

Speak of the Devil

Chapter 10

Hermione was in bed trembling. About every ten seconds, she looked at the clock on her nightstand. She wasn't sure if she wanted time to stop or speed up. 'What was I thinking?!' she constantly asked herself as she lay there. 'Just a little bit of pleasure and I turn into the biggest slut in Britain,' she rebuked herself.

The truth was that the amount of pleasure she had felt wasn't little by any means. It was a lot ... and it felt incredible. 'The best feeling of my life,' she silently admitted. Just thinking about him made her cheeks heat up. 'Harry is so handsome and sexy ... and for some reason, he wants me.' This thought excited and scared her equally. Hermione didn't act like her normal self when she was around him. Normally headstrong and opinionated, all of that faded away when his fingers brushed against her bare skin, and she couldn't stop herself from submitting to his every whim.

'When he arrives, I should just tell him to go. I don't need his soft lips or his talented fingers. I don't need him to touch me and make me ...' Her thoughts quickly drifted back to just how wonderful the pleasure felt. She had never felt anything like it. It was exquisite, and it was addictive. Hermione was unable to lie to herself ... She wanted more. Her body was already reacting to the memories. The side of the mattress suddenly slumped, and she squeaked in surprise. Her hands gripped the top of the bedsheet that was covering her body, and she pulled it up until only her head could be seen. Harry was sitting on the edge of the bed, his emerald eyes practically peering into her soul. She wanted to say something, but her mouth just wouldn't move.

"I'm glad you've kept your promise," Harry smiled at her. Hermione's cheeks glowed pink, and her hands shook as she tightly gripped the top of the sheet. Harry scooted closer until he was right next to her. Her body flinched when he reached out and placed a hand on her covered chest. Slowly, his hand crept upward, and his open hand enclosed her throat. He didn't squeeze hard, Hermione noted, but it was hard enough to make her body react. Gasping at his brazenness, her pussy began to throb needily. His fingers tickled her jawline, and Hermione squirmed under the sheet. He then moved his hand down and grabbed the edge of the sheet. With a determined tug, the sheet was ripped from her body and tossed to the corner of the room. Hermione lay there, completely exposed, while his eyes greedily feasted on her nakedness. Just looking at her wasn't enough for him. His hand cupped the bottom of her perky breast, and he repeatedly flicked his thumb over the tip of her nipple. Her nipples crinkled and hardened into nubs immediately. Cutely biting her lower lip, all she could do was lay there and allow him to tease her virgin body.

Hermione didn't understand how he was able to manipulate her body in such a way. His hand left her breast and inched down her belly. Every step of the way, her skin tingled with electricity, and she was close to climaxing. When the tips of his fingers touched her smooth mound, her

legs parted, giving him permission to go even further. He didn't touch her there, though. Instead, she heard him chuckle.

"I think it's time you brought me some pleasure ... don't you think?" he teased her. Hermione looked at him in desperation. Her chest was heaving, and her little pink petals were shiny and wet. Harry stood up, and his clothes vaporized into a black mist and disappeared. He was now just as naked as she was. Hermione wasn't shy about looking at his body. This was, after all, the first naked man she had ever seen ... outside of medical books, of course. Harry was a sight to behold, she thought as her gaze lowered. His handsome face was followed by his muscular chest. She quickly wondered how hard his chest muscles were. Her hands were itching to caress them and find out. Next came his stomach. A six-pack wasn't enough to describe the sexiness of his stomach, Hermione truthfully determined. Visions of herself kissing and licking every muscle on his belly filled her mind and made her yearn with desire. Her heart fluttered when she looked even lower. There was no hair down there, she quickly discovered. What was there had her eyes wide and mouth agape. No words could describe the monster sticking out from between his legs. As long and almost as thick as her forearm, his penis was standing proud, stiff, and was pointing directly toward her pretty face. Hanging below them were two tennis ball-sized testicles that wouldn't have looked out of place on a stud horse. Hermione's face absolutely burned with embarrassment and shock. Was she expected to take that ... thing right up her ...?

"Over here, Hermione," he gently ordered. Her body was on autopilot, and she scrambled onto her hands and knees and crawled over to him. Hermione had no idea why she was acting like such a slut all of a sudden. Sitting on her heels right in front of him, she placed her hands on her thighs and waited for his instructions. She couldn't help but take constant, quick glances at the long, thick beast nearly touching the tip of her nose. Being so close to him, she could easily smell the scent of his body. Hermione verbally shuddered as his scent filled her. 'Why does he have to smell so good?' she thought desperately. If he were gross and smelly, it would have been easy to tell him to go away and leave her alone, but now, with his manly scent twisting her mind and dulling her sense of decency, it was a herculean effort not to push him down and jump on his erection like a woman possessed. She looked up at him when he bunched her long, bushy hair into a ponytail and held it in one hand. Her head was slowly pulled forward until her face touched the tip of his cock, but he didn't stop there. He kept pulling her against himself until his cock was pinned between his belly and her face.

