

Harry the Head Boy

Chapter 6

Harry pinched the area between his eyes for what felt like the hundredth time. He didn't know why he was acting like this. He wasn't some sex-starved virgin. Hell, he had spent the night having sex with Ginny. He should be at his wit's end. Unfortunately, that's how Hermione had made him feel. He wanted her bad, and he wanted her now. He had spent most of the day just staring at her. She had such a pretty face, and just the sight of it made him smile. The sight of her tight, little body made him hard, however. More often than not, his perversions outclassed his tenderness when it came to girls. He loved Hermione more than anyone, but right now all he could think about was covering her pretty face in his cum. He sat through class after class not being able to concentrate on anything other than her. Just her smell alone nearly drove him mad with desire. He guessed that it was because she had denied him that morning. She never denied him anything when it came to sex. Now, because he couldn't have it, he wanted it that much more.

He turned his head and looked at his lovely friend. Her big, beautiful eyes were on the teacher as her hand hastily scribbled words on her long roll of parchment. Harry shook his head. He really needed to hold it together. He was the Head Boy after all. He was supposed to be leading by example. Harry wanted to snort. Let any other boy try to sit by Hermione's sweet-smelling body and see if they could concentrate. He guessed not. His eyes lowered. Hermione had her school robe open and her legs crossed. Her plaid skirt was riding up her creamy, pale thighs. The vision of their smoothness had his cock hard. He squirmed while trying to control himself. Harry took a deep breath and tried to center himself. He really needed to practice at Occlumency. Hermione shifted her body, trying to get comfortable. Doing so caused her skirt to ride up even further, showing off nearly her entire thigh to him. He gulped noisily and was surprised that Hermione didn't turn to look at him. Thankfully for Hermione, they were sitting in the back of the classroom. Nobody would be able to ogle her gorgeously smooth leg. They wouldn't be able to see Harry's gargantuan tent springing up from his trouser covered groin.

'C'mon Harry! You can do it. Control yourself,' he urged himself on. He placed his fingers on his temples and closed his eyes. He hummed what was supposed to be some Indian mantra while slowly rubbing his temples. That did make Hermione finally look over. She saw what he was doing and looked down to see his massive erection and she snorted and held back a laugh. She didn't know why he was acting like that. At least she didn't until she realized that she was showing off a whole lot of leg. She rolled her eyes then smirked knowing that she could have a little bit of fun with him. She turned away from him and waited until she peripherally saw him open his eyes. "Innocently", she placed her hand on her thigh and lightly stroked it. She had to be careful as her hand playing with the smooth, tender skin of her thigh felt really good, and she didn't want to turn herself on too much. She still had to pay attention in class after all.

Harry brushed the light drops of sweat beading on his forehead as Hermione's small hand played with the delicate skin of her sexy leg. He tried to look away, but her smooth skin along

with the knee-high socks that she was wearing captured his attention like never before. Then she moved her hand and accidentally exposed the rest of her leg along with her silky panties. He didn't know if he was imagining it, but he could have sworn that he smelled the scent of her intoxicating arousal. Unable to control himself any longer, he placed his hand on her thigh. He watched for her reaction. She turned to him and raised an eyebrow. He did his best to smile at her, but she just rolled her eyes at him and turned back to the teacher. Seeing as she didn't say no, he slid his hand up and down the smooth skin. The flesh of her inner thigh was incredibly soft and smooth. He heard Hermione's breathing rate increase when he began using the tip of his finger to draw patterns on her creamy inner thigh. His fingers explored her from her knee, all the way up to the edge of her panties. He could definitely smell her arousal now. It was hard to miss. He knew her scent better than she knew it herself. He let his hand slide back down to her knee.

Hermione blushed when his fingers slid around to the back of her knee. Her pussy tingled as he affectionately played with the sensitive skin behind her knee, and her panties became damp when he tickled her there. She gasped lightly, trying to keep her voice down which was very difficult. His other hand joined into the fun and started pawing at her panty-covered pussy. Hermione bit her lower lip to keep from moaning. She wanted to tell him off about being inappropriate during class time, but she couldn't do so without letting out a loud, whorish moan and alerting the entire class to the situation. Hermione's body shivered as his fingers danced over the soiled material of her underwear. She clamped her thighs shut when his finger began rubbing her aching clit. Unfortunately, that trapped his hand between her legs, and he continued to caress her hardened bundle of nerves. Hermione had to continuously and secretly wave her wand to vanish the scent of her pussy juice. It wouldn't do for her to be found out.

She wanted to kick herself for not wearing a bra today. Her sensitive nipples were so hard, and every time that they rubbed against the inside of her loose shirt, it caused a pulse of pleasure to shoot straight to her already dripping pussy. Her body shuddered when Harry took things to the next level. His hand slipped down into her panties. No longer was there a barrier between them, and the skin on skin contact felt even better to her. Now she had to deal with the distraction that the wet sounds coming from between her legs were causing. Hermione desperately tried to pay attention to the lecture the professor was giving. Of course, Harry's fingers gliding between her damp lips were making things difficult for her. Subconsciously, she parted her legs slightly. She unknowingly wanted him to keep going at that very moment. The naughtiness of the situation was turning her on even more. Her quill nearly snapped in her hand when Harry started working on her clit. Around the edge of her sensitive nub his fingers traveled, never directly touching it, but stimulating it nonetheless. Hermione let out a shuddered breath then swallowed a lump in her throat. Her eyes began fluttering as she felt a very strong orgasm approaching. Her tight, little body squirmed in anticipation. Harry's fingers, no longer content with just gliding over her outsides, penetrated her as deep as they could go. A moan passed through her plump lips, and she spread her thighs wide letting Harry know exactly what she wanted. Harry's hand was exploring every inch of her exposed skin as his other hand pumped up and down and in and out, rubbing her G-spot in a way that he knew that she loved.

