

## Transformation

### Chapter 1

Hermione Granger was a sad and lonely girl who had just started her sixth year at Hogwarts. She had very few friends and only talked to Luna Lovegood with any regularity. She had hoped that eventually she would make friends and be able to have a small group of people similar to her, but that never happened. Now she feared that she may graduate without experiencing the best things about school, friendship, romance, and all that other stuff.

That's what brought her to this seldom used corridor in an out-of-the-way area of the castle. She was following her crush, Harry Potter. She sighed while thinking about him. He had everything that she wanted. He was good-looking and popular, and he even had worldwide fame! He was the best up-and-coming Quidditch player in the country as well, not that she cared about sports. The only thing was that he was a bit of a ladies man. Okay, he was a major horndog, she corrected herself. He was often seen with different girls who would practically throw themselves at him. Hermione knew that many of the boys in school talked bad about him behind his back. She also knew the reason was that they were insanely jealous of his fame, Quidditch skills, and especially his way with the girls.

Hermione herself wouldn't claim that she was in love with him, or some such nonsense. No, she just liked him and thought that he was cute. She also dreamed that if she could be with him, then maybe her life would somehow become better. It was a silly dream, but she couldn't help herself.

That night, she had followed him to this corridor from a distance. He had brought the slut, Lavender Brown along. Obviously, he was using the ditzy blonde for his own pleasure. In fact, she knew that to be true. She could hear them going at it from behind the door. When she noticed that the door hadn't been shut all of the way, she silently crept over and peeked in. What she saw had her blushing furiously.

The slut, Lavender was on her back, draped over the teacher's desk. Her chest and head were hanging over the end while Harry was furiously thrusting between her parted legs. Hermione could see the glint of wetness clinging to his cock as he pistoned in and out of the buxom whore. Lavender looked to be in the throes of passion as her eyes fluttered and her tits bounced. Whorish squeals of delight left her pretty lips as she was brutally fucked. Hermione could hear the wet squelching of a tight pussy being stuffed full of cock, and she was embarrassed to say that she found the sound fascinating. She wondered if her own body would create a similar sound when being made love to. She continued to watch as Lavender shuddered and spasmed through orgasm after orgasm. Wild, toe-curling screams of pleasure left her mouth as her pussy fluttered over his cock.

Hermione was fascinated by Harry's member. From what she could see, it was long and thick. It looked to be veiny and throbbing as it continuously sank into Lavender's pink depths. It wasn't

only the sounds coming through the doorway. It was also the smells. She could smell the arousal that was coating Harry's cock as he slammed repeatedly into her g-spot. When she heard Harry finally grunt, she knew that he had finished inside of her. Getting up, she snuck around the corner and waited for them to leave. After a few minutes, she saw Lavender's disheveled form exit but not Harry's. She waited a few minutes longer, but he never left. Suddenly, she was startled when someone grabbed her shoulder from behind.

Gasping loudly, Hermione turned to see Harry Potter smiling at her. Blushing furiously, she failed to say anything as her voice suddenly didn't seem to work.

"Hermione Granger," he said. Hermione's heart fluttered from the knowledge that he knew her name. "It seems that you've been following me lately," he told her. Hermione continued to blush as she sputtered out some nonsensical excuse that no one would ever believe. "Let's go talk," he said. He grabbed her hand and dragged her into the room.

Hermione's heart was beating a thousand times a minute as his warm hand encircled hers. He pulled her into the room where he had just finished fucking Lavender Brown. The smell of sex was strong as they stopped in front of an empty wall.

"This room hasn't been used by a teacher in close to a hundred years. Teachers back then used to sleep in secret rooms attached to their classrooms. That fell out of fashion, however. If you can find an old classroom, then it's likely that the secret bedroom is still there ... just hidden. Fortunately, I'm good friends with the school Elves, and they showed me this room and taught me how to access the bedroom," Harry explained to her, which she found fascinating. Hogwarts: A History never mentioned the classroom thing. That wasn't surprising considering she only read the newest edition. The older editions probably mentioned something about that.

Harry waved his wand and suddenly, a door appeared. Opening the door, he ushered her into the bedroom. Looking around, she saw that it was fairly sparse. There was a large, comfortable-looking bed, a dresser, and a large couch. There were also two other doors. "A closet and private bathroom," Harry explained.

He sat down on the couch and pulled her down with him. Sitting next to him, her face continued to keep its pink tinge as she looked at his handsome face.

"Now ... Hermione," he said. "I know that you have a crush on me. Don't deny it. I've seen you looking at me and know that you've been following me around," Harry told her. Hermione kept quiet as she was too embarrassed to say anything.

"What I want to know is ... is there any other reason that you keep following me around? Luna Lovegood mentioned something about you wanting to be cool," Harry said.

Hermione's face couldn't have been any redder. She didn't know that Luna knew Harry. She also knew that Luna never thought before she spoke and rarely ever lied. Finally, Hermione

confessed and told him about her fantasy to be with him and become cool enough to have friends. Harry nodded.

“I’ll make you a deal,” he finally said. “I’ll make you popular enough that you can get whatever you want, but in return, for the rest of our time at Hogwarts, you’re mine to do with as I please.”

Hermione gasped and looked at him with wide eyes. Harry went on.

