And all pussies. No, I hate that word, it’s so... muggle. All *cunts*. Cunts, like mine.

My hot, wet, bare, smooth, fuckable, ready, willing, waiting cunt.

It didn’t have to wait long. JP fetched a condom he’d apparently had tucked into a small pocket inside the back of the loin cloth and immediately freed it from the rapper. It was funny; I’d insisted on condoms any time I’d had sex before, but suddenly it seemed like such a *nuisance*. Thirty seconds I could be getting fucked like the hot piece of T&A I was that was

instead wasted watching a boy fiddle with something that's only purpose was to deny me the cum I so desperately craved.

"Don't bother," I said.

"Uh, you sure, Rach?" I was already agreeing before he shook his head. "Why am I even asking. You know, maybe I should anyway."

"I'll use a spell to protect myself," I said, giggling, as I pulled my robe up to bare my cunt to him. "Impregimenta!"

"I'm pretty sure that's not it," he said apprehensively.

"Please fuck me? Please, JP? I just want to feel you inside me. No barriers. I want to feel a cock in me, *now!*" I whined.

That was enough, apparently; the disused prophylactic was forgotten, and in the next breath, he was lining up his cock at my slit. Here it was. A cock. The whole reason I'd come to this stupid party in the first place. To get a cock in me. The whole reason I'd gotten out of bed.

As he began thrusting into me, I thought maybe this was the whole reason I'd been born.

We took turn playing with my titties while we fucked. I unzipped the front of the robe to remove an obstacle, and JP helpfully tore the blouse open in his frustration to get at my big titties. Big, proud, massive, jiggle-some D cups, bobbling around my chest in an approximation of JP's rhythm of thrusts into my cunt. I was so glad I had big titties – and gladder still that I wouldn't be pressured into hiding them again. The blouse was useless now, and I'd be damned if I was going to zip that stupid robe back up to stop boys from seeing them. Titties like mine were meant to be seen. And sucked on and felt up and pawed at and squeezed on and smacked around and, by Merlin's beard, fucked once in a while.

I was so glad JP knew how to ride me. I was coming so hard and so constantly that all I could really do was lie there with my legs spread thrashing and groping and moaning and crying out for more. I was shrieking so loud with each of the countless orgasms that I was giving those speakers a run for their money. Which was awesome. Every cock-wielding man in the house would know there was a babe in ecstasy up here. They'd see my wrinkled robe, my tattered blouse, and huge whopping titties and sloppy wet cunt and know I was the hot slut rocking the Whormione costume.

I was feeling so proud of my achievement that I didn't even notice JP cumming in me. Or when he rolled off of me, or when he mumbled that maybe he'd overdone it, or when he told me to stay right here, that he'd be right back. I was still lying there fingering my clitty when I realized JP's friend Craig had come into the room. He saw me noticing, and turned away immediately.

Why would a boy not want to watch a big-titted slut diddle herself? Boys were so silly.

"Hi, Craig," I said, trying to be friendly. I wonder if he was hard from looking at me. I bet he was.

“Uh, hi. JP asked me to, like, keep an eye on you. While he, um...” he trailed off as I let out an especially loud moan from the feel of three whole fingers inside me. “... while he gets your, um, car.”

“You’re not doing your job very well,” I said, giggling. I didn’t bother to stop playing with myself. It felt awesome, and I didn’t think he’d mind. Not really.

“Uh, how so?” he said, hazarding a glance over his shoulder at me, blushing at the sight of me knuckle-deep in my cunt and turning back towards the door.

“Well, you’re definitely not keeping an eye on me,” I said. With an effort, I slipped my hand out of my cunt, wiping the mix of mine and JP’s cum on the stranger’s sheets. I curled up on my side, then, in frustration that my titties were on display but not my long toned legs or my great big round sexy fuckable ass, I ripped a couple slits in the cheap fabric, sweeping it aside.

Wait, long legs? Wasn’t I 5’3”? That couldn’t be right. Ah well.

The sound of the ripping seemed to draw his attention, and once he took in the sight of me, he didn’t want to look away any more. My nipples, twin raspberries, somehow got even harder at the attention. Craig was a man. Men had cocks.

“You are so...” he began.

I let him look for a long moment. “So...?”

“So... boobs...” he managed.

I giggled. “Thanks. Do you wanna fuck ‘em?”

Craig’s eyes bulged out of his head. He was kind of pudgy, pretty unremarkable. I doubted if a girl had ever offered him a titty-fuck before, much less a hot slut like me. Like Whormione, that is. “I...!” Then he paused, letting out a long sigh of frustration. “I can’t. You’re my friend’s girlfriend. Sort of.”

“Sort of?” I asked. He was right, of course, though good luck telling that to my throbbing cunt.

“I mean, you’re not really *you* right now, after the potion, but you’re still his girlfriend.”

I froze. “Wait. That potion? What do you mean...”

Trying to think – about something other than how to get at more cocks – was like swimming in molasses. Nonetheless, this was important, and I made myself work at it. Potions were silly – something made up in Harry Potter. A children’s story. They weren’t real.

