

Before Graduation

Hermione checked her watch as she made her way through the darkened halls of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Thankfully, she had several hours before she needed to be in bed. As an upperclassman, she was allowed to stay out later than the younger students. Today she needed all the time that she could get. Her mission was clear, follow her friend, Harry Potter no matter what.

The boy had been sneaking around, and he was being quite shifty when she would ask him about it. What could be so secretive that he couldn't tell her? That's what she was planning to find out. She knew that he would be sneaking out that night and probably use his invisibility cloak while doing so. So in secret, she placed a Tracking Charm on him in hopes that she would be able to follow him at a distance. So far her plan was working out stupendously. When she pretended to go up to her room, she kept an eye on the paper that was linked to the Charm. It wasn't perfect, but it was good enough. When she saw him begin to move, she followed him out of the Common Room. Placing a Disillusionment Charm on herself, she hid from any prying eyes that might see her. She followed the very crude map and noticed that they were heading toward the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom. Was he meeting up with someone?

She waited and peeked around the corner. She heard him mutter Dissendium before a statue of a one-eyed witch suddenly moved out of the way revealing a secret passage. Knowing that she simply couldn't follow him at the moment, she decided to wait. Waiting wasn't her strong suit, but she did so anyway. She stood there tapping her foot impatiently for what felt like forever. After half an hour, she decided that it was more than enough time. Wherever he was going, he should have been there by now. She followed his example and went down into the passage. She kept following it until she came out in the cellar of Honeydukes. The scent of chocolate had her mouth-watering. Unfortunately, she wasn't here for sweets. Checking her crude map, she saw that he was somewhere down the road.

She escaped the shop unseen and followed the map until it led her to the Three Broomsticks. She crept up to the bar and looked through the window. With it not being a Hogsmeade weekend, the place was mostly empty with only a few people scattered here and there. Madam Rosmerta wasn't even working. Instead, a bar girl filled in. Checking the map again, she knew that Harry was in there. Remembering that there was a door around back that led up to Rosmerta's personal living space, Hermione snuck around behind the bar and silenced herself as she quietly walked up the stairs. Following the upstairs balcony around the corner, she checked every window that she could. When she checked the last one, she heard the muffled voices of two people, one male, and the other female. Thankful that the window didn't have any curtains blocking it, she peeped inside and waited. It wasn't long before a completely nude Madam Rosmerta hopped onto her bed and got on her hands and knees. Hermione blushed wildly when the shapely, older woman began shaking her voluptuous ass from side to side. She could see Rosmerta's thick cheeks clapping and rippling as she did so. What she never expected was for an equally nude Harry to drop down behind her and bury his face between her cheeks.

Hermione quietly gasped as a laughing Rosmerta reached back and grabbed the back of his head. Pulling his head tighter against her ass, she started bouncing her bottom up and down and grinding herself against her best friend's face. Hermione knew that she should leave, but for some reason, she was transfixed by the sight. Having no experience with this kind of thing, she watched with eager eyes and tried to learn everything that she could about sex. When Harry stood up, Hermione nearly fainted at the sight of his monstrous cock. From there, if she were to guess, she would say that he was at least ten inches and probably more. His cock was thick and girthy and ramrod straight. When he plunged into Rosmerta from behind, the older woman threw her head back and screamed. Unfortunately, Hermione couldn't hear anything that was going on in there.

Hermione watched until it was close to curfew. She made her way back to her dorm completely out of it. All that she could think about was what she just watched. As she laid down that night, she made a decision and made plans to talk to Harry about it the following day.

Sadly, the following day, she chickened out, but the next day was the weekend, which was probably better for her. As she and Harry were sitting in the back of the library in their normal spot, she gathered her courage and just let it out.

"Harry? I want you to take my virginity,"

Harry coughed as he choked on his own spit. "Pardon?"

"It's nearly the end of our sixth year. I don't want to graduate as a virgin," she told him straight up.

"But Hermione ..." he went on but was cut off by her.

"I know what you're going to say. I should wait for someone that I love and all of that. While that sounds good, who knows how long that's going to take? I've been thinking about it, and you're the obvious choice. Will you teach me about sex?" she asked as she turned her big, brown eyes on him. Harry obviously would never turn her down for something like that.

