The Perils of Polyjuice

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Summary

Hermione was one of the people chosen to Polyjuice as Harry in order to bring him safely to the Burrow. However, the vial of potion she took was unknowingly slightly different from the others, causing her to wake up the following morning with a phallic surprise...

Notes

All sexual encounters are consensual and with people past the age of consent in England.
Hermione's Surprise

Hermione clutched the back of Kingsley's robes tightly, her eyes shut tightly.

*We're almost there. We're almost there. We're almost there.* She kept chanting in her mind, each line coinciding with a beat of the thestral's wings. Harry's body felt weird. She wasn't used to wearing glasses unless she was on the beach, and Harry was quite a bit larger than her. Her, or, she thought determinedly, *his*, arms were much more muscled, a fact she was grateful for as it made hanging on to Kingsley for the long flight quite a bit easier. And his feet! She kept accidentally kicking Kingsley's heels with Harry's massive shoes. Not to mention she had never felt comfortable on a thestral, and the cold didn't help, either. Hermione had been constantly shivering since they'd taken off.

*We're almost there. We're almost there. We're almost there.*

A few interminable minutes later, Hermione felt the thestral start to descend. She nearly wept in relief as the Burrow came into sight. As soon as the thestral came to a graceful landing, she slid off of the thestral. She stumbled slightly and internally cursed her, or rather Harry’s, trembling legs. The ground had never felt so wonderful before. Hermione wasn’t able to ponder this for more than a second, for Molly immediately rushed out of the Burrow.

'Thank goodness you're all right, Kingsley! I've been worried *sick*! Have you seen any of the others? Where's Mad-Eye? He was supposed to be the first back so he could patrol the grounds! And you, er, which one are you?’ Molly said in one breath, looking quizzically at Hermione/Harry.

'I'm Hermione,' the teenage witch supplied, Harry's voice cracking in relief and exhaustion.

Molly hugged her. 'Well, thank goodness you're here. Come inside. You can wait in Ginny's room until the potion wears off. I've got some soup you can take up as you go; you must be freezing!'

'Thanks,' Hermione said, stumbling into the Burrow. Walking was more challenging than ever due to using unfamiliar legs after having gone on a ride across what felt like the length of Britain. She made it inside without falling, though she did stumble several times. She eyed the stairs with some trepidation. Trying to climb up several flights of stairs was looking like an impossible task right now.

However, Hermione managed to ascend the stairs, her oddly large hand holding tight to the bannister. She collapsed onto her cot in Ginny's room, overcome with hunger. She reached into a pocket of her robes and took out her watch. It was far too small for her current arm, but she hadn't been able to part with it for even a few hours. Her parents had instilled the importance of always knowing what time it was in her, though if Hermione was honest, she wasn't the most punctual person outside of attending classes. Glancing at it, Hermione surmised that she still had twenty-one minutes before the Polyjuice wore off.

The carrot-and-ginger soup, a specialty of Molly’s, scalded her throat, but Hermione didn’t care as she gulped down one spoonful after another. Gradually feeling returned to her toes and her anxiety was replaced by a feeling of fullness. Hermione yawned. She could stay up and greet the others as they came in, but it wouldn’t be so bad if she took a short nap. Surely the sensation of the Polyjuice wearing off would wake her, and then she could go down and help out. Stretching out onto her cot in the corner of Ginny’s room, Hermione let herself relax and within seconds was in a deep slumber.

Several hours later, Hermione gradually woke up, feeling better than she had any right to. She opened her eyes, groaned, and immediately closed them. It was daytime! Why hadn't she woken up
when she transformed back, unless... Suddenly panicked, Hermione shot upright and forced her eyes open. Gazing down on herself, she hissed in relief when she saw her own body, still wrapped in the overlarge robes she had worn the previous night. She felt a bit weird, though. Like she wasn't quite herself. But that was probably the after-effects of the Polyjuice. Harry and Ron had said that they felt a bit weird for hours after having spent time as Crabbe and Goyle.

'Hey,' came a soft voice on the other side of the room. Hermione looked over to see Ginny grinning sleepily at her.

Hermione tried to smile back. 'Did everyone make it? Where's Ron? Where's Harry? What happened?' she said in a rush.

Ginny's smile vanished. 'Harry made it. Everyone made it back except Mad-Eye and Dung. Mad-Eye's dead, Hermione. Dung panicked and tried to run and Mad-Eye took a killing curse to the face while he was wrestling with Dung. We don't know what happened to Dung; Lupin saw him Disapparate. And George lost an ear, but Mum said he'll be all right.'

Hermione sank back into her bed, a mixture of relief and sadness filling her. She was no fan of Mad-Eye Moody, but his attention to detail and emphasis on security was the only reason their rescue had worked. And Dung could go to hell for all she cared. George losing an ear, though... Hermione reached up and touched her own, then shuddered.

'Where's Ron?' Hermione asked casually.

Ginny shrugged. 'Probably still asleep. He didn't get to bed until after three. He was helping out with George. How are you feeling?'

Hermione thought about it. 'Not bad. A little weird, but I think that's the Polyjuice residue. I'll look it up in a few minutes. Right now, I'm going to get out of these blasted robes.'

She got up slowly, still feeling odd, and rummaged around in her trunk for some clothes that actually fit her own body rather than Harry’s. Finally finding some clean robes and her underthings, she turned her back to Ginny and shed the dirty robe. Six years in a dormitory hadn't been able to rid her entirely of her innate modesty, especially since she was a rather late bloomer compared to Lavender and Parvati. They had developed breasts towards the end of second year, while Hermione hadn't started until the middle of her third year. She occasionally had thoughts of inadequacy when her roommates walked around their dorm topless, their large breasts seemingly taunting her own modestly sized ones.

Hermione banished these thoughts out of her head and quickly shed the overlarge tee shirt she had worn the previous night; an old one of Charlie’s. She quickly donned her bra and picked up her knickers.

She shoved down the baggy shorts she had worn last night and immediately shrieked.

'What?' Ginny said, immediately standing up, her wand drawn. Hermione quickly pulled the shorts back up. 'No, stay away!' she squeaked.

Hermione heard the other girl stop her advance. 'Are you okay? Were you cursed and didn't know it? I'll get Mum.'

'I'm fine!' Hermione shrieked, her hands inside her shorts, feeling the new body part she had mysteriously gained. 'Don't get her!'

'Okay...' Ginny said slowly, and Hermione didn't have to look to know she was very confused.
"What's going on? Can I see?"

Hermione just stood there, peeking down her stomach, her fingers holding the waistband of her shorts away to give her a good look at her brand-new *cock*. 
Though Hermione was seventeen years old, and therefore of age, her experience with the male penis was extremely spotted. Sure, she had been given 'The Talk' by her parents during the summer before her third year, but she'd never seen a penis outside of the drawings that were in the handful of sex ed books she had read (for research, of course). She'd never really been interested in porn, even though her parents didn't have any filters on their home computer. Sure, she'd accidentally stumbled upon a lesbian video once that she'd watched with wide eyes for several minutes before closing it out of sheer embarrassment, but it had been months since she'd seen even a drawing of a penis in one of the many old books she'd read in the Hogwarts library. Some of those illustrations had been rather explicit, and if Hermione was honest with herself, she would spend an extra minute (or ten) ogling the idealised nudes that were occasionally animated in rather compromising situations before, blushing furiously, moving on to the next page.

She'd felt a penis before, as she and Ron had once or twice engaged in a bit of groping (on top of their clothing, of course, she wasn't a slag) during makeout sessions. But feeling Ron's cock through the thick fabric of his robes didn't tell her much other than that it responded to her hands by getting harder and bigger.

Hermione knew enough to tell that her new penis was not erect, as it was all shrivelled up and looked barely the length of her little finger. She also knew enough to tell that it was not circumcised. However, she wasn't expecting that much hair to be around it. Hermione wasn't one to shave her pussy completely bald, but she did keep her privates neatly trimmed. It was obvious that her new body part would need the same attention, as the penis was surrounded by thick curly brown hair.

Hermione felt Ginny come up behind her and quickly snapped the waistband of her shorts back into place, but she sensed that it was too late.

'Uh, Hermione?' Ginny said, looking over Hermione's shoulder down at Hermione's hands that were clasped protectively over her privates. 'What was that?'

'Nothing!' Hermione squealed in a high-pitched voice. 'Nothing at all! Everything's fine!'

Ginny was unconvinced. 'Hermione, I just saw something that looked suspiciously like a penis right where your pussy should be. That's not 'nothing.'"

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Hermione sank back down on the cot, bringing her legs up in an attempt to hide the suspicious new bulge in her shorts and buried her head in her hands. 'I don't know,' she admitted. 'I just woke up this morning, and there it was. I don't know how it got there. I'm not a guy, you know that!'

Ginny came over and sat next to Hermione, putting her arms around her. 'Of course not. I know you didn't used to have a penis. This must have been a result of some spell. Did the Death Eaters hit you with anything last night?'

Hermione thought back to the events of the previous night. 'Yes, I got hit by a full-body bind, but
Kingsley freed me from that immediately.'

'Are you sure it was a full-body bind?' Ginny asked reasonably.

Hermione glared at her through her fingers. 'Of course it was. I heard the incantation!'

'Hey, hey, just checking,' Ginny said, her face screwed up in thought. 'What else? The Polyjuice, maybe?'

Hermione stiffened in Ginny's arms. 'The Polyjuice! Hold on...'

She dove for her trunk, furiously searching through the piles of books. Pulling out three, she thrust one at Ginny. 'Here, you look at this one. Read me anything it says about the possible after-effects of Polyjuice.'

The two girls were quiet as they scanned the relevant sections. 'Nothing,' Ginny said. 'It's not supposed to have any side-effects unless you take more than five doses in a week. Then you might build up a resistance to it, making you have to drink more and more for the potion to work.'

Hermione tapped a page in her book. 'That's what this one says, too. And I've only taken two doses in my life.' She quickly flipped through the last book. 'Nothing here, either.'

Hermione's face fell. 'What went wrong?' she sniffed. 'I can't have a penis for the rest of my life! I'm a girl! I don't want to be a boy!'

Ginny smiled encouragingly. 'Hey, it's probably not permanent. Maybe it'll wear off by the end of the day.'

'What if it doesn't?' Hermione cried softly. 'No one will want a girl with boy parts!'

Ginny sighed. 'Well, how about we take a look at it. Maybe we'll be able to see if we can figure something out. Between the two of us, we might find a solution without having to go to St. Mungo's.'

Hermione thought for a moment, then nodded. She'd been naked in front of Ginny once before, a couple of years ago when Ginny was curious and wanted to know what another woman looked like down there, and Hermione had reluctantly obliged. After briefly showing Ginny her rather small pussy, lightly dusted with soft brown hair, Hermione had, out of her own curiosity, requested to see what Ginny's bits looked like. Ginny had complied without hesitation, revealing her wild mess of red hair covering outer lips that were always parted slightly to reveal large inner lips. Hermione had gotten a good look before both girls covered themselves, giggling nervously, their faces flushed with excitement and embarrassment.

It would be just as embarrassing this time as before, with the added embarrassment of having something wrong with herself. Hermione sat on the edge of her cot, clad in just her bra and shorts, and placed her fingers in the waistband of her baggy shorts. Ginny must have sensed her hesitation, because she smiled at her friend encouragingly. 'Go on, I won't laugh,' she said seriously.

Hermione closed her eyes and slowly worked the shorts down her legs and kicked them off. Ginny's eyes widened. Hermione really had a cock!

The penis was still shrivelled up, but Ginny could see most of it even through the thick curly brown hair that covered Hermione's groin. Ginny slid off the cot and squatted down in front of Hermione, wanting a closer look. Hermione immediately covered her penis with her hands.
Ginny gently tapped Hermione's hands. 'Don't do that,' she wheedled. 'I want to see it. It's actually rather cute.'

Hermione blushed even harder. 'Cute,' she rasped. 'Just what I wanted, a cute penis.' Still, she moved her hands away and rested them on her knees, nervously rocking back and forth. She noticed that Ginny's nightgown was rather thin and only closed at her waist, so that when she leaned forward to peer at Hermione's cock, her gown flopped open enough for Hermione to see a bit of cleavage. Hermione found that her eyes kept wanting to flick back to the exposed skin.

Meanwhile, Ginny’s attention was fully on the naked cock in front of her. She could see that Hermione did indeed have a full set of male genitalia, including a rather hairy and shrivelled ballsack in which Ginny could make out the outline of two small balls. But underneath that...

'Can I touch you?' Ginny asked, leaning forward even more. 'I want to see something.'

'Yes, fine,' Hermione said miserably, trying to avert her eyes from the additional inch of freckled cleavage that was revealed. 'Just be gentle.'

