

Rise in Popularity

Part 2

This was one of the first times that Hermione didn't immediately begin her homework after classes had ended. Instead, she bolted up the stairs and went into her empty dorm room. Going to her four-poster bed, she climbed on top and pulled the curtains shut. She opened her bag and pulled out a small, silk sack that was closed with a drawstring. Harry had given it to her after one of their shared classes. With a feeling of nervousness and excitement, she forced the top of the bag open and turned it over.

"Woah," she said as more than expected came tumbling out onto her bed. The first thing she noticed was the dozen or so panty and bra sets. She plucked one pair of panties off the bed and held it up for inspection. It was light pink and super tiny. It looked more like an eyepatch than a pair of underwear. Hermione blushed and placed it back down. Harry had promised to get her some sexier underwear, but she wasn't expecting them to be that sexy. She then picked up a medium-sized glass bottle and read the label.

"Senorita Sleekeazy's Brazilian-Style Hair Remover," Hermione read in confusion. "They don't speak Spanish in Brazil," she told herself. The wizarding world could be a really strange place. She then noticed a small note attached to the back of the bottle. She pulled it off and read it, her face turning pinker the more she read.

'Dear Hermione,

Boys love it when girls are nice and smooth down there. I certainly do. Coat the area between your legs with a thick slathering of Senorita Sleekeazy's. Make sure to get it everywhere. Don't be shy about it. Rub it on the upper portion of your inner thighs, on your bottom, and pardon my French, all through the crack of your ass. Let it sit for five minutes then wash it off in the shower. It will keep you smooth for at least a month. When the hair begins to grow back, just use it again. I included another bottle of Madam Sleekeazy's. That's to be used on your legs and the rest of your body with the exact same process. Don't use both at the same time or it will have interesting effects. I'll be expecting you to use both potions before our meeting later tonight. As it's Friday, we'll be spending the entire night together, so pack your bag accordingly.'

Now Hermione really was nervous. 'Spend the entire night with him?' Hermione's heart began beating fast. "Oh, dear ... oh, dear ..." she started chanting, trying to think about everything that she might need. Any lingering thoughts about her homework were now forgotten. Checking the time, she saw that she still had a couple of hours until dinner. She took a deep breath and calmed down a bit. First thing's first, she told herself. She grabbed both bottles and was about to go get a change of clothes when she stopped. Looking down at the bed, she hesitantly chose a pair of baby blue underwear that Harry had just gifted her. Feeling incredibly embarrassed, she scooped up the bra and panties and went into the bathroom.

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Hermione arrived at the room a little early and found that Harry wasn't there yet. She sat her small bag down and went to the bed. Sitting down on the edge, she waited. After a few minutes of waiting, she decided to be a bit bold. Removing her blouse, she folded it up and set it aside. She then wiggled out of her skirt and placed it on top of her shirt. Sitting back on the bed, she removed her shoes and socks, leaving her in her bra and panties. When she heard the door handle turn, Hermione quickly got to her feet and presented herself to him. Harry walked in and smiled when he saw her. Hermione returned the gesture with a shy smile of her own.

"I like the fact that you took the initiative. I'm also glad to see that you're becoming more comfortable with your beautiful body," he praised her, checking out her body. Hermione's cheeks turned pink as she walked up to him.

"I used the potions," she blurted out as he eyed her body up and down.

"I can tell. Your skin looks very soft and smooth," he replied running his hands over her sides and belly. His hands slid down her sides and over her hips. His fingers caressed the smooth skin of her thighs before climbing back up. One hand was right near the underside of her bra while the fingers of his other hand were playing with the waistband of her panties. Hermione closed her eyes and practically purred as he played with her delicate skin. After a couple of days of having him touch her, Hermione wasn't as nervous as she had been in the beginning. Now she could focus on the sensations and enjoy the pleasure that he was bringing her. She wasn't surprised when he reached around and unclasped her bra. She even helped him take it off of her body. Expecting him to cup her naked breasts, she jumped when she felt a pair of warm lips engulf her hard nipple. Her eyes opened wide, and she looked down only to see a messy mop of black hair. Harry's arms encircled her waist and pulled her closer. Her eyes fluttered when his tongue tickled the crinkled tip of her nipple.

