

Lucinda's

## Chapter 1

Hermione sighed as she finished the paperwork on her desk. Although she normally enjoyed staying late, today, she wanted to get home early. Her recent divorce from Ron had left her mentally and emotionally exhausted. While she went on to become not only the youngest Senior Undersecretary under Minister Shacklebolt but also the first Muggleborn, and Harry became the youngest Head Auror, Ron let his fame after the war go to his head.

He'd thought that he could coast through life on his notoriety without having to put in any real work, and worse, he wanted to do it while going out to drink and party with his friends. It quickly became clear to Hermione that his drinking was a problem, but it was one she thought she could help fix. What she didn't know was that was only the tip of the iceberg. Six months after they were married, she found out he was gambling large sums of the gold they'd been awarded for their part in ending the war.

Hermione tried to help him. She really did. After all they'd been through, she felt she owed it to him. But after months of coming home to find him passed out drunk when she left for work or trying to take out loans he couldn't hope to pay back, she was at the end of her tether. The final straw had come when he'd lost his job at the Ministry. Ron had given up on becoming an Auror long ago due to the demanding hours, but when he couldn't hold down a job in the mail room because of his drinking, Hermione had had enough.

She and Harry had done all they could to help him, but Ron still refused to help himself. Now, he was back at the Burrow, living with his parents. She hoped they would be able to get through to him.

Getting up from her desk, Hermione donned her cloak and picked up a stack of parchment before leaving her office. She had one more task to finish before she could leave for the night. Walking briskly through the halls of the Ministry, she made her way down to the contracts department. It was only a small office that contained two desks where two men, Mark Shavings and Brendan Ford, both of whom were in their thirties, worked. They were holdovers from the last two administrations, and neither of them was too fond of Hermione or the new work ethic she brought to the Ministry.

“Brendan, I need you to find these files and have them on my desk tomorrow morning,” Hermione said, handing him the list of files she needed.

“Alright,” he grumbled, taking the list and tossing it carelessly on his desk. “Anything else?”

“No,” Hermione replied. “Have a good night.”

Neither he nor Mark gave a response. They simply turned back to what they’d been doing when she entered. Sighing, Hermione turned and left. As she turned down the hall leading towards the elevator, she remembered that she did, in fact, have something else she needed from them. Hermione grumbled to herself for her own forgetfulness and headed back to the records department.

She knew this would only upset them more, but it couldn’t be helped. Sure enough, as she neared the office, she could hear them complaining about her from the hallway.

“I can’t believe she walks in here at four o’clock on a Monday and wants us to do this,” Brendan said. “There has to be twenty files on this list.”

Hermione rolled her eyes at their laziness. It would only take a few minutes to find the files she needed with magic. Curious about what else they might complain about and partly hoping she might hear a reason to have Kingsley replace them, she leaned against the wall and listened.

“You know she’s a bitch,” Mark said.

“Yeah, well, I wish we could get rid of her,” Brendan replied. “I never liked Umbridge, but at least she made our job easy.”

“There’s no way Shackbolt would fire her,” Mark said. “But I might have something even better. I overheard Weasley at the pub last night. Said he was going to sell some nude photos of Granger to Lucinda’s for a bit of coin.”

“Weasley’s full of shite,” Brendan scoffed.

Hermione tightened her hands into fists to contain her outrage. Unfortunately, Ron did have naked pictures of her. She’d let him take them on their honeymoon with the promise that he would never show them to anyone. Quite honestly, she’d completely forgotten about them until now. But if he thought he could sell them to some smut shop for a quick profit...

“Maybe,” Mark said. “Still worth a look, though. You have to admit, Granger’s fit. Come on, I’ll help you find those files, and we can stop at Lucinda’s on the way to the pub.”

Hermione spun around on her heel and marched quickly to the elevator. People quickly stepped out of the way when they saw the angry scowl on her face, but she didn’t care. So help her, if Ron had sold those pictures, she was going to murder him.

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A couple of minutes later, she stepped into Diagon Alley and quickly walked down the street. Lucinda’s was an adult store – the only one in Britain – located right at the corner of Knockturn Alley. It was only allowed to stay there because of an enchantment that kept it hidden from anyone underage. Of course, that didn’t stop girls like Lavender from getting their hands on their wares while they were still at Hogwarts.

