

Back in the Saddle

Harry Apparated to the coordinates Hermione had given him and arrived in an affluent neighborhood. The kind the Dursleys dreamed of living in. Hitching his bag higher on his shoulder, he checked the paper in his hand for the address, grabbed his trunk, and started pulling it down the road. He passed several houses before he found the correct house. It looked like all of the others. There was nothing about it that would indicate a witch lived inside. Raising his hand, he knocked thrice.

The door flew open, and before he could react, he got a face full of bushy brown hair and a pair of slender arms wrapped around his neck.

“Harry!”

“Good to see you too, Hermione,” he smiled and hugged her back.

She pulled away a moment later and smiled brightly.

“Come in,” she said, stepping back into the house.

Harry walked inside and looked around. It was large and well-appointed. One of the first things he noticed was an absurdly large television that would have made Dudley drool with envy. It was very nice. Perhaps a bit too nice. He felt out of place and dared not touch anything for fear of breaking it. It almost felt like he was walking into a museum.

“Oh, hello, dear.”

Harry turned toward the voice and saw a woman enter the living room from the kitchen. Hermione’s mother, he realized. She looked exactly like he would expect Hermione to look if she

took an Aging Potion. They shared the same hair, the same eyes, and the same warm smile. The only difference that he could see was that Mrs. Granger had a slightly curvier figure.

"You've grown up so much since the last time I saw you," she said, smiling with her perfectly white, straight teeth. "It's so nice to see you again."

"Nice to see you too, Mrs. Granger," Harry said, shaking her hand gently. "I really appreciate you letting me stay here."

"Oh, please, call me Emma," she said. "And it's no trouble at all. It's been far too quiet around here with just me and Hermione."

"Oh, is Mr. Granger away on business?" he asked curiously.

Emma arched her brow and turned to Hermione, who blushed lightly.

"You didn't tell him, dear?" she asked.

"It must have slipped my mind," Hermione muttered.

Emma sighed and turned back to Harry.

"Mark and I are getting divorced," she told him. "He's back in Australia with his new girlfriend."

"Oh," Harry said lamely.

He glanced at Hermione and immediately understood why she hadn't told him. It had been her idea to wipe every memory of her from her parents' minds and send them across the world to protect them. He imagined she was blaming herself for the divorce.

"I'm so sorry," he continued.

"Oh, it's not your fault," Emma assured him kindly, then glanced at Hermione. "It's not anyone's fault. We just drifted apart. Hermione, why don't you take Harry upstairs so he can get settled in?"

"Of course," Hermione said. "Come on, Harry."

He studiously avoided looking at his best friend's bum, packed into a tight pair of jeans, as he climbed the stairs after her. When they reached the second floor, she led him down to a door at the end of the hall.

"This is the guest room," she said, pushing open the door. "Make yourself at home. No one's used it in years."

The room was large but plainly appointed with only basic furniture. The only thing of interest was a window overlooking the back garden.

"Thanks, Hermione," Harry said, setting his trunk and bag at the foot of the bed.

He looked around the room for a long moment and then sat down on the edge of the bed.

"So, your parents?" he asked cautiously.

"I'm sorry," Hermione said, sighing and sitting down next to him as she ran a hand through her hair. "You had so much going on after I got back that I didn't want to bother you with it, and then by the time everything calmed down, I guess I just forgot that I didn't tell you."

"You should've just told me," Harry said, wrapping an arm around her back. "You okay?"

Hermione leaned her head on his shoulder and sighed.

"I think so," she said. "I know, intellectually, that it wasn't my fault. Mum explained that they'd been drifting apart for a while."

"But you still feel responsible," Harry said.

Hermione nodded.

"A little bit," she said. "But what really bothered me was how I didn't notice. It really showed me how little I've seen them over the years. That's why I'm staying here instead of getting a place of my own. I want to try and reconnect with my mum."

"What about your dad?" he asked.

Hermione snorted derisively and sat up. He could feel the muscles in her back tense.

"Mum and I are both mad at him," she said. "His *girlfriend* is a twenty-three-year-old beauty school student. She's four years older than me! And I know she's only with him because of his money. I think my dad knows that too, but he doesn't care. The only thing he cares about is getting between her legs."

