

Rise in Popularity

Part 4

Hermione Granger's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she moaned around the cock in her mouth. Swiping the hair from her face, she went back to bobbing her head and taking half of Harry's cock down her throat. The suppression of her gag reflex was still something she was working on, but thankfully, it was getting better. She had only gagged twice since they began fooling around that night. The next big problem was the fact that Harry's penis was very large, and it hurt her jaw to open her mouth that wide for so long. That was also improving, though not as fast as her gag reflex.

Sometimes, it was hard for her to remember the lessons she had learned about giving oral since the pleasure from Harry's tongue was easily distracting her. Still, she fought through and focused. She pressed her tongue flat against his shaft and wiggled it around while keeping her lips tightly wrapped around him. Hermione was glad to see that Harry appreciated her efforts. She was lying flat on his belly in the sixty-nine position with her head between his legs. Harry's tongue was lapping at her wet folds while the tip of his nose tickled her asshole. His strong hands had her cheeks spread wide, and there was no place down below his tongue hadn't visited.

Her greatest improvement was her level of embarrassment, or rather, her lack thereof. She still got embarrassed, but it had greatly reduced over the last few lessons. Harry would have her walk across the room in high heels and nothing else. His eyes were always glued to her ass as he eagerly watched each fleshy cheek bounce up and down with every step. When he wasn't looking at her naked ass, he was staring at her perky breasts as they bounced and giggled while she tried to keep balance on those god-forsaken stiletto heels. She couldn't lie to herself and pretend that the way he looked at her didn't make her feel sexy ... because it did. Hermione liked the way he stared at her body, and she loved the response she got from his. Often, he sat there naked, and his penis would quickly go from soft to rock-hard seconds after she started her walking practice. Harry said she had one of the best asses in all of school, and while she didn't believe him, she still liked to hear it.

Over the last couple of days, she had noticed another welcome change. She was beginning to get attention from other boys. Hermione wasn't interested in becoming a serial dater like Ginny, but she was tired of being invisible to the opposite sex. Now, the boys were starting to pay attention. Sadly for them, Hermione wasn't currently interested in seeing anyone. She had steady access to all the pleasure she wanted, and she was going to take full advantage while she could.

Harry's tongue slid up the length of her slit, scooping up all of her juices. Hermione moaned around his cock as his tongue climbed even higher. When it touched her puckered hole, Hermione's eyes fluttered, and she was forced to pull her mouth from his cock. Her training immediately kicked in, and both of her hands wrapped around his shaft. "Never stop stimulating

his cock until he either blows his load or he asks you to stop,” Harry had told her. As such, both of her hands gripped his incredible length, and she tugged it up and down while squeaking from having her asshole licked. Harry wasn’t content with just tonguing her hole. He also began licking up and down her crack and sucking on the insides of her cheeks. Hermione’s face was flaming red, but she found herself enjoying his perverted actions. Her mother would be shocked to discover what her daughter was getting up to. By that point, Hermione didn’t care. She was having too much fun to stop now.

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Harry pulled his face from her ass and lightly bit down on her cheek, making Hermione gasp and squeal. The scent of her wet pussy surrounded him and clung to his skin. He could feel the heat radiating from her overheated pussy, and there was a wet slick of her juices on his neck and upper chest. “Are you ready for the next phase of your training?” Harry asked, running his hands up and down her sides and over her flared hips.

“I’m ready,” he heard her quickly respond. Harry kissed her cheek and gave it a soft smack.

Harry wrapped his arms around her waist, pulled her up until her back touched his chest, and kissed the side of her neck. Hermione always mewled like a kitten when he did that. His hands quickly found her lovely tits, and he groped them to his heart’s content. They were firm but also very soft and pliable. Her hard nipples rubbed against his palms, and her flesh spilled out over the tops and bottoms of his hands as he kneaded her breasts. Hermione arched her back and rested the back of her head on his shoulder. Her breath was coming out ragged while she ground and rubbed her naked pussy against his throbbing cock. ‘Yeah, she’s ready,’ he told himself.