Hermione stormed into the store and paused as she looked around. She’d heard about Lucinda’s for years, but she’d never actually stepped inside. The store was arranged with two long shelves arranged in a V-shape. A large gap between the two led to the register, which was currently empty. Behind that sat a large cabinet full of potions vials. To the left of the cabinet sat a door with a brass handle.

As she looked around for an employee, Hermione blushed as she got a good look at the merchandise. All along the walls behind the shelves were whips, handcuffs, paddles, sex swings, and a few things she didn't even know the name of. The shelves in each of the aisles were loaded with every kind of sex toy for men and women imaginable. Displayed in the windows were all sorts of outfits for roleplaying.

"Hello."

Hermione whipped her head to the side and cleared her throat as she faced a woman who looked to be in her early forties. She had a very pretty face with sharp cheekbones, a thin nose, and full, pink lips. Loosely curled, dirty blonde hair that was tied back in a loose bun ended just above her shoulders. The woman wore a flowing white blouse that hung off of her arms, leaving her tanned shoulders bare. A tight black corset hugged her midriff, with the top portion cut away to allow her rather generous bust to sit prominently above it. Her lower half was covered by a tight pair of leather pants that only accentuated her long, shapely legs. On her feet, she wore high-heeled boots that were laced all the way up to the bottom of her knees.

"Do you work here?" Hermione asked aggressively.

The woman smiled.

"I'm the owner, Lucinda," she said, her heels clicking on the wooden floor as she walked around behind the counter. "And you must be here about those pictures."

Hermione's anger returned with a vengeance.

"Ron sold them to you?" she demanded, clenching her fists.

"He tried to," Lucinda said, setting a plain, manila envelope on the counter. "But your divorce has been rather public, so I wasn't convinced when he assured me you had given him consent to sell them. That's why I asked Harry to talk with you."

“Harry?” Hermione asked sharply, her brow furrowed. “What does Harry have to do with this?”

“Ah,” Lucinda said, looking sheepish. “I asked him to make sure you knew your ex-husband sold these to me, but from your reaction, I’m guessing you haven’t spoken to him yet.”

“No,” Hermione said, crossing her arms over her chest. “I overheard a couple of my coworkers talking about it. How do you know Harry? Does he come here?”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t talk about my customers,” Lucinda told her with a firm look. “I pride myself on my discretion. If you want to know more, you’ll have to talk to him yourself. Now, I take it you didn’t give permission for these pictures to be sold.”

“Of course not,” Hermione bristled.

“Pity,” Lucinda sighed before looking up at her with a smile. “These would have been one of our bestsellers if I could market them publicly.”

Placing a hand on the envelope, she pushed it across the counter, where Hermione snatched it up and gripped it tightly.

“Thank you,” she said.

Hermione turned and left the shop quickly, desperate to get out of there before anyone recognized her. On her way back through the alley, she couldn’t stop wondering about Harry and why he would be at Lucinda’s. Losing Ron to his inner demons was bad enough, but the thought of losing Harry was like a knife to the heart. Biting her lip, she stepped into the Leaky Cauldron and headed straight for the Floo.

“Number twelve Grimmauld Place.”

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Hermione waited at Grimmauld Place for more than four hours before Harry finally got off work. Fortunately, Kreacher had become much friendlier, and the house was much cleaner than the last time they stayed there.

“Hey, Hermione,” Harry smiled as he stepped out of the Floo and tossed his blue Aurors robes over the back of a chair. “What brings you by? You didn’t have another argument with Ron, did you?”

“Not exactly,” Hermione said, biting her lip.

“Ah,” Harry said, misinterpreting her look. “I’ll get started on dinner, and you can tell me what happened.”

“I didn’t have a fight with Ron,” she said, following him into the kitchen before adding, “Yet.”

“Uh oh,” Harry said, digging through the refrigerator. “What did he do this time?”

“Well, apparently, he tried to sell naked pictures of me to that adult store at the corner of Knockturn Alley,” Hermione said, noting the way his back stiffened. “The owner said you were going to tell me about it. When, exactly, did you plan on doing that?”

“I was going to tell you Wednesday when you came over for dinner,” Harry sighed, leaning back against the counter as he turned to face her. “I didn’t know you’d be coming over today.”