Harry coughed in surprise, but Hermione didn't notice and continued her rant.

"And can you imagine how that made my mum feel?" she asked. "Her husband left her for a woman almost *half* her age. She's started working out and doing yoga to get back in shape, which is fine, but she's doing it because she thinks she's unattractive."

"Er..."

"You know the only reason they stayed in Australia is because she's getting new breasts in a month that *he* paid for? They plan on moving back when she recovers. I don't know how Mum is going to handle that. I don't know how I'm going to handle it."

Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes, blew it out slowly, and sat back down on the bed.

"Sorry," she said.

"S'fine," Harry said, patting her back. "I'm sure everything will work out. We've been through worse."

Hermione laughed lightly and wrapped her arms around his, hugging it to her chest.

"I'm glad you're here," she said softly.

"Me too."

Harry smiled and kissed the top of her head as they fell into a comfortable, companionable silence.

Harry woke up early the next morning, as had become his habit. Climbing out of bed, he sleepily made his way down the hall to the bathroom to relieve himself and then ambled downstairs with a yawn. As he reached the bottom of the stairs, he was presented with the sight of a full, toned bum in a pair of skin-tight, blue leggings. He blinked while his brain tried to process what he was seeing. The bum wiggled, the legs scooched forward, and the leggings pulled tight enough that he could make out the shape of the mound between the legs.

Emma shifted again, pulling her leggings so tight he could see the cleft between her legs. Blushing, he looked away, tried to smooth out the bulge in the front of his trousers, and quietly tried to sneak into the kitchen. He took a single step, and the floor creaked loudly. Quickly, he glanced back at Emma.

Unconcernedly, she flipped her hair over her shoulder and looked towards the source of the noise.

“Oh, good morning, Harry,” she said.

“Morning,” Harry said, waving awkwardly.

“There’s a pot of coffee in the kitchen,” she told him.

Emma arched forward, straightened her legs, and thrust her chest forward. Her blue sports bra pulled tight against her breasts, and Harry could just make out the two faint bumps under the fabric.

“I’ll start on breakfast in a few minutes, or you can make anything you like if you don’t want to wait,” she continued.

“Er, thanks,” Harry said.

Waving awkwardly, he smiled and quickly fled to the kitchen. In the living room, Emma smirked and returned to her yoga.

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Hermione spent the next week dragging Harry all over town to show him the place she grew up. She showed him, rather predictably, to the library, chattering about all the time she spent there as a kid and telling him about the wonderfully kind librarian who worked there. Momentarily, he felt like he'd slipped back in time, and he was once again staring at the excitable, rambling young girl he'd met on the train.

Life in the village Hermione grew up in was quiet and peaceful, and honestly, it felt good to get away from the magical world for a while. After a year on the run, fighting Voldemort, and another year finishing school, it was nice to take a step back and enjoy life.

But that didn't mean they stopped using magic. Harry spent many an afternoon watching with a soft smile as Hermione was finally able to demonstrate some of the magic she'd learned over the last eight years to her mother. Emma always watched with a look of joyful wonder. It was one thing to her about magic, and quite another to see it work. They used it as a bonding experience, and while there were times Harry felt like an intruder, Hermione and Emma were quick to pull him back in if he was too quiet.

On the dawn of his second week at the Granger household, Harry experienced one of the most embarrassing moments of his life. He'd woken up late, climbed out of bed, and stretched. It was only as the sun hit his face, causing him to squint, that he realized he'd left his curtains open. He glanced out the window and spotted Emma tending to her garden. She chose that moment to look up, and it was then that Harry had a second, far more unpleasant realization.

He was pitching quite the tent in his boxers. Cursing softly, he rushed forward just as Emma brought a hand up to her mouth and yanked the curtains closed. He turned back to the bed and collapsed on the mattress with a mortified groan.

Harry took a shower, folded his clothes, cleaned his room, and generally found every excuse possible not to go downstairs. After an hour, he ran out of things to do and finally ventured down to the kitchen. Emma was sitting at the table with a cup of tea and looked up as he entered.

"Er, sorry," he muttered, scratching the back of his neck.

Emma laughed, walked around the table, and gave him a hug.

