**Chapter One – Jealousy**

Running up the winding staircase and towards the sixth year girls’ dormitory, Hermione burst through the hardwood door only to quickly spin around and slam it shut behind her. Luckily, the room was empty. Throwing her books against the wall near her bed and ripping off her cardigan, she leapt onto the mattress before burying her head into one of the many pillows. Screaming into the velvet material, despite the pillow’s muffling effect her voice could still be heard from outside, which drew some concerned looks. Rolling onto her back as she calmed down, her chest’s movement gradually slowed down as her breathing came under control.

*How? How is he doing it!?*She thought angrily. *Why can’t I keep up with Harry? Is it really that stupid book he found in the potions lab?*

For the past few months, Hermione had been quickly losing ground as the best student in every class, as Harry was just as quickly finding himself being the top in Potions. Apparently, the book he was using was second-hand and full of handwritten notes by its previous owner; all of the comments contradicting the original instructions.

Rolling onto her side, the young witch hugged herself with both arms and curled up slightly. *There is no way –****no way****– that I am going to let some second-hand, scrabby old book let Harry get the best of me!*But what was she meant to do? The real instructions were clearly not helping, and if she didn’t act soon then Professor Slughorn was surely going to favour Harry even more. Eventually, an idea came to her.

“If he’s getting some extra held than so should I!” she shouted.

Jumping from the side of her bed, Hermione did not bother to grab her cardigan from where it lay and instead walked briskly towards the boys’ dormitory. Finding it as empty as the girls’ had been, she headed straight for Harry’s trunk. Opening the lock with a quick spell, Hermione set to digging around the mess within. Dirty socks and jocks, mangled ties and torn shirts – she had no idea his belongings would be so unorganised. Pushing down to the very bottom, she finally felt a familiar coolness with the tip of her fingers and clenched onto the material. Pulling it out, she looked over the magical cloak with a grin, it had been a while since she had last used Harry’s cloak of invisibility.

Wrapping it around her waist underneath her uniform’s grey knitted jumper, Hermione closed the trunk’s lid and slid outside of the dormitory, now much more optimistic. Walking back down the stairs, she found a quiet corner in the common-place to wait in, watching as the rest of Gryffindor went about their business. As the sun fell below the horizon and the cold night took hold, the number of students milling about began to dwindle, until it was finally just Hermione alone with only the sound of a crackling fire to keep her company. Deciding that it was time, she took to the empty halls.

Evading most of the patrolling teachers without the need for Harry’s cloak at first, Hermione was eventually forced to slip it out from under her jumper and don the magical cloth as she began encountering ghosts closer to the school’s library on the third floor. Noiselessly, she slipped through the entrance and waited by the first row of bookshelves. At the head of the library was the receptionist’s desk where the head of the library, Irma Pince, was still sitting. Luckily, it appeared as though she had just finished whatever cataloguing work she had been doing, as it wasn’t long before she eventually stood up with her belongings and extinguished the last candle with a flick of her wand.

Waiting until the echo of the librarian’s footsteps had finally vanished from the hall outside, Hermione felt safe enough to begin walking towards the Restricted Section. Making her way to the gated area of the library, she was able to find her way through the darkness quite easily from memory alone.

Finally illuminating her wand’s tip, Hermione whispered the spell necessary to enter, and with a small *click*, the lock fell to the floor. Gently pushing the gate open, she made her way towards the back of the shelves, the light from her wand reflecting off of the many gold-leaf bindings and book titles. Searching for the P section, she came to a small row of black leather-bound volumes with *Hades’ Goblet*written on each. Despite the green mist they emitted faintly, Hermione knelt down and drew one of the books from its place.

Flicking through the pages, she made a satisfied sound before closing its cover. Picking out the next three volumes, she moved over to a nearby clearing amongst the shelves where several chairs and a long, black-ivy table stood. Moving to place the books onto the table, she had to shift the collection of scrolls and volumes in order to make room. On the end closest to her, a thick book fell from the edge and landed loudly onto the stone floor. Flinching at the echo it caused, Hermione stood still and waited almost instinctively for the librarian to magically appear and punish her.