Ginny slowly reached out her hand and touched Hermione's penis. Hermione jerked at the touch but managed not to pull back. Ginny slid her finger down, her curiosity getting the better of her. Her finger slipped underneath Hermione's ball bag and lifted it up. Yes, she was right.

'Hermione, you do know your pussy is still here, right?' Ginny said in a conversational tone.

'What?' Hermione squeaked. She quickly looked down and saw that for herself. 'But wait, how can I still have a vagina? I mean, the penis and testicles are located slightly higher on the male torso than the vagina is on the female torso, but you would think that me having male genitalia means that I wouldn't also have my old female genitalia.'

Ginny shrugged. 'I don’t know. I just see a penis, some balls, and a pussy. And...' she lifted Hermione's balls up a little higher. 'Yep, you still have an arsehole. I guess you get the best of both worlds, eh?'

Hermione managed a weak chuckle. 'It feels weird,' she confessed. 'I can feel your touch quite strongly. It feels rather...intimate. I didn't know that bullocks were so sensitive.'

'That’s not very surprising when you think about it,” Ginny commented, peering closer. “Huh. It looks like the ballsack ends right where your pussy’s lips begin. Do you think you can get an erection?'

Hermione blushed again. 'I don't know.'

Ginny smiled a bit mischievously at Hermione. 'Want to find out?'

'No!' Hermione said, pulling away.

'Come on, Hermione,' Ginny said soothingly. 'If you don't want me to try, you should do it yourself. It could be good information that we need to figure out how to fix this.'

Hermione was still hesitant. 'I can't see how my getting an erection or not getting an erection would clear anything up.'

Ginny was persistent. 'Do you want me to do it or do you want to do it?' she said, not taking no for an answer.
'Uh, you,' Hermione said in a small voice. 'I've never done it before.'

Ginny snorted. 'And you think I have? I haven't even seen one, outside of that time I accidentally walked in on Percy in the shower.' She shuddered as she gently prodded Hermione's penis before continuing.

'From the books you lent me, thanks for those by the way, I think it's easier if you use lube, but I don't have any, and I don't know the spell, so we'll just see how this goes.' She slid her thumb in between the shaft and the balls and grasped Hermione's cock in a gentle but firm grip between her thumb and two fingers. Hermione gasped, and Ginny immediately let go.

'Did I hurt you?' she said, concerned.

'No, no,' Hermione said, flushing a deep red. 'It just felt more intense than I was anticipating.'

“Do you want me to stop?” Ginny asked, looking up.

Hermione shook her head, letting her hair fall in front of her face in a futile attempt to hide her blush.

Ginny nodded and again grasped Hermione's cock, slowly jerking it up and down in an attempt to get it hard. Hermione let out a soft 'oh' as her cock began to harden. Ginny kept going, both girls staring at the penis as it grew larger, though Hermione's eyes kept straying to Ginny's chest despite her best efforts. After a few dozen seconds, her cock seemed to stop growing in Ginny's hands.

Ginny giggled and let go. 'I guess you can get an erection!'

Hermione merely nodded, her eyes flicking back to her fully erect penis. She didn't have a massive cock like the ones in the book illustrations, but it still looked rather big to her. The foreskin had peeled back away from the head while Ginny was stroking the shaft and Hermione could see that the head was reddish-purple while the rest of the penis was a pale brown, just like the rest of Hermione's skin. The ball bag was not quite resting against her pussy as it hung loosely from the base of the cock. What she was least prepared for, though, was the sudden increase in her libido. She was starting to get horny, despite her lingering distress.

'I wonder how long it is,' Ginny said. 'Let me get my measuring tape.'

'I've got it,' Hermione said, grabbing her wand from under her pillow and summoning the coiled measuring tape that she used when knitting. Ginny grabbed it and brushed back the thick curly brown hair surrounding the base of Hermione's shaft as she began measuring its length. 'Looks like just over six inches,' she reported after measuring from several places. She then wound it around Hermione's shaft. 'And a little over seven and a quarter inches around.'

She looked up at Hermione. 'According to the books, you're above average, especially in the girth department.'

Hermione gave a small bark of laughter. 'Good to know. I was so worried about that.'

Ginny giggled and poked Hermione's erect cock several times with her finger, watching it sway back and forth. 'I wonder if you can cum.'

Hermione shrugged. 'Probably. I have balls, don't I?' She suddenly blushed. 'And for some reason, I'm feeling rather excited. I think the testosterone required to have a functional penis is dramatically increasing my libido.'

Ginny frowned in confusion. “What’s testosterone?”
“It’s a hormone. Men have a lot of it, though women have a little as well. It’s responsible for making men, you know, men. Big muscles, lots of body hair, penis-growing, and male arousal. Since I have a penis now, it makes sense that I correspondingly have an increase in testosterone.”

Ginny didn’t really know what hormones were, but she was used to interpreting her friend. 'So, you're saying you're getting very horny?' Ginny clarified.

Hermione nodded.

' Weird,' Ginny said. 'Like, look-at-pictures-of-hot-Quidditch-players-horny, or want-to-snog-my-brother horny, or, Merlin forbid, want-to-screw-my-brother-horny?'

Hermione frowned at Ginny, thinking. 'I don't know. None of the above, I think. I mean, I want to get off, but thinking of Ron doesn't really do anything for me right now.'

Ginny frowned back. 'Then what? Harry? You can't have him, he's mine. Maybe Kingsley? I bet he's got muscles for days under his robes.'

Hermione smiled shyly, again glancing down at Ginny's partially exposed cleavage. 'Neither one. Actually, you're the one making me horny right now.'

Ginny's jaw dropped. 'Me? I think that thing is making you weird. I'm a girl!'

Hermione nodded. 'I know. But I really liked it when you were touching me. I feel, well,” she ducked her head, letting her hair fall over her blushing face. ‘I kind of want to kiss you,' She mumbled, a bit embarrassed at her strange new desires.

'Um, no offense, but I don't much want to kiss you,' Ginny’s voice was firm. 'But I'll jerk you off, sure. It’s good practice and you’re already here. And I really want to see if you can cum.'

Hermione nodded. 'Okay.” She hesitated. “But can you get naked, first? I...I want to look at you when you're touching me.'

Ginny stared at Hermione. 'Who are you and what have you done with my friend? I'm not getting naked. That's weird.'

'Please,' Hermione begged earnestly, scarcely able to believe she was actually admitting this out loud. 'I just, I feel really hot right now, and looking at you in that nightgown is just making me hotter. If you take your clothes off, I'm sure I could cum.'

The young redhead thought for a moment, then nodded. 'Fine. But this is a one-time thing, okay?'

Hermione nodded eagerly. 'Of course. I'm not planning on keeping this…thing…forever, and hopefully once it's gone, these urges will be gone, too. I can't even think straight; they're so strong.'

Ginny gave Hermione one last look, then shrugged. Standing up, she shucked off her nightgown and quickly undid her bra, dropping it onto the floor. Hermione stared at Ginny's pale, freckled, full breasts. They were a bit bigger than Hermione's own and were capped by small pink nipples that protruded nicely from her breasts.

Ginny blushed, seeing Hermione’s eyes widen in undisguised hunger. She quickly pulled down her knickers, revealing a red bush that was significantly less wild than the last time Hermione had seen it. Hermione felt her cock twitch as she watched Ginny step out of her knickers and sit down next to her, wasting no time in reaching a hand into Hermione's lap.
Hermione gasped softly as Ginny's hand again grasped her cock. She guiltily glanced up at Ginny's face, then leaned back to give Ginny better access, her eyes roving over Ginny’s heavily freckled body. Ginny’s hand felt really good. Overwhelmingly good, especially when Ginny’s fingers smoothly pulled the foreskin up over the head and then back down. Hermione remembered from her sex ed books that the small point on the underside of the penis where the head met the body was supposed to be especially sensitive, and she could now confirm that. Every time Ginny's fingers danced across that particular spot, Hermione felt a jolt of pleasure course through her body. She could feel her pussy getting wet as well, and she couldn't resist sliding her right hand down there underneath her ballsack and softly stroking her inner lips just around her clit. Her other hand slipped up into her bra and started pinching her suddenly stiff left nipple.

After a minute or so of slow and gentle stroking, Ginny started to pump her hand a little faster and Hermione let out a low moan. Merlin, she was close! She inserted a finger into her pussy, her thumbnail occasionally flicking her clit, and within seconds Hermione collapsed back on her cot as her balls seized up and the strangest sensation ran up through her cock from base to hilt. Her cock jerked violently, and she watched as a thick rope of cum dribbled out of the tip of her cock and ran down the side onto Ginny's fingers.

Ginny jerked, startled by the sudden wetness on her fingers. She paused as Hermione's cock spasmed several more times, pumping more milky cum all over her fingers. Finally, after one last spasm, Hermione's cock stilled and slowly started to shrink. Hermione could only lay there, sweating and shuddering slightly. She was suddenly feeling somewhat tired, and she sank back a little more against the pillows.

The small redhead let go of Hermione's cock and lifted up her fingers, examining the cum dripping from them. 'Yuck,' she said, though without any real revulsion. Ginny brought her fingers up to her nose and sniffed. 'Smells weird. Not like my own cum.'

Ginny's tongue then darted out and tasted Hermione's cum. She made a face. 'Tastes even weirder. A bit salty. Not bad, though. Just weird.' She held out her hand to Hermione. 'You try.'

Hermione stuck out her tongue and allowed Ginny to drip a bit onto her tongue. She also made a face. 'Yeah. Salty. Weird consistency.'

Ginny nodded and wiped her fingers on Hermione's discarded shorts. 'Well,' she said calmly, looking sideways at Hermione. 'I guess you can cum.'

Hermione smiled weakly. 'That was one of the best sensations I've ever experienced. No wonder Ron likes me touching him there.'

'Ew, too much info,' Ginny said, pretending to gag before giggling. 'It really feels that good?'

Hermione nodded. 'Better. I've, uh, masturbated before, and had a few orgasms, but this felt very different. It didn't last nearly as long, but the climax was more intense.'

'Wow,' Ginny said. 'I think I want to experience it.'

Hermione gave a soft bark of laughter. 'But do you want to have to walk around with this thing?' She indicated her soft cock, which was laying innocently in a bed of semen-splattered thick hair. She noticed that her cock wasn’t quite as small as it had been when she first saw it. Apparently, it would take a while to get back to full shrinkage.

'No,' Ginny admitted. 'But it would be cool to see what it's like on the other side, if you know what I mean.'
Hermione shrugged. 'It felt great, but I want to go back to being a girl, and only a girl.'

'Well, we'll have to wait until the others are up,' Ginny said reasonably. 'It'll probably be a few hours. No one went to bed until it was almost dawn.'

Hermione sat up. 'I think I have to pee.'

Ginny giggled. 'Will it come out of your dick or your pussy?'

'I don't actually know,' Hermione said, looking thoughtfully at her cock. 'I don't feel any different, but I don't know if a guy's penis feels anything when he needs to pee.'

'Well, put on some clothes and go, and let me know where it came out of when you're done,' Ginny said.

Hermione stood up and, with some difficulty, managed to fit a pair of knickers around her cock and balls. It bulged out rather alarmingly, and Ginny had a fit of the giggles when she saw it. Hermione quickly fixed her bra and threw on a pair of robes that were loose enough to hide her new equipment, just in case she ran into anyone on the way to the bathroom. Taking a deep breath and grabbing her wand just in case she made a mess, she left Ginny’s bedroom.
Hermione received oral sex for the first time.

Hermione made her way to the bathroom, silently thanking Merlin that the loo was on the same floor as Ginny's room. Walking was an odd experience with the extra thing she had dangling between her legs, but she made it over to the bathroom without incident. She darted inside and firmly locked the door, then turned and regarded the toilet. After a moment of thought, she decided to sit down on it just in case, tucking her cock into the bowl, which was a rather uncomfortable feeling. She knew guys could stand up when they urinated, but she wasn't sure if it would come out her new penis or not.

It turned out that Hermione made the right decision, as her pee came out the same hole it always had. She had to quickly reach down to hold her balls out of the way, as the stream was tickling the curly hairs decorating her ball bag. She wiped quickly and flushed, then hesitated for a minute, looking at her reflection in the floor-length mirror next to the shower. In her opinion, she looked decidedly odd with a penis. It hung between her legs, surrounded by thick curly hair and looking rather unassuming. She wished she'd brought her wand with her so that she could give herself a good trim. Her penis still hadn't shrunken to the size it was when she first saw it, but she figured it had only been that small because it had been compressed inside the shorts.

Hermione turned her cock this way and that, getting a good look in the mirror at where it joined with the top of her pussy. Her lips and clit were the same size they had been and looked to be in the same location, even with the addition of a penis and balls to her groin. This was the first time she had really touched her new cock, and it was a weird sensation. Definitely different than touching her pussy, but it was oddly satisfying to wrap her fingers around a penis and actually know first-hand how that felt.