Laying her on her back, Harry positioned himself between her legs. Her eyes were big and innocent-looking as she stared at him, waiting for him to act. His hand crept between her legs, and he tickled her clit with his fingers. Hermione’s eyes fluttered and closed while she purred with delight. Her pussy was completely soaked, and his fingers had quickly become dripping wet. He slipped two fingers inside of her, and her walls instantly contracted around them, clutching them tightly.

“This is your last chance to back out,” he gave her the heads up. Hermione opened her eyes and shook her head.

“I want this,” she told him with confidence he didn’t often hear in her voice. Nodding his head, Harry leaned forward and placed his hands on either side of her head. Looking down at her, Harry blindly thrust forward and entered her halfway. Hermione gasped and whimpered from the slight pain. She reached up and gripped his shoulders tightly. He could see the discomfort on her pretty face, but Hermione didn’t want to stop.

“Keep going,” she told him. Harry listened and pushed his hips forward until he was fully inside of her.

The fact that she had been a virgin was clear to him. If he hadn't already known before this, he certainly would have figured it out after. Her pussy was amazingly tight, and it hugged his shaft without any conscious effort from her. Hermione whimpered in pain, so Harry lowered himself and kissed her forehead. He gave her plenty of time to get used to his size, and it took several minutes of slow, deep kissing before she was ready to continue. “I think I'm ready,” she said as she sucked on his neck. “Just go slow ... Is that okay?” she asked worriedly.

“Don't worry. I'll take it slow,” he assured her. Let me know when you want me to speed up.” Hermione nodded and relaxed into the soft bed. Her walls were still gripping him tightly, and they didn't want to let go as he moved his hips backward. Her pussy lips slowly slid down his shaft, clinging to him the whole way. When only the head was in, he slowly eased forward. The wet suction sound of her pussy getting fucked caused Hermione to blush brilliantly. Her head turned to the side in embarrassment. Harry gently grabbed her chin and turned her head back to face him. This made her blush even harder. Her mouth was open slightly, and he could hear her breathing heavily. Harry reached out and touched her cheek. She pressed her cheek harder against his palm as he gently stroked her skin. When his thumb brushed over her pink lips, Hermione surprised him by taking it into her mouth and sucking on it.

“That's really good, Hermione,” he praised her ingenuity. “I like that,” he smiled at her. Hermione's response was to suck on it even harder. Her tongue rubbed against his skin, making Harry thrust into her just a little bit faster. He promised that by the time he was done with her, Hermione Granger would be the perfect sex kitten. She already showed promise. Her pussy felt incredible. It was hot and wet, and it squeezed his cock and didn't want to let go. Harry pulled his thumb from her lips and rubbed his wet finger over her hard nipple. Hermione hummed and squirmed against the bed.

“You can go faster if you want,” she said shyly. Harry smiled at her and lightly pinched her nipple before giving it a small tug. He then leaned down and kissed her deeply. His hips complied with her wishes, and he began fucking her even harder. Her thighs were spread widely, giving him plenty of room to thrust. The faster speed filled the room with the sound of clapping skin, but even that couldn't drown out the sound of her wet pussy getting stuffed. With every thrust, Hermione's whimpers of pleasure grew until she was moaning into his ear. Harry smiled as he nipped at her jaw. He wanted her to feel just as good as she made him feel.

“Does it feel good?” he asked as she squirmed underneath him. He already knew the answer. He could feel her fluttering around him.

“Yes,” she moaned in a hushed voice. Her voice was getting a bit warbly, a telltale sign that an orgasm was rapidly approaching. He fucked her harder, and Hermione cried out and wrapped her legs around his waist. Her arms reached around his back, and he could feel her nails digging into his skin.

“Harry ... she whispered through the pleasure. “I’m close!” she gasped. Harry kissed her neck and angled his thrusts. Immediately, her walls began contracting around him.

“Don’t hold back,” Harry told her, enjoying the salty taste of her sweaty skin. “I want to feel you cum,” he teased her. Hermione’s fingernails dug deeper into his back, and he wondered if she had drawn blood. Her insides were like a vice, gripping and squeezing the life out of his thrusting cock. It was only thanks to her incredible wetness that he was able to keep sliding in and out of her. Harry didn’t have to wait long for her to finally let go.