"It's fine, dear," she said. "I was married for twenty-one years. I know how you men get in the morning. It's perfectly natural."

Harry smiled weakly as she patted him on the shoulder and started making lunch.

"Where's Hermione?" he asked, hoping to gain as much distance from the subject as possible.

"The library," she smiled. "She's getting the material so you can study for your learner's permit."

Emma set a loaf of bread down on the table and began cutting it. As she did, her breasts wobbled back and forth under her white V-neck shirt vigorously. Harry blinked and looked away when he realized she wasn't wearing a bra.

"I've never driven a car before," he admitted.

"That's why they call it a learner's permit," she smiled gently. "I'm sure you'll do fine."

Harry did indeed do fine. He and Hermione both passed their exam on the first try, and then Emma spent the afternoon letting them drive her Range Rover around the neighborhood. It was

enjoyable, but not nearly as much as flying. Unfortunately, Hermione wasn't the only one afraid of heights in her family. Emma politely but firmly refused his offer to take her up on his broom.

"It took half a bottle of wine to get me on the plane home. There isn't enough alcohol in the world to get me up on a broom," she said.

A few days later, Harry was home alone while Emma and Hermione were out grocery shopping when an owl arrived. He took the letter, sent the owl back off, and broke the wax seal of the Ministry of Magic on the back.

It was from Kingsley. The Aurors had finished searching Grimmauld Place. It had taken more than a year for them to get around to it, but now that they had, they'd found little aside from a few cursed objects that were likely already in the house, and a handful of angry Doxies. Harry grabbed the pen and paper next to the phone and quickly penned a letter to Fred and George. They knew a company that would help him remodel the place and make it livable again.

As he folded the letter, he realized with a slight pang that he had no way to send it. He knew he needed to get another owl soon, but doing so still felt disrespectful to Hedwig.

"Kreacher!"

The stooped House Elf appeared in front of him with a loud *pop*!

"Master called," he said, bowing so low his nose nearly touched the ground.

"Can you take this letter to the Weasley Twins?" Harry asked. "They should be at their shop in Diagon Alley."

"Of course, master," Kreacher said.

He took the letter and vanished the same way he'd appeared. Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair just as the front door opened, and Hermione and Emma entered, arms loaded with groceries.

"You should have said yes," Hermione said as he rushed over and took some of the bags. "He seems nice, and he's a chiropractor."

"Hermione, I haven't been on a date in twenty years," Emma sighed. "I wouldn't even know where to start."

"It's not that hard, Mum," Hermione said. "You just need to get back in the saddle, that's all."

"I'll think about it."

Hermione looked between her mother and Harry thoughtfully as they unbagged and put away the groceries.

"Why don't you let Harry take you out on a date?" she asked suddenly.

Harry and Emma froze and stared at her.

"Er..."

"What?" Emma laughed.

“Well, you need experience dating again, and, well, frankly, Harry could use some help, too,” Hermione said.

“What?” Harry asked. “Why me?”

Hermione rolled her eyes.

“Harry, the last date you had was with Cho in the fifth year, and that didn’t end too well.”

“That wasn’t my fault,” Harry argued.

“I’m not saying it was,” Hermione said placatingly. “But even you have to admit you could use some experience taking a woman on a date. Mum can give you some constructive feedback, you can help her get used to dating again – it’s perfect.”

Emma sighed and set down a can of beans.

“You’re not going to let this go, are you?” she asked.

The two stared at each other, holding some kind of silent conversation that Harry didn’t understand. He spent the next several seconds wondering how he got roped into this whole thing.

“Fine,” Emma said eventually. “I suppose it’s not a bad idea.”

“Great!” Hermione said excitedly. “I’ll set up dinner reservations for tomorrow night. You can go to that new restaurant. I’ll have to take Harry shopping for a new outfit, too. Do you still have that dress you wore to Aunt Natasha’s birthday party?”

“No, Helen spilled red wine all over it,” Emma said. “I have something that will work, though.”

“Perfect!”

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“Would you stop fidgeting?”

“Sorry,” Harry said.

He stopped bouncing his leg while Hermione put the finishing touches on his hair.

“There! What do you think?”

Harry looked in the mirror, but his hair didn’t look any different than it had twenty minutes ago.