Now that she'd had a good look at it, her new penis didn't look quite so repulsive. In fact, Hermione had to admit that it was kind of cute, especially with the foreskin pulled over the purplish head, hiding everything but the tip with its tiny slit at the end. She didn't really like the look of her ballsack though. It was rather wrinkly and covered in the same sort of curly brown hair that covered her pussy. But the small balls themselves were definitely cute, Hermione decided as she prodded them, shifting them around in her ballsack. She experimentally squeezed one of them and gasped slightly as a jolt of pain washed over her. Apparently, it hurt to be rough with balls. Hermione filed that knowledge away for future reference.

Finished with her inspection, Hermione started to pull up her knickers, then stopped. It had been distinctly uncomfortable wearing her knickers to the restroom. No one else besides Ginny was awake, and even if they were, her robe would cover her privates. Feeling a bit daring, Hermione stepped out of her knickers and stuck them into a pocket of her robe before closing it firmly around her. She washed her hands and darted back to Ginny's room, rather enjoying the feeling of the cool air on her privates.

Ginny was now laying on her own bed, staring at the ceiling, and still naked. She grinned at Hermione. "So how was it?"
Hermione gave Ginny a look. "Put something on," she hissed. "You know how seeing you naked makes me feel!" It was true. She could feel her cock twitching a bit as she gazed at Ginny's lithe body.

Ginny merely raised an eyebrow. "Really?" she said. "Already?"

Hermione nodded. "I think it's getting bigger again."

Ginny sat up. "Let me see."

Hermione walked over and opened her robe, looking down at her cock. It wasn't fully hard, but it was definitely larger than it had been in the bathroom. Her penis was hanging a bit more loosely than it had been, and the tip was now about a half-inch lower than the bottom of her ball bag. It hadn't yet started to extend away from her body, but neither was it fully flaccid either.

"Interesting," Ginny commented. "I thought guys had to wait a while before they could get it up again. Like, several hours."

Hermione nodded. "That's what it said in the books I read. But they also said that some guys, especially ones in their late teens and early twenties, can successfully have intercourse more frequently than that."

Ginny gazed at Hermione's cock. "You know, it doesn't look that bad. It's rather adorable, especially on you."

Hermione blushed. "I thought so myself when I looked at myself in a mirror. It still looks really weird, and I definitely want to fix it soon, but it's certainly fascinating to experience what guys feel. I haven't ever heard of a witch ever knowing first-hand what it feels like to have a penis. I should write up my experiences and publish them. Under a pseudonym, of course."

"Your 'experiences,' eh?" Ginny said, one eyebrow raised. "So, you want to have more than just the one?"

Hermione's face got a little redder and she shrugged. "Since we can't do anything about it for a few hours, and this is a unique opportunity that perhaps no witch has ever experienced..."

Ginny smiled and gave Hermione's arm a little smack. "I was only teasing. What sort of experiences were you thinking of having? Jerking it off again?"

It took Hermione a moment to respond, as her eyes were drawn to Ginny's breasts, which had briefly bounced in a very delightful way when she had reached out and smacked Hermione's arm. Wrenching her eyes back to Ginny's face, she considered the question. "Well, from the books I read, there are several types of sexual experiences that most men have in their lifetime. The first, of course, is masturbation. I intend to try that myself, though I would first like to find some lube, as your hand was feeling a bit rough on me just before I climaxed. The next is a handjob, which I've already experienced. Another one is a blowjob, where someone would put their mouth on my penis and move it as they would a handjob. Of course, there is penis-in-vagina sexual intercourse. And some men experience anal sex, which is sexual intercourse in which their penis is in a woman's arsehole rather than their vagina. I don't think I want to experience that last one. I don't want anything to do with someone else's arsehole."

Hermione managed to say all that in one breath. Her cheeks were very pink when she finished, and she couldn't look at Ginny.

Ginny put her hands on her hips. "And you think you'll just experience that with me? Take my
"virginity?"

"No," Hermione firmly stated. "I'm not expecting anything you don't want to do. I want to make that clear. I just want to maximize this opportunity while I have it."

Ginny's look softened slightly, but she was still wary. "I don't know, Hermione. I was hoping my first time would be with Harry..." she trailed off, a look of surprise on her face. "Hang about, Hermione, Harry!"

Hermione frowned. "I'm not having sex with Harry."

"No, no, no," Ginny said quickly. "You Polyjuiced into Harry, so when you transformed back, you got a copy of Harry's dick!"

Hermione's mouth opened in horror. "You mean, this is Harry's cock I have now? Ew!"

"Hey, there are a lot of worse people whose dick you could have," Ginny argued, feeling she had to defend Harry for some reason. "Like Ron's cock. Imagine if you had his, yuck!"

Hermione shrugged. "I'm sure his is just as good."

"No way," Ginny said resolutely. "Ron's hygiene can be lacking."

Hermione winced. "Not so much anymore," she said in defence of her boyfriend. "He's doing a lot better."

"Still," Ginny replied. "Of course, what I can't figure out is why your cock isn't paler? Harry has a lot paler skin, and he has black hair, too. So, the hair on your balls should be black."

Hermione reached down and lifted her cock up, looking down at it. "That's a good question. Maybe this isn't Harry's cock, then?"

Ginny snorted. "Then whose would it be? Think back. When you transformed last night, did you happen to look at your-slash-Harry's cock?"

"Of course not," Hermione said, shocked. "I wasn't going to invade his privacy like that! Plus, there were a million other things I had to do."

"Nuts," Ginny muttered. "I had been planning on asking you how it was, though that's a moot point since you have his cock anyway."

"I'm not sure I do," Hermione argued. "Sure, it's a bit suspicious, but I'm sure Harry's cock doesn't look like this. It's the wrong colour, like you said."

"I know of one way to find out," Ginny grinned. "I'll get him to show it to me. Any teenage guy would jump at the chance."

"No, I forbid you," Hermione said seriously. "Your first time with Harry should be special. Not because you want to compare his cock with mine."


Hermione shuddered. "Never. That's disgusting. I just not have data for those sexual situations."

Ginny thought out loud for a few moments. 'I guess it wouldn't be cheating on Harry. He broke up
with me at the end of last year. And I could use the practice.' She smiled up at Hermione. 'Okay. I'll give you a blowjob.'

"Thanks, Ginny," Hermione said gratefully. "Before you do, let me write down my experiences with the handjob before I forget. I don't want to get any data mixed up."

Hermione turned around and rummaged in her trunk for some parchment and a Self-Inking Quill. She sat down on her cot, crossed her legs, and immediately started scribbling. Her crossed legs did a good job of hiding her bits from view, a fact that was mildly irritating Ginny. She could still see a hint of Hermione's pussy, but, surprising herself, she really wanted to see Hermione's cock!

For some reason, Ginny herself was starting to get turned on. Hermione's cock had felt oddly good in her hand, and it was looking more and more erotic the more she stared at it. Ginny had been secretly keeping a close eye on it while they talked, and she was fascinated how it would get slightly bigger when they talked about Hermione experiencing sexual situations, but then shrink back down when they were talking about something else. And it would jiggle slightly when Hermione gestured while talking. Ginny just wanted to take it in her hand again and feel it all over.

It didn't help that Hermione was completely naked apart from her bra, which wasn't exactly a conservative bra either. It was black, with a bit of lace around the edges, but was cut low and Ginny knew if Hermione bent over enough, she might get a quick glimpse at a nipple. Hermione also had very nice legs and a flat stomach. Her hair was bushy as always, but she had a cute nose and beautiful brown eyes. Ginny wasn’t into girls, really, but she could appreciate a beautiful female body, and Hermione certainly had one!

"Hey, Hermione?" Ginny asked.

"Hmmm?" Hermione answered distractedly, her quill flying across the parchment.

"Do you mind opening your legs a little?" Ginny said shyly.

Hermione looked up at her in surprise. "Why?"

"Uh," Ginny flushed red. "I, er, like looking at your dick."

"You do?" Hermione said in an odd voice.

"Yeah," Ginny admitted. "It's really cute like I said, and I don’t know why, but I really want to look at it right now."

Hermione smiled at Ginny. "You really think it's cute?"

"Of course!" Ginny exclaimed. "It's adorable. And sexy. And gets surprisingly big. And it's hot when it's big."

Hermione blushed and slowly uncrossed her legs, giving Ginny a great view of her flaccid member. Ginny immediately got down onto the floor and sat so that Hermione's penis was at eye level. She watched it slowly get a bit bigger, enough that the shaft was no longer resting on her ballsack. Hermione was obviously responding to Ginny's enthusiasm.

"Can I touch it?" Ginny asked.

"Not yet," Hermione said without pausing her notetaking. "I won’t be able to concentrate if you do. Let me finish this, then we can try the blowjob."
"Awww," Ginny said in a soft voice, her eyes not leaving Hermione's bits. If she ducked her head, she also had a fair view of Hermione's pussy, and it was looking a lot more attractive than it had a few minutes ago. Ginny felt something stir in the general area of her groin.

Hermione sat there for several more minutes, engrossed in her task while Ginny admired how oddly natural it looked for Hermione to have a penis, testicles, and a vagina. The skin of each flowed seamlessly to the others. In fact, if she didn't know better, Ginny supposed that she could easily assume that Hermione had always had both sets of equipment. Magic was quite peculiar sometimes. Finally, Hermione put aside the parchment. "I'll need to write this next experience a bit sooner after it happens. I was only able to remember about two feet of information about the handjob experience."

Ginny looked up at Hermione. "Uh, two feet is a lot more than I would have to say, even if I was writing about my first time having sex!"

Hermione shrugged. "It's research, you know. I don't want to leave anything out."

Ginny laughed. "I'm sure you don't. Now can I touch your penis?"

Hermione looked down, surprised to see her dick was already at quarter-mast. "Yes, but do you know how to give a blowjob?"

Ginny rolled her eyes. "I've never done it before, obviously, but I've seen pictures and read a description. Some of my roommates talked about doing it. It doesn't sound that hard."

"Okay, if you're ready," Hermione stood up and positioned herself in front of Ginny's face. "Just be gentle."

"Sure," Ginny said cheerfully, reaching up and grasping Hermione's cock. She slid her hand back and forth a few times, enjoying the feeling of the penis hardening beneath her fingers.

"Ooh," Hermione sighed. "I'd almost forgotten how good that feels."

Ginny grinned up at her. "It's about to feel a lot better."

And with that, she leaned forward and, gently pulling the foreskin away from the head, gave Hermione's tip a gentle kiss, eliciting a soft gasp from Hermione. Encouraged, Ginny stuck out her tongue and licked around the circumference of the head. Hermione moaned.

Both girls watched as Hermione's cock grew in Ginny's hand to its full size. "I'll never get tired of seeing that," Ginny said.

Hermione shook her head. "Me neither. It's still so weird that it's happening to me."

Ginny smiled and lifted Hermione's cock, revealing the underside. Brushing the soft brown hair back with a finger, she started near the base and slowly licked up the length of Hermione's shaft. Hermione seemed to respond to that, so Ginny did it again.

"The balls," Hermione groaned. "Lick the balls."

Ginny looked at Hermione's very hairy ball bag. "Maybe next time."

"Why not now?" Hermione asked, disappointed.

"Too much hair."

"Oh, sorry, lean back a moment; I can fix that," Hermione said quickly. She grabbed her wand off
her cot and muttered a quick spell. Suddenly all the hair vanished from Hermione's bits. On a whim, Hermione cast a very powerful Silencing charm on the door, just in case.

Meanwhile, Ginny was running a finger along Hermione's ballsack. "Smooth," she commented. "You'll have to teach me that one."

"Sure," Hermione said in a tight voice, tossing her wand back onto her cot. "Later."

Ginny leaned forward again and this time licked Hermione's ballsack. She might have accidentally touched her clit as well with her tongue, because Hermione shivered when Ginny licked the spot where her ball bag met her pussy.

"Wow," Ginny said, giving each ball a little kiss. "You really respond to this."

"Uh huh," Hermione gasped. The sight of Ginny on her knees, with Hermione’s penis resting on her face while she licked Hermione’s balls was making her more turned on than she had ever been. "Now take me in your mouth."

"Not yet," Ginny said playfully. "I'm not done licking you."

With that, Ginny finished licking the entirety of Hermione's ballsack. She closed her mouth around one of Hermione's balls experimentally, and gently sucked. "Oh, that's nice," Hermione groaned.