Her cries of pleasure were loud, and he was thankful for all the Silencing Charms he had laced along the walls. Hermione’s body bucked wildly underneath him, and her legs squeezed his waist so hard that it actually hurt.

“If you don’t let go, I’m going to cum in you,” Harry warned. Her cumming pussy simply felt too good, and he couldn’t hold back any longer. Squeaks of pleasure answered his warning, but her tight grip on his waist persisted. It was difficult to keep thrusting when she had such a tight leglock on his waist, but Harry was bigger and stronger. He took pleasure from her body until he thrust as deeply as he could.

Moaning into her neck, he flooded her body with his seed and kept on fucking her. Hermione was making noises, but he couldn’t translate them into actual words. Her body was quivering and trembling, and eventually, she unlocked her legs. Harry sat up and pushed her knees apart. Hermione was wide-eyed and sweaty. She looked surprised or maybe amazed ... Harry wasn’t sure. With her knees apart, Harry looked down and noticed how much she had been stretched. Her pussy looked to be stretched to its limit. ‘No wonder why she feels so tight,’ Harry told himself. He slowly eased back, and he saw that his shaft was smeared with her white cream. Slowly thrusting back in made Hermione squeal and arch her back. He then pulled completely out of her and watched as his cum leaked out of her freshly-fucked pussy. Hermione was covering her face with embarrassment. However, he was far from done with her. His lips found her slim belly, and they didn’t stop moving until he was sucking on her hard nipples and making her moan again.

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“You look really happy.” Hermione turned and saw Ginny studying her expression. She was sitting in the Gryffindor Common Room with a book in her hands. Though the book was open, she hadn’t been able to properly read a single page. Seeing Ginny staring at her, Hermione’s cheeks began to heat up.

“I do?” she asked, and Ginny nodded. Then, a large smile formed on the redhead’s face.

“You did it with him?” Ginny quietly asked, which made Hermione’s face turn even pinker. She didn’t need to answer since Ginny already knew. “So ... How was it?” she teased.

“Fun,” was all Hermione could muster through her embarrassment.

“C’mon now! It was way more than fun ... at least it was for me,” Ginny said, wanting to hear the details.

“It was brilliant,” Hermione relented. It was kind of nice to be able to talk about her experience, Hermione thought. Ginny was the only one who knew her secret, so obviously, she was the only one Hermione could talk to about it. “It felt really good.”

“Are you sore?” Ginny asked her as her eyes lowered to her crotch area. “You know ... down there?”

“Yes, but Harry gave me some cream this morning, and it’s helping with the discomfort,” Hermione explained.

“So, Harry creamed you this morning?” Ginny asked teasingly and then burst into giggles.

“Not like that!” Hermione protested with a flaming red face.

“That’s a shame,” Ginny said, wiping the tear from her eye. “Morning sex is bloody awesome,” she stated quietly. “I wish Harry was a Gryffindor. I’d be sneaking into his dorm every morning.” Hermione looked around to make sure they weren’t being overheard.

“How long did it take you to stop hurting down there?” Hermione asked her friend. The pain wasn’t bad, but it was noticeable.

“Not long,” Ginny answered. “After a couple of days, I was completely fine. Why? Are you already looking forward to a round two?” Ginny asked, wiggling her eyebrows. Hermione was very embarrassed but nodded nonetheless.

“Don’t worry. It won’t hurt like this again,” Ginny assured her. “The second time is better than the first.”

“Really?” Hermione asked in wonder. Her first time was already brilliant. How could it possibly get any better, she asked herself.

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After dinner, Hermione returned to Harry’s secret room and knocked on the door. She only had to wait a few seconds before Harry let her in.

“I’m going to tell Ginny to help you pick out some new clothes,” Harry told her as the door closed behind them. “I’d like to see you in shorter skirts,” Harry said as Hermione unbuttoned her white

blouse. She tried to get it off as fast as possible. Over the course of their lessons, she had grown to like being naked in front of him. Besides, the quicker she was naked, the faster the fun would start.

“You have sexy thighs,” he complimented her. His compliments always pleased her, though she tried not to show it. “You should show them off more,” he told her as he started taking his own clothes off. “I think some really tight jeans would look good on you as well. They would show off your nice ass. I’m sure the boys in school would agree with me,” Harry teased her.

