

Rise in Popularity

Part 3

Hermione's eyes fluttered open, and she yawned. Sitting up, she removed her head from her warm pillow. She rubbed her eyes and felt a slight chill on her arms and chest. As she looked down and saw her naked breasts, she remembered where she was and what she had been doing the previous night. Her face became hot, especially when she saw Harry breathing evenly beside her, obviously still asleep.

"Oh, gosh!" she whispered to herself quietly while trying to fix her hair. It was still smooth and sleek from the hair product that she had used, but during the night, it had become a tangled mess. Not wanting him to wake up and see her in such a state, she slowly climbed out of bed while trying to not wake him. Once free, she scampered naked into the bathroom. Quietly closing the door, she opened the little toiletry bag that she had brought and furiously brushed her teeth. Next, she moved on to her hair. The hairbrush made her wince as she began untangling her hair from the bottom up. Her hair fluffed and bounced luxuriously as she removed the brush and shook her head. Satisfied with her hair, she then scrubbed her face clean. Stepping back from the bathroom mirror, she looked at herself. She had to admit that she looked much better than before she started seeing Harry. Just thinking about him made her tingle in certain places. Looking in the mirror, she could see her nipples crinkling and growing hard. Hermione looked away, not wanting to see her cheeks growing pink. A few minutes later, she exited the bathroom and went back to the bed.

Crawling next to Harry, she sat on her knees and stared down at his sleeping face. It was the first time she got to study him extensively without the fear of being discovered and seen as creepy. Her eyes studied his nose and lips. She traced the angular shape of his jaw with her eyes. Seeing his face wasn't enough for her anymore. Now that she had gotten her first taste of a sexual experience, Hermione wanted more. Grabbing the top of the blanket that was covering his body, Hermione slowly pulled it down. First, his muscular chest was exposed ... then his stomach. Her eyes feasted on his abs, and she was trying hard not to just give in and begin kissing those sexy bumps of muscle. She lowered the blanket even further until it was just past his knees. Hermione had gotten to the good stuff. She ran her hand along his thigh while staring at his soft cock. Even soft, it was still quite big ... not that she had any experience with another penis. Still, she was a smart girl and knew what the average size should be for a grown man. Harry should have been smaller than that, but he wasn't. Hermione studied every inch of him. There wasn't a hair to be found, which she was grateful for. Harry had said that girls appreciated it when boys took care of themselves down there ... and he was right.

Staring at his cock, Hermione couldn't help but think back to the night before and how he buried his face between her legs. She blushed deeply in the semi-darkened room. The way his tongue lapped at her folds and tickled her clit ... it was truly amazing, Hermione thought. That was an activity that she definitely wanted to continue with in the future, regardless of who her partner might be. Overcome with the sudden urge to repay his kindness, Hermione reached out with a

shaky hand and let her fingers brush against his soft penis. It twitched, and she quickly retracted her hand. Her eyes snapped to his face, and she found that he was still fast asleep. Trying it again, she captured it between her fingers. It was heavier than she thought it would be. Her thumb brushed under the head, and it began inflating. Hermione looked back at him and saw that he was still breathing steadily. She had been wondering what it would feel like to have it in her mouth. It was obvious that boys really liked being sucked, and she wanted to be accommodating to her future boyfriend, husband, or lover. Nervously, she lowered her top half and pressed her lips to the tip, giving it a soft kiss. She kissed it multiple times before gathering the courage to give it a lick. Her tongue ran across the tip, and it tasted slightly salty. Hermione got more courageous and began licking all around the head.

Her body shuddered when she felt a drop of warm liquid running down the inside of her thigh. She was aroused ... there was no denying that. Thinking about touching herself, she quickly stopped. That wasn't something she normally did. But then she reminded herself that she was trying to change. Her past behaviors were the reason why she was so shy and lonely. Harry wanted her to be more open and adventurous, and the thought of touching herself while sucking on him gave her a thrill that she had never felt before. Deciding to act and not overthink it, she reached down and slipped her hand between her legs. Her slender fingers found her slit. It was very wet. Her middle finger slid along the length of her slit until it accidentally slipped inside of her. Feeling very naughty, she decided that she had been stalling enough. Opening her mouth, she took half of his length into her. She moaned around his soft cock while pleasuring herself with her fingers.

