

One Night at Hogwarts

Sneaking through the corridor in the dead of night, Harry Potter was making his way back to the Gryffindor Tower after a long night of exploring Hogsmeade. It seemed that the residents of the village were used to students sneaking out of the castle. The way they figured it was that if a student was clever enough to make it out of the castle without getting caught, then they deserved to have a good time. Harry couldn't agree more. He had quite a bit of fun going from shop to shop and even had a bottle or two of the delicious butterbeer from the Three Broomsticks.

He considered himself lucky to even be here. After his relatives didn't sign his permission slip, he didn't think that he'd be able to visit this year, if ever. Thankfully Ron's twin brothers, Fred and George came to his rescue. They gave him a very cool magical item in his opinion, and dead useful, especially if you had an invisibility cloak to go with it. The Marauder's Map showed not only the location of everyone in the school but also secret passages, both within the castle and out of the castle. He had used a secret tunnel that was hidden by the statue of the hump-backed witch on the third floor. After his night of fun, he had used the same tunnel to get back into the school. No one ever suspected a thing.

As he got to the staircase leading up to the fourth floor, he stopped for a moment to check the map, needing to see if his path was clear. As he did, he saw that indeed his path was empty. At least he thought so until he spotted a lone dot on the fourth floor. Looking closer, he saw that the dot belonged to Pansy Parkinson. Harry smiled deviously. Only a few days ago the pug-nosed girl was giving him guff and running her mouth. She sure was brave when her fellow cronies were around. She might not be so brave if someone were to create a loud commotion while she was out of bed. Laughing to himself, Harry snuck up the stairs and followed the map until he was near her dot. He tried to stay as silent as possible to see what she was up to. He saw her leaning over to peek around a corner. As she straightened up, she picked up a bag before accidentally dropping it on its side.

"Shit!" she hissed, quickly dropping to her knees to scoop the spilled items back into her bag. Seeing that she wasn't looking, Harry quickly snatched one that had rolled near him and took a closer look. He was holding a small, corked vial with a liquid inside. He held it up to his eyes for a better look. As he studied it, he saw that it was a light purple liquid with swirls of bright yellow. Immediately his eyes widened. Not only did he remember reading about this stuff in the Daily Prophet during the summer, but he had also heard people talking about it in Diagon Alley. Hell, even some older students were talking about it in the Common Room. He couldn't remember what it was called, but he knew that it was a powerful, euphoric potion that was very illegal. The Ministry was quite harsh to those caught with it in their possession. One vial was enough for a month-long trip to Azkaban if you were lucky. Pansy Parkinson had dozens of vials.

Harry was shocked by this. He didn't think that she was taking this stuff. There were too many vials in her possession. He also didn't think that she was selling it directly. Where would a girl her age find a connection willing to provide her with that amount? The most reasonable

explanation was that someone was having her smuggle it into the castle for someone else to sell. This was a bit of a problem for him. He wasn't exactly sure if he wanted the girl to go to prison. She was annoying as hell, but that was pretty much it. She was all talk. He saw that she had just finished picking up all of the vials. Harry quickly hid his map and invisibility cloak and walked up to her.

Pansy was just about to get up and leave when someone tapped her on her shoulder. "Missed one," she heard the male voice say. A vial appeared next to her face.

Taking it, she said, "Thanks without thinking." Suddenly, she remembered what she was doing. Standing up quickly, she turned and saw Harry bloody Potter standing there with his arms crossed over his chest.

"What are you doing here, Scarhead?!" she hissed, annoyed at being delayed.

"Taking a nice midnight stroll. What are you doing here, Parkinson?" he asked in return.

"None of your business. Now get out of here before I get annoyed," she said, trying to slip by.

"Interesting package you got there," she heard him say. Instantly, her heart began to pound faster.

"What's it to you?" she snarled, tempted to go for her wand. Unfortunately, the noise would attract attention.

"It's nothing to me, but I imagine the Ministry would find it fascinating," he told her.

Immediately, her heart sank. He was going to rat her out! She needed to think of something quick. Attacking would not end favorably for her. She decided to go the other route. She ran up to him and grabbed his hand. "Hey!" he cried out as she pulled him into a nearby empty classroom. After she closed the door as quietly as possible, she hid her bag underneath the teacher's desk before walking back to him.

"What are you d... "

He was cut off as she dropped to her knees and began unbuttoning his trousers. Harry was too shocked at what was transpiring to even stop her. As his zipper slid down, she pulled his pants and boxers down at the same time.

Pansy figured that the best way to get him to keep his mouth shut was to put him in a positive frame of mind. Her older sister said that the best way to do that was by giving a blowjob. Pansy was taught early on that she may need to use her body to get what she wanted. She had hoped that it wouldn't be needed for a while longer, but she always had that card to use in her back pocket. Risking Azkaban, she felt that it was the most opportune time to start using it.

Unfortunately, while she knew what she was supposed to do, she had never actually practiced before. Her sister said that it didn't matter because most boys her age would simply cum a few seconds after they were touched. All of that disappeared from her mind when she pulled down his trousers and a huge, hard cock whipped out and slapped her in the face.

"EEK!" she shrieked as his hot, veiny cock rested against her face. She breathed in and out heavily, nervous about seeing a real-life penis for the first time. She breathed in the scent of his manhood as it brushed against her lips. Taking one last deep breath, she wrapped her hand around his girth and placed the head against her lips. Opening her mouth, she snaked out her tongue and licked him gently underneath the domed head. Harry moaned loudly, clearly enjoying what she did. This gave her confidence, and Pansy took it a little further. Pressing her tongue against the same spot, only harder, she wiggled her tongue and let it slither around his head. She could feel his body shuddering and trembling under her treatment. She jumped slightly when his hand was placed on her head. For a moment she thought that he was going to pull her head in to make her begin sucking him off. Her sister had warned her about that as well. Fortunately, Harry just threaded his fingers through her short bob and started gently scratching her scalp. Pansy closed her eyes for a moment and relished the sensation. It sent tingles up and down her body, and she was embarrassed to say that it made her a little wet. Showing her appreciation, she placed her tongue on his balls and licked the entire length of the underside of his cock before popping the head into her mouth and taking him as deep as she could.