"That feels good," she gasped as he sucked harder. His hands moved lower and cupped her exposed cheeks. The g-string that she was wearing did nothing to hide her shapely bottom, and Harry took full advantage. Harry lightly bit down on the tip of her nipple and gave it a soft tug. Hermione let out a soft squeal before he let it go. He looked up at her with a knowing smile.

"Are your nipples sensitive?" he asked her while squeezing her bottom. Hermione blushed and nodded. "Do you like having your nipples sucked?" he asked as he kissed her other nipple. Hermione shuddered out a response.

"Yes," she panted while her body trembled. Harry then lifted her by her bum and began walking toward the bed. Hermione squeaked and wrapped her legs around his waist, not wanting to be accidentally dropped. When her back touched the bed, she unwrapped her legs, but Harry remained between them.

"I should get a bit more comfy ... Don't you think?" he teased her, unbuttoning his shirt. Hermione nodded enthusiastically.

"Yes, please," she stated politely, which made Harry chuckle. Hermione watched eagerly as Harry tossed away his shirt. He removed his shoes and socks before moving on to his trousers. Those came off quickly, leaving him in his boxers that were clearly tented in the front. Suddenly, he pulled those down as well, and Hermione witnessed something large and fascinating spring out from underneath them.

Stepping out of his boxers, Harry smiled as he saw Hermione staring unapologetically at his erection. Harry let it rest over the top of her panties. "Your first time seeing a cock ... What do you think?" Harry amusedly asked.

"Big," Hermione gasped with wide eyes. "Really big," she stated again with wonder in her voice. She quickly noticed that he was just as hairless as she was. Hermione was actually very pleased with this. She knew that things between them would eventually progress, and she didn't want hair to get into her mouth when she was down there doing her thing. Harry moved his cock to the side and used one finger to pull the front of her panties down. A mound of perfectly smooth skin was revealed. Harry placed his other hand on her lower belly and rubbed the side of his thumb over her smooth skin. Hermione bit her lip and squirmed.

A thousand different things flowed through her mind as Harry played with her body. Most of them were incredibly naughty. She could feel herself becoming wet, and she could even smell the scent of her arousal. She would have been very embarrassed over that if she wasn't already so worked up. "You can take them off if you want," she suddenly said through a small moan. Realizing what she just said, Hermione whimpered in a panic. Hermione didn't mean to say that. It just came out. She couldn't take it back, especially now that Harry was lifting her legs in the air. Breathing heavily, Hermione felt him hook his thumbs into the waistband of her g-string and pull up. The string tickled her bottom as it slid out of the crack of her bum, and she shivered as her hot, throbbing pussy met the cool air of the room. Her tiny panties slid up her legs until he plucked them from her feet. They were tossed across the room as he silently told her that there was no more use for them tonight. Hermione's face felt hot as Harry lowered her legs and pushed her knees apart. She was spread open for a boy for the first time, and Harry's eyes were feasting on her naked slit.

Hermione was caught off guard when he dropped down, and his face was inches from her womanhood. His warm breath tickled her sensitive skin and made her throb even more. There was no way that he couldn't smell her, she suddenly thought. As embarrassing as it was, Harry didn't seem to mind. Just the opposite in fact. He leaned in closer and softly kissed her hairless mound. "Oh ..." Hermione squeaked. "Harry ... I ..."

She was cut off by him kissing even lower. His lips touched her swollen clit, making her toes curl. Harry was driving her mad. Her hands gripped the covers of the bed so tightly that it was

beginning to hurt her fingers. Harry gently nuzzled her clit with the tip of his nose, and she arched her back. Her nipples felt hard enough to cut glass.