“And why didn’t you tell me this morning at work?” Hermione said with a glare.

“You just told me last week how sick and tired you were of dealing with Ron’s issues,” Harry said defensively. “I didn’t think it would hurt to wait a couple of days.”

“I’m not a little girl, Harry,” Hermione said. “I don’t need you to protect me.”

“I know, I know,” Harry said, raising his hands in surrender.

Hermione took a deep breath and tried to control her anger. She knew she wasn’t mad at him—not really. It was the whole situation that bothered her, and taking out her frustrations on him wasn’t the right thing to do. He was only trying to look out for her.

“How do you know Lucinda, anyway?” she asked suddenly.

“I go to her shop sometimes,” Harry shrugged and turned back to the stove.

“But why?” Hermione asked.

Harry looked over his shoulder and quirked an eyebrow.

“Do I really need to explain that?” he asked.

Blushing lightly, she leaned forward and rested her elbows on the table.

“You really need to be careful,” Hermione warned. “If a reporter from the Prophet sees you there, it’ll be all over the paper.”

“Yes, dear,” he said mockingly.

With a huff, she balled up a napkin and threw it at the back of his head. They both laughed, and Hermione let the matter drop as Harry started making dinner. She knew she wouldn’t get much more out of him right now, and pushing would only make it harder to get him to talk later. Still,

something just didn't sit right with her. Harry wasn't seeing anyone as far as she knew. So, why would he be spending time in a sex shop?

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The entire next day at work, Hermione couldn't get her worries for Harry out of her mind. She ended up working late to make up for leaving early the day before and left long after the rest of the office was empty.

As luck would have it, she spotted Harry heading toward the Floo when she was stepping out of the elevator. She was about to call out to him when she thought better of it. If he didn't expect to see her again until Wednesday, maybe he would be going back to Lucinda's tonight. Moving slowly, she crept forward, hoping to hear his destination. Unfortunately, she didn't quite get close enough in time. When she reached the Floo, she paused and bit her lip in thought.

"Diagon Alley," Hermione called out.

Stepping through the emerald green flames and into the Leaky Cauldron, she caught sight of Harry just as he exited through the back door. She crept up to the door and watched through the window as he tapped the bricks and opened the hidden portal to Diagon Alley. After waiting for him to enter the alley, she snuck out after him. Hermione tried to stick to the side of the street where shoppers were window shopping, but she knew that he could turn around at any moment and spot her. Thankfully, he didn't. Harry continued down the alley and headed straight toward the front door of Lucinda's.

She tried to look in the windows to see what he was doing, but she could only catch a glimpse of Harry greeting Lucinda warmly before her view of him was blocked by one of the mannequins in the window. Hermione hesitated for a moment before deciding to just go inside and try to confront him. She knew he wouldn't be happy that she followed him but she couldn't contain her curiosity any longer.

Walking to the front door, she pulled it open and stepped inside just as Harry slipped through the door behind the counter. A quick glance around the shop revealed it to be empty, and she



assumed Lucinda had gone back there with him. Hermione rushed behind the counter and up to the door with quick, quiet steps. Taking the door handle, she gave it a twist, but it wouldn't budge. She cursed softly under her breath and rattled the handle before giving up with a huff.

"Can I help you?"

Hermione jumped and spun around to stare wide-eyed at a smiling Lucinda.

"Er – I was just..."

"Trying to follow Harry?" Lucinda finished, arching an eyebrow. "I'm afraid the back rooms are available to members only."

"Members?" Hermione asked.

"Yes," she replied. "We have an invitation-only club for like-minded witches and wizards to come unwind and explore."

"Explore what?" Hermione asked.

Lucinda smirked, her hazel eyes sparkling.

"I can't tell you any more than that," she said, reaching under the register and out a roll of parchment tied with a blood-red ribbon. "Unless, of course, you want to join."

Lucinda set the roll of parchment on the counter, next to which she placed a quill. Hermione hesitated for a moment before giving in to her curiosity and opening the parchment.

"This is a contract," she said with a frown.

“Of course,” Lucinda smiled. “It’s just a basic, though rather powerful, confidentiality contract. Many of our members are famous or prominent members of society. It will prevent you from talking about who and what you see behind that door with anyone who isn’t a member. You’ll also have to take reasonable precautions if you talk about it in public.”