Ginny popped that ball out of her mouth and grabbed the other one, doing the same thing to it. She then lowered Hermione's cock and experimentally closed her mouth around the head of the hard cock. It was a weird feeling. Hermione felt even thicker inside her mouth than she had anticipated. She could feel the head of Hermione’s cock throbbing against her tongue. A bit of precum oozed out of the tip, and Ginny again tasted Hermione. It was more pleasant this time, probably because Ginny knew what to expect.

Careful not to bump her teeth against Hermione’s dick, the redhead took another inch into her mouth. Then another. And another, until Hermione's cock was pressing up against her uvula. Ginny gagged a bit, but quickly recovered. She was a bit disappointed that she had only managed to take a little over half of the length of Hermione's cock.

Drawing back, Ginny let Hermione's cock slide along her tongue and out of her mouth. Before Hermione could protest, Ginny took a quick breath then slid her mouth back over the rather wet penis. She held it there for a bit, working her tongue on as much of Hermione's cock as it could reach while she worked her hand back and forth around the part of her cock that she couldn't fit in her mouth, following the instructions she’d secretly memorised from a teen witch’s magazine that she’d borrowed from Luna the year prior, along with several tips she’d overheard from some of her more experienced roommates.

It was harder than it looked, Ginny thought. Her jaw was stretched more than she was used to, and she had to occasionally fight her gag reflex every time Hermione moved her hips forward, unconsciously trying to fit more of her cock in Ginny’s mouth. Still, it wasn’t too bad, and it was very satisfying to hear Hermione moan in pleasure.

Ginny bobbed her head up and down at the top of Hermione’s cock. She wasn’t taking very much now, just an inch and half or so past the head, but the sliding motion was clearly doing the trick for Hermione. After a couple of minutes of this, Ginny’s hand started to get tired of stroking the remainder of Hermione’s length, so she let it slide down and cupped Hermione’s small balls. She quickened her pace a bit, sliding her mouth and tongue even faster along the thick cock in her mouth. Her jaw was aching and she hoped Hermione wouldn’t be able to last much longer.
As if Hermione had heard her mental plea, Ginny felt Hermione’s balls tighten beneath her fingers and heard her cry out. Hermione’s cock jumped slightly in her mouth, hitting the top of her teeth, cum spurting out the tip. Ginny managed not to choke and quickly let Hermione’s cock fall out of her mouth. The next spurt hit her lips, and, somewhat enjoying the feeling, Ginny let the next few spurts also dribble down her lips and chin and drip onto her chest.

'Wow,' Hermione said in a throaty voice. 'That felt amazing.'

Ginny smiled, feeling the cum squish between her lips. She stuck out her tongue and licked as much as she could reach. After all, it wasn’t exactly a bad flavour, just salty and a bit bitter with a rather milky consistency. When she’d gotten all she could, she swallowed. 'Wow, that was a lot more than last time.'

Hermione nodded. 'I wonder why. Was it because I’d already done it before? Or maybe it was the fact that it was a blowjob rather than a handjob. Or possibly…'

Ginny held up a hand. 'Breathe, Hermione. Help me get cleaned up then you can write it all down.'

Hermione flushed. 'Sorry.'

Ginny waved a hand airily. 'It’s fine. Just get me a rag or something so I can get this stuff off of me.'

Hermione smiled mischievously. 'Or I could do this…'

Grasping Ginny’s arm, she pulled her to her feet, leaned in, and licked some of the cum off of Ginny’s chin. Ginny’s eyes widened in surprise. 'What…'

'Ssshhh,' Hermione placed a finger on her lips. 'Let me finish cleaning you up.' And she did. It took almost a dozen licks, but Hermione managed to lick up every bit of cum off Ginny’s chin and chest, though unfortunately (in Hermione’s opinion) none had travelled far enough to get on Ginny’s naked breasts.

When she finished, Hermione sat back. Ginny had a rather smouldering look in her eyes. 'I’m not a lesbian,' Ginny said, 'but that was hot.'

Hermione smiled. 'I didn’t think I was either until today, but this cock is making me reconsider that stance.'

Ginny blushed. 'Just go write everything down before you forget, okay?'

Hermione nodded and climbed back up to her cot. She plopped down, unconsciously crossing her legs again.

Ginny cleared her throat, glancing pointedly at Hermione’s crotch. Hermione blushed, but uncrossed her legs, this time opening them a bit wider than she had before. She grabbed her parchment and quill and immediately started writing furiously.

Ginny sat back against her bed, enjoying the view. Hermione’s cock looked a lot different without the curly brown hair. It looked even more naked, and somehow even more erotic. Ginny surreptitiously slid her right hand down and started to rub her own pussy, trying not to make any noise. She’d never masturbated when someone else was around, but it was somehow even hotter knowing that all Hermione had to do was look up and she’d be caught in the act.

Hermione had written about a foot and a half before she heard an odd noise coming from Ginny’s direction. It sounded like a squeak. She looked over the top of her parchment to see Ginny flush red.
'Sorry,' Ginny said.

Hermione did not fail to notice where Ginny’s hand was, and she looked pointedly at the two fingers Ginny currently had inserted into her pussy.

'Sorry,' Ginny said again. 'I’ll stop.'

Hermione shook her head, blushing. 'You don’t have to. You deserve to have a little fun, too, you know.'

Ginny blushed as well, and, returning her eyes to Hermione’s cock, continued to masturbate, this time not worrying too much about being quiet.

Hermione smiled to herself. She wasn’t being entirely altruistic, of course. Watching Ginny touch herself was very thrilling in its own way. She continued writing, sneaking glances at Ginny after every few sentences. One thing she noticed is that even though watching Ginny masturbate was turning her on, her cock remained flaccid. It wasn’t even twitching. Hermione noted this on her parchment and wondered if it was because she had just ejaculated twice in under an hour. She didn’t know the specifics of the male recovery period. All she knew is that it would likely be a while before she could conduct any more sexual experiments.

Hermione looked at the clock on the side of Ginny’s wall. It was barely after eight in the morning. They had plenty of time for her to recover and experiment more.

Ginny suddenly jerked, her fingers now moving very quickly, and Hermione watched as the orgasming redhead bit her lower lip, trying not to cry out.

'Was it good?' Hermione asked after Ginny had calmed a little.

Ginny nodded tiredly, her face flushed, but her tongue loosened by the afterglow. 'One of the best I’ve ever had. I’m beginning to wonder if I’m a little bit into girls, because all I could think about was feeling your skin against mine and your hard penis pressing against me.'

Hermione blushed. 'Well, this penis has certainly made me very into girls, and right now watching you was getting me just as horny.'

Ginny smiled. 'I’m glad you enjoyed it,' she said shyly.

Hermione returned to her parchment, and nearly two feet of neatly printed lines later, she rolled it up. 'Two experiments down.'

Ginny nodded, now lying on her side on her bed, still completely naked. 'What’s next? You going to jack off?'

Hermione hesitated for a long moment, nervously eyeing Ginny. 'Actually, I was going to ask if you wouldn’t mind trying intercourse with me,' she said, then quickly added, 'It’s okay if you don’t want to, I just thought I’d ask.'

Hermione glanced away, expecting an immediate 'no.' When she didn’t hear anything, she looked up hopefully.

Ginny had a pensive look on her face. 'I don’t know, Hermione. I want to help you out, and I do think I’m ready to lose my virginity, I have been for over a year, but I was hoping that my first time would be with Harry.'
Hermione nodded. 'I understand. I'll just say that I wasn’t able to experience that in the course of my research. I should be able to get enough information from my masturbation that I could get a quality paper published.’

Ginny held up a hand. 'Hold on, I didn’t say no. I just didn’t say yes. Let me think about it.’

Hermione nodded, feeling hope blossoming in her chest. She tried to keep her excitement from showing on her face. 'Take your time. I think it’ll be a while before my penis is ready. I think it’s a bit worn out.’

Both girls laughed nervously.

'What should we do in the meantime?' Ginny asked. 'Strip Exploding Snap? I’d play that, but it’d be a short game since I’m already naked and you’re almost there.’

Hermione looked down at herself. She’d forgotten she was still wearing a bra. Perhaps if she took it off, it would help Ginny decide to consent to intercourse, Hermione thought. 'Well, I don’t think it’s fair that you’re naked and I’m not,' she said matter-of-factly. 'Mind if I take this off?’

Ginny shook her head, staring at Hermione with blatant interest. Hermione flushed, then undid the clasp of her bra and let it slide off, tossing it aside. Ginny looked closely at Hermione’s breasts. They were slightly smaller than her own, but where Ginny’s nipples were pink and rather protruding, Hermione’s were brown and somewhat flat.

Hermione tweaked one of her nipples experimentally. 'They sort of get hard, but not really. Not like yours do.’

Ginny shrugged. 'Mine are really sensitive, though. I can’t play with them very roughly.’

Hermione smiled. 'I love having mine pinched and twisted. It hurts a bit, but in a good way.’

A few minutes passed while each girl fell silent and admired each other’s body.
“Well,” Ginny said, shifting some pillows around so that she could more comfortably lay on her side. “I’m bored. How long do you think it will be before you’re ready again?”


“Well you must be a little aroused at the very least. Don’t think I haven’t noticed that you can’t seem to keep your eyes off my crotch.”

Hermione, whose eyes had indeed been routinely flicking to Ginny’s pussy, quickly snapped her eyes up to Ginny’s face and flushed.

“No, I don’t mind,” Ginny said with a smile. “I was just wondering, now that this penis is making you attracted to girls, if you could have any girl to uh, take the next step with, who would you pick?”

“Besides you?” Hermione said.

“Besides me, obviously,” Ginny said, rolling her eyes, though her cheeks were a bit pink.

“I don’t know,” Hermione said, thinking about it. Lost in thought, she unconsciously crossed her legs until Ginny cleared her throat pointedly. Hermione flushed and decided to sit with her back leaning against the wall of the room, her legs spread fairly wide open so that she wouldn’t accidentally cross them again. The cool air of Ginny’s room was a little chilly against her damp and newly hairless groin, but she noticed Ginny enjoying the view.

“What about Lavender?” Ginny teased, and Hermione glared at her. She’d told Ginny all about Ron’s idiotic fling with that absolute tart the previous year. Why Ginny would think that she would ever want to interact with said bint ever again was beyond Hermione.

“Okay, not Lavender. Parvati, maybe?”

Hermione shook her head. “She doesn’t shave. Anywhere. Her pits are like the Forbidden Forest. And when she strips to go into the shower, you can see her bush sticking out even from the side.”

Ginny giggled, but grimaced. “Ew. Luna?”

Hermione considered it. “Maybe. She’s a bit too…lofty…for me, but she does have a great bum.”

Ginny nodded. “The best in our year, and it isn’t even close.”

“You’ve got a nice bum, too,” Hermione pointed out. “And mine isn’t too shabby either.”

“No, your bum is to die for,” Ginny said. “What about Phlegm?”

Hermione shook her head immediately. “If she was single? She’s really nice looking, and I wouldn’t
mind seeing her out of her kit, but I wouldn’t want to get intimate with her. She’s too domineering.”

“Yes, she is that,” Ginny agreed. “Would you go for Susan Bones? Or Hannah?”

“Hannah does have a great bum,” Hermione said. “But she’s got nothing up top. Susan, however, has huge tits. I’ve been jealous of her for years. And yet she’s still so thin. I don’t know how they got so big.”

Ginny shrugged. “Some girls are just lucky. So, we’ve established that you’d be okay with Susan. What about Daphne? She’s in your year, isn’t she?”

Hermione shrugged. “She’s not bad, for a Slytherin, but she’s still a bit rude. Still, she’s got perfect hair and I would love to get a closer look at what she’s hiding under her robes,” Hermione said with a slightly mischievous smile.


“How much older?” Hermione asked.

“McGonagall.”

Both girls started giggling. “Ew,” Hermione managed to say. “Just ew.”

“Yeah, I had to ask,” Ginny said, laughing. “What about Tonks? She’s cute, even with the pink hair.”

“Yes,” Hermione blurted out very quickly before she could stop herself.

Ginny eyed Hermione. “Anything you need to tell me?”

Hermione blushed. “Not really. I was just thinking of her a few minutes ago when I was writing my paper. I was wondering if Metamorphmagi could, you know, give themselves a cock.”

Ginny’s face brightened. “I bet she can! That’s so weird. But also it would be really cool. I wonder if she can change how it looks and everything, like she does with her nose and her hair. We should ask her!”

“No, no, no, we can’t tell anyone,” Hermione said, panicking slightly. “Or at least not yet. I need to finish my research! Then we’ll go to St. Mungo’s and talk to a Healer in confidence.”

“Fine,” Ginny frowned. “But I think she could help. I bet she’s grown herself a cock before. You could interview her and everything. See if her experiences were like yours.”

Hermione thought for a second. “Okay. Maybe afterwards. But not until I get as much data as I can.”