Harry heard Hermione quietly babbling to herself as she opened her legs to him. He roughly finger-fucked his best friend, thanking his quick thinking when he cast a slight confundus charm on their little area. The squelching of her pussy was a sound that would never get old to him. Her drenched pussy gripped his fingers as he pulled out and gave resistance when he pushed them back in. He curled his fingers and smiled as Hermione mewled. He knew all her favorite spots. Soon, his hand was moving rapidly, and Hermione was squirming in her chair, mewling like the horny sex-kitten that she was and bucking her hips when he hit a very pleasurable spot.

Hermione's eyes widened when her pussy clamped down on his invading fingers, and she had to stuff her fist in her mouth to keep from squealing out. She could feel the juices escaping her horny cunt, drenching her panties and wetting the chair that she was sitting on. Her body spasmed as her orgasm rolled through, making her thrash when he touched her clit. Finally, it was too much and she gripped his forearm to stop him from fingering her anymore. "Enough!" she whispered huskily, breathing deeply. Harry just smiled and pulled his wet hand out of her panties. He didn't remove them completely, however. He still kept his hands on her legs, playing with the back of her knee, and rubbing her thigh. Hermione kept her legs spread and allowed him to continue. It felt good after the intensity of her orgasm. Before she knew it, the class was over. She had missed a good chunk of it, and she wasn't able to finish her notes! Hermione glared at him and huffed. She would make him pay for that. They both straightened themselves up and left for their suite.

Harry was glad that that was the last class of one of the longest days of his life. He and Hermione walked side by side, not saying a word as they made their way back to their rooms. Once inside, he saw Hermione turn to him to say something. She probably wanted to berate him for making her miss some of her notes. That was his payback for her not giving him wild sex that morning. While normally he found it amusing to hear her tell him off, right now he didn't want to hear it. He didn't want to talk, and he definitely didn't want to listen. He tossed his bag on the ground and walked determinedly to Hermione.

Hermione was about to tell him off for fooling around during class when he walked right up to her and grabbed her by the ass, claiming her lips in a passionate kiss. She squeaked into his mouth as he lifted her up, making her skirt ride up. Harry pinned her against the wall and roughly pulled her panties out of the way. Hermione squealed when she felt his very big cock slip into her still wet tunnel. She couldn't say no even if she wanted to. He was already spearing her folds as she grunted into his mouth with every thrust. His hands were roughly groping her delicate ass as he pounded her sweet pussy. Hermione was able to break the kiss to moan deeply and bury her face in his shoulder. "Fuck, your pussy is so tight, Hermione," Harry whispered huskily into her ear, causing her face to burn red. His dirty talk could still make her embarrassed. What he said was true, however.

Hermione was indeed tight. Secretly, it was something that she was proud of. She liked being tight for him. She loved bringing him as much pleasure as he brought her. Hermione could feel the tightness as he penetrated her folds over and over. Her pussy would grip him tightly, desperately trying to keep him inside before he slid back in, spreading her walls and earning her

another moan from his lips. Feeling a little affectionate, she rubbed her face against the side of his neck as he continued to fuck her. Her tongue lashed out and licked him repeatedly before her lips clamped down on him, and she kissed, licked, and nipped at his skin.

Harry, being in the throes of passion, pinned her against the wall and made sure that she wouldn't fall before removing his hands from her ass and ripping her shirt open. Buttons flew everywhere as Hermione squealed. Harry was bouncing her on his cock with both hands as his mouth devoured her jiggling tits. Hermione was mewling as his lips and tongue stimulated her erect nipples, and her tight, wet cunt was being stuffed full of cock. Her pussy was squeezing him tightly, and he knew that she was about to cum again. Pushing her against the wall, he thrust as hard and as fast as he could, earning cries of pleasure from her. The wet squelching of her pussy gave way to the sound of her wails as her pussy fluttered over his penetrating cock. Harry groaned into her tits as her pussy milked him. He was unable to stop himself from spurting a healthy load of cum deep inside of her. Her pussy continued to milk him as he pushed further inside of her, trying to paint her insides white. Hermione just wrapped her arms and legs around him and shuddered. Finally being milked dry, Harry breathed a sigh of relief and kissed Hermione's forehead.

"That was fantastic," he groaned, tired from the exertion. He put Hermione on her feet and straightened up. He was so content that he didn't expect the hard punch to connect with his shoulder.

"Oww! What was that for?" Harry asked, rubbing his sore shoulder.

"Making me miss part of my notes!" Hermione huffed, walking to the bathroom to clean the cum dripping down her inner thighs. Harry snorted. Hermione would never change, and he didn't want her to.