Hermione skimmed through the contract, and it was exactly what Lucinda said it was. The consequences for breaking it were quite harsh and would likely put someone in St. Mungo’s for a month, but it wouldn’t kill them.

“Can’t you just tell me what he’s doing here?” she asked pleadingly. “I just want to make sure he isn’t doing anything dangerous.”

“I’d hardly call anything we do here dangerous,” Lucinda smirked. “And, I’m sorry, but no. I can’t tell you anything else unless you sign the contract. I take the privacy of my customers very seriously.”

Sighing, Hermione bit her lip and looked over the contract one more time before she picked up the quill and signed with a flourish.

“Wonderful,” Lucinda smiled, snatching up the contract. “Follow me.”

She turned and headed straight through the door that Hermione had tried to get through earlier. As she reached the threshold, she suddenly stopped. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach at the thought of someone recognizing her. Even if they couldn’t talk about it, they would still know she had been there. Just the thought of someone like Brendan or Mark seeing her and the known looks she’d get at work any time they met set her pulse racing.

“Come along,” Lucinda said, interrupting her thoughts. “No one else is here besides Harry and his date.”

“Date?” Hermione asked, rushing to catch up to her.

She found herself in a long hallway, obviously magically expanded, that ran to the left and right. The warm tan walls and dark blue carpet were dimly lit by candelabras on the walls, giving it a surprisingly romantic feel. There were dozens of closed doors along both sides of the hallway, most with a small gas lamp next to the door frame.

“As a member, you’re free to use any room you like,” Lucinda said, turning to the left. “Just keep in mind that if the lamp next to the door is lit, the room is in use. The rooms without lamps are for general use, like the Memory Parlor and the sauna. You’ll notice that some rooms have two doors close together. That’s because they have viewing rooms attached for our members that like to watch.”

Walking past the only door in the hallway with a lit gas lamp next to it, she moved to the door just a couple of feet further down and stopped as a chime sounded.

“I’m sorry, I have a customer,” Lucinda said.

She opened the door to reveal a small room. Against the left-hand wall sat a piece of furniture that looked like a cross between a bed and a sofa. But other than that, there was nothing else in the room.

“Just point your wand at the wall and use the incantation *Voyere*,” Lucinda told her with a smile. “Enjoy the show.”

Before Hermione could think of a response, Lucinda turned and left. Chewing her bottom lip, she wondered if she should really be doing this. It was a sex shop, after all, and she had a pretty good idea of what she was going to find happening in the other room.

Suddenly, the floor creaked, and Hermione jumped. Worried that someone else might be coming, she slipped into the room and then closed and locked the door. Taking a deep breath to calm her racing heart, she sat down on the day bed and looked at the bare wall in front of her.

It couldn't hurt to take a peek, could it? All she needed to do was make sure Harry wasn't doing anything reckless, and then she could leave.

With a shaking hand, she pulled her wand out of her robe and aimed it at the wall.

"Voyere," she incanted softly.

The wall shimmered as it became transparent, and what Hermione saw on the other side caused her to gasp. She could feel a blush running from her chest to the top of her head as her eyes danced around the room. It looked like a sex dungeon. Every wall was covered in merchandise from the shop and more that she hadn't seen for sale.

And there, in the middle of the room, stood Harry. He was completely naked, his impressively large length erect, and standing behind a woman with a surprisingly familiar face. Susan Bones was bent over a sturdy wooden table, her voluptuous naked body pale white. Thick leather straps around her wrists and forearms bound her arms to the table, and a ball gag filled her mouth, the strap secured tightly around the back of her head.

*Smack!*

Susan let out a muffled yelp, and her body gave a jolt when Harry's hand impacted her round backside. Hermione gaped as she watched him caress the light pink mark he'd left behind before doing the same to her other cheek. With a smirk, he turned and walked over to the back wall.

"So, what should we use today?" he asked.

Susan turned her head to watch as he hummed and looked at the toys mounted on the wall. Reaching up, he grabbed a black leather riding crop and gave the palm of his hand a slap. The sound of leather striking skin reverberated loudly through the room, causing Susan to shiver and whine softly.

