

Rise In Popularity

Part 1

Hermione heard raucous laughing break out at the other side of the Common Room. Her eyes drifted from her open book over to the loud offenders. There were four boys of varying ages standing around Ginny Weasley, who was sitting in a chair with one leg crossed over the other. Her skirt was riding up, showing a bit of thigh, though Hermione knew that it hadn't ridden up by accident. She had seen Ginny sit down and purposely pull her skirt a little higher in order to show off a bit of skin. Ginny said something that Hermione couldn't hear, and the boys laughed again.

Hermione could see that her redheaded friend had the boys completely captivated. They were hanging on her every word. It was obvious that all of them wanted to date her. Looking around the Common Room, Hermione spotted several more boys who were staring at her wistfully. This hadn't always been the case. Ginny's meteoric rise in popularity suddenly occurred at the end of the previous school year. Before that, she was just like Hermione ... another nobody. Not everyone was happy with Ginny's popularity with the boys, however. Several girls were taking quick peeks at the girl and throwing her some nasty looks. Then there was her brother, Ronald. Ron was looking on with disdain, his face red with displeasure. Hermione couldn't count the number of times she heard the brother-sister duo arguing about her being a "scarlet woman". Hermione snorted loudly the first time she heard Ron use that term. He threw her a dirty look similar to the one he was now giving his sister.

Hermione didn't mind that Ginny had gained popularity, but she couldn't deny the fact that she was jealous. She wasn't jealous that Ginny was getting attention from the male population of Gryffindor Tower. No, Hermione was jealous because she wanted to be popular too. She was now in the middle of her final year at Hogwarts, and she had no experience of any kind with boys. She hadn't even been kissed. It was a frightening prospect that she might graduate from school and go on living her life in the same way. It wasn't like she didn't want a boyfriend. There were times when Hermione felt very lonely and having a boyfriend would have been a big help. She wasn't even opposed to casual dating. The only problem with that was that boys weren't paying any attention to her. She had bushy hair and buckteeth, both of which had made her the butt of many jokes throughout her life. This childish teasing made her even more shy and introverted than she already was. Hermione didn't want this to continue in her adult life, but what could she do about it? It wasn't like she could just suddenly learn to be popular. A thought suddenly came to her. Hermione was a good learner. She was top of the class in every subject except Defense. The Boy Who Lived, Neville Longbottom held the top spot in that subject, but she was a close second. Hermione studied Ginny Weasley for a moment. What if she *could* learn to be popular? Ginny somehow had, and if she could do it, then so could Hermione. She would need to talk to her friend first.

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“What was so important that you needed to pull me away from my conversation? I think O’Connor was about to ask me to go to Hogsmeade with him this weekend,” Ginny huffed. Hermione rolled her eyes as the pair sat down on the edge of Hermione’s bed.

“If he’s so smitten then he’ll ask when you go back out there,” Hermione retorted.

“That’s not the point,” Ginny responded.

“Whatever,” Hermione huffed. “I wanted to ask you a personal question.”

“Well, make it quick before he turns his attention to that slag, Lavender. She’s always sticking her boobs in his face,” Ginny said, pulling a face. Hermione stayed quiet for a second, wringing her hands together nervously. “Hermione?” Ginny asked, concerned about her behavior.

“I wanted to ask how you suddenly became so popular,” she finally blurted out. Her face burned red with embarrassment. “I know you weren’t unpopular before, but you’ve changed a lot over a short period of time.” Ginny raised an eyebrow.

“Why do you want to know?” she wondered.

“Well ... I ...” Hermione stopped and cleared her throat. “Boys don’t pay any attention to me, and it’s not like I want tons of boys always surrounding me. Still, I’d like at least a few to ask me out,” she admitted, her face feeling hot. Ginny giggled kindly.

“I knew you were a closet slut,” she teased, giggling harder.

“Ginny!” Hermione chastised her, smacking her thigh.

“I’m kidding,” she said as her giggle fit subsided. “I know how you feel. You’re probably afraid that it’s going to stay like that until you actually take matters into your own hands.” Hermione silently nodded.