Looking back, Hermione thought that maybe her brain had malfunctioned. She had acted so much out of the ordinary that she couldn't recognize herself. Perhaps she had been possessed by someone like Lavender Brown, who was more than willing to do filthy things in the bedroom. She knew it was a ridiculous excuse, but what else could have caused her to act in such a way? It certainly wasn't like her to start nuzzling the bottom of his shaft with her entire face while heavily breathing in his scent, but she couldn't deny that she had done it. Harry especially enjoyed it when she finally dropped the goody-two-shoes act.

"I knew there was a sex kitten buried somewhere inside of you," he stated joyfully while Hermione tilted her head to the side and attached her open lips to the middle of his shaft. He could feel her warm tongue sliding along his skin while she sucked on it hard enough to give him a hickey. Of course, no mark would ever appear on his demonly body. Moving his hips back and forth, he rubbed his shaft across her lips, leaving a trail of saliva along its length. When the tip of his head touched her lips, her hand shot out and wrapped around his girth. The fingertips of her small hand didn't even touch as she held onto him to keep him in place. She started sucking on the tip like it was a particularly tasty lollipop. Harry hummed in delight as her tongue wiggled against the underside of his head. Letting it go with a wet pop, she looked up at him. Her eyes were glazed over with lust.

"Sorry," she apologized. He could feel her warm breath tickling the head of his cock. "You just taste and smell so good," she said, feeling out of her mind.

"Don't apologize," Harry smiled down at her. "You're a natural. Let's see how good you can handle these," he said, mashing her mouth against his thick, bloated sack. Hermione's mouth immediately opened, and she took as much of his balls into her mouth as she could physically handle. Again, her tongue was lapping at his skin as she applied suction. Even though she was quite good at sucking balls, Harry could still tell she was inexperienced.

"Stroke me while you suck," he instructed. No sooner had he told her when her hand began pumping the length of his shaft. They were short, inexperienced strokes that didn't offer a whole lot of pleasure. Harry explained further. "Place your hand around the base and jerk it with long strokes."

Hermione removed her mouth from his sack and looked up at him. "Like this?" she asked, sounding unsure. Her hand began working his cock with deep, pleasurable strokes that made him moan.

"Excellent job. Now faster," he told her. Hermione beamed in pride after learning that she was doing it correctly. She started stroking him faster, and a muffled clapping sound filled the room. Hermione was mesmerized by the sight of her hand working his perfect cock, but she did look down at his unattended balls with longing. They were bouncing around, still wet with her saliva ... tantalizing her. She wanted them back in her mouth, and the taste was too good to pass up. Leaning down, her tongue snaked out of her mouth, and she began licking every inch of him that she could reach. Harry chuckled merrily at her desire to taste him and decided to reward her. He reached between her slightly parted legs and lightly pinched her throbbing clit. Hermione squeaked loudly against his balls while her grip tightened around his cock. Rolling the little nub between his fingers, he pumped his power into her. Hermione's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she flopped backward onto the bed. Her legs were spread wide apart, giving him full access to her dripping slit. Her little pussy was perfect, Harry thought. It was a small slit between two puffy, hairless lips. Her inner lips were light pink in color and barely stuck out from between the outer. It was a pussy made to be fucked fast and hard.

Grabbing the backs of her thighs, Harry lifted her into his arms. Her chest pressed against his, and her arms instinctively wrapped around the back of his neck. His hands moved to her ass while her legs wrapped around his waist. Hermione surprised him by trying to rub her wet pussy against his straining erection. As she wiggled in his grip, her hard nipples rubbed against his muscled chest. "Place the head at your entrance," Harry commanded while lifting her ass, and Hermione quickly acted.

She reached underneath her bottom and blindly felt around until she found his shaft. Taking it in hand, she inexpertly dragged it along her pussy, not finding the right spot. After a few seconds of trial and error, she finally found the right spot. She held his shaft tightly, keeping the tip of his cock pressed firmly against her slick hole. Harry eased her down, and she squeaked and buried her face against his shoulder as she was stretched for the first time. "Your pussy feels amazing," Harry complimented her as her slippery walls were dragged down his length. When his cock hit her cervix, Hermione bucked in his grip, and her pussy tightened. He stopped and let her rest for a moment.

Hermione was breathing raggedly as she held onto him tightly. A million different things were floating through her mind. The biggest of which was the fact that she was no longer a virgin. In her younger teen years, she always imagined saving herself for marriage. She would have sex for the first time on her honeymoon with the man she loved. They would be in a nice, warm bed with a romantic fire crackling in the background. She never imagined that her first time would be like this ... getting used like a sex toy. Still, she wasn't complaining because the moment his cock touched her cervix, her insides clamped down while shuddering through the first orgasm of the night. She cried out against his sweet-smelling skin as her silky walls pulsed and massaged his invading shaft. Suddenly, the hands on her ass lifted her body, and her walls were dragged up his thick pole. The sensation was excruciatingly exquisite, Hermione decided as her orgasm grew stronger. Then the bastard decided to let go of her ass. Hermione squeaked in fright and clung to him tighter. Her ass dropped back down, and her tight walls scraped pleasurably along his shaft. Hermione heard her pussy squelch loudly, but she was too distracted by the orgasm to care.