“Mmm ... You smell good, Hermione,” he told her in a husky voice. Hermione let go of the blanket and covered her face. A cute cooing sound escaped her mouth as Harry kissed the highest point of her inner thigh. He then ran his tongue along the junction of her leg, dangerously close to her pussy lip. Hermione’s lower half twitched, and she softly cried out. “Can I taste you?” she heard him ask.

Hermione must have said yes, but she could only remember nodding. The next moment made her mind go nearly blank. His tongue touched the lowest part of her slit, and he dragged it up the entire length until it hit her clit. Sparks danced behind her eyes, and when she felt his tongue penetrate her, Hermione cried out and came all over his tongue. Her bottom half bucked wildly, driving his tongue deeper into her. Her pussy was contracting and squeezing it. Somehow, her legs ended up resting over his shoulders, and she had a handful of his hair as she pulled his face against her body. Harry reached out with his hands and cupped her naked breasts. He was pawing at and kneading them while his thumbs flicked over her hardened nipples. She had never experienced anything close to this before. Compared to this, her sad masturbation attempts weren’t even worth mentioning. Harry’s tongue working her superheated pussy felt wonderful. It was beyond wonderful, Hermione thought. It was exquisite. Every time his tongue flicked against her hard clit, the orgasm intensified. When his lips wrapped around the little bead, Hermione almost blacked out. She could vaguely remember her body thrashing while high-pitched squeals of delight left her lips. Beyond that, she couldn’t tell you what had happened. The next thing she knew, Harry had straightened up, and she could see that his cheeks, mouth, and chin were glistening with wetness. As her lightheadedness faded, she realized that it was her wetness all over his face. Before she could be embarrassed by the situation, Harry’s cock was draped across her lower belly again. It was long and thick, and it was hot against her soft skin.

At that moment, she thought that he was going to penetrate her for the first time. She wanted it. She felt ready, but instead, he squeezed her legs together and threw both of them over one of his shoulders, trapping his erection between her inner thighs. “There’s so many ways you can make me cum, and I promise, we’re going to try every single one of them,” he pledged.

So focused on his cock was she, that she didn’t fully grasp what he was saying. Hermione just wanted to make him feel as good as he had just made her feel. She started by rubbing her thighs together while his cock was trapped between them. “Good girl,” he praised her. Hermione flushed red but looked pleased nonetheless.

As soon as Harry began thrusting, Hermione could feel the bottom of his shaft sawing back and forth between her lips. Thrusting forward, his thick head mashed into her clit, starting up her orgasm again. Crying out in pleasure, Hermione looked at her upper thighs and saw a large portion of his long cock sticking out from the little gap that existed between her two thighs and pussy. When he thrust forward, her bald lips spread open and slathered the bottom of his shaft

with her juices. His hands were moving up and down as he caressed her smooth legs. The small orgasm was beginning to grow, and Hermione wanted nothing more than to spread her legs and offer herself to him. Harry, however, had other plans. His hips started moving faster, and his large head was steadily beating against her sensitive clit. Trained to not cover her nudity, she kept her arms at her sides. The result was the bouncing and jiggling of her C-cup breasts, which drew Harry's eyes. Hermione loved it when he stared at her breasts. While she was quite shy and unsure of herself, she did have to admit that she had very nice breasts.

Harry suddenly got a little too enthusiastic with his thrusting, and when he pushed forward again, the first couple of inches of his cock actually penetrated her. Hermione's back arched, and she squealed as the orgasm grew to new heights. Harry quickly pulled out and spread her legs wide. As her body bucked, she watched as he stroked his cock and aimed the head at her belly. Long ropes of cum shot out of the tip and streaked across her belly. With his free hand, he reached between her legs and massaged her throbbing clit. Hermione was in a world of her own. She was unsure of how long her orgasm went on, but when she finally calmed herself, she looked down at her belly and found it covered in his cum. Harry was still between her legs, breathing heavily. His cock was beginning to sag, and she could see that it was only partially erect. He then got up and walked away. Hermione took the opportunity to check out his naked bum. He came back with a damp rag and cleaned her belly. Hermione mewled and squirmed as the warm, wet rag glided over her soft skin. Once she was clean, Harry threw the rag in the hamper and climbed into bed with her.