“I felt the same way,” Ginny confessed. “Boys weren’t looking at me, and I was too shy to ask them out. I didn’t even want to think about asking my mum ... Yuck!” Ginny made a gagging noise that made Hermione laugh. Hermione didn’t want to talk to her mum about this either.

“So what did you do?” Hermione asked.

“I went to someone for help,” she told her.

“Another girl?” Hermione assumed. Ginny shook her head.

“A boy!” Hermione gasped. Ginny’s cheeks turned bright pink, though she didn’t look too embarrassed.

“Yeah ... Harry Potter,” Ginny truthfully told her friend. Hermione’s eyes went wide when she heard this juicy piece of news.

All of the girls in school knew about Harry Potter. He was by far the most popular boy in school. He was tall, handsome, and quite intelligent. He was the star Seeker on the Ravenclaw team, though Hermione didn’t care much for Quidditch. He was so good that most students assumed that he would go pro after graduation. He was also a major flirt who seemingly had a new girlfriend every other week. It wasn’t out of the ordinary to see two or more girls fighting over him and firing hexes at each other in the corridors. Most of the professors found it amusing ... all except Professor Snape who constantly looked as though he had just drank a mouthful of spoiled milk. For some reason, this annoyed him the most.

Hermione sometimes found herself staring at the boy, studying his handsome features. It would be a lie to say that she hadn’t lay in her bed at night and thought about him a few too many times. She would lay there at night thinking about how it would feel to have him kissing her and touching her ... Hermione snapped herself out of her sudden daydream. She had to focus.

“And he taught you how to be cool?” Hermione asked.

“He taught me how to be confident, and he showed me what boys like. He showed me how to dress and walk and talk,” Ginny went on. “It’s surprisingly easy to be popular when you finally believe in yourself,” she factually stated.

“Do you think he would teach me as well?” Hermione asked hopefully.

“I suppose he might. I could ask him for you ... if you want,” Ginny said. She wanted her friend to be happy after all.

“Oh! Could you?” Hermione asked excitedly. Ginny nodded.

“I should warn you though ... His lessons and instructions are very ... personal,” Ginny told her. Hermione looked confused.

“What does that mean?”

“What I mean is that some of the things you’ll learn are quite ... umm ... physically intimate,” she paused to choose the correct term. Now Ginny’s face was feeling very hot.

Hermione gasped. “You and him ... You know ... Did it?” she asked in a hushed voice. Ginny’s face was beet red by then.

“Yeah,” Ginny confessed in her own hushed voice. “Like ... dozens of times.”

“WOW!” Hermione cried out in shock.

“Shhh!” Ginny shooshed her. “Nobody knows. Harry wouldn’t care if I told everyone, but can you imagine if anyone found out? I would be made fun of nonstop until the end of my days!”

Hermione blushed madly. She hadn’t thought about that. “I’d recommend keeping it a secret as well if you still plan on going to him,” Ginny added. “Do you?” she asked. “Plan on going to him,” she clarified.

Hermione thought about it for a minute. The thought of being physical with a boy for the first time was terrifying. However, that first time would be with Harry Freaking Potter! That’s an opportunity that she would likely never get again. There was also the feeling that she just wanted to get her first time over with. She wanted to stop obsessing over the fact that she was an adult virgin with no romantic prospects on the horizon. Long gone were the days when she thought that her first time would be on her wedding night with her soulmate. Life usually didn’t work that way, and she was old enough now to understand that.

“I want you to ask him for me,” she told Ginny with certainty. “I’m tired of being the Gryffindor Know-It-All wallflower.”

Ginny smiled and nodded, patting her friend on the knee. “You made the right choice.”

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Waiting at the designated meeting spot, Hermione almost hyperventilated from the nervousness that she was feeling. Her heart was thumping so hard against the inside of her chest that she thought she could hear it. Classes were done for the day, and she hadn’t been able to eat a bite at dinner. Butterflies were fluttering in her belly, making her feel slightly sick. Fighting her instinct to run away and forget about all of this madness, she leaned against the wall, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath. “Hermione,” a voice called out softly, right next to her ear.

