

**The Count and Potter Curse were tied in the poll. I already wrote a chapter for Count, so here's a new one for Curse.**

## **The Potter Curse**

### **Chapter 10**

It was late at night and Ginny Weasley was in the common room of Gryffindor Tower, hiding around the corner and peeking at her boyfriend and friend. She wasn't doing anything wrong, she thought. Harry didn't mind if she watched him seduce other girls, after all. In fact, he knew that she was currently watching them. It did send a slight pang of jealousy into her heart though, however, that was quickly replaced with lust after watching what was going on.

Harry was sitting next to Hermione on a comfortable sofa near the fireplace. The lights were off since it was so late at night, and the two were bathed in the glow of the crackling fire. Hermione squeaked as Harry leaned in and kissed her neck. Gasping loudly, she couldn't help but tilt her head, giving him more room to kiss and nibble on the tender flesh. Her eyes fluttered as his hand slid up her leg and under her plaid skirt.

"Harry," she gasped softly. His hand crept higher and higher until he was squeezing the highest part of her thigh. She could feel the side of his palm pressed against the damp material of her white, cotton panties. As he rubbed her leg, his hand was accidentally rubbing her throbbing pussy. Her panties were so wet that they were clinging to her virgin pussy. "I don't think that we should be doing this here," she shuddered as his tongue traveled the length of her neck and ended with a kiss on her jawline. "Someone could see us."

Harry smiled into her cheek. "So you wouldn't mind doing this somewhere else ... like my bed for example?" Harry teased as he nibbled on her skin. Hermione blushed beet-red and stuttered.

Ginny bit her lip as she watched what was going on. Slowly she reached into her own panties and trembled as her fingers touched her damp flower. She could feel her arousal dripping down between her cheeks and wetting her asshole. Her fingers dipped between her tight lips, and she began moving them back and forth, massaging her pink insides.

Hermione couldn't believe what was happening. She never thought that in a million years a boy as handsome as Harry Potter would want to kiss her, let alone touch her the way that he was touching her right then. She couldn't believe that she was letting him! She trembled nervously as he slowly pushed her down onto her back. Now she was lying on the couch with him sitting in front of her lower half. She turned her head and blushed as he moved her skirt up. She felt the cool air waft over her overheated groin, and it made her shiver and her skin goosebump. His hands slid up both of her thighs and over her hips. One hand slid back down and began to play with the sensitive skin behind her knee while the other hand continued further north and landed on her belly. Harry moved her blouse up and exposed her flat lower belly. As his finger tickled

her belly button, Hermione moaned and accidentally parted her legs, exposing the wet patch on her panties. Taking that as an invitation, Harry removed the hand from her leg and slid it down the front of her panties.

Ginny's lower half bucked as her finger brushed against her hardened clit. She saw Harry's hand slip into Hermione's panties, causing the bookworm to squeak and clamp her legs shut on his hand. Unfortunately for her, his hand was already on her pussy.

Hermione was breathing heavily while his fingers explored how soft and wet she was. Her eye twitched when his fingers parted her plump lips and dipped into her tight tunnel. He didn't push them deep enough to claim her innocence, but he was deep enough to bring her pleasure. Her walls squeezed his fingers tightly as she held her knees together. Harry then leaned down and kissed her, further shocking her. Hoping that she was a good kisser, she tried her best and attempted to copy his style. Harry didn't seem to mind as he moaned into her mouth. Soon he was sucking on her tongue as his fingers were massaging the walls of her tunnel and his thumb was rubbing circles around her engorged clit. Unable to control herself, her hips were rocking in rhythm with his hand movements as he finger-fucked her harder and harder.

Ginny's fingers were rapidly moving back and forth over her clit as she panted in need. Her nipples were incredibly hard, and she felt the naughty pleasure as they rubbed against the inside of her shirt. That wasn't enough for her though. She moved her hand up the front of her shirt and underneath the cup of her bra. Holding back a deep moan, she pinched her nipple and clit at the same time and began to roll them between her fingers. Her panties were completely drenched in her fluids.

Hermione bucked and shuddered as her legs opened once again. She couldn't help herself from wanting more. She knew that anyone could walk in at any time and catch them, and it scared her. However, it didn't scare her enough to keep from spreading her legs for the boy that she had a crush on.

Using his free hand, Harry moved her panties to the side as he broke the kiss and straightened back up. Hermione looked skittish as his eyes lowered, zeroing in on her naked pussy. As was the fashion, her pussy was completely smooth without a hair to be seen. Her lips were slick with arousal, and Harry could hear how wet she was as he massaged her from the inside. Her moans and mewls were making it hard not to rip her panties off and fuck her right then and there, but he was able to resist. Her body was undulating as her pussy began to tighten around him. Leaning down, he kissed her belly and stuck his tongue inside of her cute, little belly button. When he wiggled it around playfully, that was all it took to make Hermione scream out, her pussy spraying fluid as she came violently. Harry's eyes widened by how explosive her orgasm was. Her pussy was spraying every time that it contracted. Her body shook and trembled as she flopped around, her toes curling and her back arching. Her girl cum was literally sprayed over the entire Common Room. Harry quickly waved Ginny over.

Ginny straightened herself up and quickly ran over to Harry. Hermione was still spasming through a powerful orgasm.