“Looks great,” he smiled.

Hermione smiled and brushed off the shoulders of the green dress shirt she’d made him buy earlier that day.

“Good, I’m going to go check on Mum,” she said.

Harry followed her out of her bedroom and leaned against the doorframe as she knocked on the door across the hall.

"Are you almost ready?" she asked loudly.

"Just a few more minutes," Emma called back.

Hermione checked her watch and nodded.

"Okay, we'll be downstairs," she said.

Harry followed her down to the living room and leaned against the couch to wait.

"You know how to get to the restaurant?" Hermione asked.

"Second left past the post office," Harry nodded.

"Good," she said. "Remember to open the door for her when you go out to the car, and pull out her chair when you get to the restaurant."

Harry nodded again and wiped his sweaty palms on his slacks.

"Don't be so nervous," Hermione said. "It's only my mum."

They heard the clacking of heels on the wooden stairs and turned. Emma appeared at the base of the steps wearing a little black dress that hugged her figure. The neck dipped low enough to

show a tasteful amount of cleavage, and the hem ended a couple of inches above the knee. She'd managed to tame her hair slightly. Instead of being a wild, bushy mess, her hair fell in soft ringlets and was held together in a loose bun.

Harry only realized he'd been staring when Hermione nudged him in the side.

"Give her a compliment," she hissed.

"Er, you look great," he said.

Emma smiled prettily.

"Thank you," she said, looking him up and down. "You look very handsome. I like that shirt."

"Hermione picked it out."

Harry wasn't sure what was wrong with his answer, but it caused Hermione to roll her eyes skyward as if to ask for divine intervention.

"My daughter has good taste," Emma smiled. "Are you ready to go?"

"Yeah," he said.

They walked toward the front door, and he let her slip in front of him. He immediately noticed how the dress accentuated her wide hips and firm, round bum.

“Get the door for her, Harry,” Hermione said in frustration.

Harry looked away guiltily and rushed forward to open the door. Hermione threw her arm up and huffed while Emma smiled and stepped outside. Following after her, and keeping his eyes firmly away from her bum, he walked to the passenger side of the Range Rover and opened the door for her. As she climbed inside, he caught a flash of her smooth, toned thighs. Closing the door, he walked around to the driver’s side and caught sight of Hermione peeking out of the living room curtain. She smiled and gave him a thumbs-up as he climbed into the driver’s seat and started the car.

“Hermione didn’t give you a hard time, did she?” Emma asked.

“No,” Harry chuckled, pulling out of the driveway. “She just forgets that I’m not as smart as she is, and it frustrates her sometimes. You’d think she’d be used to it after helping me study for eight years.”

“Well, thank you for putting up with her,” she smiled. “She struggled so much finding friends until she went to Hogwarts, then every letter was Harry this and Harry that.”

“I’m sure she had a lot to complain about,” he laughed.

“Oh, she did, but that’s how you know she cares,” Emma said. “Have you decided what you’re going to do now that you’ve graduated?”

“I’m going to try and become an Auror,” Harry said, “Like a magical police officer.”

“Hermione told me about those. Are you sure you’re going to be happy doing that after all the fighting you’ve been through?”

"I think so," he shrugged. "I like helping people, and, well, not to brag, but I've gotten pretty good at finding trouble."

Emma laughed, and they continued the conversation until they arrived at the restaurant. It was a large, modern building with wide glass windows. Parking the car, Harry held out his arm for Emma like Hermione had taught him and walked her up to the hostess. They were seated quickly at a small table in a private corner. After taking a few moments to look over the menu, they ordered their meals, and Emma asked for a bottle of red wine.

"Do you have restaurants like this in the magical world?" Emma asked. "I didn't notice any in Diagon Alley."

Harry tilted his head thoughtfully.

"I don't really know," he admitted. "Honestly, I still don't know much about the magical world beyond Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade. I imagine there is, but I haven't heard of one."

"I'd love to visit more of the magical world," she said wistfully. "I feel like there's this whole world my daughter's a part of that I know nothing about."

"Well, we can take you to Hogsmeade, I think," Harry said. "I'll have to ask Hermione if that's even possible so close to Hogwarts. But besides that, there really isn't much to see besides the Ministry and some scattered businesses. You're always welcome to come and visit Grimmauld Place if you want to see what a magical house looks like, once they've finished remodeling."