Hermione didn't know what came over her, but she rolled over and draped herself over him. Leaning in, she attacked his lips and began sucking on his tongue. Almost instantly, his cock began to grow, and she felt it pressing against her womanhood. Harry's hands cupped her bum and squeezed. She gasped into his mouth as the cool air hit her asshole. Her lower half squirmed while desperately trying to rub herself against him. Hermione spent the next hour or so on top of him, kissing, licking, and sucking on his lips, tongue, and neck while Harry groped every inch of her naked body that he could reach.

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"See how this model walks ... Try to replicate that," Harry told her, handing her a magical picture. Hermione took it and studied it for a moment. A gorgeous, blonde woman was walking down a catwalk in lacy underwear. On her feet were a pair of black, four-inch high heels. The young woman made it look so easy. Hermione looked down at her own feet. On her legs was a pair of black, thigh-high stockings, and on her feet were similar-styled high heels that Harry had provided. Harry explained that their whole night together couldn't just include naughty fun. She still had plenty to learn beyond just physical intimacy.

Harry watched as she shakily got to her feet. She took a few steps away from the bed. The angle of the high heels did wonderful things to her bum as she walked. Hermione turned around, and Harry got a full-frontal view of her body. Her lovely breasts were slightly bouncing, and he could see the cleft of her pussy lips between her narrowly parted legs. In his opinion,

she looked extremely sexy in those black stockings. Harry was sitting on the edge of the bed with his legs slightly parted. His cock was sticking straight up as he studied her naked body. He fought the urge to start stroking himself. He reminded himself that he was trying to help the girl. He didn't bring her there for solely his own pleasure. Hermione wobbled and nearly fell over as she took another step.

"Careful," he warned. "Take it slow. Ginny had a hard time learning to properly walk as well. Before coming to me, she used to walk like her brothers," Harry joked, though it was the truth. "Not exactly sexy to look at," he finished. Hermione nodded and took a slow, deliberate step.

"One foot in front of the other," Harry told her. "Loosen up your body. You're too stiff," he said, standing up and taking the picture to her. "See how her hips sway sexily? That's how girls normally walk when they're nice and relaxed. Let your body do what feels natural."

"I'll try," she warbled as she turned and took another step. Hermione was walking the length of the room for over twenty minutes before she felt confident enough to walk a bit faster without the fear of falling on her face.

"Your hips are starting to look good," Harry said as he followed her from behind, his eyes still on her ass. Hermione walked to the other side of the room, her hips swaying hypnotically. Once reaching the end, she did a fairly graceful turn, and Harry's eyes moved to her breasts. Her little pink nipples were hard, and Hermione gave him a small, shy smile. After half an hour, Harry placed his hands on her hips and stopped her. "You'll be spending half an hour every day walking in heels until you can do it effortlessly," he told her. Hermione nodded in agreement. He gave her ass a smack and told her to walk to the bed. Hermione walked over to the bed, her hips bouncing from side to side. As she reached the bed, Harry told her to climb on. Hermione climbed on the bed and was about to roll over onto her back when Harry grabbed her waist and stopped her.

"Spread your knees wide apart," he ordered. Hermione quickly complied, opening her legs until her knees were far apart. "Okay, now press your chest to the bed and stick your ass up," he said. Hermione's face was bright red as her ass lifted into the air. His hands gripped her cheeks, and he pried them apart. She was wide open, and she knew that Harry could see everything. She tried to calm down by telling herself that there was nothing she had that he hadn't already seen ... or kissed ... or touched ... or licked. Her asshole was puckering from embarrassment, and her pussy was starting to get damp. She didn't have long to think about this though because soon after, she felt his tongue begin to lap at her pussy while the tip of his nose brushed against her tightest hole. Hermione shuddered against the bed and closed her eyes, content to enjoy her reward for a job well done.