Hermione found that she enjoyed the feeling of a soft cock in her mouth. She sucked on it hard and pressed her tongue against the side, finding it nice and squishy. Her fingers moved to her clit, and she began rubbing circles around the rapidly hardening bead. She was thankful that she was so wet. The slipperiness of her arousal made touching herself feel even better. Hermione experimented with his penis, sucking hard and pulling her head away from it. She giggled around his cock as it stretched. Pulling a little too hard, it slipped from her lips and slapped against his smooth lower belly. Hermione gasped as she moved her hand faster, flicking her fingers over her swollen clit. Seeing his large testicles, Hermione found herself wanting to play with them as well. She took them in her free hand and found them heavy as well. It was quite hot against the skin of her palm. Kisses were placed on his lower belly, and Hermione moved over a little, kissing him along the base of his penis. Without using her hands, she placed her lips to the head and used the suction of her mouth to suck it back in. Fondling his balls with one hand and fingering herself with the other, Hermione began bobbing her head for the first time. She felt it grow in her mouth while a soft moan escaped Harry's tired lips.

Unsure if she was doing a good job, Hermione continued with what she was doing. It was rapidly getting hard, so she supposed that she was doing something right. Hermione was forced to lean back a little ... it was getting too long. She jumped when she felt a hand cup her breast. Letting his cock fall from her lips, she looked at Harry and found his sleepy eyes staring at her. Hermione blushed and suddenly felt shy. His warm smile made her feel instantly better.

“That’s a pretty good way to wake me up,” he joked, which made her blush even harder.

“Am I doing it right?” she asked with her hand still wrapped around the base of his shaft.

“You’re doing pretty well for your first time. Go ahead and experiment with it,” he told her. She was about to take it back into her mouth when Harry stopped her.

“Bring your ass up here,” he instructed her, patting his chest. “I want to look at your pretty, little pussy while you suck me off,” he said in a tired and gravelly voice. Hermione found his morning voice to be quite sexy. Feeling incredibly embarrassed, she did what he said. She angled her body and threw one leg over his chest. With her knees on either side of him, her body was there for him to stare at or play with. She felt his hands slowly slide up the backs of her thighs, and his thumbs crept between her cheeks. His thumbs pulled apart, spreading her cheeks open. “Your pussy is so wet,” he stated as one of his fingers tickled her asshole. The tip of his finger traced the rim of her hole, making her feel even more naughty. Strangely, she wondered what her mother would think about her daughter’s sudden turn of events. No doubt she would think that she was too young to be trying such things, but Hermione didn’t care. She was tired of being the good, little girl that she had always been. Harry pressed the thumb of his other hand against the length of her slit and began moving it rapidly from side to side. Hermione moaned from the pleasure. The odd pleasure from having her asshole played with made her top half collapse forward. His cock was now fully hard and resting against her face as she panted.

“I can’t wait to fuck this little hole,” she heard him say as his finger brushed over her puckered hole. Wet sloshing could be heard, and Hermione knew that her pussy was absolutely soaked. Feeling very embarrassed, she turned her head and hid her face against his belly. As her lips pressed against his smooth skin, she couldn’t stop herself from softly kissing it. Feeling adventurous, she even started licking him a little.

“You’re already turning into a sex kitten ... aren’t you?” she heard his teasing voice. He then pressed the flat of his thumb against her asshole and began massaging it. Hermione’s eyes fluttered, and she moaned loudly. “Hermione ...” he called out and grabbed her attention. “My dick is feeling a bit lonely and neglected.”

Remembering what she was supposed to be doing, she lifted her body up slightly and grabbed his cock. Her head was soon bobbing, taking as much of him as she could.