"I'd like that," Emma smiled.

The waiter, a thin, older man with greying hair, returned a moment later with their wine and poured a glass for each of them. As Emma took a sip, a couple of drops leaked from the corner of her mouth and landed between her breasts. Grabbing the front of her dress, she pulled it

down, exposing more of her creamy white cleavage, and ran a cloth napkin between her breasts.

Harry couldn't help taking a quick glance, but when he looked up again, Emma caught his eye and smiled.

"Well, it's nice to know I can still attract a young man's attention," she said.

"Er, sorry," he said, scratching the back of his neck.

"Oh, it's fine," she said, smiling prettily. "All men look, and it's done wonders for my confidence. At least I know my workouts have paid off."

Harry smiled guiltily and blushed as their dinner arrived. While they ate, he couldn't help but notice that Emma had never readjusted her dress. Her cleavage jiggled every time she cut into her food, laughed, or just moved her arms animatedly while talking. He tried to distract himself by drinking more wine. It didn't really help. If anything, it took longer for him to realize he was staring, but it did make him care far less about getting caught and his own embarrassment when he did.

After they'd finished dessert and polished off a second bottle of wine, Harry paid the bill in cash, added a generous tip, and escorted Emma out of the restaurant. The sun had set while they were inside, and out on the patio, music from a live band filled the air. Several tables that had been set up for dinner had been cleared away to make room for a dance floor.

"Ooh, I haven't been dancing in years," Emma said.

Harry could see the excitement in her eyes, and had enough alcohol in his system that his mouth opened before his brain had a chance to consider his words.

"You wanna dance?" he asked. "Er, I'm not very good, but..."

"I'd love to," Emma smiled brightly.

Sliding her hand down Harry's arm, she linked their fingers and pulled him onto the dance floor. He felt awkward at first, even more awkward than he had during the Yule Ball, but seeing Emma dance and twirl around in her tight little dress, his worries rapidly faded away. They danced for an hour, got some drinks from the bar, and then danced again.

Harry's hands began to wander as much as his eyes. Instead of holding Emma's hips, his fingers rested on her bum when she moved close. When she twirled on the spot, he grazed the bottom of her breasts. As the night wore on, Emma began to press her body against his. At one point, she spun around, pressed her bum against his groin, and wiggled her hips. Looking at him over her shoulder, she smirked as he rose to the occasion, then spun back around and slung her arms over his shoulders.

Eventually, the band wound down for the night, and they made their way to the parking lot, laughing and stumbling slightly.

"We're going to have to call a cab," Emma laughed. "Neither of us is in any shape to drive."

Laughing, she turned to Harry and hugged him.

"Thank you for a wonderful night," she said, kissing his cheek. "I haven't had this much fun in years."

"I can definitely say this is the best date I've ever been on," Harry smiled.

Laughing, Emma leaned back slightly, her arms still around his neck, and stared into his eyes.

"Are you sure there's nothing going on between you and my daughter?" she asked.

"No, we're just friends," he said, looking at her curiously. "Why?"

"Because I don't want to feel guilty when I do this."

Emma threaded her fingers through the back of Harry's hair and pulled him down until their lips met. His arms tightened around her waist as he kissed her back, his tongue dancing with hers. It was a passionate, sloppy kiss that left them flushed and breathless by the time they pulled back. Emma stared into his eyes and bit her bottom lip.

"Let's go home."

Her whisper sounded like a promise. Harry quickly glanced around the parking lot. Most of the cars had left, and the only other people there were two couples busy trying to load one drunk member of their quartet into a tiny hatchback. Palming his wand, he tightened his arm around her waist and twisted on the spot.

No one noticed them vanish in an instant.

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Hermione was lying in her bed, reading a book, when she heard the distinctive sound of Apparition. Furrowing her brow, she glanced at the clock. It was after midnight. Wondering if Harry and her mother had car trouble on the way home, she grabbed her wand just in case and climbed out of bed. Descending the stairs slowly, she peeked into the living room, gasped, and lifted a hand to her open mouth.