"Are you sure that's what you want?" Harry asked to make sure. When she nodded, they made plans for that night.

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"It's right through here," Harry told her, taking her to a spot where he took girls sometimes. As they opened the door to the abandoned classroom, Hermione gasped. It was nice and warm and clean with a large, comfortable-looking bed against the far wall.

"It's perfect!" she said happily and went to sit on the bed. Bouncing a few times to test it out, she looked up at him and smiled. Harry stepped up to her.

"Are you sure about this?"

"I told you ... yes," she reaffirmed once again.

"Okay then ... pull it out," he told her. She looked confused.

"Pull what out?"

Harry looked down at his jean-covered crotch. Hermione blushed when she realized what he meant. Her heart started hammering in her chest, and her hands trembled as she reached for the button of his trousers. She popped it open and lowered his zipper. Grabbing the waistband, she pulled them down and saw that he wasn't wearing underwear. His semi-erect cock flopped out as his pants lowered halfway down his thighs. She looked up at him once again as he bunched up her hair and held it in a ponytail.

"Use your mouth. Do what feels natural. I'll guide you as you go," Harry told her as her pink cheeks got even pinker. She nodded and leaned forward.

A million things were going through her mind as her shaky hand reached out and touched her best friend. This was the most intimate that she had ever been with anyone, and this was just the beginning. As her hand wrapped around his long but still floppy cock, she enjoyed the heat that was radiating from him. Placing one hand on his thigh, she used the other to start stroking him. She watched as his cock stretched but never got fully hard. Looking to him for guidance, he smiled and told her to put it in her mouth. Taking a deep breath, she opened her mouth and took him inside.

"Oh! That's nice," Harry moaned as he complimented her. "Place your tongue against the underside of my cock and use it to massage me."

She followed his directions over and over until finally, she was slowly bobbing her head while sucking him off. Her eyes widened when she felt him finally begin to harden fully. It grew bigger and bigger until she couldn't fit even half of it in her mouth. Harry chuckled and patted her head.

"A good first effort. I'll make sure that you practice every night until you become a pro," Harry told her. Hermione flushed red at his insinuation. Meanwhile, he was kicking off his pants and removing his shirt until her best friend was completely nude in front of her. She envied the way that he didn't seem self-conscious. Perhaps it was because he was already used to having sex with the busty barmaid that just happened to be a fully grown woman.

"Think it's time that I give you a bit of pleasure," Harry smiled and ushered her back to her feet. Standing up in front of him, Hermione nervously waited for him to start. She had spent several

hours trying to make her body as sexy as possible. Her eyes followed him as he dropped down to his knees. Like her, he grabbed the button of her tight jeans and opened it up. Grabbing her jeans, he lowered them down until they were just above her knees. She shuddered now that her white, cotton panties were on display to him. Leaning in, Harry lifted up the hem of her shirt and placed soft kisses around her belly button. As he did so, his hands slid up her shirt, and he cupped her bra-covered breasts in his hands.

"Oh, god!" Hermione gasped as her body began to shake. She let out a loud squeal when his tongue slithered into her belly button like a snake going into its hole. Her body jumped, but he steadied her by placing his hands on her panty-covered behind. His hands gave her soft cheeks a squeeze as his lips lowered. Hermione began rubbing her thighs together to help relieve some of her desperate aches as his kisses moved onto the front of her panties. Suddenly, she yelped as she was tossed onto the bed on her back. Harry pulled off her shoes and grabbed her jeans by the cuffs. He tugged and pulled, working them off until they were fully in his hands. He tossed them on a side table as he watched Hermione blush and squirm, covering the wet spot on her panties embarrassingly. He smiled and grabbed her foot. With a pull, her sock went flying before he did the same with her other foot.

Hermione didn't know what he was doing when he moved her feet down to his massive erection. When he sandwiched his cock between her soles and started thrusting, Hermione gasped at the naughty sensation.

"There's so much that I need to teach you," Harry told her as he violated her cute, little feet. "For now we should stick to the basics," he said and moved his hands to her knees. Spreading her legs apart, he moved her hand out of the way and exposed the wet spot on her crotch. Hermione nearly passed out when he lowered his head and kissed the wet spot.