“EEP!” she yelped and jumped. When she saw Harry’s smiling face, she blushed deeply and turned away, too embarrassed to let him see her.

“Now that won’t do at all,” he said kindly and gently took her chin in his fingers. He slowly turned her head so that she was looking directly at him. His fingers lovingly caressed her burning-hot cheek. “You have such a pretty face. You shouldn’t hide it away,” he told her. Hermione had never blushed so hard in her life.

“I-I’m not pretty. Boys don’t give me a second look. My hair is messy, and my front teeth are too big,” she disagreed with his assessment.

“They will when I’m done with you,” he told her confidently. “And as for that other stuff ... it can easily be fixed. Come on,” he said, taking her hand in his.

Hermione's mind was filled with a million different thoughts. Most of them revolved around the fact that Harry Potter was holding her hand. She just hoped that he didn't notice how sweaty her palm had suddenly got. She wasn't aware how much time had passed or where they were going. She finally came to when Harry pushed open the door to the Hospital Wing.

"I'm here, Madam Pomfrey!" Harry called out.

"A little decorum, Mr. Potter," she chided him. "Can't you see I have patients that sorely need some peace and quiet?"

Hermione looked over and saw a first-year with a tucan beak for a nose and an older girl with dark purple skin. Both of them were lying on separate beds waiting to be treated. Harry looked at them and chuckled.

"I imagine they'll survive," he smiled at the Healer. Madam Pomfrey chuckled as well and ushered them into her private office. When the door closed behind them, Harry began talking again. "This is Hermione Granger, in case you didn't already know," he introduced her.

"I've met Ms. Granger before," Madam Pomfrey nodded.

"Madam Pomfrey is going to shrink your two front teeth so that they're even with the others. Don't worry. It's quick and easy. My mum did it for me right before I started my first year," Harry told her.

She knew that her dentist parents wouldn't be pleased with mixing magic and dentistry, but this sounded much better than wearing uncomfortable braces for several years. Nervously, she nodded, giving her consent.

"Let's see those teeth," Madam Pomfrey kindly ordered. Hermione stretched her mouth so that her teeth were exposed. "You've got very healthy teeth, Ms. Granger. It's a far cry from some of the children in this school. It's all those sugar quills and chocolate frogs and ..." she continued to list the offending treats as she waved her wand and jabbed it at her mouth.

A tickling sensation in her gums nearly made her laugh. It only lasted a few seconds before it stopped. "Perfect!" Harry praised the matron's work.

"As always," Madam Pomfrey joked. She then held up a mirror for Hermione to see her handiwork. Hermione gasped in delight. She ran her tongue along the bottom of her upper row of teeth.

"Thank you, Madam Pomfrey! This is brilliant," she practically squealed. The Healer just smiled kindly.

"You're welcome. They're permanent unless you come back here to have me undo my work," she explained. There was no way Hermione was having them undone.

"I don't see that happening," Harry agreed with Hermione's silent thoughts. "Thanks, Madam Pomfrey," Harry said.

"You can thank me by sending my payment before the weekend arrives," she told him.

"Will do," Harry responded, giving her a salute. Hermione was then ushered out of the office and out of the Hospital Wing. As they walked down the corridor, Hermione asked him a question.

"How much did it cost? The payment I mean."

"A bottle of Ogden's Finest. I'll write Rosmerta tomorrow and send the gold. She'll send it to Madam Pomfrey," Harry explained.

"Oh," was all she could say. She had no idea that Madam Pomfrey liked to drink firewhiskey. She supposed that most of the teachers probably did in their free time.

"Now that one of your insecurities has been dealt with, we can work on your confidence. I've ordered some stuff for your hair, but it won't arrive for a few days. We can work on some other stuff in the meantime," Harry smiled. Hermione looked at him and blushed.

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"What is this room?" Hermione asked as she stepped into the bedroom.

"It's an old, unused classroom that I had converted into a bedroom. I have several of these little hideaways scattered throughout the castle. Most boys have secret places where they take their girls to fool around," he informed her.

"Oh." She didn't know that. Harry's hands gripped her waist from behind, and Hermione nervously jumped when he pulled her close. Her back pressed against his front, and her body trembled from nerves.