“It’s not always about how much of it you can take into your mouth,” he told her. “Technique is very important as well. Use a lot of tongue and don’t forget the suction,” he gave her some helpful tips. Taking his tips to heart, she closed her eyes and thought about being in his position. What would she like if she were the boy on the receiving end of her ministrations? Hermione did to him what she thought she might like. Harry hummed in pleasure as her tongue wiggled against the head of his cock, and it instantly filled her with confidence. She felt him moving around, but she didn’t want to stop and see what he was doing. She was enjoying sucking him off too much to care.

However, she did momentarily freeze when she felt something slippery and wet touch her asshole. Her head just started bobbing again when she felt something push into her ass. Hermione squealed around his cock. Pulling away from it, she looked over her shoulder with wide eyes as Harry gave her a cheeky smile. He pulled his hand back, and she felt the intrusion move along with it. When he moved his hand forward, it penetrated her again. She then realized that it was his finger. Harry had his finger in her ass! She stood there in shock as his finger pistoned back and forth. Her body was trembling.

“How does it feel?” Harry asked her.

“S-Strange!” she squeaked as he hit a pleasurable spot. His other fingers were toying with her hard clit, sending spikes of pleasure through her body. Harry pushed his finger all the way in, and when he pulled back, she felt her ass squeezing his finger. Hermione inhaled deeply, trying to hold back the moan that was threatening to escape her lips. While the sensation of being fingered there was strange, she couldn’t deny that it felt good.

“Sounds like you’re enjoying it,” Harry teased her again. Hermione face burned red, and she wouldn’t dignify him with a response. Instead, she took his cock back into her mouth and started sucking. She was happy to hear his moans getting louder, though they were getting difficult to hear over her own moans of pleasure. After a few minutes of being fingered back there, the strangeness of the sensation had disappeared, leaving only a feeling of naughty pleasure. Her knees spread even wider, and Hermione arched her back, thrusting her ass into the air. She even started slowly rocking her body and fucking herself on his finger. Harry lovingly rubbed her lower back and praised her.

“That’s really good, Hermione. Let your body act the way it wants. Do what feels natural,” Harry told her while sliding his finger in as deep as it could go. Hermione hummed around his cock while her hand massaged his heavy sack. Her body was reacting to the pleasure, driving herself back harder and harder. Her asshole was clutching his thick finger as though it was a cock to be milked. An orgasm hit her suddenly, causing her hole to squeeze him tightly. Her eyes snapped shut, and she let out some kind of stupid-sounding noise that was really embarrassing.

“MmNgggh!” she grunted on his cock while her pussy convulsed.

“Stroke my cock with your free hand,” Harry gasped. Hermione’s hand acted without thinking. She wrapped her small fingers around his girth and began stroking it furiously while sucking on the head. She made sure to tickle the tip with her tongue while lights flashed behind her eyes.

“Here it comes!” Harry grunted. Hermione kept her lips around the head, wanting to taste him properly. She wasn’t expecting the flood of cum to pour into her mouth. With her mouth full, she quickly pulled off his cock even as another thick rope of cum shot from the tip, painting her face. Hermione swallowed loudly, drinking down his seed.

Her orgasm intensified when she felt his mouth attach to her pussy. She squealed loudly as Harry slurped down the pussy juice dripping from her quivering twat. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head. The feeling of his tongue slipping and sliding through her taut, wet lips felt exquisite, Hermione decided. She would have been happy if she could spend all day with his face between her legs. Sadly, that wasn't to be. A moment later, Harry gave her shapely cheeks a hard smack. She knew that was his way of telling her to get off of him. Unsaddling herself from his chest, Hermione sat on her knees with his cum still dribbling down her cheeks and chin. She watched as he got off the bed and stood up. Stretching, Harry didn't seem to mind that she was staring at his still-hard cock. "Let's go shower," he told her, walking to the bathroom.

'Shower ... together ...?' Hermione thought to herself. The idea was titillating. "Hermione?!" he called out loudly. Hermione jumped off the bed and scampered into the bathroom to enjoy his hands squeezing and caressing her naked, soapy body.

Rise in Popularity

"Hermione," she heard Ginny call out for her as she walked into the Common Room after a long visit to the school's library.

