

Her Birthday Surprise

Part 1

Harry Potter groaned in pleasure as he looked down. On their hands and knees were two girls. One was as pale as any other English girl, and the other had a darker and more exotic skin color. Two sets of lips slid back and forth over each side of his twelve-inch magnum cock. Lavender Brown pulled her lips from his cock as Parvati Patil moved her mouth to the head. Her tongue tickled the bottom side of the tip before she took him as far into her throat as she could. As she sucked and gagged on his cock, Lavender moved up to him. Kissing his neck as her hand rubbed his six-pack, she asked, "So are you going to do it?"

Harry smiled and decided to play coy. "Do what?"

"Take Hermione's virginity. I know that she's a major bookworm, and she never fixes herself up, but she's really cute. Besides, she's a good friend to Parvati and me," Lavender said, grabbing him around the base of his cock and slowly jerking him off while Parvati continued to deepthroat him.

"And she already agreed with your plan?" Harry asked. He didn't know Hermione all that well, but even he knew that that didn't sound like something that she would agree to.

Lavender nodded her blonde head. "It would be a wonderful birthday gift from me and Parv. She's already sixteen and still a virgin. If she doesn't lose it soon, she'll likely stay a virgin for years to come! That's just wrong!" Lavender said with some distaste. Harry chuckled at the sex-loving girl.

"You're going to give her the works before bringing her to my secret room?" he asked, groping Lavender's big, bare tit. He loved her large, pink nipples.

"We'll fix her up really nicely. You'll see," she promised.

"Okay ... fine. Arrange it for Saturday night. Tell her that she'll be staying from Saturday night until Sunday night."

Lavender squealed and hugged him tightly, mashing his face into her deep cleavage. He took the opportunity to motorboat the busty blonde just as his Indian friend straddled his lap and took his cock deep into her tight, little pussy.

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Hermione Granger was incredibly nervous now that Harry Potter had agreed. She wasn't going to lie. She had had a crush on him for the longest time. Now that she was going to spend twenty-four hours in his bed, well, anyone could see why she would be nervous.

Lavender stood her up and stripped her naked. It was Saturday morning and her two dorm mates were getting her ready for her big night. Parvati looked her over. "Madam Sneezezy's Hair Removal Cream?" she asked, looking at the bush that covered Hermione's mound. Hermione blushed beet-red.

"Definitely," Lavender replied. "Not just on her bush, but all over. Harry loves a smooth and sexy body," she smirked. Parvati smirked as well, knowing exactly how Harry liked her.

"What about her hair?" Parvati asked, running her fingers through Hermione's tangled, bushy head of hair.

"I have some special potions that should keep it calm for a couple of days at least," Lavender said, looking through her supplies.

"Makeup?"

Lavender shook her head. "Light makeup. Harry likes a more natural look, and Hermione is pretty enough on her own."

Hermione couldn't even bring herself to speak. She was too embarrassed by them fussing over her. "Did you break your hymen like we said?" she suddenly heard. Hermione nodded.

"Right after you told me to," Hermione confessed.

"Good," Parvati joined in. "You're going to be able to enjoy yourself a lot more now that the pain has been taken care of." Lavender nodded in agreement.

"C'mon. Let's pluck her eyebrows and paint her nails," Parvati said, sitting her down on the bed before the two girls surrounded her.

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Hermione's heart was hammering in her chest as she knocked on the door. With shaking knees she stood there for a moment until the door opened. Before her was her longtime crush, Harry Potter, who smiled at her. She felt her cheeks heat up as she stood there staring at him.

"C'mon in, Hermione," he told her and stepped aside. She took a deep breath and followed him in. She jumped slightly when the door shut behind her. She looked over her shoulder when Harry removed the school robe from her body. Underneath, she had followed the girls' advice and wore a Gryffindor school girl outfit that they had borrowed from a third-year. She blushed even harder when Harry whistled appreciatively behind her back.