"As I said before, confidence is the key," he told her, moving her locks of bushy hair away from one of her shoulders. Hermione's breathing began to increase. "I can feel how nervous you are," he said, running his hands down her sleeve-covered arms.

"S-Sorry," she apologized.

"There's no need to be sorry. It's natural to be nervous when you've never spent any alone time with a boy. Our first step is to make you feel comfortable with intimacy. Tonight we'll start slow ...

only kissing and some light touching,” he explained. That didn’t help with her nervousness, but she nodded regardless.

A shuddering gasp left her lips when he leaned in and kissed the side of her neck. His strong arms wrapped around her waist, keeping her pressed tightly against him. She had to admit, the kisses felt incredible. His lips moved up her neck and onto her jaw. “You smell really good,” he quietly whispered in her ear. “Turn around and kiss me,” he gently ordered.

Hermione didn’t know how she mustered the courage to do as he asked, but she did. His arms loosened, and she spun around, stood on her tip-toes, and kissed him on the lips. It was a short, soft kiss, but it was by far the boldest that she had ever been. Harry smiled at her, and she became weak in the knees. ‘He’s so handsome!’ she practically cooed to herself.

“That was a good start, but I think that we can do a bit better,” he teased right before leaning in and kissing her deeply. Hermione couldn’t stop herself from moaning into his mouth. Without even thinking, her mouth opened when she felt the tip of his tongue touch her lips. Following his lead, she added her tongue and nearly collapsed when it was tickled by his. His arms were the only things keeping her on her feet. Knowing this, Harry scooped her up into his arms and carried her to the bed. He sat her down on the edge and kicked off his shoes. Harry then crawled onto the bed and lay flat on his back with a cute, boyish smile gracing his face.

“Okay, Hermione. Now you get to learn by doing. Climb on top of me and kiss me however you like and wherever you want,” he instructed. Hermione was sure that her face was bright red. She had just begun moving toward him when he interrupted her.

“Take your shoes off first. You’ll be more comfortable.”

Hermione looked down at her shoe-covered feet and smiled embarrassingly at him. “Sorry, I forgot.” She undid the buckles on her school shoes and kicked them off but kept on the gray, knee-high socks that went along with the school uniform. With that done, she moved over to him but stopped short, unsure how to begin.

“Throw your leg over my waist and straddle me. Then do whatever feels right,” he suggested. Hermione nodded and did what he said. She bunched up her skirt a bit and threw one leg over his waist. She then lowered her bottom until she was sitting on him. It was then that she realized that she wasn’t as nervous as she had been before. The kissing really helped to take the edge off. At least she had enough control that she wasn’t making a complete fool of herself. Hermione leaned over and found that she couldn’t reach his lips. She was somewhat short, and Harry was tall. To help her out, Harry reached down and grabbed her behind her thighs. He gave her body a pull which made Hermione squeak cutely. After sliding up a bit, she was now face-to-face with him.

She noticed that he didn't take his hands off of her thighs. On the contrary, he began caressing the backs of her thighs, which Hermione found very pleasant. "Go ahead, Hermione," he said, giving her bottom a soft smack.

She couldn't believe that she was actually doing this. This was so out of character for her ... but since she was already here ...

Hermione was a little too exuberant and clacked her teeth against his. "Slow down and take your time," he said, rubbing her thighs encouragingly.

"Okay," she said quietly. This time she was slower and kissed him softly. After a few seconds of this, her body melted, and she was lying directly on top of him with her legs resting on both sides of him. Hermione decided that she really liked kissing him slowly. She broke the kiss and began softly pressing her lips on his cheeks and jaw. "Is this okay?" she asked as she moved down to his neck.

"Yeah, it's really nice," Harry responded in a kind voice. He sounded like he was enjoying it. At least she hoped he was. Harry tilted his head back to give her more room. Taking the opportunity, she started sucking on his neck which caused his hands to move under her skirt and up to her ass. She gasped into his skin when he squeezed her panty-covered bottom. The naughtiness of the situation had her core tingling in a very pleasant way. She moved back to his lips and began kissing him harder. As she kissed him, she didn't notice that she was grinding against him until she felt something hard rubbing against the crotch of her panties. She broke the kiss and looked down at the area that she was sitting on. She then looked at Harry with wide eyes.