Only...

Titties. My big, slutty, sweaty, naked titties. My wide hips, my fat round ass, my ballerina’s legs, my gorgeous face... None of these were real either. I looked in the mirror, and I couldn’t even recognize myself. I’d grown so many cup sizes I didn’t even know the letter any more, each one like a volleyball glued to my chest. I’d lose weight, dozens of pounds – though it was hard to guess with the growth in my titties and ass, to say nothing of the added height. Hell, even my face... I hardly looked a thing like the girl I was used to seeing in the mirror. A cute upturned nose, meticulously tweezed eyebrows, lashes that I could almost hear when I batted them, perfect skin, and of course, a pair of pouty lips just dying to be kissed.

(Or to have a cock thrust between them, whichever.)

I was a feminist. I only put out on special occasions. I dressed modestly. I resisted even joking displays of patriarchy. I certainly didn't let men call me a whore, show me off to friends and strangers, then drag me upstairs to dole out screaming orgasms in a strange bedroom.

Except... I did. I just had.

That fucking potion! That rotten bastard! He'd turned me into—

“OK, I'll do it,” Craig said.

I returned to the present. There was a boy standing in front of me. Craig. He was taking off his pants. Why was he doing that? Nevermind. It was awesome. Boys taking their pants off in front of me was always awesome. Was he going to...

Oh yeah, I'd offered to let him fuck my titties. I scooted over to the edge of the bed, grabbing a bottle of hand lotion from the nightstand and squirting a big glob into my hands, from there massaging it into the valley between my huge titties. I could be mad at my soon-to-be-ex-boyfriend later.

Craig ran to the door and re-locked it. Smart thinking. JP would definitely not like what we were about to do. Craig told me to smear more lotion on twice, all the while slowing jacking it while he watched Whormione lube up her titties.

Then there was a knock at the door. I saw the handle jiggle, and then knocking became pounding. “Rachael!” came JP's voice. “Rachael, let me in! Craig, you in there? Open the fucking door, man!”

Craig was wide-eyed, slipping his costume pants back on in the blink of an eye. “Hide in the closet,” he hissed at me.

I didn't need to be told twice. I might be having a hard time focusing, but now when it came to important stuff. Like getting my titties fucked.

With my ear pressed to the door I could make out their conversation. “Where the fuck did she go, dude?”

“I don't know, man. I came up here to keep her from wandering off like you said, but she wasn't up here.”

“Then why was the door locked?” JP asked suspiciously.

“I didn't realize it was. One of you must've hit the button before you left. I just shut it so I could check out this zen garden in peace. Have you seen this thing? It's really incredible how intricately—”

“I don't have time for fucking zen gardens, you fucking fag. I gotta find my girlfriend before she fucks every dude here.”

“Did you check the dance floor? She was having a good time down there earlier. Maybe she went back. Or hey, maybe she's already on her way home with somebody. If the potion did to her mind half of what it did to her body...”

JP must've left then, because when Craig opened the door, we were alone. “All alone,” he said.

I grinned, skipping back over to the bed and sitting back down on the edge. Craig was already wrestling his pants back off, and was back in front of me a moment later. “Fuck my titties, please?” I asked. Hermione was always very direct. I should be too.

“You got it,” he said, and he thrust it right out in front of me. It was at the perfect level to wrap my titties around it, and the lotion was still keeping me nice and slick. I giggled at how it could be I’d never titty-fucked anyone before. It was so fun, and so easy! All I had to do was bounce a little on the bed and smush my titties together.

Craig came in under a minute. The first time, anyway. I cast a quick *Reparo* spell, so by the third it took him at least ten. And wouldn’t you know it? The potion had made the skin on my titties so sensitive that I was coming just from fucking him with them!

I don’t know where JP wandered off to, but I didn’t care. I was sucking Craig back to hardness for round four as he did something on his phone. I was a little sad he wasn’t paying more attention to me, at least getting some trophy photos of the hot slutty whore who titty-fucked him at a Halloween party, but oh well. I doubted he’d forget any time soon. And me, I had what felt like a small ocean of cum all over my tits to help me keep the joy alive.

Then there was another knock at the door. I looked to the closet questioningly, but he shook his head and hastened to answer it. On the other side were their other two friends, Alex and Brett. They both flinched away from the sight of their bottomless friends, but when they took me in, two thirds naked and legs spread wide on the bed, they found a safe harbor for their eyes.

“Fuck dude, you weren’t kidding. She really is...”

“A big dumb slut?” Craig said, grinning.

“I’m not either dumb,” I protested softly. True, I didn’t want to think about anything but sucking and fucking and blowjobs and handjobs and cocks cocks cocks now, but it wasn’t because I was dumb. I was just... focused. On cocks.

“Tell her you wanna fuck her,” Craig said, grinning.

I perked up immediately, my perkiness re-doubled when Alex said as much. (Or was it Brett? I couldn’t remember any more.)

“Then fuck me!” I replied.