“Fair enough,” Ginny said happily. “So, Susan, Daphne, Tonks, anyone else? Maybe a Quidditch player? Alicia Spinnet is gorgeous, and she’s got great knockers.”

“Actually, I’d rather have Angelina,” Hermione said with an embarrassed grin. “I like her hair, and she’s really nice most of the time. I think she’s interested in Fred, though.”

“Fred?” Ginny pretended to gag. “What does she see in him?”

Hermione shrugged. “I guess she thinks he’s funny. And he is very intelligent, even though he doesn’t apply himself,” she said, frowning at the notion of someone not working hard in school.
“Yeah, but,” Ginny said. “He’s a prat.”

Hermione shrugged. “Not arguing with you there. I’d like to see Katie without her kit on, but you know her friend, Leanne? The Ravenclaw in her year?”

Ginny shook her head.

“She’s the one that wasn’t wearing knickers and got hit by a stray wind-summoning charm in Flitwick’s class last October,” Hermione said conspiratorially.

“Oh, right! I know who she is now!” Ginny smiled as she remembered hearing the gossip. “Didn’t her robes get all tangled up and half the class got a peek at her pussy before she was able to cover herself?”

“Yes, and I heard that it may not have been an accident,” Hermione’s voice lowered. “I hear that she averages one slip like that a month. Some people say she’s been hit by an obscure curse that causes her to forget to wear underwear, but I was there when her robes got caught on the suit of armour and her boobs popped right out in the Defence corridor last March. I saw her walking directly towards that suit of armour, and she wasn’t pushed into it at all. I think that wasn’t an accident.”

Hermione nodded at Ginny’s look of incredulity. “I think she’s a bit of an exhibitionist. And I think Katie’s in on it. Everyone knows they’re secretly dating.”

Ginny rolled onto her back and looked up at the ceiling. “Wow. Are you ready for the next experiment yet?”

Hermione looked down at her cock. “I don’t know.”

Ginny looked over at her friend. “Well, then find out, you know…” she pantomimed jerking off a cock.

Hermione blushed. “Okay.”

She wrapped her right hand around her cock experimentally and started to jerk her hand up and down. She felt very exposed, sitting there with her legs wide open, stroking her cock right in front of a naked girl. Her cock stirred slightly, and, encouraged, Hermione started to stroke herself a little faster.

Despite her increased tempo, her cock didn’t seem to be getting much harder. It got a bit longer, but it was still rather floppy.

“Am I doing it wrong?” Hermione asked, frowning down at her cock.

“Nah, it’s the same thing I did earlier,” Ginny said, watching from her perch on the bed.

“Then why isn’t it getting hard?”

Ginny shrugged. “Maybe you’re not ready yet.”

Hermione checked the wall clock again. “It’s been almost a half-hour. I should be fine.”

“Maybe you just need a little encouragement,” Ginny observed. “Think of one of those girls you decided on, like Susan or Daphne. Or Tonks.”

Hermione tried to picture each of them in the nude. While it was a very enjoyable thought, particularly in Tonks’ case, it had no effect on her cock. Frustrated, she let go, letting her penis flop
down onto her stomach.

“Damn thing won’t get hard,” she muttered.

“What if I gave it some encouragement?” Ginny said reasonably. “You responded well to my

“Touch.”

“Yes, but I’m supposed to get data on me wanking, not data on you helping me wank,” Hermione

said a bit grumpily.

“Oh yeah,” Ginny said, remembering. Both girls stared at Hermione’s thoroughly limp cock.

“I’ll give it a few more minutes,” Hermione decided. “Maybe then I’ll be able to masturbate right.”

“Couldn’t hurt,” agreed Ginny. “In the meantime, do you mind if I touch myself again? I get horny

watching you.”

“Sure,” Hermione shrugged, then smiled as a rather naughty idea came to her. “Can I help?”

Ginny froze. “Help?” she said cautiously.

“Yes, help,” Hermione said. “You helped me before. Maybe it’ll help me get horny enough that I

can continue my research and wank properly when you’re finished.”

“Oh, er, okay,” Ginny agreed, obviously a little uncomfortable. Apparently, Ginny was fine with

touching another girl, but hadn’t really planned on herself being touched by one.

Hermione decided to put Ginny as much at ease as possible. “I’ve never touched another girl,” she

admitted softly. “Just myself. Can you show me how you do it?”

Ginny nodded shyly after a moment and sat up, spreading her legs wide and dangling them over the

edge of her bed. “I start like this.” She put two fingers on her pussy lips and moved them in a slow

clockwise motion. “It helps get me going.”

Hermione got up and squatted down on the floor between Ginny’s legs, watching closely. Ginny had

her fingers touching the area between her outer lips and her large inner lips. Her vagina was

repeatedly opening and closing as Ginny’s fingers moved in a clockwise motion around the edges of

her inner lips. Hermione watched, transfixed. Somehow it was much hotter seeing this up close.

Ginny blushed, a bit uncomfortable but very turned on by Hermione’s interest.

“Can I try?” Hermione asked.

“Yeah, okay,” Ginny said after a brief hesitation, moving her hand out of the way. “Be gentle.”

“Of course,” agreed Hermione. She reached out her left hand and lightly touched the top of Ginny’s

pussy with two fingers, feeling the soft red hair. She slid those fingers down, collecting some of

Ginny’s wetness, until they were in the same spot Ginny’s fingers just vacated. She somewhat

inexpertly started moving them in a reasonably close approximation of the clockwise motion she had

just witnessed.

Ginny groaned. “Yes, like that. A little higher.”

Hermione obediently shifted her fingers, and Ginny’s body responded. Hermione could feel more

juices leak out of Ginny’s vagina. As she let it soak her fingers, Hermione detected the faint scent of

Ginny’s pussy. It was a bit musky, but somehow intoxicating. She leaned closer and breathed in,
letting the scent fill her nostrils.


Hermione’s fingers completed another trip around the edges of Ginny’s inner lips. And then they completed another. And another. A few minutes later, Ginny stopped Hermione, her face flushed.

“Okay, I’m ready,” she breathed. “Then I put a finger or two in, like this.” Ginny gently inserted her middle finger into her vagina, slightly twisting it as it went in. She then pulled it out and inserted both her middle and her ring fingers inside. She slowly moved them in and out.

“Each time they go in,” Ginny said breathlessly. “I let my thumb brush my clit.” She demonstrated.

“I can do that,” Hermione said confidently. Ginny nodded and pulled her fingers out with a soft squelching sound.

Hermione collected more of Ginny’s wetness on her middle and ring fingers, then gently inserted them into Ginny’s canal. It was a weird feeling, having her fingers in another girl’s vagina. She’d had her fingers in her own pussy many times. Sometimes she’d managed to fit three in! But Ginny’s pussy felt slightly different. It was a bit looser than her own, despite Ginny being a year younger. Hermione’s fingers had more room to work than she had anticipated. She twisted them slightly, exploring Ginny’s depths.

Ginny groaned in pleasure. “Whatever you’re doing, don’t stop.”

Hermione smiled. This was majorly turning her on. Her cock twitched, yet maddeningly still didn’t stiffen. Hermione hoped it wouldn’t be too long before she would be ready to go again. In the meantime, she slid her fingers partway out and with the quickest of touches, flicked Ginny’s clit.

Ginny cried out softly. Hermione again inserted her fingers, almost corkscrewing them into Ginny’s canal. Then she slid them out, let her thumb lay the lightest touch she could manage on her clit, then slid her fingers back in. Each time Hermione’s fingers came out of Ginny’s vagina, she flicked her clit just a little bit harder than the previous time.

Ginny’s legs were trembling slightly, and she was starting to moan continuously. The slightly musky odour of her pussy was thick in the air, and Hermione was breathing it in deeply. Her own scent wasn’t bad, but for some reason, Ginny’s was far more enticing. Hermione suddenly wondered what Ginny tasted like and suppressed an urge to give Ginny’s pussy a long lick from bottom to top.

Ginny suddenly groaned rather loudly and bucked her hips against Hermione’s hand, forcing her clit against Hermione’s thumb. She went somewhat stiff and trembled in that position for a few seconds, then collapsed back on her bed, her pussy sliding off Hermione’s hand.

“Whoa,” Hermione said, her fingers dripping with wetness.

“Merlin’s pants,” Ginny said in a raspy voice. “That was the best one I’ve ever had.”

Hermione felt a sudden rush of pride. She brought her fingers to her nose and breathed in deeply. She then stuck out her tongue and licked a tiny bit of Ginny’s juices. Its taste was rather good, though it left a slight aftertaste reminiscent of sweat, or perhaps the ocean. Either way, Hermione liked it, and enthusiastically started licking more from her fingers.

Ginny’s breathing was calm now, though her face was still flushed pink. “Can I hire you to be my personal sex toy?” she mumbled.
Hermione giggled. “Maybe.”

“But seriously, Hermione, that was great,” Ginny said. “Hey, are you recovered yet? Are you ready to jack off?”

Hermione rolled onto her side and both girls looked down at Hermione’s cock. It was twitching slightly, but still flaccid. “I guess not,” Hermione said, a little disappointed. She reached down with the rather wet hand that still had quite a lot of Ginny’s juices and spread them around the tip. Her cock didn’t respond. “Dammit,” Hermione swore under her breath.

She turned back to Ginny to see that Ginny was lightly running her fingers over her pussy. Hermione raised an eyebrow. “Are you planning on masturbating again?”

Ginny smiled sheepishly. “I usually do a couple sessions. I can sometimes go for three or four. And looking at your cock is making me horny, even if it’s all soft and everything.”

Hermione smiled back. “Can I help again?”

Ginny raised an eyebrow. “You really liked it that much?”

Hermione shrugged. “To be honest, yes. Fingering you made my penis twitch. I think if I helped you out again, I’d be ready for the next experiment.”

“Well, if you insist,” Ginny giggled. “Don’t let me stop you.”

Hermione licked the rest of Ginny’s juices off her fingers, then nibbled her lower lip. “Actually, I was wondering…” she paused.

“Wondering what?” Ginny asked curiously.

“I was wondering if I could eat you out,” Hermione said very quickly.

Ginny looked at her. “You really are turning bi.”

Hermione flushed. “It’s this penis. It’s making me want to do all kinds of dirty things to you.”

Ginny looked down for a moment. “Well, I have to admit that I’ve been having fun experimenting with you. I think I might be turning bi too.”

“It’s okay,” Hermione said. “Even when we figure out how to get rid of my cock, I’ll still be fine with it if you want to continue what we’ve been doing. Girls are allowed to have a little fun with each other, after all.”

Ginny smiled. “I’d like that.”

“So can I?” Hermione asked, smiling back.

“Can you what?” Ginny said, confused.

“Can I eat you out?” Hermione inquired eagerly.

“Oh, uh, sure,” Ginny said. “You want me to lay down”

Hermione shrugged. “Whatever.”

Ginny leaned back and again spread her legs. Hermione climbed onto the bed, positioning herself on
her stomach between Ginny’s legs. She scooted forward until her face was centimetres from Ginny’s pussy. She could still feel the heat radiating off it. The musky odour was even stronger, but Hermione didn’t mind. She placed a kiss on the soft hair just above Ginny’s pussy. Then, remembering some tips from one of the books she had read, she started moving her lips in a small circle, placing kisses on the areas where Ginny’s thighs met her pussy. She then kissed the very top of Ginny’s slit, just above her clit hood.

Ginny groaned. Encouraged, Hermione stuck out her tongue and tentatively licked Ginny’s slit from bottom to top, enjoying the audible reaction she was getting. She could taste the young redhead’s juices all over her slit. Moving to Ginny’s outer lips, she softly massaged them with her tongue and pressed kisses everywhere she licked. She was a bit surprised to find that she didn’t mind the soft red hair underneath her tongue. It added a bit of texture, and she briefly wondered if kissing a man with a beard would feel similar.

Meanwhile Ginny grabbed Hermione’s head in her hands and forced it against her pussy. Hermione quickly figured out what she wanted and obligingly darted her tongue into Ginny’s canal. “Do that again,” Ginny gasped. “Yes, like that. Just like that.”

Hermione dutifully probed Ginny’s vagina with her tongue, but soon started also flicking her tongue against her clitoral hood. Ginny moaned in frustration, but Hermione continued to tease her. She’d kiss the clit hood, then shove her tongue as deep as it would go into Ginny’s canal for a few seconds, her upper lip pressed against Ginny’s clit, then back off and kiss the clit hood again.

“A little longer,” Ginny gasped, trying to get Hermione to properly kiss her clit, but Hermione continued to be a tease. She didn’t want Ginny to cum too quickly, after all. She was rather enjoying herself.