A grin appeared on his face as he stepped back behind Susan and trailed the tip of the crop slowly down her back. Suddenly, he lifted the tip and brought it down swiftly on her bum with a sharp *crack!* Susan's back arched, her large breasts wobbling under her chest as she jerked and screamed into her gag.

"You have such an amazing body, Susan," Harry said, caressing her backside tenderly. "I can't wait to ruin it."

*Smack! Smack!*

Susan jerked as Harry swiftly slapped each of her cheeks with the crop, her pale skin rapidly turning red from the abuse. Chuckling, Harry shuffled forward and slid easily into her glistening folds. He quickly bottomed out with a groan, drawing a similar sound from Susan's lips. After a momentary pause, he brought the crop down on her bum once more. Her hips jerked forward as she yelped into the gag, but Harry quickly gripped her shoulder and pulled her back onto his shaft.

"That's it, ride me," he growled.

Susan whimpered and looked over her shoulder while she started to work her hips as much as she could. With a groan, Harry looked down, watching his shaft slipping in and out of her depths. Every time she managed to settle into an enjoyable pace, he would hit her bum with the crop, causing her to jerk and lose her rhythm.

"Faster," Harry barked, giving her a hard, sharp smack on her right cheek.

Susan let out a muffled squeal and did as he ordered. Her eyes squinted in pain as her hips crashed into the table when she moved forward, and then her red, inflamed rear collided with his thighs as she moved back.

"Faster!" Harry barked again, smacking her even harder.

Susan yelped and tried to move her hips faster, but she had reached her limit. With a frustrated growl, Harry tossed aside the crop. One hand grabbed the ponytail at the back of Susan's head while the other grabbed her hip. Pulling his hips back, he surged forward, slamming his hips against her bum. He yanked her hair back and slammed into her with rough, brutal thrusts. The table, despite being made of thick wood held together with iron bands and being bolted to the floor, rattled and shook from the onslaught of rapid, powerful thrusts.

The muscles in Harry's arms bulged as he used his grip on Susan's own body as leverage to thrust even harder. The tugging on her hair caused her back and neck to arch at an angle Hermione was certain had to be painful. Her large, soft breasts bounced on her chest to the beat of Harry's hips. His rhythm was so fast that her pale, fleshy mounds wobbled erratically and crashed into each other every few seconds.

Just as Hermione was beginning to worry Harry was going to hurt Susan, he stopped and pulled out of her. She couldn't help but take a moment to stare at his hard, pulsating shaft that glistened with Susan's excitement. Slipping his hand between her legs, he started frantically rubbing her. Hermione could hear just how incredibly wet she was, and a moment later, Susan screamed as she reached her peak. A deluge of excitement rained down over Harry's hand and onto the floor.

Hermione felt oddly detached from what she was watching. It was so far beyond anything that she had expected to see that it felt surreal – like she was watching a porn film instead of two of her friends just a few feet away in another room.

With a laugh, Harry gave Susan's red bum a light swat and walked around to the other side of the table. Reaching behind her head, he unbuckled the gag and removed it from her mouth.

"Doing alright, Susie?" Harry asked.

"Mh," Susan mumbled with a small nod.

Smiling, he curled his fingers under her chin and tilted her head up to kiss her softly.

“Ready to keep going?” he asked.

“What are you going to do to me?” Susan asked excitedly.

Harry grinned as he straightened up and walked over to the wall behind her. Susan couldn't see what he was doing, but Hermione could. He grabbed a shiny metal hook with a series of four balls that grew progressively bigger on one end and an eye hole on the other from which dangled a long leather thong.

Walking behind Susan, Harry grabbed her by the hair and pulled her head back as far as it could go. With his free hand, he looped the thong around her hair and then placed the hook between her cheeks. Susan gasped as he tied the thong in place and then let go of her hair. She couldn't keep her head back as far as Harry could pull it, so the moment he let go, the smallest ball at the end sank into her rear entrance.

“Oh, Merlin,” Susan panted.

Harry chuckled and walked around in front of her. With a snap of his fingers, the legs of the table shrunk a few inches until his rigid shaft was directly in line with the redhead's mouth. Caressing her hair, he gripped her ponytail once more and shuffled forward until his flared, swollen tip pressed against her pink lips. Susan obediently opened her mouth, allowing him to slip inside her mouth.