“Uh, I want a blowjob,” injected the other Brett-Alex.

I spun so that I was lying on my back with my head hanging off the back of the bed and opened my mouth and legs wide. Two cocks! I could have TWO cocks!

I was wrong, though. And not because I couldn’t count. When it came to cocks, I could do advanced math – cockulus, you might say. No, I got *three* cocks.

JP returned to the bedroom to find my legs locked around the waist of one Brett-Alex with the other straddling my stomach, fucking my huge titties with as much or more vigor. Craig was helping himself to a blowjob, standing to the side of the bed and fucking my mouth (which I am ashamed to say was all the more I could manage at the moment, over-stimulated as I was).

At least I think that was who the cocks belonged to; I really didn’t care enough to keep track. The door had been left open, so people had been coming and going to watch me get

fucked. For all I knew, I was blowing, fucking, or titty-fucking a total stranger. Which was exactly what Whormione Granger would do, show off her stuff in front of anyone and everyone. She fucked a pirate, a Sponge Bob, a T-Rex, most of the Avengers and at least two Kylo Rens. And after each, she'd cried out for more.

“What the fuck do you think you're doing!” he shrieked.

I didn't know if he was talking to me or his friends or one of the maybe-strangers, but nobody bothered to respond. It was Halloween, after all, and for my part I thought this was a trick nearly as good as his potion. I don't know how long he stood there watching his girlfriend – ex-girlfriend, really – getting comed in and on, but by the next time my face was free from the obstruction of a cock, he was nowhere to be seen.

Then someone else's cock stepped up. This one was definitely new. A black guy. Wouldn't Hermione be jealous?

“... I have no idea how many guys I sucked and fucked at that party, but each orgasm given or received served only to make me hornier. Then I'd think there was no possible way I could get hornier, but I'd think about a cock (or better yet, someone would present me with one!) and I'd regress still further.

“The owner of the house finally kicked me out of his house sometime this morning. I called that rat bastard JP to find out what the hell he'd done to me, and he said he'd bought the potion here and didn't know anything else about it, just that some salesman pawned it off on him and he hadn't known it would work so strongly. I hitch-hiked here, sucked off the guy who dropped me off, masturbated in the parking lot for a while until I thought I could make myself stand up, and... here I am.”

Upon finally hearing a cessation in the talking, Mr. Jasper looked up from his ledger. Indeed, the girl was still fondling herself with both hands while she stood there, and the needful look on her face left no doubt her response should he show the slightest interest in propositioning her. Still, he had work to do, and he was all business on the clock.

“That's quite a story, young miss,” he said. “Sounds like you had a Halloween to remember!”

“I doubt if I'll forget this for the rest of my life,” she said frostily, or as much as as her dusky voice would allow.

When she didn't continue, he gave a pointed look to the clock. “Now you've been in my store for near to an hour, and you still haven't told me what you want. I pride myself on customer service, but at a point... well, I do have a business to run.”

“What?!” she thundered. “I just told you my boyfriend turned me from a frigid feminist to a busty bimbo with a potion from *your* store, and you have to ask me what I want! I already told you when I first came in!”

“Apologies, miss, but that was quite a little while ago now, and at my advanced years...” He pushed his spectacles up his nose, twiddling his mustache by force of habit.

“I want to be able to function like a normal woman again and not be so horny I can’t stop coming!”

“I see,” said Mr. Jasper. “Well don’t you worry. If you took it yesterday evening, it should wear off in a few more hours. You’re welcome to wait it out in the backroom, if you like.”

She heaved a sigh of relief. “Oh thank goodness! I was trying to imagine how to tell my mom at Thanksgiving that her daughter had sprung for every conceivable type of plastic surgery.”

The old man paused. “Well... you may just need those excuses. The mental effects, those’ll go away once you adjust to things. The body... well, the body’s the real point of the potion, see, and it’s as fixed as death and taxes, as they say.”

“What?! No, this can’t... I can’t...” Rachael groaned in despair, and a little arousal. The old man did have a cock after all. “Please. I can’t live my life as Whormione fucking Granger!”

“Come on now, it’s not so bad, young miss. You know, more than a few young ladies come in here looking for the very thing you’re so resentful of.”

“Well good for them, but I didn’t sign up for this! Now return me to my normal self!”

Mr. Jasper clicked his tongue, shaking his head ruefully. “Sorry ma’am. Can’t. It’s store policy.”

“Store policy! Your store policy requires you to turn into cock-obsessed airheads with gigantic mega-titties and hot wet cunts that never get enough dick and asses built for fucking and a face you just need to stuff a cock in?!” She realized her libido had taken over her speech, scowling.

“Not hardly, miss.”

“Then return me this instant!”

“But you see...” Mr. Jasper pointed behind the counter, and her eyes followed it to a sign posted prominently. There was a piece of paper tacked to a corkboard, printed in Comic Sans. It was old and yellowed, but the font was large and it was still quite easy to read. Even for a girl who could barely pry her mind away from its present solitary mission.

STORE POLICY: NO RETURNS!