Nobody came though, and after several tense seconds she was able to relax. Placing the invisibility cloak down next to the potions books, she walked over to the fallen volume and picked it up. Going to place it back on the table, she halted in surprise upon reading the title. Now illuminated by her wand, she could see that the book had a pale pink felt cover, and in large, elegant silver letters the title read, *The Power of Femineity*. Almost laughing at the seemingly nonsense title, Hermione couldn’t believe something like this was in the Restricted Section. Flipping through several pages near the front, she found it full of beauty tips for young witches.

*Heh, some young girl must have brought this in from the normal library in the hopes of privacy*, she concluded, *‘The  Power of Femineity’? Some teenagers will go to any length…*Her thoughts came to a halt though as she found one of the spells with an illustration nearby. A simple drawing, the illustration depicted a buxom woman with incredibly long and silky hair. Looking down at her shoulder, Hermione slightly cringed inside at the sight of her bushy brown locks. *Maybe just one spell won’t hurt…*she reasoned.

Speaking the words written next to the illustration, the light from her wand’s tip changed to a bright pink that reflected the colour of the book’s cover, and a small spark suddenly shot from the end. Fired into the air above her, it quickly began to circle around her head before descending, still spinning as it did so. Her body began to feel pleasantly tingly as it gradually passed over her, and upon reaching the young witch’s waist, the spark suddenly changed direction and launched into her stomach, a ripple of bright pink energy rolling over her from the point of impact. Taken by surprise from the display of lights and feeling it had caused, Hermione couldn’t entirely suppress an excited giggle.

Watching the ends of her hair that fell past her shoulders, she waited for the magic to take effect and hopefully straighten her hair. Several minutes passed though, and nothing happened. Disappointed, Hermione went to return to her potions books.

Reaching for the first volume, she came to notice that the tingling from earlier was starting to return. Focused on where the spark had entered around her stomach, it gradually built up in intensity before finally bursting into more ripples that pulsated from the focal point and out across her body. Dropping her wand in surprise, the wooden tool rolled underneath a nearby bookcase. Swearing under her breath, Hermione couldn’t bring herself to move as a new pulse would be emitted every few seconds, causing her to feel incredibly charged due to the gentle tingling rushing throughout her being. However, it soon became increasingly clear that there was a growing weight in her chest, and upon looking down she was aghast to find that she could no longer see her feet.

The pulses of magic were now focusing entirely on her breasts, following their natural shape down from her collarbone and ending where her nipples would be under her clothes. Now that she was aware of the growth she also realised just how sensitive they had become, the sensation of her skin rubbing against the inside of her bra causing her legs to weaken. Reaching out to use the table as support, her knees eventually gave out and she fell forward, her natural cushions absorbing the impact as they pressed into the furniture’s edge.

*Hnggg!*The impact sent shivers down her spine, her legs slightly parting due to instinct. Breathing heavily now, she saw that the v-neck of her jumper was stretching further and further out, her growing cleavage deepening.

*I could probably fit a decent sized cock in there…*she thought, her eyes then widening in surprise. *Did I really just think that?*

At the ends of her breasts, two smaller mounds were beginning to push through the knitted material as her nipples followed her breasts in their growth, matching the pace. Without having to look at them directly, Hermione could already tell that she had passed the point of simple erection and that her areolas must now be fully engorged.

It was too much in too little time. Her bra’s clasp finally snapped under the pressure causing her to yip in surprise, the material covering her shoulders suddenly strained and tearing under the added weight of her new mammaries. Once just B-cups, she had quickly grown past the point of regular size and now possessed a pair of hyper-sensitive basketball sized tits. Despite their current size, they didn’t appear to be slowing down in their growth at all. Unfortunately, the laws of gravity still applied despite the magic involved, and her breasts had kept their natural teardrop shape. With one hand unconsciously rubbing under her skirt and the other holding her up from the ground, Hermione crawled over to where her wand had fallen, desperate to reverse the spell.

Attempting to reach under the shelves, no matter how hard she pressed against the ground, her new assets left her unable to get to her wand. Momentarily blacking out from the overwhelming pleasure now fogging her mind, Hermione brought herself back to reality only to find that she had been instinctively rubbing her chest into the stone floor while kneeling. Her body felt as though it was on fire as her nipples sent powerful sensations back through her nervous system every time they were driven into the ground, the cool stone doing nothing to help with her heat.