Harry was shivering in pleasure as he looked down to see Pansy bobbing her head on his cock. He couldn't believe that he was having his first sexual experience. The fact that it was with Pansy Parkinson was even more incredible. Her plump lips were so soft against his cock, and her tongue felt very hot as she kept it pressed against him as she took him deeper and deeper. Occasionally she would gag and pull off of him but would recover soon after. Her small hand began beating him off as she lifted his cock out of the way. Lowering her head, she took one of his dangling balls into her mouth and began sucking on it before letting it go with a wet pop. Giving the other the same treatment, she next moved onto licking them while furiously stroking his cock.

Harry couldn't take it anymore. "It's happening!" he cried out stupidly. Pansy angled his cock away from her but kept on stroking him deeply, from the base to the head. Harry moaned loudly as ropes of sticky white cum shot out of the tip. Pansy watched transfixed as she milked the cum straight from his balls. She couldn't explain the strange sensation that she felt. She guessed that it was closest to pride. She was proud that she was able to coax such pleasure from a man. She also knew that she would have no problem following her sister's advice. She just needed more practice. While she was thinking this, Harry scooped her up and laid her on the desk.

"Hey! What the ..."

Her complaints turned to a squeal as Harry hiked up her skirt and began pulling down her panties.

“What are you doing?!” she squeaked, grabbing her panties before they could be pulled all the way down.

“The same you did to me. Don’t you want to feel good as well?” Harry asked. He didn’t want to be selfish after all. Pansy looked indecisive for a moment before letting go of her panties.

“Okay. Just make it quick,” she said, her chest rapidly rising and falling. She tried to act cool but was actually extremely nervous. No boy had ever seen her naked body before. Her heart pounded in her chest as she felt her panties slide down her smooth, supple thighs before being pulled off of her feet. Now exposed, she just laid there waiting for Harry. After a minute or so of inactivity, she looked at him and saw that he was staring between her parted legs. Blushing fiercely, she snapped, “Stop staring!”

She tried to close her legs but Harry held them open. She could see that he too was blushing. “Sorry, but it looks really sexy,” he said softly, running his finger up and down her damp slit. She wasn’t going to tell him that his finger felt good.

“It does?” she asked incredulously. She always thought that genitalia in general looked weird. Seeing him nod made her feel a bit better and more confident.

“I thought that girls had hair down here like boys,” he said, gently brushing his fingers over her hairless mound and smooth lips. Her cheeks were incredibly pink.

“We do, moron. Girls remove the hair down there. It’s the fashion!” she said defensively. “Now are you going to lick me or stand there all day like an idiot?” she said, crossing her arms over her chest and trying to look menacing. She obviously failed since she was lying there with her legs spread and her wet pussy exposed. Just as she finished her mini tirade, his finger accidentally slid over her hard clit.

“Merlin!” she cried out, her back arching and body trembling.

“That felt good?” Harry asked, surprised.

“Yes! Keep touching me there!” Pansy begged, breathing heavily. Pansy bit her lower lip as her eyes fluttered. When his thumb brushed over her clit again, her toes curled up inside of her Mary Jane school shoes. Trembling, this was the first time that she had ever felt any kind of real sexual pleasure. She had touched herself a few times as an experiment, but became embarrassed and quit shortly after. Now she wanted to smack herself for missing out on this kind of mind-blowing pleasure. Suddenly, she gasped wildly when Harry bent down and kissed her directly on her throbbing clit. She squealed, and when he was about to lift his head up, she desperately grabbed the back of his head and mashed her clit right against his warm lips.

“Suck it, Scarhead!” she cried out. Glaring at her, his curses were muffled by her wet pussy being crammed into his mouth.

In truth, Harry enjoyed what he was doing. Pansy smelled incredible between her legs, and he even liked the way she tasted. She was being a bit rough in his opinion but didn't complain about it as she desperately humped his face.

Pansy's nipples were threatening to burst through her thin blouse as her body bucked and jerked. She rolled her hips as much as she could, trying to get him to lick every inch of her naked pussy. When his tongue wiggled against her engorged clit, she couldn't hold on any longer. Crying out, she thrashed as fluid squirted from her pussy. She saw it splash against his mouth and sprinkle out in every direction. Even so, he continued to suck on her clit. Finally, it was too much for her. She pushed his face away and laid there breathing heavily, her legs still spread and her pussy pulsating. She watched in a daze as he leaned down and licked her clean. He kissed and licked the inside of her wet thighs and then moved onto her pussy. He dragged his warm tongue up and down her smooth mound before licking the juices from her slit. Pansy moaned sexily and spread her legs even wider, reveling in the sensation. Once done, she regretfully got up and fixed her skirt. Grabbing her panties, she walked up to Harry and handed them to him.

“Don't tell anyone about anything that happened tonight, understood?” she said. Harry nodded. Nodding back, she grabbed her bag before sneaking back to the dungeons, her legs weak and shaking the whole way.

Harry stood there shocked for a moment. Quickly making himself presentable, he got ready to leave. Balling up her panties, he placed them in his pocket before checking the map and making his way up to the seventh floor. The entire way, Harry had the biggest dopey smile on his face, and when he had finally gotten into bed, he slept better than he ever had before.