Every time Ginny would get close, Hermione backed off, placing kisses around the outside of Ginny’s canal and clit. Ginny tried bucking her hips and tried shoving Hermione’s face against her clit, but Hermione repeatedly denied her orgasm.

Finally, after teasing her for a minute more, Hermione’s tongue darted out and just barely bumped Ginny’s clit. Ginny immediately went rigid, her fingers digging into Hermione’s scalp and her thighs trapping Hermione’s head in place. She panted, not even able to moan.

Ginny’s hips bucked one, twice, three times, then she collapsed back onto her bed, her hands slipping off Hermione’s head and getting tangled in her bushy hair. Hermione winced, but gently extricated Ginny’s fingers and sat up, stretching. She felt her back pop slightly, sore from being in one position for so long.

Hermione gazed down at Ginny’s sweaty body. Her pussy was utterly soaked. The red curls were matted with moisture, and there was a noticeable damp spot on the sheets underneath Ginny’s bum where her juices had trickled down.

Ginny’s face was slack as she tried to catch her breath. “That was…” she said, then gasped. “That was amazing. I hate you so much. I hate you so much. Oh, Merlin, you are a right tart, Hermione. Teasing me like that.”

Hermione smiled. “I try.”

Ginny grinned weakly. “Is your cock ready yet?”

Hermione had forgotten about her cock. Even without looking, she knew she was ready. A glance down confirmed that she was already at half-mast. She stood up, and Ginny looked over at
Hermione’s cock. “Good,” she breathed. “Because if you’ll give me a minute, I am going to shag your brains out.”

Hermione froze. “Say what?”

Ginny grinned. “You heard me. I want to fuck you so hard you can’t move.”

“But, your virginity?” Hermione said, getting excited but not wanting Ginny to make a decision she would later regret.

Ginny waved a hand lazily. “I’ve just lost my virginity with a girl, and even if you fuck me, I won’t have lost it with a guy yet, because despite you having a dick, you’re still a girl. And I want to make you feel how you just made me feel. And you can finish your research.”

“Are you sure?” Hermione wanted there to be no doubt that this was what Ginny wanted. “You’re absolutely sure?”

Ginny nodded. “Give me a couple minutes and you can shag me any way you want. Except in the arse.”

Hermione made a face. “I don’t think I want that anyway.”

Ginny smiled. “Good. While I rest, why don’t you write some notes about what it’s like to eat a girl out? I’m sure you could get a nice paper from that.”

Hermione’s eyes lit up. “That’s a great idea.” She dashed over to her cot and grabbed a fresh roll of parchment and her quill. Ginny slowly sat up, working the kinks out of her neck and shoulders. She was tired, but still horny. Hermione had teased her for so long that her second orgasm, as violent as it was, just hadn’t done it for her.

Ginny examined Hermione’s semi-hard cock, a bit apprehensive. She’d used sex toys before, and even owned her own dildo that she’d secretly saved up for and ordered while at Hogwarts, but it was a small dildo and not as thick as Hermione’s penis. Still, her pussy shouldn’t have trouble stretching as much as it needed to, especially since it was already so well-lubricated.

After about ten minutes, Ginny felt ready. “You done?” she asked hopefully, rubbing herself a little in anticipation.

“Almost,” Hermione replied distractedly. “Got a few more notes I need to take.”

Ginny eyed the three feet of parchment Hermione had already filled up. “I didn’t know my pussy was that interesting,” she commented.

Hermione shrugged. “I just don’t want to forget anything.”

Several interminable minutes later, Hermione finally set her quill and parchment aside. She looked at Ginny, a small smile on her face. “I’m ready.”

“Finally,” Ginny said. “You took so long that your cock is soft again.”

Hermione glanced down. “Oh, yeah, it is.” She grabbed in her hand and began to pump it.

Ginny got up and walked over. “Let me get it ready,” she said, and knelt down between Hermione’s legs. She leaned forward and teased the cock from between Hermione’s fingers. She then slipped it into her mouth, lubricating it as much as possible. She felt it slowly swell.
“That feels wonderful,” Hermione sighed above her.

“Ihs suppos’ toh,” Ginny said around a mouthful of cock. As Hermione’s cock began to push against her throat, Ginny allowed it to slide out of her mouth. Two quick pumps with her hand and Hermione’s cock was standing at full attention.

Ginny stood up and gave Hermione’s cock a gentle tug. “Come on, let’s do it on my bed.” Still gripping Hermione’s cock, she led her over to the bed. Ginny sat down on her bed and grabbed her pillow. Placing it behind her, she leaned back and spread her legs, grinning nervously up at Hermione as the other girl somewhat awkwardly climbed onto the bed. Ginny felt so ready for this, but her first time was still likely to hurt.

Hermione knelt in between Ginny’s legs, looking down at the girl. “Are you sure you want to do this?”

Ginny nodded. “Yes. Just go slow, okay?”

“Of course,” Hermione said. She looked down and grasped the base of her cock. Leaning forward and bracing herself with her spare hand, she carefully prodded Ginny’s pussy with the tip. Sliding her cock up along Ginny’s slit, Hermione tried to gather as much moisture as she could. The feeling of Ginny’s hair tickling the underside of her cock was exquisite.

Ginny reached up and brushed Hermione’s dangling hair out of her face, then caught her eye. “Stop fooling around and put it in,” she said breathlessly, very aroused. “I’m as ready as I’ll get.”

Hermione lined up the tip of her cock with Ginny’s entrance and slowly pushed the head in. Both girls moaned simultaneously. Watching Hermione’s cock enter Ginny’s pussy was the hottest thing either girl had ever seen. Ginny giggled nervously. “I’m okay so far. I’ll let you know if it hurts,” she encouraged Hermione.

Another inch slid inside. Hermione felt like she was about to break Ginny’s pussy, it was so tight, but the redhead just groaned again. She slid another inch in, and then another. Ginny’s breath hitched, and Hermione stopped.

Ginny managed a weak smile. “Give me a moment to get used to you. It hurts a little, but it’s a good sort of hurt.”

Hermione took her hand off her cock and gently massaged Ginny’s pussy with her thumb. “Does this help?”

“Ooh, it does,” moaned Ginny. “You can put a little more in.”

Hermione eagerly did so, trying to go as slow as she could so as to minimize Ginny’s discomfort. She managed to put in a little more than another inch before she felt her cock hit something.

“Ow,” Ginny winced. “I think you hit the end.”

Hermione backed out about a half inch. “Looks like you took all but an inch,” Hermione said, gazing down at her cock. “Which means that if I’m a bit over six inches, then you took over five of them.”

“I was hoping to take all six,” Ginny said, a bit annoyed. “I wanted to feel you go balls-deep.”

Hermione grinned and reached underneath her cock. She placed a finger behind her balls and flicked them forward a bit until they touched Ginny’s arse. “There you go. My balls are touching.”
“That’s cheating,” Ginny said, but smiled anyway. She took her eyes off of Hermione’s cock sticking out of her pussy and leaned her head back. “I think I’m ready for you to go again, now that we know how much I can take.”

“Good,” Hermione said in relief, slowly pulling her cock back out and eyeing how sopping wet it now was. “Because it was really hard to stand still. I wanted, well, I want, to plow you.”

Hermione lined her cock up again with Ginny’s pussy and slowly slid it back in, being careful to stop just before she caused Ginny pain.

She pulled her cock almost all the way out, leaving just the head in, then pushed her way back in. It was an incredible sensation. Ginny’s pussy felt like it was made for her penis. It was tight, but not so tight that she couldn’t move in and out. It was very well-lubricated, yet gripped Hermione’s shaft in an extremely pleasant way.

Hermione sped up a little, trying to find a good rhythm. She shifted the angle a few times, and fell out more than a few, before finally managing to find a rhythm that worked. She earnestly began pumping in and out of Ginny’s pussy at a steady pace. She shifted her eyes up to Ginny’s face and the young redhead smiled up at her, clearly enjoying the sensation, until…

“Ouch!”

Hermione immediately pulled her cock fully out at Ginny’s cry. She had accidentally gone too far and hit Ginny’s cervix. “Sorry, sorry,” she said. “Are you okay?”

Ginny grimaced, but nodded. “Go a bit slower, maybe?”

Hermione nodded and carefully slid into Ginny’s canal again, once again enjoying the sensation of sliding her cock into a pussy. She kept her eyes focused on her cock, making sure that she didn’t try to put too much in.

Gradually, Hermione picked up the pace until she again pounded away at a steady rhythm. She could hear Ginny’s breathing shorten a bit. The knowledge that she was making Ginny feel good energised Hermione. She started going a bit faster, but again, after a few dozen thrusts, she accidentally went too far.

“Ouch!” Ginny cried again.

Hermione slid her cock out, already apologizing. “Sorry, I am so sorry!”

Ginny grimaced up at her. “Maybe we should try a different position.”

“Like what?” Hermione asked. “Do you want to be on top?”

Ginny considered it. “I’m afraid my weight will push me onto you harder than I want to.”

Hermione thought for a moment. “I read somewhere that doggystyle allows for deeper penetration in some women. Maybe I won’t go too far then.”

“Oh, okay,” Ginny said. “Let’s try that.” She scooted back, then rolled over onto her hands and knees, presenting her arse to Hermione.

Hermione ran a hand over Ginny’s pert rear. It was a beautiful bum. It was curvy, yet firm.

Ginny looked back over her shoulder. “Hey, what are you waiting for?”
Hermione shook herself. “Sorry. I was just looking at your adorable bum.” She looked down at her cock, then back up at Ginny’s arse, figuring out the ideal angle. She scooted forward on her knees until her cock slid up Ginny’s bum. It felt good having her cock nestled in Ginny’s crack, but Hermione knew that Ginny was likely not quite ready for buggery, and to be honest, Hermione wasn’t very interested in it either, especially if there were far better places for her new penis. Speaking of better places…she reached a hand around Ginny’s torso and groped around for her pussy. Finding Ginny’s entrance, she carefully lined up her cock and slowly slid it in.

“Oh, Merlin’s saggy pants,” Ginny groaned. “That feels even better!”

Hermione had to agree. Her cock slid in so much easier in this position. She carefully worked it forward, waiting for any resistance that told her she was at Ginny’s limit. But it never came. She suddenly felt hair tickling her balls, and then she couldn’t go any further.

“Hey, why’d you stop?” Ginny said, looking back at Hermione over her shoulder.

“I can’t go any farther,” Hermione said, pushing a bit against Ginny’s arse to make sure.

Ginny grinned. “I took it all?”

Hermione smiled back at her. “You took it all.”

“Good,” Ginny said, relief evident on her face, then turned her head back around. “Now fuck me. Don’t be too gentle.”

Hermione eagerly obliged. She found it was easier on her hips at this angle. The first few rather overenthusiastic thrusts resulted in her cock falling out of Ginny’s pussy. After a bit of experimentation, Hermione found a rhythm where her cock only came about halfway out but allowed her to go a lot faster without worrying about it falling out.

Hermione bit her lower lip as she pounded Ginny’s pussy. It was a wonderful feeling to be shagging Ginny like this. Her cock was as hard as ever and the sensation of Ginny’s vaginal wall sliding along her length was taking her breath away.

Both girls were panting and gasping in pleasure after only a minute of this. Hermione felt control slipping out of her grasp. She sped up, wanting this. Needing this. Ginny was moaning breathlessly, and she gripped the bedcovers in clenched fists.

Hermione sped up yet again, pounding Ginny’s snatch. Each time she bottomed out her balls slapped against Ginny’s hairy pussy, giving both girls a wonderful sensation. Ginny disentangled one hand from the sheets and slid it back, massaging her pussy in tiny circles.

“You know what we forgot?” Hermione said through gritted teeth, her hands on Ginny’s hips, pumping her cock in and out of Ginny with reckless abandon.

“What?” Ginny gasped, her fingers massaging her clit.

“Birth control,” Hermione said, speeding up yet again.

“It’s fine, I’m on the potion,” Ginny managed to say before letting out a long groan.

“Good,” Hermione croaked. “Because I don’t think I could stop either way.”

With that, she felt all control leave her. She leaned forward along Ginny’s back, feeling her rock-hard nipples slide along Ginny’s sweaty skin as she pounded her pussy.
Ginny groaned, enjoying the slight angle change that came with Hermione’s movement. It felt like every single centimetre of her pussy was on fire.

Several dozen thrusts later, Hermione felt her balls seize up. She moaned loudly as her balls eagerly emptied into Ginny’s warm snatch. Ginny groaned just as loudly, feeling her vagina fill with Hermione’s warm spunk.

Hermione’s cock twitched inside Ginny’s snatch twice, three times, four times. The fifth time, Hermione felt herself soften and she slid off of Ginny, feeling her cock slide out with a squelching noise.

“Merlin’s balls,” Hermione said, laying on her side, her eyes closed. “Merlin’s saggy, hairy, balls. That was amazing.”