Worried that she was about to lose control, Hermione decided that she would have to perform the magic without her wand. She had read the theory; it shouldn’t be that hard for someone like herself. Holding a breast in each hand, and uncontrollably fondling the growing mounds in the process, she slowly walked back to the table, pausing every few seconds to groan and whimper as her body was assaulted with a particularly strong flush.

Upon reaching the table, she flipped through the book in the hopes of finding a reverse spell. Discovering it closer to the middle of the volume, she hurriedly read out the enchantment in the hopes of escaping this bizarre fantasy. Just as she was about to reach the end, her tits suddenly jumped forward with renewed growth, surprising her and causing the last few words to becoming loud, incoherent moans. *Hngggg, mmmmmh!*

Her fingertips now deep in her soft, expanding breasts, Hermione could feel it as magic began to flow from her palms and into her chest. Now white in colour, the pulses emitted moved in the reverse direction, beginning from her aroused nipples and flowing outwards towards her collarbone and ribs. Instead of the tingling sensation from before, Hermione could feel an incredible warmth being imbued into her flesh, the feeling managing to calm her down a little. As she felt the growth slow down, the young woman let out a long sigh, believing that it was the end.

But it was still not over, and while the growing had slowed down, it still had yet to stop. Hermione soon realised that they were in fact becoming a lot heavier than before; her unconscious squeezing starting to excite her even more than before. Unable to deny her body’s urges, she moved her hands to hold her breasts at the base before squeezing down to the tips. Repeating this motion several times, Hermione closed her eyes and failed to hold back a yell as she felt her body shake, and legs weaken once more, her pussy having now soaked her underwear.

Feeling an unusual wetness in her hands, she looked down at her chest and noticed that two dark patches now stained the grey jumper. The lumps where he nipples were pulsated excitedly, and it quickly dawned on her that she was now expressing milk. The wet spots quickly grew in size, and it became clear that it wasn’t a small amount of milk being lactated by her mammaries. Hermione’s rational mind was barely even there as she curiously played with her new endowments, each squeeze causing small amounts of milk to squirt through the material while her pussy continued to drip in excitement. Pulling off the remains of her uniform’s top half, the jumper and shirt fell to the floor with a wet *squick*, and her tattered bra hung from her hips. Her torso and breasts quickly became wet as the steady stream of milk flowed from her breasts, following the curve of her chest down to her stomach and into her skirt and tights. Touching and pulling on her nipples, Hermione occasionally caused them to squirt as she moaned softly.

*This… this isn’t right*. Hermione managed to put together. Noticing how alluring the milk’s scent was, she raised a hand to her mouth and licked the milk off of her fingertips. *I have to s-stop this spell…*The milk wasn’t as watery it should have been normally. Instead it was thicker, almost like smooth, white syrup. It also possessed a thrillingly sweet taste which greatly excited Hermione’s desire. Lifting a heavy breast with one hand, she extended her tongue out as far as she could to clean all of the milk up before latching onto the nipple, groaning as her own produce rushed into her mouth. Lowering herself onto her back, the heat from her skin immediately warming the stone, the young woman began to excitedly squeeze her breast again, eagerly drinking it all. Her other hand slid down her to tights, running along her inner thigh before sliding against her clit. Arching her back occasionally as she pleasured herself, her body was forced to endure several brief orgasms that caused her to scream with un uninhibited passion, her voice now muffled by heaving flesh rather than pillows.

*No… NO! Stop this!*Her hand paused briefly along her soaked legs, then quickly resumed its heated massage. *Hnggg! No, you have to stop! You can’t be found here like this, trapped under your own cow udders!*Reluctantly, her body finally responded. Allowing her milk-laden breast to fall back down from her mouth where it lazily bounced atop her ribs, Hermione sat up with great difficult and reached for the book.

Holding it away from her body as to avoid accidentally squirting milk all over the pages, she began to read further into the volume in the hopes of finding the true reversal spell. Her body was still desperate for more, and she couldn’t help but fidget on the spot as she rubbed her thighs together. Before long though, the written pages soon gave way to illustrations only, all clearly meant to serve one fetish or another. *Furry, leather, magical toys… If only I’d read further into this…*Hermione thought; frustrated at herself.