"Oh, god ... Oh, god ... Oh, god ..." she chanted over and over again, causing Harry to laugh boisterously. He gave her shapely cheek a hard slap before grabbing her ass again. The way her thick cheek rippled from the strike pleased him to no end. "Please, no!" she cried out, begging for a reprieve, but it was too late. Her pussy was being dragged up his pole again, and like before, her body was unceremoniously let go. The wet squelch as her pussy was stuffed full once again was perverse and lewd, but Hermione was beyond caring. The fat head of his cock mashed against her g-spot, making her lightheaded with pleasure. "HHNNNNNNG!" Hermione grunted, trying to keep from screaming. Her body went numb while her pussy practically sucked him off. No longer having the strength to hold on, Hermione's grip around his neck slipped, and she found her top half falling backward. Quick, strong hands gripped her slender waist, and Hermione found herself staring up at the ceiling while her body thrashed and spasmed uncontrollably. Gravity and a lack of strength made her back bow. With the top of her head now pointed at the ground, all she could see was the side of the bed. A line of drool escaped her

open maw and rolled up her cheek. Harry didn't seem to care that she was on the verge of passing out. He didn't care that her pussy was sending bolts of pure pleasure up her spine. He certainly didn't care that she was so lightheaded that she couldn't even utter a comprehensible word. All the gorgeous bastard cared about was sating his own perverse desires, and he had chosen her body as a tool for that.

The crazy part, Hermione decided, was that she just didn't care. For the first time in a very long time, she wasn't worried about getting good grades or pleasing her teachers. She wasn't worried about the war or Neville's safety. All she wanted was to continue being his lover. Hermione never wanted to leave his arms, and at that moment, she wanted him to remain inside her for the rest of her life. Her vagina definitely agreed with her, she thought with a bit of amusement and embarrassment as it squeezed his thrusting cock and possessively hugged the outside of his shaft. Of course, she couldn't see herself getting fucked ... not with her head upside down. She could, however, feel every inch of his glorious cock beating against her cervix and rubbing against her g-spot. A wheezing gasp left her lips when he started fucking her like a horny rabbit. His thrusts were so rapid that her breasts were vibrating. This, in turn, pleasurefully stimulated her hard nipples. She was then lifted back up, and her chest flopped uselessly against his. Mercifully, he gently laid her down on the bed and pushed her knees wide apart.

Hermione was finally able to look down between her legs. Her pussy was stretched so widely around his huge cock that it appeared it might tear. Whimpering pathetically, she gripped the sheet on the mattress and clutched it tightly. Harry slowly drew his hips backward while her walls refused to let go.

"Holy shit, you're tight!" Harry stated happily. Indeed, her inner lips were almost attached to him by that point. As he pulled back, they stretched away from the rest of her pussy until they could no longer hold on. Slowly they slid down the length of his shaft, leaving a snail trail of fragrant pussy juice. When only the head was still in, Harry hooked his arms underneath each of her knees and folded her body into a breeding position. Hovering over her, his lips were softly brushing against hers. Hermione's eyes rolled into the back of her head as his cock sank deeply into its new home. Again, her pussy was holding onto him tightly, wanting to keep him in. She wrapped her arms around the back of his neck and licked him across his lips, wanting to taste him again. He must have seen the desperation and pure lust in her eyes.

"It's only your first time, and already you're acting like a needy slut," he amusedly teased her while softly kissing her lips and chin. His hips were moving slowly, relishing every inch of her silky tunnel. Hermione didn't contest his opinion. Instead, she arched her back and came on him again. His cock was a complete mess, he knew. It was covered in a thick coating of her hot girl-cum. As Hermione's head tilted by, and she squealed in pleasure, Harry's lips found her throat. He began kissing and licking her salty skin, which made her pussy flutter even more. "But I don't mind," Harry added. "As long as you're MY needy slut," he said.

His slow thrusts began to pick up the pace. Hermione's hands gripped his muscled biceps as she choked through another orgasm. She wasn't sure how many she had already had. "Will you

be mine, Hermione?” he asked her, sucking hard on her neck while his hips rocked back and forth. He was now steadily pistoning into her, producing a wet suction sound that filled the room. Angling his thrust, he hit her g-spot again.

“YES!” Hermione cried out while cumming. Her toes curled painfully, and her back arched, driving the back of her head deep into the mattress. Hermione could feel herself squirting around him. His cock was slamming into her and pounding against her cervix. Finally, he thrust all the way in and released. She felt her insides become flooded with warmth. Harry let go of her legs and grabbed her around the middle. Rolling over, she was pulled directly on top of him while he continued to pump her full of cum. Trembling and spasming, she quickly ran out of energy and collapsed onto him. Harry slid his hands down her nude back and cupped her bum. He then kissed her deeply. She was barely conscious but was still able to kiss him back for a second before finally passing out while her pussy continued to milk his cock.