"Hey, Ginny. What's up?" she asked, walking over to the cute redhead.

"Harry sent you a package. He also asked me to help you out with it," Ginny smiled while holding a medium-sized box in her hands.

"Package? What kind of package?" Hermione asked in confusion. Harry hadn't told her anything about a package.

"Let's go to your room, and I'll show you," Ginny said, leading Hermione up the stairs and into the girls' section of the tower dorms. Once they were at her bed, they sat down on it. Ginny held out a box, and Hermione took it. She opened it up and found it filled with different types of makeup.

"When I went to Harry, he explained the importance of makeup. He said that I shouldn't overdo it, but a little makeup here and there would amplify my beauty. He was right," Ginny explained, looking down into the box. "He hooked me up with a seventh-year girl who taught me all about it. Harry asked me to do the same for you."

Hermione held up a bottle of nail polish and looked at the color in the light. It was very dark purple. "Nail polish is a must," Ginny giggled, holding out her hands. Her fingernails were painted a dark, wine color. "For your toes as well," she said, wiggling her shoe-covered foot.

"Both of us have very fair skin, so the best colors for us are the dark colors. They really pop against our light skin," Ginny told her. "Light pinks and such would just blend in and go unnoticed."

“With your face, I would suggest a light pink lipstick, mascara, eyeshadow, and a bit of blush,” Ginny said, digging through the box and pulling stuff out. “And a thin layer of foundation, of course,” she added. “Let’s go sit at the vanity!” the redhead chirped happily.

They spent a while experimenting with makeup to see what combination would give the best results. Then Ginny had to teach her how to put it on properly. As they did this, they chatted about Harry.

“So have you two done it yet?” Ginny wondered out loud while painting the fingernails on one of Hermione’s hands. Hermione was a bit embarrassed to talk about this stuff with Ginny, but it was way easier than it would have been before. Seeing her hesitance, Ginny giggled. “Come on, Hermione. Gossip is common among girlfriends.”

Hermione blushed slightly. “Not yet ... but we’ve done other stuff,” she honestly stated.

“Like what?” Ginny asked, looking down at her nails while lightly swiping the brush across each one.

“Well ... he’s licked me down there,” she started.

“It’s awesome, isn’t it?” Ginny giggled. Hermione blushed harder and nodded. “I haven’t been with many boys, but Harry is by far the best with his tongue.” Hermione readily agreed with her assessment. “Have you gone down on him?” she then asked.

“This morning,” Hermione told her, still feeling a little bit embarrassed about sharing so much.

“Did you like it?” asked Ginny. Hermione thought about it for a second.

“The act of doing it will take some time to get used to, but I liked making him feel good,” Hermione truthfully told her. Ginny nodded in understanding.

“Trust me ... Take the time to get good at it. Your future boyfriend will be very grateful,” Ginny wisely professed. “Anything else?” Hermione blushed beet red.

“Umm ... He stuck his finger ... umm ...” Hermione began but stopped when Ginny giggled even harder.

“He fingered your ass?” she asked, already knowing. Hermione nodded with very red cheeks.

“It felt really weird at first, right?” Ginny looked up with a smile.

“Harry did that to you as well?” Hermione asked, probably more surprised than she ought to be.

Ginny nodded. "He's getting you used to it and making sure you're stretched out before he sticks his dick in there. I know anal might not be for everyone, but personally, I think it's fucking awesome," Ginny giggled. "I've only let Harry take me there so far, but I still go back to him every so often and let him fuck my ass. It's brilliant."

"You still have sex with him? After your lessons were over, I mean?" Hermione asked, curious. Ginny nodded as she finished up Hermione's hand and moved on to the other one.

"Harry loves being single. Probably because so many girls want to fuck him. Having Harry in my back pocket is the perfect setup. I can go to him and get my rocks off as often as I want, and I don't have to feel like a slut about doing it. I visit him at least twice a week. It really helps to ease the stress from school ... Know what I mean?"

Hermione just nodded. Maybe she could have a similar arrangement when her lessons were over. Hermione could use a bit of stress relief.