Eventually, the fetishes gave way to images of trees and plants. No words of enchantment, or anything sexual of any kind. “What’s going on?” Hermione whispered. “Ah!” Yelping, she realised a hand had already returned to her breasts. Looking back to the book, she noticed a threatening red eye looking right back at her on the final page.

Staring at it for a moment she was then startled as a menacing voice shouted from within. “Is it not enough?!”  Freaked out, Hermione dropped the book and crawled several feet backwards. Becoming engulfed in a green glow, the book slowly rose from the floor. “Is it not enough that I create this volume for your pleasure?! Are you so lost in your nymphomaniac ways that you required more! What kind of lust demon has possessed you?!”

“W-what? No! This is all a mistake – I didn’t want any of this!” Hermione yelled back. “I only read so far because I want to turn back!”

“Turn back? *Turn back?!*Even I can see you don’t really want that! Who is it before me that is squirming her legs to satisfy the fire within? Who is it that only moments ago was devouring her own milk and tit with such fury that she has left this entire area wet and stinking of her lust?” The pages began to flick back to the images of trees and plants. “Nay, someone like you requires more. More! You will be subjected to such violation that if at the end you are still not pleasured, then nothing on this earth will ever satisfy you!”

Suddenly, from within the pages grew several vines and roots which extended with great speed. Wrapping around Hermione’s limbs, and waist, the plants hoisted her from the ground and held her in the air, her enormous breasts being held up by several more thick roots. Instead of feeling rough, the plants were actually soft and warm to the touch. Several brightly coloured flowers dotted the wooden limbs, and each emitted a golden powder. Catching a whiff of the powder’s scent, Hermione instinctively inhaled to experience more of it. Seconds later, she could feel her mind wondering to graphic images of sex, of being fucked in all kinds of positions and by an endless line of men.

“This book, *The Power of Femineity*, was created from the legend of Aphrodite’s Garden.” the voice from within the volume began. “Before modern civilisation, villages would expel their insatiable women who were forced to wonder the earth until they found the forest of Aphrodite. Their combined desires gave the forest the power and tool to please them, and finally satisfy their lust. Tools to fill and pleasure their wombs, mouths and suction cups to empty their breasts, and powders and pheromones to ensure they were always ready to be served.”

*N-nothing about this book is about finally satisfying!*Hermione shouted in her mind, unable to form the words with her mouth.*It’s just been about making it impossible to be satisfied!*Again, images of being pounded and absolutely dominated filled her mind.

“Those last tools have already been applied to you milady.” the book bellowed, “Indeed, that expression of yours tells it all.”

*No! I want out of this!*Hermione thought. Instead, her breathing had become heavy and she gasped, “Yes… please… I just want it in me. *I just want to feel relief!*”

Below her a root began to grow and change shape. Extending into a large, phallus shaped object, Hermione almost squealed and giggled at the sight of it. “Yes, YES! That one! Ram into my pussy, make me feel *ravaged!*” Moaning in anticipation, she squirmed inside her restraints, her chest now heaving in excitement.

*Don’t do it! It’s can’t possibly fit inside me!*She thought desperately. *It’s going to—*

She was cut off there. The root had already pierced her, tunnelling up towards her womb. Filling her up completely, there was no longer anything to stop Hermione from moaning and gasping. Her tongue lolled outside of her mouth as her eyes went to back of her head, the young woman lost all hope of ever recovering by herself. The root began to pump inside, shifting and twisting as it drove itself in and out. Hermione’s body shook and bounced as it was penetrated over and over.

“Y-yes~! More! Give me more!” she groaned, her next thought only concerned with feeling even better. “You’re splitting me apart!! I’m being ruined inside!”

As the thick root drove its way into her pussy, a furious and wet *shlick, shlick, shlick* sound filled the library. Several other roots began to morph and change, and Hermione glanced over long enough to see them shaping themselves into strange, transparent suction cups.