“Take Hermione up to your room! Hurry before someone comes down,” Harry told her. Nodding, Ginny pulled Hermione to her feet and pulled her up the stairs to the girls’ dormitory.

Harry too went to his room, and not a moment too soon. Someone went down to see what all the commotion was about.

Ginny settled Hermione on her bed just as the bookworm was coming back to reality.

“Ginny!” Hermione squeaked. “Did you see what Harry and I were doing?” she asked, mortified.

“Yeah. Don’t worry though. I won’t tell anyone,” she reassured her. Hermione nodded thankfully.

Blushing, she turned to Ginny shyly and asked, “Did it look like I knew what I was doing?”

“When?” Ginny asked, confused by her question.

“When we were kissing,” she clarified. Hermione was still worried about that.

“It looked okay from where I was,” she told her honestly. In truth, Ginny was a little busy at the time taking care of her own needs, but Hermione didn’t need to know that.

“I hope Harry doesn’t think that I’m a bad kisser,” she said worriedly, biting her lip. Ginny smiled to herself.

“How about we practice?” she offered the bookworm.

“Who?”

“Us, silly,” Ginny giggled.

“I don’t know ...” Hermione trailed off. While she thought that Ginny was very pretty, she wasn’t exactly attracted to girls, or at least she had never given it much thought.

“C’mon. Girls do it all of the time,” she tried to convince her. Maybe she could get Hermione to agree to a threesome with Harry, that way she wouldn’t have to sit by and watch.

“They do?” Hermione asked, surprised. She had never heard about that. Although, that wasn’t surprising to her. Hermione didn’t have very many friends that were girls. She didn’t have very many friends that were boys either, but that was beside the point.

“Of course. Girls do a lot of stuff together. That’s how they get so good at it. Then they teach the boys exactly what they like. You’ll need to teach Harry how you like it when you finally have sex,” Ginny added.

Hermione’s face turned bright red at the mention of sex. “Well ... I guess we can try,” she agreed nervously. Ginny smiled and nodded her head. She hopped onto her bed and closed the curtain. Thankfully she had charmed the curtains of her four-poster bed to keep the noises in. Most girls did. They didn’t want the sounds of their masturbation to reach the ears of their roommates. When the curtains were closed, she turned back to Hermione who was breathing heavily. Gently, she settled her onto her back with her head on a pillow. Ginny slowly leaned down and claimed her lips in a soft kiss.

Hermione was trembling with nerves as Ginny’s soft, warm lips touched hers. For the first few minutes, they slowly kissed until Ginny’s tongue touched her lips. Hermione opened them and allowed her warm, nimble tongue to slip between them. When their tongues touched, Hermione moaned deeply. This seemed to give Ginny more confidence. Ginny placed a hand on her belly, and when Hermione didn’t protest, her hand slid further up her stomach.

Hermione’s stomach was doing flips as Ginny’s hand slipped underneath her plain, white bra and squeezed her handful-sized breast. Her poor, abused pussy was still wet from Harry’s naughty treatment of her, and now she was getting even wetter as Ginny’s hand grazed her incredibly hard nipple. Arching her back, Hermione gasped into Ginny’s lips, which made the redhead smile.

“Your nipples are sensitive?” she asked. Hermione nodded shyly.

“It’s okay. Mine are too. Want to touch them?” she asked, gently taking Hermione’s hand and placing it on top of her shirt. She knew that she couldn’t act too rashly with Hermione. She had to go the same route as Harry was ... taking it slow and steady. At first, Hermione’s hand simply sat there before finally giving her breast a soft squeeze. After that, her nerves seemed to have left her a bit, because her hand became a little more confident. Her squeezes and massages became more pronounced as was her kissing. Hermione’s tongue was now slithering against Ginny’s as they moaned together.

Taking things a bit further, Ginny’s hand left Hermione’s breast and slid down her belly and under the waistband of her skirt. Hermione couldn’t protest because she was too busy sucking on Ginny’s tongue. Her hand slid further down until it crept under the waistband of Hermione’s panties. When her fingers began to rub Hermione’s hard clit, she squealed and broke the kiss.

“Ginny!” she cried out in shock as the redhead pinched and rolled her hard clit. Hermione threw her head back and moaned, hiding her face in her hands as she came again. Juices were smeared all down her thighs as her body spasmed and bucked. Ginny didn’t slow down either. Her fingers toyed with her wet pussy as she leaned down and kissed Hermione’s exposed belly. Hermione gripped her hair so tightly that it hurt Ginny. She cried out one last time as her body

bucked, then she was able to calm down. Breathing heavily, Hermione looked at Ginny as her face turned pink.

“Did you like it?” Ginny asked, hoping that she did. Her heart soared when she nodded. “Want to sleep in here? It’s pretty late,” she asked.

“Okay,” Hermione muttered shyly. She watched with wide eyes as Ginny stripped down to only her panties. She was speechless as Ginny worked her skirt off, leaving only her very damp panties to cover her lower half. She sat up when Ginny began to pull her. Slowly her shirt was removed, and when her bra was finally tossed onto the floor, Hermione was incredibly embarrassed. They settled in next to one another, and Ginny leaned in and kissed her deeply one last time. This helped to steady her rapidly beating heart. It took a while for Hermione to calm down enough to fall asleep, and when she finally did, she hoped that she would soon get to use her new skills on Harry as soon as possible.