Harry and her mother stood in the middle of the room, snogging wildly. His hands slid down to her bum and grasped it firmly, pulling her body against his. Her mother moaned into his mouth so sensually that Hermione blushed.

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As Emma moaned, Harry pulled his wand out of his pocket and cast a Silencing Charm that encompassed the living room and half of the kitchen. Emma shivered when she felt the magic wash over her and broke their kiss.

“What was that?” she asked breathlessly.

“Silencing Charm,” Harry said.

Emma toyed with the back of his hair and smirked.

“So, Hermione can’t hear us?” she asked.

He shook his head. She smiled, placed her hands on his chest, and shoved. Harry stumbled back and fell heavily on the couch. Hiking up her dress, Emma straddled his legs, flashing him a brief glimpse of her black knickers before her lips crashed against his. Her hands scrambled to undo the buttons of his shirt, while Harry’s caressed her back and bum. His movements caused her dress to hike up to her hips, exposing her knicker-covered bum to his bare hands.

The moment Emma had his shirt completely opened, she sat back to admire his torso. Harry ran his hands up her exposed thighs to her hips. With a smirk, she grabbed the hem of her dress and pulled it over her head. A black, strapless held her large breasts, as if presenting them.

Harry leaned forward and pressed his face into the incredibly smooth valley of bulging pale skin. He nuzzled her chest and kissed his way down to the edge of the black, silky fabric. Emma moaned pleasurably and ran her fingers through his hair. Pulling one hand free from his dark locks, she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. It fell from her breasts, revealing them completely.

Harry cupped them lovingly, ran his thumbs gently over her reddish-brown nipples, and then wrapped his lips around the one on the left. Lavishing it with his tongue, he sucked, pulled back until it fell free, and then switched to the other one. Emma hummed pleasantly, her nails raking lightly along his scalp as he switched back and forth from one to the other.

Eventually, Emma's fingers tightened in his hair, and she pulled his head back. She briefly claimed his lips in a deep, tongue-filled kiss before sliding back and dropping to the floor on her knees. Her hands worked quickly at his belt, opening it and then moving to the button of his trousers. Hooking her fingers underneath the waistband of his trousers and boxers, she gave them a sharp tug. Harry lifted his hips, and she impatiently pulled them down to his knees. Her eyes locked on his rigid, throbbing erection, and she smirked.

"Well, hello," Emma purred.

She licked her lips in a way so lasciviously that Harry pulsed with excitement. Laughing delightedly, she helped him out of his shoes and removed his trousers and boxers entirely. Once she'd tossed them to the floor, she stood up, hooked her fingers into the waistband of her knickers, and pushed them down her legs.

Harry swallowed thickly as she straightened back up. A small triangle of neatly trimmed, curly brown hair sat above her folds. Emma climbed back onto his lap, straddled his waist, and kissed him passionately. Her soft curves pressed against his firm muscles. She quickly, almost desperately, tugged his shirt off completely. He swallowed her moan as she ground herself against his throbbing excitement. Her slick arousal smeared his length.

"I need this," she panted softly against his lips.

Reaching down to grab him, she lined him up with her entrance and sank down swiftly. Emma threw her head back and moaned as she settled in his lap. Harry closed his eyes and luxuriated in the pleasure of her hot, silky depths. He hadn't had sex since he'd broken up with Ginny nearly a year earlier.

Emma didn't give him time to grow reacquainted with the feeling. She grabbed the back of the couch and started rolling her hips. Harry's eyes snapped open as she gyrated on top of him. She started slowly, but her movements rapidly increased in their strength and tempo. Using her grip on the couch for leverage, she rode him hard and fast, panting heavily. Harry gripped her bum and held on as best he could. Already, he felt he wouldn't last long.

Fortunately, Emma didn't look like she'd last long either.

She threw her full body weight into every roll of her hips. Her breathing hitched and stuttered as her eyes stared blankly at his face. Sweat began to glisten on her skin from her furious, desperate humping. The couch creaked under them as her muscles spasmed and shook. The smooth rolling motion of her hips turned into a blistering back and forth. Heavy panting turned into desperate gasps for air.

"Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God," she chanted before throwing her head back. "Fuck!"