As she stared up at him with her blue eyes, Harry smiled and pulled her head forward slightly. The hook sank deeper into her bum while her lips slid further down his shaft. Eyes wide, she moaned around his shaft. With a chuckle, Harry started sawing his hips back and forth. Susan did her best to keep her lips sealed around him, but every few moments, he would pull her head forward. Each time, it caused her to moan as the hook sank deeper into her bum.

Harry seemed to pay her discomfort no mind as he bucked his hips and mauled her dangling breast with his free hand. His fingers plucked and tugged at her hard, pink nipples, drawing muffled moans and squeals from Susan's lips as she dutifully tried to pleasure him the best she could.

As she watched, Hermione realized that Susan seemed to enjoy the challenges Harry presented her with. Every time she started to grow comfortable, he would take things up a notch, throwing off her rhythm. It was... more exciting to watch than she wanted to admit.

With one final pull, Harry forced the entire hook into Susan's bum. At the same time, her lips reached the base of his shaft. The poor witch gagged around him as he entered her throat. Groaning in pleasure, Harry rocked his hips back and forth a few times, causing her to gag hard and her eyes to redden as they teared up. When he pulled back a moment later, she sucked in a deep breath and then coughed to clear her throat.

"Good girl," Harry praised, stroking her cheek.

Susan smiled up at him and kissed his palm. Smiling back, he walked around behind her and untied the leather thong from her hair. Once it was undone, he grabbed the hook and slowly and carefully pulled it back out. Harry set it back on the wall before grabbing Susan's bum and spreading her cheeks apart. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, and Hermione's eyes widened as Harry placed himself at her rear entrance.

Hermione and Susan inhaled in unison as he pushed forward and slipped inside her bum. Gently, he rocked his hips, gradually easing himself deeper and deeper. Without the gag in her mouth, Susan's moans and groans filled the room. Far from sounding distressed like Hermione thought she would, she sounded excited, each sound from her lips egging him on.

Finally, after a long couple of minutes, Harry's hips rested against her bum. Groaning pleurably, he barely gave her a moment to get used to him before he started thrusting. Hermione expected him to go slower and take it easier on poor Susan than he had before, but Harry had other ideas. He didn't hesitate at all to grab her hair and begin pounding her.

"Oh, Morgana," Susan moaned. "Harry."



“Imagine if the Ministry could see you now,” Harry said, pounding her from behind. “Half the office stares at your arse every time you walk by. You’d have a line of blokes queued up to fuck you if they knew how much of a slut you are.”

Hermione gasped at his language, but the way Susan moaned showed that she was anything but insulted. Growling, Harry wrenched her hair back and wrapped his free hand around her throat. Suddenly, he began hammering into her harder than she thought was possible.

Susan’s mouth hung open in a silent scream as she climaxed, excitement raining down from her folds. With a yell, Harry pounded her like some kind of savage beast before he groaned and sheathed himself as deep as possible. Every muscle in his body tenses, his veins and tendons bulging under the skin as he climaxed powerfully.

When he let go of Susan’s throat, the redhead gasped for breath and moaned softly. Her eyes closed as Harry bucked his hips, depositing every last drop inside of her before pulling back and panting for breath.

With a wave of his hand, the leather cuffs binding Susan to the table loosened, and he gently lifted her up. Cradling her in his arms, he carried her over to a loveseat against the opposite wall and sat down with her in his lap. His hands caressed her body tenderly as they rested for a few minutes while Hermione tried to come to terms with what she’d just witnessed.

“Do you want to go out to dinner with me tonight?” Harry asked.

Susan smiled brightly, “I’d love to.”

Kissing her softly, Harry stooped up and set her on her feet. The two of them picked their clothes up from where they were folded neatly on the floor and got dressed. He offered Susan his arm, and they left the room smiling and laughing.

Hermione waited a couple of minutes before getting up and making her way to the door. Opening it, she peeked out into the hallway to make sure it was empty before rushing out and

back into the shop. Lucinda was talking with a customer, so Hermione kept her head down and walked swiftly back out into Diagon Alley and made her way to the Leaky Cauldron. Her mind whirled with a million thoughts and questions, but one stuck out above the rest.

How was she supposed to face Harry again after this?