Hermione looked at him as he pulled his pants down and stepped out of them. His boxers quickly followed. “I’ve noticed more boys staring at you lately. It seems our lessons have really helped out.”

Her face turned pink, and she tried to hide her smile. Harry chuckled at her reaction. “It’s okay to be pleased. That was the reason for starting this, after all. It’s nice to feel desired, isn’t it?” Hermione nodded her head.

“It is,” she confessed, reaching behind her and undoing her skirt. The material dropped down her legs, and she kicked it away. Her eyes went to his cock, which was semi-erect. She suddenly had the overwhelming urge to drop to her knees and suck him off. Hearing him moan and knowing that she was the cause of it made her feel strangely powerful. “I don’t want to date a lot of boys,” she clarified. “I just wanted to be noticed.”

“I certainly notice you.” Hermione heard the smile in his voice as he walked behind her and unclipped her bra. Hermione pulled it from her shoulders and leaned back against his chest when his hands cupped the underside of her breasts. Hermione also smiled, happy with how things had turned out so far. Harry was moving his hands up and down and jiggling her breasts merrily. She was used to him playing with her body in such ways. It was his way of getting her to be less embarrassed with her sexuality. He then let her breasts go and moved his hands down her belly. One of his hands slid over the outside of her pink panties, and his fingers gently rubbed her covered slit.

“How does it feel?” he asked. She knew exactly what he was asking about.

“Still sore,” she told him reluctantly. Hermione wanted to have sex with him again, but sadly, her body wasn’t ready for that.

“Understandable,” he said. “It’ll probably be a few days before you’re ready for more bedroom activities.”

“We can do other stuff,” Hermione quickly added, spinning around to face him so quickly that her tits bounced around. “I mean ... If you want to, of course,” she added shyly.

“I would never turn down an opportunity to play with such a sexy body,” Harry teased her, causing her cheeks to warm. Her heart pounded after getting the confirmation. Without even thinking about it, her hand snaked out, and she gripped his half-limp cock. Hermione loved how soft and warm it was against her palm. Stepping closer to him, she began kissing his chest while her hand started tugging on his cock. It only took a few tugs before he was fully inflated. Hermione squeaked when Harry picked her up by her ass and laid her down on his bed. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, and her long, brown hair was fanned out behind her. Harry removed her shoes but left her knee-high socks on. “I love how these look on you,” Harry told her as he ran his hands up her covered calves and the backs of her smooth thighs.

Down below, she could feel herself getting wetter every second that he touched her. Harry then pushed her knees apart and leaned down. Closing her eyes, Hermione bit her lower lip and squirmed as he kissed, sucked, and licked the highest part of her inner thighs. She was no longer worried about him smelling her arousal. By then, she had learned that he enjoyed the scent of her wet pussy. This made her exceedingly happy because she really liked having his lips down there. Looking down, Hermione could see that Harry was staring at the little wet patch on the crotch of her panties. He tucked his finger underneath the fabric covering her slit and pulled it aside. Now exposed, Hermione waited impatiently for him to use his tongue on her. Instead, he gently ran the pad of his thumb up and down the length of her slit. Harry looked at her with a boyish grin.

“It’s still tender, huh?” he asked, and she nodded in response. “Would you like me to kiss it better?” Harry teased. Hermione nodded her head so vigorously that she nearly gave herself whiplash. Harry chuckled and kissed her swollen clit. A soft gasp left her lovely lips. Harry then kissed around the sides of her aching pussy lips, making her arch her back and attempt to thrust her pussy into his mouth. Harry’s lips moved upward, and he sucked on her hairless mound. Her body shuddered, and she reached down and grabbed a handful of his messy hair. Pushing his head down, her body bucked when his tongue flicked over her little bead. It seemed that her body was squirming a little too much because Harry grabbed her legs and draped them over his shoulders. He kissed the insides of her thighs before dragging his tongue from her asshole to her clit. Hermione smiled widely and laid back with her legs dangling over his shoulders. She spent the next half an hour moaning and pulling on his hair as his tongue explored every crevice between her legs.