Harry couldn't hold on any longer. He erupted inside of her depths as she writhed through her climax. Throwing herself forward, she buried her face in the crook of his neck and panted as her body shivered and shook. He caressed her back gently as she slowly calmed until only the sound of their heavy breathing filled the living room.

Emma kissed his neck, shifted her hips slightly, and giggled.

"What?" Harry asked curiously.

"Mmh, you're still hard," she said.

Harry blushed. Quite honestly, he didn't think he'd gone soft since they stepped onto the dance floor back at the restaurant. Giggling again, she lifted her head and kissed him on the lips. As she pulled back, she climbed off his lap and moved to the side. Turning away from him, she bent herself over the arm of the couch and shook her firm, heart-shaped bum teasingly. Flipping her hair, which had fallen loose from its bun, to the side, she looked at him over her shoulder.

"Is this what you thought about watching me do yoga?" she asked, swaying her hips.

Harry grasped her bum and kneaded her muscular cheeks. Leaning forward, he kissed each one and then nipped softly. Emma yelped in surprise, and they both laughed. He chuckled under his breath as he laid a trail of kisses up her back to her neck. His erection sandwiched itself between her cheeks when he pressed himself against her back.

"You love my arse, don't you?" Emma asked, wiggling her bum.

"I love all of you," Harry said.

He ground against her while kissing her neck and sliding his hands up her torso to cup her hanging breasts. Emma groaned, turned her head, and kissed him hard.

"Fuck me," she whispered against his lips.

Harry eagerly lined himself up with her drooling entrance and sank into her welcoming depths. They groaned in unison as he bottomed out and straightened up.

"Fuck me hard," Emma said.

Sliding a hand up her back, he gripped her shoulder and began to thrust. He quickly worked up to a hard, steady pace that rocked her body to the beat of his pounding hips. Her thick bum rippled with every impact. Harry grasped one of her swinging breasts and teased the nipple between his thumb and forefinger, drawing a wanton moan from Emma's lips.

In his drunken, lust-fueled haze, he didn't even think about his actions before he grabbed a handful of hair and pulled.

"Oh, God, yes!" Emma shouted.

Harry fucked her hard and fast, his hips clapping rhythmically against her jiggling bum. Her drenched depths squelched lewdly around his throbbing shaft. Emma moaned and cried pleasurably, begging him for more between breaths.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she chanted quickly.

Suddenly, she went silent, her muscles seized, and her arms collapsed. Harry slowed as she trembled and moaned through the unexpected climax. Before she'd had any chance to recover, he slipped from her clutching depths, grabbed her hips, and practically threw her onto her back.

Slipping between her legs, he plunged back into her core. Emma's arms and legs wrapped around him, pulling his body tight against hers. Harry rested his forehead against hers and stared into her warm, brown eyes as he began to hammer her into the couch. Their hot breath mingled. He could taste her as he slammed into her welcoming body.

Behind his back, her toes curled, and the muscles in her legs trembled. Harry had no way of knowing it, but Emma's orgasm had never actually ended. His harsh, pounding length simply pushed her from one crest to the next. The unending waves of pleasure drove the air from Emma's lungs, rendering her unable to do anything but gasp desperately for air.

The sound of their mating grew wetter with each passing moment. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and for the first time in her life, Emma squirted.

Harry didn't notice. He was too consumed with chasing his own pleasure. Burying his face in the crook of her neck. He slammed into her furiously. His climax built and built, reaching heights he'd never felt before, until it finally peaked. Stars burst behind his eyelids as he came harder than he ever had before. He grunted with each pulse while Emma moaned. She gently caressed his back as he unloaded in her depths.

As they lay panting, she continued caressing his back with a feather-light touch and peppered kisses along his neck and shoulder. Harry felt himself being lulled into sleep before she woke him with a pat on the bum.

"Don't fall asleep," she said. "We need to go to bed before Hermione finds us."

Harry groaned, but sat up and pulled himself from her flooded depths. Emma wobbled slightly as she stood, giggled, and pulled him to his feet. They kissed softly before she took him by the hand and led him upstairs. She pulled him down the hall, past the guest room, and into the master bedroom.

As the door closed quietly behind them, neither noticed Hermione peeking into the hall through a crack in her bedroom door.