"Harry!" she squealed and bucked her hips.

"You want more?" he smiled. Hermione desperately nodded. When he grabbed the front of her panties, she thought that he would respectfully slide them off of her. Instead, he pulled and tore them in half. With another pull, he tore them even further until they were in shreds. Hermione's pussy fluttered at the sight of such manliness. She studied him as his hand lowered, and his fingers gently brushed over her damp petals.

"Did you remove your hair just for me?" he smirked. Hermione blushed harder than ever before. Nodding embarrassingly, she spasmed hard when he pinched her hard and sensitive clit between his fingers. Out of nowhere, she was flipped onto her belly, and her bottom was lifted up. She tried to get on her hands and knees and look behind her, but she received a hard slap on the ass in return. "Face and chest on the bed," Harry ordered. "But first, lose the shirt."

"Okay!" she embarrassingly muttered, undoing her shirt with shaky hands. When she was only in her bra, she reached back and unclasped it. Letting it fall off her body, she displayed the sides

of her lovely breasts to him for the first time. After hiding her red face in the bed, she felt him caressing her hairless lips, and he even squeezed them together.

"You have such a beautiful pussy, Hermione," he complimented her. Hermione nearly came from hearing that. Her pussy was tingling so badly that when the palm of his hand cupped her dripping cunt, she began grinding herself against him. Harry whistled in appreciation.

"My my ... You want it badly, don't you?"

Hermione nodded while still hiding her face. When his fingers began vibrating, Hermione's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she pressed down hard on him, rolling her hips like a madwoman. "Harry, please!" she choked out as pussy juice smeared all over his hand. Her young body started bucking wildly while her pussy fluttered. She couldn't take the pleasure anymore and rolled onto her side, her body spasming. All she could do was let out a pathetic squeal when his vibrating fingers tickled her virgin asshole. She was suddenly rolled onto her back.

One of her legs was tossed over his shoulder while he kept her other leg pinned to the mattress. "Are you ready to become a woman?" he asked as he thrust his hips back and forth and rubbed the thick, bulbous head of his cock between her wonderfully pliable lips.

Hermione might have said yes, but she wasn't sure. The spikes of pleasure of having his cock rubbing her hard clit were too intense for her to be fully composed. Either way, it didn't matter. Harry placed the tip of his cock against her wet opening and slowly pushed in. Hermione arched her back and bit her lip sexily as she felt herself being stretched for the first time. When his cock bumped into her barrier, Harry just reared back and broke through. Crying out in pain, she continued wincing while Harry stayed still and lovingly rubbed her bare belly.

After a minute or so, Hermione squirmed and found that it didn't hurt as much anymore. "I think I'm ready," she said in a tired and rough voice. Harry's hands were caressing the entire length of her smooth leg that was draped over his shoulder when he nodded. Holding her body steady, he pulled back until only the head was in and pushed forward. Hermione breathed heavily as the dull pain was masked by the incredible pleasure that she started feeling. With every thrust of his powerful cock, Hermione's breasts would bounce and jiggle, drawing his eyes to them. She felt his hands move up her ticklish sides and encircle her beautiful B-cups. Hermione mewled sexily as his fingers gently pinched and toyed with her incredibly hard nipples. Harry suddenly pinched them, and she felt his fingers begin to vibrate again. Almost instantly, her pussy started tightening around his girth. He continued to thrust wildly into her harder and faster until a continuous squelching sound filled the room. Moving one hand down to her pussy, he let his vibrating fingers graze over her swollen clit.

"HARRY!" she screamed as she came so hard that her pussy nearly choked the life out of his massive cock. Harry stood no chance. Her pussy was simply too tight. Both moaning, Harry leaned forward and kissed her deeply while pushing as deep as he could. Hermione shuddered

when she felt the warmth of his cum filling her body. She suddenly felt incredibly tired as Harry broke the kiss and continued to kiss her bare shoulder and neck. Seeing that she was sleepy, Harry laid on his back and let her curl up next to him. He smiled knowing that there would be plenty of time to teach her everything that she needed to know.