"You got me excited," he smiled without a hint of embarrassment. Hermione only hoped that she could someday reach that level of confidence. Harry slid his hands up the tops of her thighs until he was holding onto her hips. He used his strength to rock her lower half. She could feel the shape of his hardness. Hermione bit her lower lip and squirmed. Harry then flipped her over so that she was on her back. He was now resting between her open thighs. "Now I get to experiment," he teased.

Hermione trembled as he popped the first four buttons of her blouse open, revealing part of her bra. Harry then leaned down and kissed the tops of her breasts. Hermione moaned loudly and arched her back. Even she was surprised at her response. Her hands gripped the bedsheets as he sucked on the delicate skin of her cleavage. She could feel his erection rubbing against the crotch of her damp panties. He then moved to her lips and kissed her deeply. They spent over an hour furiously making out before her fun came to an end.

"You've only got half an hour before curfew," Harry informed her, kissing her nose and forehead, an action that made her tummy flutter. "You better get going," he said, getting out from between her legs. She noticed him looking at her open legs. Hermione squeaked in embarrassment and

closed her legs before pulling the hem of her skirt down. Harry chuckled merrily as she climbed off the bed.

“Meet me here half an hour after dinner so we can continue your lessons,” Harry said as Hermione buttoned up her partially opened shirt.

“Okay, Harry. Thanks for all of this,” she told him, her cheeks bright pink.

“No problem,” he smiled and pulled her in for one last kiss. By that point, Hermione felt comfortable enough kissing him to wrap her arms around his neck and open her mouth for him. Not wanting the night to end, she didn’t let him go. Finally, Harry was forced to break the kiss and escort her to the door. As she walked out, she looked back at him longingly. Harry smiled cheekily and waved at her. Hermione blushed and scampered back to her dorm.

After showering, She lay in bed, thinking about the handsome boy. “Harry,” she whispered his name and felt that familiar tingle between her legs. Her arousal stirring, she bit her lip and slid her hand into her pajama pants. Her fingers slipped under the waistband of her panties. Her fingers moved over her mound of pubic hair and in between her slick lips. She moved her fingers up and down, letting them glide over her slippery flesh. Hermione trembled as she thought about Harry’s lips and the feeling of his hands on her body. Almost letting out a deep moan, she stopped herself. Not wanting her roommates to hear what she was doing, she grabbed the extra pillow on her bed and used it to muffle her voice. Moaning into the pillow, she moved her fingers to her clit and rubbed the hard bead. It only took a couple of minutes before she cried out into the pillow and came on her fingers. Breathing heavily, she pulled her wet fingers from between her legs. She slept like a baby that night.

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Though she was still quite nervous, Hermione was eager for dinner to end. She had spent the entire day thinking about her upcoming “lesson”. Would it be more kissing, or would he move on to something else? As soon as the food disappeared from the table, Hermione got up and was among the first to leave the Great Hall. She didn’t see Ginny chuckling at her obvious behavior.

“The early bird catches the worm, huh?” Hermione heard Harry’s voice from behind. She had gotten there fifteen minutes early and was waiting outside the door, too nervous to knock and see if he was inside. Apparently, he wasn’t. Hermione spun around and blushed deeply at the look of his smirking face.

“I ... umm ...” she failed to come up with an excuse.

“It’s okay to be excited and eager,” Harry soothed her worries. “Since you’re here, why don’t we go inside and begin?” he suggested. Hermione nodded. As soon as they were inside with the door closed and locked, Harry turned to her.

“You’ve got kissing down pretty well,” he told her which made her feel a bit shy but also very happy. She wanted his praise. “And you’ll have plenty of opportunities to practice with me over the next few weeks. For now, though, we need to get you feeling comfortable with showing off your lovely body,” he said, looking over her clothed form. “And also other people’s bodies,” Harry added.