*What are those for?!*She thought excitedly. *Sucking? For my tits? YES! Please! Empty my tits, suck on them until until I cum again! I need it more than anything!*

As if responding to her will, the new appendages snaked forward, tightly wrapping around her breasts and latching onto her now palm-sized nipples. Throwing her head back and shouting in lust again, Hermione’s open mouth quickly transformed into a euphoric grin. Squeezing her chest vigorously, the roots began to pump her milk out at an unbelievable rate, the white liquid clearly visible through the cups. Despite this though, her supply never seemed to be exhausted, and she continued to express a flowing river of milk, all of it being absorbed by the enchanted plants. Uncaring to anything else in the world, Hermione continued to submit herself to the fierce fucking she was being subjected to.

Unbeknownst to her, everything she was expelling from her breasts and pussy were being transferred across the roots towards a small, growing organic dome, where something liivng was beginning to form. Something, that was going to take it all one step further.

**Chapter Two – Self-Indulgence**

For what seemed like an eternity, Hermione was trapped on the edge of release. No matter how loudly she moaned and cried for more; no matter how much she writhed and twisted, rubbing the sides of her pussy harder against the enormous wood filling her insides; no matter how much of her inexhaustible supply of milk was squeezed from her breasts, her overly-sensitive nipples being played with and stimulated; none of this was enough to satisfy her.

She didn’t know if she was in heaven or hell as the plant violating her refused to let her cum. Her thoughts kept jumping between, “*More, more! Never stop fucking me!”*and, *“Please! Let me explode! Give me release!”*The golden powder continued to flow from the flowers near her face, her heavy breathing drawing in more of the aphrodisiacal pollen. Her bushy hair fell messily over her blushing face, the long locks clinging to the curve of her breasts though now failing to reach her swollen areola. Her eyes were tightly shut as she took in all of the stimulation currently assaulting her mind. Her body felt as though it was on fire, and the juices never ceased to flow from her insatiable pussy.

Across from her, the seed had now reached an incredible size. Originally birthed from an outstretched patch of leaves, the man-sized pod possessed a dull yellow colour and was illuminated from within by a strange light. The silhouette of a slim female form could be seen suspended inside, its body curled into a ball like an unborn baby. Eventually it reached the apex of its growth, and the pod brightly flashed twice. The roots connecting it to Hermione froze in their advances, and with her body no longer being assaulted, Hermione managed to regain some level of awareness.

“W-what?” she asked faintly, barely conscious, “Don’t stop! You were getting so close!” Desperate to continue, she began trying to shift her hips in an attempt to drive herself onto the unmoving root below her. Slowly, a creaking sound filled the air and the plants began to whither and recede back into the book’s pages. Being gently let down, Hermione attempted to move despite her clear exhaustion, her hands slowly reaching for her breasts again.

“Please! Give me more!” she whispered breathlessly. “My tits are still so full! Drink me! Pierce me!”

Looking over to the *The Power of Femineity*, she saw that the book now lay lifeless on the ground. Next to it though, Hermione finally took notice of the seed that had been growing while she was being pleasured. Unable to speak, she could only watch with an open mouth and fondling hands as the pod began to shift as something inside moved. From the top, a hiss of air escaped through an opening, and the pod split open into six lips, a rush of clear liquid pouring over the ground.

Emerging from within, a naked woman knelt on the seed’s floor. Despite having only just been submerged in a strange liquid, her long, bushy brown hair was completely dry, and only her skin looked slick with moisture. Though it wasn’t completely clear in the dark, Hermione could tell that the woman possessed long, slender legs, a toned body, peach shaped buttocks and supple breasts. No longer caring around gender, the young witch moaned in an attempt to draw the newcomer’s attention, desperately hoping she was here to give her some release.

Hearing Hermione’s lustful cry, the strange woman just laughed, her voice mature and soft like velvet. “So that’s what I must sound like.”

*Huh?*Hermione wasn’t thinking straight, but even then she knew that comment didn’t make sense. *What is she—? Why does****her****voice sound familiar?*

Standing up, the other woman turned around to face the young witch. Her torso and above were outside of the moon’s light, with only her legs and left hand visible. Looking over Hermione’s weak, shifting body, the woman’s hand slowly moved towards her legs, carefully playing in the dark.