"Not bad at all," he said, placing his hands right above her hips and giving them a little squeeze. Lifting one hand up, he moved the hair from her shoulder and exposed the side of her slender neck. Leaning down, he let his lips lightly brush over her warm skin. She was already shuddering when she heard him inhale her scent.

"Mmm ... You smell wonderful," he whispered in her ear as his hands traveled from her waist, up her sides, and onto her shirt-covered breasts. Hermione's body was trembling something fierce as she had a boy touch her in such a way for the first time in her life. Harry happily gave her pert tits a squeeze. Hermione leaned back against him and felt his erection rubbing against her bottom. "Your heart is beating fast," he discovered as his hand rested over her heart. "Are you nervous?"

Hermione blushed and nodded. "A little," she confessed and cleared her throat. "It's my first time." Harry smiled at her.

He leaned in and kissed the side of her neck. Hermione moaned and tilted her head to the side to give him more room to operate. Sadly, he didn't attack her neck the way that she was expecting. "Let's get a drink. It'll help calm you down," he told her.

"Isn't it against the rules?" she asked as he poured them both a generous serving of Ogden's Finest. He handed her the glass of firewhiskey and took a drink of his.

"Only if we get caught," he told her. Hermione nodded at his asinine way of thinking and took a big drink of hers. Immediately, she began coughing. Harry took the drink from her hand and patted her on the back until she composed herself.

"Beginners should always sip, not gulp," he explained and handed her the drink back.

"Thanks, Harry," she said and tried again, this time sipping. The alcohol went down easier and didn't burn as much. Having never drunk alcohol before, she soon began feeling the effects. Her inhibitions lowered, and she began a little more daring. While they sat on the bed, she didn't even notice that her hand had landed on his thigh, or that she was rubbing him dangerously close to his naughty bits. When the last drop of her drink was finished, he took the glass from her and stood her up.

He brought her over to an area of the room that had a big comfy armchair with a full-length mirror sitting in front of it. Pulling her in front of the mirror, he let his hands explore her body as he looked her over. Her hair was no longer the bushy mess but flowed over her shoulders in delicate, loose curls. He could see her chest rising and falling behind her white button-up shirt, and her black skirt looked dangerously short. His hands were already caressing her exposed thighs. On her feet were the regular Mary Jane style shoes that came with the uniform and knee-high gray socks. One hand continued to feel up her silky smooth thighs while his other hand slid up her belly and over her covered tits.

"You look very sexy," he whispered in her ear as he squeezed her breast. Hermione blushed and shuddered. With every deep breath, her already tight shirt threatened to pop a button or two. "The girls did a really good job on you. I might just decide to keep you as a regular bed partner," he teased as his fingers touched her panty-clad mound. Hermione was biting her lip to keep it from trembling. When his fingers brushed over her swollen and sensitive clit, her body jerked and she let out an audible moan. Smiling, Harry told her, "Take off your shirt."

With trembling fingers, she began to unbutton each pearl-white button. Just as she was working on the last one, he pried her shirt open and exposed her bare tits. "No bra?" he asked. Hermione shook her head.

"They said that you would like it better," she shakily confessed as Harry's hand gently traced the shape of her perky tits. She loved the sensation of his fingertips brushing over the delicate skin of her underboob. Her medium-sized, pink nipples were so hard that they were beginning to hurt. Harry looked down and watched the little nubs crinkle until they were rock hard. He reached up and pinched one, causing Hermione to jump and squeal. Harry chuckled and began taking his clothes off. Hermione watched with bated breath as first his shirt and trousers came off. When he finally got down to his boxers, she gasped out loud when he pulled them down and a monstrous cock sprang up and slapped him in the belly. She took a moment to study everything about it. It appeared to be at least ten inches, possibly more and was ramrod straight. It was incredibly thick and covered in angry veins that made it look menacing. She was more than a little intimidated by the sight. Being told of his length by the girls didn't compare with seeing this magnificent beast with her own eyes. She watched him sit in the chair and begin stroking his big, fat cock while looking at her.