Ginny merely grunted, and Hermione opened her eyes to see that Ginny hadn’t moved. Her fingers were flying over her pussy, and Hermione realised that she hadn’t gotten off yet.

“Can I help?” she said, sitting up with no small amount of effort.


A few seconds later, Ginny shuddered, then collapsed, groaning in pleasure.

Hermione crawled up the bed and lay down next to Ginny, placing her head mere inches from Ginny’s. “Hey,” she said warmly.

One of Ginny’s eyes opened. “Hey.”

On an impulse, Hermione leaned forward and kissed Ginny right on the lips. Ginny’s eyes widened in shock, but she didn’t pull away.

Taking this as encouragement, Hermione kissed her again. And again. On the fourth kiss, Ginny reciprocated, flinging her arm over Hermione and pressing her body against Hermione’s.

Hermione felt her breasts smash against Ginny’s larger ones. Her still-sensitive cock was lying against one of Ginny’s legs, which shifted slightly, causing the leg to rest against Hermione’s pussy. Hermione felt a wave of pleasure, and kissed Ginny again enthusiastically, raising a hand and running it through Ginny’s tangled red hair.

They lay there for a few minutes, making out while they recovered, then Ginny rolled onto her back. “You should probably log your data now.”

Hermione nodded and reluctantly sat up, feeling Ginny’s leg slide out from between her own. She gazed down at her cock. It was still shining with Ginny’s juices, but it was mostly soft again. It would probably be several hours before she could do anything else.

Hermione stood up and stretched, glancing at the clock. It was almost nine-thirty. She doubted anyone would be awake before noon, except perhaps Mrs. Weasley, and she knew that the Silencing Charms on the door would make all the others in the house think they were still asleep.

She sat down on her cot, grabbed her notes and quill and started writing.

“Ahem,” Ginny said from the bed. Hermione looked up and Ginny gestured at Hermione’s crossed legs.
Hermione flushed. “Sorry,” she said, opening them. “Are you still horny after all that?”

Ginny shook her head. “But I still like looking at it.”

“I do too,” Hermione said shyly. “I don’t know if that’s weird or not, but it’s very interesting.”

Ginny nodded. “And cute.”

Hermione smiled and went back to her writing. She wrote down every single detail she could remember, especially the feeling of her cock inside of Ginny’s pussy. She made sure to write at length exactly how the orgasm had felt when she came inside Ginny. She noted the foreplay, and how it seemed to have helped quite a bit. She mentioned how the first position didn’t work out very well, and how doggystyle seemed to be much easier on both of them. She wrote about having to go slow at first, even though all she wanted was to pound Ginny’s brains out. She wrote about how her cock seemed to take control of her and she had to fight to keep her head, and how it was for naught because she lost control at the end and could not have stopped even if she had wanted to.

Several feet of parchment later, Hermione put down her quill and stood up, stretching. Ginny, who had been dozing off in her bed, yawned and sat up as well.

“Finished?” Ginny asked.

Hermione nodded. “I think so. All that’s left for me to get experience with, oddly enough, is masturbation.” She glanced down at her fully flaccid penis. “And I don’t think I will get any data on that for a few hours. I’m done for a while, I think.”

Ginny grimaced. “Me too. I’m a little sore,” she said, rubbing a hand over her still-bare pussy.

“I’m very sorry,” Hermione apologised worriedly. “I didn’t mean to…”

Waving a hand dismissively, Ginny cut her friend off. “It’s all right. I wanted it, and I’m glad it happened. I’ve been ready for a while, and I don’t think I would have been having sex with Harry anytime soon. I’m glad it was with you,” she said, smiling up at Hermione.

Blushing, Hermione nodded. “And I’m glad I lost my virginity with you. Or at least, part of my virginity.” She became a little flustered. “My penis-virginity. Oh, you know what I mean,” she snapped as Ginny giggled.

A sudden noise outside the door caused both girls to freeze. Hermione grabbed her wand and tiptoed over to the door. Pressing her ear against it, she listened closely.

“I think your mum is up. She’s heading downstairs,” Hermione whispered.

Ginny glanced at the clock. “It’s not even ten. I thought Mum’d be asleep until eleven at the earliest, since everyone was up so late last night.”

Hermione shrugged. “She probably wants to check on George, or get a head start on breakfast.”

“We should probably get dressed,” Ginny said, standing up. “I don’t know about you, but I badly need a shower.”

“Yes, I could certainly do with one,” Hermione said. “Do you want to go first?”

Ginny raised an eyebrow. “Want to shower together? Our shower is large enough for two. I could wash your back, or perhaps wash something a little lower down?”
“Tempting, but I’ll pass,” Hermione said after a moment of thought. Seeing Ginny pout, she added, “At least this time. I don’t know when we’ll be able to get up to St Mungo’s, so there’s a good chance I’ll need another shower before that. Perhaps then?”

Ginny brushed a lock of hair behind her ear and shrugged. “I guess I can wait. You go first, and I’ll see if I can find some clothes that you can wear underneath your robes that will work a little better than those skimpy knickers.”

Both girls giggled, thinking of trying to shove Hermione’s penis into a pair of knickers. Hermione remembered trying that earlier and it had not worked very well at all. Hermione pulled on the robes she wore earlier and tied the belt very securely around her waist. She forwent any underclothes, trusting that no one would bother her on her way to and from the bathroom. Grabbing a fresh set of robes from her trunk she slipped out of Ginny’s room and padded down the hall, again rather enjoying the brush of air on her bits. She stifled a giggle as she remembered the man at the water spigot at the Quidditch World Cup who was wearing a nightgown and saying how he liked “a nice healthy breeze ‘round my privates, thanks.” If only she’d known then how right he was, she may not have giggled so much. Then again, perhaps she would have laughed even harder, because it was rather freeing, and she did like it quite a bit.

Still smiling to herself, she approached the bathroom and reached a hand out for the doorknob only to find it locked. Hermione froze, her eyes widening. Someone was definitely inside. She took a step back and leaned against the wall, thinking hard. She could go back to Ginny’s room, but if she did, someone else might take the bathroom after whoever it was inside right now was finished. But if she waited out here, someone else might come by and want to talk to her or worse, want her to help with something.

Hermione reached up a hand and brushed her tangled mass of hair out of her face. There was nothing for it; she had to risk staying out here. Her heart pounding in her chest, she tried to adopt a look of unconcern on her face, just in case someone passed by.

Thankfully she had but to wait a few minutes before she heard the doorknob turn and saw someone step out of the loo.

“’Ermione,” Fleur smiled at the suddenly terrified young woman. “I ‘ope you got some sleep?”

“Not really. Not enough,” Hermione managed to say, eternally thankful that her voice was mostly normal. “And you?”

Fleur laughed softly, her soft fingers winding a simple hair tie into her long silvery-blond hair that-normally-Hermione-hated-so-much-but-now-was-so-beautiful-and-distracting-and-oh-no-she-felt-the-tip-of-her-penis-poking-at-the-front-of-her-robes. “Of course not,” she said reproachfully. “After last night? Why, Bill and I ‘ave been up all night with George. I am no ‘ealer, but between Bill and I we were able to stabilize ‘im.”

“Good,” Hermione gasped, looking everywhere but at Fleur’s blue eyes or her full lips or the way her light blue dressing gown was rather sheer and did little to hide her curves. She felt oddly woozy, and she suddenly really wanted to say something, anything that would impress Fleur.

Hermione opened her mouth to ask whether Fleur remembered to use the Olden-Fenwick technique when performing the Blood Stemming Spell in order to bypass the inherent resistance of cursed wounds towards healing magic, but then a sudden noise down the hall made them both look up.

Ginny was peering around the door to her room, staring at the two women. Hermione shook her head, trying to clear it, realising with a sinking feeling that she was now just as susceptible to Fleur’s
veela charms as Harry and Ron were. This could be a very, very big problem.

“Ah, Ginevra,” Fleur greeted. “’Ow are you?”

Ginny grimaced, “I’m all right. Still tired. I was just seeing who was talking.”

Fleur smiled prettily. “Of course, we did not mean to disturb you. Au revoir, Ginevra, ‘Ermione.” And she glided down the corridor and down the stairs.

Ginny gave Hermione a look, then glanced significantly at the visible bulge in the front of Hermione’s robes. Hermione smiled weakly. Thanks, she mouthed at Ginny, then swept into the bathroom before anyone else could show up.

Drawing her wand, Hermione cast several locking charms at the door, then added a weak Silencing Charm, just in case. She quickly disrobed and slipped into the shower, turning the water a little cooler than she normally liked it. Her penis was still mostly erect, but thankfully it quickly softened as the lukewarm water ran over it. Hermione sank down in the shower, letting the water run over her. That had been extremely close. If Fleur had looked down…well, there’s no way she would have mistaken what was causing the bulge in that particular location. She probably saw tented robes a dozen times a day what with every unattached male that even thought about hitting puberty unable to help themselves when she was near.

Hermione resolved to avoid Fleur whenever possible until this whole mess was sorted out, or until she figured out how to resist her allure. She felt a wash of guilt come over her as she remembered how strong the urges had been. Perhaps she should not have been so hard on Harry and especially Ron, if that was how they felt every time they encountered Fleur.

Sighing, Hermione stood up and quickly washed herself. She hesitated slightly when she got to her penis, unsure if she needed to pull the foreskin back to clean underneath it or if penises, like vaginas, were self-cleaning. Deciding to be safe, she pulled it back and gently scrubbed the head as well.

Her breasts and pussy tingled slightly when she ran her fingers over them, and Hermione suddenly had a feeling that though her penis would be difficult to arouse so soon, the same could not be said of the female genitalia that she still possessed. After all, she’d not actually had an orgasm from clitoral or vaginal stimulation in over a week, which was, if Hermione was honest, a long time for her.

Perhaps she could get out her favourite dildo and see if it would still fit inside her pussy….

Hermione shook her head. That was not a good idea. She’d had enough excitement for the morning. No need to be silly about it. She turned the water off and stepped out of the shower. A quick wave of her wand dried her and she pulled on the clean robes. Unfortunately, these robes were a bit more fitted than the ones she’d been wearing, and so it was harder to conceal her penis. Even fully flaccid, it bulged out just enough to be noticeable.

Well, she’d just have to make a run for it. Hermione unlocked the door. Slipping out into a thankfully empty hallway, she dashed to the door of Ginny’s room, only to find it locked.

“Ginny,” she hissed through the door. “It’s me, Hermione.”

The door promptly opened and Hermione squeezed inside. She sighed in relief.

“Any more trouble?” Ginny asked, going back to sit on her bed.

Hermione shook her head. “Thankfully, no. But Fleur might be a big problem.”
Ginny nodded sagely. “I heard her voice and thought I’d check on you, just to make sure. I’m glad I did.”

“It was so strong,” Hermione said with no little bit of disbelief. “Her allure. All I wanted to do was impress her. And it was all I could do to not stare at her chest.”

Hermione sighed. “At least I know to expect it now.”

Ginny let out a slight giggle, “It was a little funny seeing you ogling her like that.” Before Hermione could retort, she tossed a pair of pink bloomers at Hermione. “This is the best I could find. I got those a few years ago as a birthday gift from Auntie Muriel, who still hasn’t realised that those went out of fashion a century ago. But they have room for your penis.”

Hermione slipped her robe off and pulled the rather ugly bloomers on, tucking her penis down. They were far more comfortable than the knickers, but her penis was still uncomfortably compressed. She winced but nodded her thanks at Ginny. “They’ll do. At least if I get an erection, it will be mostly restrained by these. Hopefully there won’t be a bulge large enough to see.”

Ginny shrugged. “It’s the best I’ve got. I didn’t exactly stock up on underwear for women with dicks.”

“I’m sure they sell those on Knockturn Alley,” Hermione said darkly as she pulled on a lacy white bra. “For those crossdressing men that linger there.”

Making a face, Ginny stood up. “Ew. With that disturbing thought now in my head, I’m going to get my own shower. Be back in a few.”

Hermione nodded and finished dressing, then collected the rolls of parchment that she had covered in foot after foot of notes. Tapping them with her wand, she bound them in a ribbon and sealed them so that no one but her would be able to undo the ribbon. It would be catastrophic if someone were to stumble across them accidentally.

Hermione pulled out a book that had a chapter on Polyjuice Potion and began to read, trying to find out why she had ended up with a penis. Surprisingly, she wasn’t in as much of a hurry to get rid of it as she had been when she first woke up. Her penis had rather grown on her. Hermione groaned to herself as she imagined Ron sniggering at the horrid pun. It would be handy to know how to reverse it, but there was no reason for her to reverse it immediately. In fact, it would be just as handy to see if something like this could be reproduced. That way she could have a penis whenever she wanted instead of having it all the time or having it none of the time. One gulp of an intentionally misbrewed Polyjuice, and after an hour, she’d revert to her real form, but with a dick. And another gulp of an antidote, and she would be back to normal.