“Before you answer, keep in mind that I’m going to continue seeing other girls. And when I say whatever I want, I mean it. Your mouth, pussy, and ass are all mine. We’ll definitely be having threesomes with other girls ... just so you know. In return, I’ll teach you how to act and dress, and even introduce you to people so that you can make connections that will improve your life, not only at school but even after graduation.”

“Yes!” left Hermione’s mouth just as soon as he finished, which caused her further embarrassment. Harry raised an eyebrow.

“You don’t want to take time to think about it?” he asked her. She shook her head.

“I’ve thought enough about it. I’m tired of being alone. As far as the other stuff ...” Hermione blushed beautifully. “ ... I can get used to it,” she finished. Harry smiled at her.

“Alright then, let’s see if you mean what you say.” Harry kicked off his shoes and shrugged off his robe. Hermione was met with his completely naked body. Her eyes immediately lowered to his huge, throbbing penis that was sticking straight out. She was still in a daze when she realized that Harry was peeling her clothes off as well. With shaky hands, she helped him.

Once she was stripped to only her bra and panties, he reached behind her and popped open her bra. He grabbed the front of the boring white material and pulled it off. His eyes lingered on her naked chest, and she fought the urge to cover herself. “You have beautiful breasts,” he confessed. Indeed they were.

While they weren’t big, they were quite perky and wonderfully shaped. Her nipples were a light pink that was only a few shades darker than her skin tone. They were the size of sickles and looked to be slightly puffy. He raised a hand and rubbed one with his fingers. Hermione gasped at her first sexual experience beyond self-masturbation. She was breathing heavily and shuddering as his finger rubbed circles over her little, pink nipple. Soon enough, it had hardened into a little peak.

“I love puffy nipples,” Harry told her, leaning down and kissing her breast. Harry moved away and sat on the couch. He patted his lap and told her to hop on.

Nervously, she moved over to him, and he helped her onto his lap. Her legs were pressed together tightly as the back of her head rested on his broad, muscular shoulder. Harry’s hands

slipped between her smooth thighs and parted her legs widely. Without wasting time, his hand slithered down, and his fingers threaded through her thick pubic hair. As he softly scratched at the skin of her mound, he said, "Tomorrow I'll show you how to properly remove this hair. If you're going to be my personal toy, then I want you completely hairless."

Hermione flushed but nodded. When his finger accidentally bumped into her hard clit, she squealed and bucked her hips. Harry chuckled. Suddenly, his fingers were pressed hard into her clit. Slowly he moved them in circles causing Hermione's back to arch as she squeaked in pleasure.

"Mmm ... you like that, do you? Such a naughty girl. We'll get to that soon enough, love," he told her sensually, kissing the side of her neck while his other hand squeezed her perky tit. "First, I want to show you something."

Harry removed the hand from her pubic hair and grabbed his Beater Bat sized cock. He began moving it up and down, slapping her hairy pussy with the top side of his fat shaft. Hermione was gasping as it battered her swollen clit. Harry grabbed her hand and placed it on his shaft. "Stroke my cock while I show you something," Harry ordered. Hermione immediately did what she was told.

She saw him raise his wand and wave it. What looked like a photo album flew out of his dresser and hovered right in front of them. Hermione was watching as her hand worked his cock with long, steady strokes, which he seemed to like. She jumped when his hand suddenly touched her damp slit. "Keep beating me off," he told her, and she realized that her hand had stopped moving. Resuming her activity, she watched as the book opened. She gasped when she saw the first picture.

It was a moving picture of Daphne Greengrass. She was completely nude and curled up on her side as her body spasmed uncontrollably. Hermione could see semen leaking out from between her butt cheeks. Her face turning beet-red, she didn't get a chance to comment before the book turned its page. Next, she saw her friend Luna. Hermione couldn't believe that. Gentle Luna was rubbing her feet up and down the length of Harry's massive cock while she was playing with her own wet pussy.

"Your friend Luna has such cute, little feet. I love fucking them. She seems to love it as well," Harry whispered to her before sucking on the sensitive skin of her neck. The page turned once again. This time she gasped in shock.

Her professor, Aurora Sinistra was on her knees, naked while looking up at the camera. Harry was thrusting his hips back and forth as he fucked her mouth. She couldn't believe that a teacher would do that, let alone agree to be filmed. Harry seemed to know what she was thinking.

“It took a while to seduce her, but now she’s one of my favorite fuck toys. She loves taking it up the ass,” Harry told her, his thumb rubbing her hard, aching nipple. Another picture appeared.

Hermione shuddered as the former Prefect, Penelope Clearwater was on her back with her heels above her head. Her pussy and ass were clearly on display. She had a look of pure arousal on her face as Harry’s hand was viciously rubbing her pussy. Suddenly, her toes curled and her mouth opened in a silent scream as her pussy began spraying liquid all over the place, including the camera lens. Hermione was so worked up that she finally had enough.

Crying out, she smacked the hand that was playing with her pussy out of the way before she pressed the top-side of his shaft against her wet pussy. Shuddering violently, she ground her pussy against his cock as she moved her hips back and forth. She was shivering and stuttering out incomprehensible slurs as her pussy ejected a few sprays of pussy juice on his cock and her body was thrashing around.

She was a bit out of it and failed to realize that Harry had placed her on the bed. When she finally came to, she saw that he was far from done with her. As he hovered over her, all she could do was squeak and spread her legs as he settled between them.