"Take your shoes off and get comfortable," he told her. Hermione gulped and nodded. Working her shoes off with shaky hands, she finally was able to kick them off of her sock-covered feet. Feeling his hands on her hips, she gasped when she was pulled onto his naked lap. Immediately, she felt his erection slip between her legs. Looking down, she could see the monster snuggled securely between her creamy pale thighs. As it rested against one of her legs, she could feel the intense heat radiating off of it. Harry removed her unbuttoned shirt from her body and tossed it away leaving her topless. Placing his hands on her tits, he pulled her body against his.

"Relax," he sensually told her as her back pressed against his muscled chest. Hermione took a deep breath and let him work his magic on her. Slowly, his hands began massaging her naked breasts. She shuddered every time that his fingers brushed over her hard nipples. She felt him pinch her nipples between his fingers before he started tweaking them. Her pussy clenched tightly when she felt his soft lips touch her bare shoulder. She almost whined when his hands left her breasts and crept down her body. They didn't stop until they reached the exposed skin of her smooth thighs. His hands slid underneath her thighs, and he lifted her legs up and parted them. Hermione gasped as she saw herself being spread open in the mirror. She could see her white, cotton panties with a large, wet stain on the crotch. Blushing profusely, she tried to turn

her head away in shame but couldn't due to her body's position on his lap. "Keep your legs open," he told her. Hermione quickly obeyed his command.

Holding her legs open, she shivered as his hands slid down the inside of her thighs. Her heart nearly gave out when one hand grabbed the wet crotch of her panties and pulled them aside. With his other hand, he used two fingers to spread and hold open her plump, hairless lips. She had never been so embarrassed in her life. Here she was sitting on her crush's naked lap while he looked at her pink and wet insides. "Your pussy is such a pretty color of pink," he teased, which made her hole clench. Holding her open, he used his other hand to toy with her engorged clit. Hermione watched as his finger traced around the hardened nub before he flicked his finger over it.

"OH, GOD!" Hermione cried out and came. Harry smiled as her body spasmed and her exposed insides fluttered for him. She felt his entire hand cup her naked and quivering cunt. Letting her body go on its own instinct, she found herself grinding her cumming pussy all over the palm of his hand. She could hear the wet sounds of her flesh rubbing against his, but she was too far gone to care. The scent of her arousal, which was no longer trapped by the material of her panties, wafted up into her face which further added to the naughtiness of the situation. Trying desperately to rub her hard and aching clit against his hand, she groaned when her body was rearranged. Now sitting sideways on his lap, she lifted her legs up when he began sliding her panties off of her. She watched the white material slide out from underneath her short skirt and rise up until they were pulled from her feet. Letting her feet drop back down, she looked down at his raging erection. Opening her legs a bit to get a better look at it, she blushed fiercely when he smirked at her before wrapping her wet panties around the shaft of his cock. Grabbing her hand, he placed it over the panties and forced her to jack him off.

Slowly her hand moved up and down, transferring the juices from her panties to his cock. Suddenly, his hand found the back of her head, and he pulled her in for a kiss. Closing her eyes, she relished the feeling of kissing a boy for the first time. He eagerly began sucking on her tongue, and she did nothing to stop it. Wanting to please him, she moved her hand faster and faster. One of his hands was playing with her bare bottom while the other was caressing her naked breast. Out of nowhere, he moaned into her mouth and deepened the kiss. She felt thick, hot liquid erupt from his cock and land on her hand. She instantly knew that he had had an orgasm, but was confused when his cock didn't deflate. Instead, it was harder than ever. When she looked at his face, she gulped when she saw a look of pure lust. Squealing as he picked her up bridal style, she was carried to his big, comfy bed to continue their night of fun.