“*Ahh~!*” She gasped loudly before giggling. “I forgot how amazing a real body felt. It’s been so long… I’m **so**sensitive.”

Finding her voice, Hermione called out into the shadows. “W-who are you?”

“Who am I?” an eerily similar voice responded. “Haven’t you worked it out yet, sweetheart? I’m the creator of this garden you’ve been so indulged with.” Taking a step into the moon’s shine, the woman’s face was fully illuminated at last. “My name is Aphrodite, god of love, beauty and pleasure. Nice to meet you.”

It was impossible. The woman’s face couldn’t be real. But it was. Standing before Hermione, was another Hermione. But unlike her 16-year old self, the other woman’s body was much more developed. As she had noticed before, she was taller than Hermione, her legs and body being perfectly toned, with a tight ass and incredible breasts. Her nipples were even pierced with sizeable rings. She had the exact same face as the young witch, but looked closer to 20, and her eyes were filled with an unimaginable thirst.

“Judging from the look on your face, you haven’t actually read my book, have you?” Aphrodite teased heartily. “That’s okay, it’s not like it matters anymore. But thank you for this body, you have no idea how rarely I get such a young, beautiful avatar in this world.”

Hermione couldn’t hold back another moan as her she unconsciously squeezed her sensitive breasts. Looking down at her, Aphrodite gracefully knelt by the young witch’s side.

“Oh you poor thing~!” She sighed, grabbing one of Hermione’s breasts and playfully teasing the nipple with her long fingers. “It looks as though you got an extra dose of my pollen – I’m afraid you’re going to be like this for a long time yet.” The stimulation was overwhelming, Hermione yelped submissively as her breast squirted milk onto her clone.

Grinning, the older woman squeezed the breast much harder this time causing a large amount of milk to flow onto her body. “Oh you dirty girl~! Who said you could do that now!” Licking up the milk that had landed on her face, Aphrodite revealed an unnaturally long tongue, easily lapping up the excess liquid. Rolling Hermione onto her back, Aphrodite straddled the young woman’s waist before rubbing one of the girl's breasts in-between both hands, showering them both with even more of the sweet milk. Being subjected to her libido’s control again, Hermione cried out desperately while her body squirmed and bucked in response to the rough foreplay.

“Oh my, you’re so naughty!” Aphrodite giggled loudly. “This is supposed to be your punishment, but I can practically smell your excitement!” Letting Hermione’s breasts fall, gravity took a hold and flattened them across her ribs, coming to a rest in the shape of large muffin tops. Aphrodite then placed both hands directly on top of the girl’s areola before pressing deeply into her mounds of flesh, massaging them vigorously. Milk squirted and sprayed between the older woman’s fingers while Hermione twisted and clawed at the ground beside her, shouting and jerking her legs.

“You’re such a sexy little minx.” The clone then whispered playfully. Letting go of one of Hermione’s breasts, the Greek god raised a hand towards one of the shelves nearby. From below it, a wand flew through the air and landed into her open hand. “As fun as it is to just tease you, I’m fucking horny and it’s time you made use of yourself.” Pointing the wand downwards, Aphrodite gleefully recited a spell unknown to Hermione, and a purple spark shot from the wand tip before entering the god’s pussy. Throwing her head back and extending her tongue, Aphrodite sighed loudly as she felt the magic take effect inside.

 “W-what did y-you do?” Hermione managed to stutter through her whimpering. Looking back down, Aphrodite tightly squeezed the breast she still held, effectively silencing the witch.

“You’ve just got such an amazing body, little miss witch. Much, much nicer than *mine~*! But two girls can’t have intercourse alone, and so one of us will need a little extra *help*.” Leaning her head back once more, Aphrodite’s hips began to shift gently as her pussy glowed, gradually changing shape. Placing her wand-hand back onto Hermione’s breast, she began to pull them in a circular motion as a thick, long fleshy rod began to grow from inside her body. Forcing its way into Hermione’s cleavage, the young witch flinched due to the heat it was emitting. She could feel it gradually growing longer and thicker between her heaving chest, until finally the tip of a fully formed cock poked through the top of her breasts.