Now Hermione was very nervous, especially when Harry kicked off his shoes and began removing his shirt. She stood there nervously staring at him like a goof as he pulled his shirt off. Hermione’s eyes traced every glorious muscle on his stomach and chest. She was fighting the urge to run her hand down his torso as he undid his trousers. He lowered them and kicked them off. Removing his socks, he was left in only a pair of boxers. He then walked over to her, and Hermione looked away, embarrassed that she had been staring.

“You don’t need to be embarrassed. You’re allowed to look at me or touch me as much as you want,” he gently told her. Hermione looked at him again with a red face and nodded.

“Should I take mine off too?” she asked with a shaky voice.

“You don’t have to if you’re not ready,” he promised. At first, she was about to say that she definitely wasn’t ready, but then she remembered Ginny. Though she had been shy, Ginny was also braver than Hermione was. Hermione already knew without having to ask that Ginny didn’t back away from his lessons. Hermione would never fix her problems if she continued acting as she normally would. She steeled what little courage she had and brought her trembling hands up to her school blouse. Fumbling with the first button, Harry stepped in to help out. His hands replaced hers, and soon, he was sliding the blouse off of her shoulders. Hermione’s face was burning as he reached behind her and unclasped her bra. He slid it down her arms, leaving her topless in front of a boy for the first time. Harry wasn’t shy about looking at her chest.

Harry stared at her naked tits and liked what he saw. They were surprisingly large. A lot of older girls wore blouses that were more form-fitting, but Hermione tended to wear ones that were baggier and better able to hide her figure. Harry guessed that her cup size was C, and they were perfectly shaped. They didn’t sag and stood up proudly perky upon her chest. Her light pink nipples were already crinkled and hard. Harry had to keep himself from just reaching out and touching them. He knew that he had to go slow with Hermione. She was more skittish than her friend, Ginny.

“You’ve got such a sexy body, Hermione. It’s a shame you’ve been hiding it,” Hermione heard him say. She wasn’t going to lie, she liked hearing that from him. His hands touched her hips, and he slid his hands up and down her sides, making her skin goosebump. Shuddering from his touch, she did the only thing she knew how. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. She was glad to see him eagerly return it. As she melted into him, she felt him undo the button on her skirt. A moment later, her skirt dropped down her legs and pooled around her ankles. “Let’s go to the bed,” he told her after breaking the kiss. Hermione was left breathless. Her body acted on its own.

She stepped out of the skirt and walked hand in hand with Harry to the bed. Hermione sat down on the edge, and Harry gently pushed her onto her back. She then watched as he took her shoes off. Harry then grabbed the top of one sock near her knee and slowly peeled it down her leg. He plucked it off of her foot and tossed it away. Giving her a smoldering look that made her blush, he kissed her knee. Hermione squirmed as she felt herself grow wet between the legs. Harry lifted her other leg straight into the air and slid her knee-length sock off. He then placed his hand on the top of her bare foot and slowly slid it down her leg and onto her thigh. Hermione's eyes followed the movement of his hand. She then noticed the plain, white cotton panties that she was wearing. Oh, how she wished that she owned some sexier underwear. Harry must have known what she was thinking.

"I'll get you some new panties. Some that are worthy of being on your sexy body," he teased. Hermione squeaked and covered her face in embarrassment. Harry chuckled and climbed on the bed. He grabbed her body and pulled her so that she was lying between his legs, her back pressed against his front. One of his hands was caressing her inner thigh and coming dangerously close to the damp crotch of her panties. His other hand moved the hair away from her neck before moving to her stomach. Hermione gasped loudly as he played with her smooth skin and tickled her belly button. His lips touched the side of her neck softly, and Hermione closed her eyes. "Tell me all about your day," he said. He began kissing and sucking on the side of her neck which made her moan.

"My d-day was okay," she began, trying to ignore the throbbing between her legs. "The professor got mad at Seamus again for blowing up a crystal chalice during Transfiguration. Then Parvati almost tripped when the staircase moved unexpectedly. I got an O on a ten-inch essay about the ..." she chatted while Harry's hand played with her soft belly. Hermione particularly enjoyed it when his thumbs accidentally brushed the underside of her breasts. She continued talking while tilting her and giving him more soft skin to kiss.