“*Hngggg!*” Aphrodite groaned loudly. “Your tits feel so amazing, they’re completely enveloping my cock!” Her hands then left Hermione’s breasts, abandoning them for her own smaller cups. “Sweetheart, you better start moving those udders of yours before I get mad~!”

“B-but I…” Suddenly Hermione’s mind was leaving her again.

Looking the girl directly in the eye, Aphrodite’s eyes flashed gold. “Do as I say!” she commanded.

Without hesitating, Hermione’s hands moved on their own. Pushing into each breast from the sides, she began to furiously pump her own chest around the god’s cock. Elated by her obedience, Aphrodite fell into a trance where she threw her head back and shouted while her hands eagerly squeezed and pulled at her chest, and her hips began to thrust deeply, the tip of her cock hitting Hermione’s chin.

Without even looking, Aphrodite issued another command. “*Suck!*”

Again, without waiting Hermione had opened her mouth and gladly wrapped her lips around the hot piece of meat. The taste was amazing, so much different to how she had imagined it would be. *If all cocks taste like this, I’m going to end up eating nothing but dick for life!*she thought hungrily.

As Hermione sucked and titty-fucked Aphrodite’s cock, progressively getting faster and hungrier, the Greek god begun pulling and twisting on her piercings, a gleeful smile spreading across her face. Shouting and moaning, their voices were quickly lost into a single lustful cry as Aphrodite finally came, her blown load being eagerly drunk by Hermione. Unfortunately she couldn’t get it all before Aphrodite pulled out, and the young witch’s enormous breasts become covered in hot semen. Feeling as though her body was suddenly electrified, Hermione began to writhe and shift, her hands rubbing all over her body even though Aphrodite was doing nothing.

“Oh, that’s right!” the god exclaimed suddenly. “Humans can’t handle my cum – just coming into contact with it with your skin will send you into a frenzy – and with that amount...” Hermione barely heard a word of it. Leaning down, Aphrodite’s tongue snaked out once more, lazily teasing the witch’s spasming nipple with its tip. “How about we clean you up?”

The moment the god’s tongue touched her skin, Hermione’s mind went white, her hips suddenly jerking in response. Only encouraged further by this reaction, Aphrodite continued to lick the cum off of the young woman’s chest. Exploring the curves of her breasts and the deep crevice in-between, the god switched between quickly lapping up the semen and slowing teasing Hermione’s sensitive skin. By the time she was clean, the young woman was breathing harder than she had been before, her large breasts bouncing with each breath.

Laughing, Aphrodite climbed the underside of Hermione’s chest with her tongue before returning to an erect nipple. “You don’t actually think that’s it, do you?”

“W-wha—?” Barely able to speak, Hermione just looked towards Aphrodite with glazed eyes.

“I thought so.” The god said, grinning. Immediately lowering her head, she quickly latched on to Hermione’s breast and began to suck in deeply. Shivering, the breast began to pump as it was stimulated into lactating again. Despite the large amount of milk she must have been taking in, Aphrodite didn’t let a single drop escape her lips and her own chest heaved with each gulp. Moving one finger below, the god began to tease Hermione’s clitoris which resulted in the girl lactating even greater quantities then before.

*Nnnnoo! Ngh!*Hermione's arms shot out to her sides, the sensations coming from her clit causing her to clench her teeth and scream. Ignoring the girl’s pleases to stop; Aphrodite hungrily tried to drain her breast.

"Mmm! *Mmmmgh!*Oh god! You taste so fucking good!" Soon, the Greek god’s intent became clear. Hermione could feel two smaller orbs pressing into her chest and growing in size. On the other side of her mammaries, Aphrodite’s modest breasts were beginning to rapidly swell as they were filled with Hermione's milk. Aphrodite continuing to suck, pulling harshly on the nip with her tight lips. Apparently it was also having the effect of making the god even more aroused and forceful then before, Hermione gasping when Aphrodite began to nibble as well. Suddenly quickening her pace, Aphrodite lowered her body even more onto Hermione, pressing her face hard against her soft breast and grabbing the other with her hand, squeezing the tit hard until milk flowed freely from it as well. Desperate to stop the rough handling, Hermione reached pasted her breasts and grabbed Aphrodite’s still rigid cock.

Gasping in surprise, the god sat upright in surprise, her mouth wide open and a trail of milk following the curve of her rise. Her own breasts were now easily the size of her head, with milk flowing freely from their erect tips, the resulting lactation covering them both in delicious white liquid.

Looking down to her groin, Aphrodite looked back at Hermione with a seductive smile. “So *that’s*what you want, is it?”

*N-no! I only—*Again, Hermione’s thought was cut off by the sudden penetration. Thrusting deeply inside, Aphrodite caused the young witch’s entire body to shudder, her breasts falling back into her face.

“Oh! You're sucking me inside!” Aphrodite cried eagerly. “If you wanted to be fucked that much, I’m going to pound away until the birds start chirping!” Grabbing Hermione by her hips, the Greek god pulled her even closer, forcing the witch’s pussy to stretch and grow to fit her cock. “I’m just too big for most girls you see~!”

Completely overpowered, Hermione could do nothing as the uncontrollable sex god had her way with her. Her entire body rocked as she was forcibly driven onto Aphrodite’s unnatural cock. Her breasts bounced violently, often covering her face completely and spraying milk everywhere. Aphrodite had given up on drinking her produce, but she now had her own breasts to stimulate. The two body’s collided in an orgy of sensation and desire. As tired as Hermione had become, her body still refused to accept it and release her from her need for more, and Aphrodite continued to grow more and more forceful as she drank in all of the milk being expressed.

Just as she had promised, Aphrodite continued to fuck Hermione all through the night, the positions they tried was innumerable, and many requiring Hermione to submit herself entire. Eventually, as her muscles began to scream in protest, the sun began to flicker through the windows.

“More! More! Yes! *Tighter! Faster!*” Hermione had given up resisting long ago, her rational mind long dead. All she lived for was sex now. Her body was an endless charge. Her eyes were half closed, and her tongue lazily flopping around as her body was thrust around. But as the morning light began to reach them, Aphrodite grew increasingly more desperate.

“No! *No!*I’m not done yet!” she started to whimper. “I haven’t had enough of this! This is what I live for!” Her skin, touched by the light, began to flicker with increased energy. “*No!*I- I… *hnnnggg!*”

Hermione’s eyes opened wide as her insides were suddenly filled with an incredibly warm and hot load. As if on command, her own body finally exploded, the sustained energy from the entire night finally being released. Her body shook and twisted as she was hit by multiple waves of pleasure and relief, her hands caressing all of her curves as if instinctually trying to prolong the stimulation. Eventually falling limp, she panted in exhaustion. Minutes passed until she realised that it was over – that she was back in control.

“H-how is it over?” she said breathlessly. Looking over to Aphrodite, she saw that the woman was slowly fading away.

“Heh, is that really the first thing you ask?” she scoffed. “You really are insatiable.” Reaching over to the table, the god picked up the pale pink book that had birthed all of this and slid it over to Hermione. “I’m fond of girls like you – keep it.”

*Keep it?!*Hermione thought in surprise. *Why would I even bother to—?*

With a flash of light, her clone suddenly vanished from where she sat. Looking around, Hermione realised that the library looked like nothing had happened – all of the milk and juices that had soaked the floor until now were gone. Looking down at herself, Hermione feared that her body would remain that way until her breasts eventually began to shrink back to their original size. Sighing, Hermione then squeaked when she realised that she was stark nude.

Racing over to collect her clothes, Hermione gathered up her belongings. Leaving the potions volumes where they were, Hermione moved to grab the invisibility cloak before noticing a moving image on the cover of *The Power of Femineity*. Despite her recent experience, she decided to take one last look at the volume. Flipping to the back of the book, she found the final pages full of the illustrations of many beautiful women, and the most recent one being an exact replica of the avatar she had just seen vanish. Curious, Hermione watched as the illustration winked at her before silently speaking, the words ‘*Call me anytime~!*’ appearing next to her. After reading this Hermione realised the rest of the women waving and calling before returning to their original poses.

“Well… it might be safer if I kept it. Y’know, so nobody else makes the same mistake.” She said quietly to herself. A smile beginning to form at the edges of her mouth, Hermione donned the cloak again and made her way out of the library, *The Power of Femineity* tucked securely under her arm.