Hermione grinned to herself. Unlike the Horcrux research she had been doing, this was rather fun. And she deserved a day or two off to do some research for pleasure. Or perhaps a week. Especially if Ginny would stick around for that entire time…
It wasn’t long before Ginny returned from her own shower and both girls slowly but steadily made their way through Hermione’s stack of books on potions and transformative charms. It was quiet save for occasional footsteps belonging to people heading past Ginny’s bedroom and down the stairs. Thankfully no one stopped to interrupt them, and Hermione soon found herself with some rather promising leads on what caused her current predicament.

At approximately half ten both girls looked up when a soft knock came at Ginny’s door, followed by Mrs. Weasley’s anxious face as she poked her head inside. The light from the window cast the lines on her face in sharp relief. Hermione couldn’t help but notice that Mrs. Weasley looked as if she’d aged a decade in the last few weeks. “Good, you two are awake,” Mrs. Weasley said in a low voice. “How are you feeling, Hermione?”

“Fine, thanks,” Hermione said, a little surprised that she could answer that honestly, considering her morning.

“I’ve whipped up a spot of breakfast if you girls want to come down,” Mrs. Weasley said. “I’m afraid most of us are having a bit of a lie-in today, but there’s sausages and some bread and cheese if you’d like.”

“Thanks, Mum,” Ginny said, standing up. “I’m starved.”

Hermione followed them down to the kitchen, acutely aware of her penis jiggling slightly despite being compressed slightly by the bloomers she was wearing under her robes.

“Are you sure you’re all right, Hermione?” Mrs. Weasley said, pausing on the landing. “You’re walking a tad differently.”

Hermione flushed, her mind quickly coming up with a good excuse. “Just a few bruises from the thestral last night,” she said, trying to sound unconcerned. “I put some numbing potion on my thighs but they’re still a bit tender.”

Mrs. Weasley seemed satisfied with this and after offering the use of some of her own potions, which Hermione quickly refused, continued down to the kitchen.

Harry and Ron looked up as soon as they entered and shifted their chairs at the table to make room for Ginny and Hermione. Hermione took a seat next to Mr. Weasley with Ginny sliding in on her other side. Hermione hid a wince as the hard wood of the chair pinched some of the skin of her scrotum underneath her thigh. She shifted as surreptitiously as she could and quickly took the plate of sausages that Mr. Weasley offered her.

Both girls ate hungrily, their earlier exertions making them hungrier than usual. Thankfully no one appeared to notice their increased appetites and both girls were able to mostly avoid small talk.
Everyone seemed to be carefully avoiding the topic of last night, though Hermione couldn’t help but occasionally sneak a glance at the bandage tightly wound around George’s head. Most of the Weasleys seemed to be awake, though Fleur (to Hermione’s relief), Bill, Charlie, and Kingsley were all absent.

Hermione spoke up midway through breakfast.

“Who made the Polyjuice we used last night?” she asked as casually as she could.

Mr. Weasley looked sad. “We used Alastor’s stash. Why do you ask?”

Hermione shrugged and forced a small smile. “It worked extremely well, but I happened to notice something a bit off about the coloration. I didn’t know if Polyjuice ever expired.”

Fred suddenly looked up from his porridge. “Uh, George and I made some of it.”

George nodded. “Mad-Eye, er, Alastor, didn’t have enough for all seven of us, and we happened to have some we’d whipped up ages ago.”

“Why were you brewing Polyjuice?” Mrs. Weasley asked suspiciously from the stove.

Fred grimaced. “We were thinking of using it in our line of disguising products. A temporary partial Polyjuice. Enough to disguise yourself enough to disappear in a crowd.”

“We could never get it to work right,” George said unhappily. “Alastor needed two more doses, so we grabbed some and gave it to him.”

Hermione barely managed to avoid reacting to this.

Two doses? That meant that someone else had taken the same flawed potion she had. She caught Ginny’s eye and saw that Ginny had come to the same conclusion. Thankfully their reactions went unnoticed as Mr. Weasley asked the twins about the rest of their concealment products.

For the rest of the meal, Hermione carefully studied the others who had taken the Polyjuice. Harry looked normal, Fred and George seemed to be unchanged, save for George’s ear, of course. Ron certainly seemed like himself, and Tonks looked fine.

Hermione froze for a second. Tonks! She could talk to Tonks. She, being a Metamorphmagus, would have to know as much about human transfiguration as anyone apart from perhaps Professor McGonagall. And Hermione trusted Tonks. She was weird, yes, but she had managed to gain Remus’ trust and win his heart and Remus did not trust nor love easily. She could bring Tonks up to Ginny’s room after breakfast and ask her for ideas.

Soon breakfast was over, and Harry and Ron turned to her, Ron leaning across Ginny. Hermione managed not to groan. She didn’t need this right now. Their preparations for taking down Voldemort could wait.

“So, what now?” Ron asked in a low voice.

“I was thinking we could take a day off,” Hermione said, thinking fast. “I’m still very tired from last night.”

Harry frowned. “Since when do you take days off?”

Hermione managed a weak smile. “I didn’t sleep well. And we can’t get anything done if we’re all exhausted.”
Ron still looked sceptical.

Hermione cast around for another excuse. “I also have some reading I was hoping to do. Spells and charms I need to research.”

Ron and Harry visibly relaxed. “Sure, Hermione,” Ron said. “We’ll make a list of possible hiding locations for the Horcruxes and we can go over them with you tomorrow.”

Hermione smiled. “Good. I’ll make my own list and we can compare them.”

Ron reached out and gave her hand a brief squeeze and followed Harry out of the kitchen.

Hermione sighed, then looked over at where Tonks was sitting, conversing with Remus in a low voice.

“Tonks?” she said. When the two newlyweds looked up, she gave them an apologetic smile. “Could Ginny and I talk to you in her room? We have a potential problem that you could help us with.”

Tonks frowned. “Does it need to be done today? Arthur asked Remus and I to check on Muriel’s defences today.”

“It’s not of immediate importance,” Hermione said, not untruthfully. “I really can’t say more down here. But it is somewhat urgent.”

Tonks looked at Remus, who shrugged. “Go ahead. I can deal with Muriel on my own.” Tonks leaned over and gave him a quick peck on the lips, then followed Hermione and Ginny upstairs.

Hermione immediately sat down on her cot with her hands folded tightly in her lap out of nervousness. Ginny waited for Tonks to enter, then closed the door and cast a quick *Muffliato*.

“What’s up, Hermione?” Tonks asked curiously, leaning against Ginny’s dresser.

Hermione hesitated. Now that Tonks was actually here, she was having second thoughts. What if Tonks didn’t know anything? What if Tonks went to Remus, or worse, Molly?

Ginny, seeing Hermione’s hesitation, flopped down on the cot next to Hermione and put an arm around her shoulders. “There was a reason Hermione asked about the Polyjuice at breakfast. She apparently had some…side effects.”

Tonks eyed Hermione. “I don’t see any. Usually you’ll turn a rather nasty shade of puce or have rapid hair or eyelash growth if the Polyjuice is made incorrectly.”

Hermione and Ginny winced. That was not a mental image they wanted to see.

“Well, her side effects are a little…different than that,” Ginny said.

Tonks shrugged. “Well, are they at least visible?”

Hermione let out a short nervous giggle. “Yes, very visible.”

Tonks looked from Ginny to Hermione and back. “Can I see them? I can’t help you unless I know exactly what they are.”

Ginny looked over at Hermione and gave her a nod of encouragement. Hermione stood up and, pulling her robe open, she nervously lowered her bloomers to reveal her cock.
Tonks’ elbow slipped off the dresser and she fell to the floor in astonishment. “Merlin’s balls, you have a penis!”

Hermione quickly pulled her robes back over her crotch, her face bright red. It was one thing to be exposed in front of Ginny, but quite another thing to be showing in front of Tonks.

Tonks pulled herself up and approached Hermione. She reached out a placating hand. “It’s fine. Really, it is. I was just shocked. Have you always had a penis?”

Hermione was indignant. “Of course not! I just noticed it this morning! I think it’s a side effect of the Polyjuice last night.”

“Hmm,” Tonks said, rubbing her chin, her hair unconsciously turning blue as she thought. “I didn’t wake up with a cock, and I’ve never heard of this happening because of Polyjuice Potion.”

What?” Hermione yelped. “There’re other ways for a girl to get a cock?”

Tonks waved a hand distractedly. “Sure, there’s gender reassignment potions and spells, but those are permanent.”

“I hope mine isn’t permanent,” Hermione replied, more than a little concerned that it would be.

Ginny put a hand on her arm. “I doubt it is. Tonks will know how to fix it.”

“Well, I’m not a Healer, but if I’m remembering my Potions texts right, boomslang skin is one of the ingredients in Polyjuice, right?”

“Of course,” Hermione said, her eyes widening. “That might be it!”

Ginny waved a hand. “Not following you guys, over here.”

“Well, boomslangs are African snakes, and they’re very venomous,” Hermione explained. “Their skin is very magical, but also very finicky. Therefore, it’s closely regulated by the Ministry and hard to get a hold of.”

Tonks cut in. “Putting in too much can very well be fatal but putting in too little can make your potion behave very unpredictably. I’ll bet you a week’s pay the twins hadn’t ever made it before, and so they were so afraid of putting in too much that they accidentally put in too little.”

Hermione frowned. “Then why didn’t you wake up with a cock?”

Tonks shrugged. “Like I said, potions can behave unpredictably. We should talk to the twins and see if they added too little boomslang skin.”

Hermione vigorously shook her head. “We’re not telling them I have a cock.”

“Of course not,” Tonks smiled. “I’m very discreet.”

Ginny snorted. “When you’re not tripping over things, sure.”

“That’s different,” Tonks shot back. “I scored very well on my interrogation and seduction exams during Auror training.”

“Please, can we get back to what to do about my cock?” Hermione begged. “Should we go to St. Mungo’s?”
Tonks shrugged. “That’s what I’d recommend. I’ll take you, but not for a couple days.”

“Why not?” Hermione asked, confused.

“For one thing, St. Mungo’s is gossip central. There’s only a few Healers we Aurors trust to not blab, even if bribed, and typically we must schedule appointments with them several days in advance if it’s not an emergency. For another, word of what went on last night is sure to make its rounds, especially with an influx of Death Eaters suddenly arriving with ‘mysterious injuries.’ You don’t want some nosy wanker to put two and two together and realize what went on last night from our side.”

Hermione was unconvinced. “I guess so. But what will I do until then?”

Tonks shrugged. “It’s not that noticeable, so it shouldn’t affect your plans.”

“But what if I get an erection around Harry or Ron? These robes wouldn’t hide it.”

“Can you get an erection?” Tonks asked. “Is it, well, fully functional?”

Ginny spoke up. “Actually, she can do more than that.”

Hermione shot her a warning glance, but Ginny ignored it. “She can get hard and she can cum.”

Tonks’ eyes widened. “I take it that you’ve already been messing with it?”

Both girls nodded nervously, and Tonks grinned. “Nothing wrong with that. What all have you done?”

Hermione looked down, feeling rather self-conscious. “Ginny gave me a handjob, a blowjob, and then we had sex.”


“I didn’t until this morning,” Hermione explained. “This thing is making me feel all weird. Ginny started looking really good to me all of a sudden, and she was curious, and so we…. experimented.”

Tonks shrugged. “I have no problem with it. I experimented myself at Hogwarts, and I was younger than both of you. I figure both of you are responsible enough to handle it.”

“Will you tell Mum?” Ginny asked, a bit fearfully.

Tonks shook her head. “Of course not. I must admit, I’m a little curious, Hermione. Can I see your penis again?”

Hermione nodded and pulled her robes aside again.

“You’re a bit hard,” Tonks said matter-of-factly, leaning forward to peer more closely at it.

Hermione blushed. “I was remembering having sex. It felt really good.”

Tonks smiled. “I don’t blame you. Mind if I touch it?”

Hermione shook her head. Tonks knelt in front of her and gently grasped Hermione’s member in between two fingertips. She gently lifted it up and pulled it to and fro, examining it closely.
“Huh. You still have a vagina underneath. Never seen that before,” Tonks said offhandedly as she continued to examine Hermione’s cock. “Does it still work too?”

Hermione shrugged. “I think so. I used the restroom earlier and urine came out of it like it always has instead of coming out my penis. But we didn’t really bother with stimulating it and I haven’t really felt anything from it while we were having sex.”

Tonks frowned. “That’s weird.” She gently slid a finger up and down Hermione’s slit. “Your pussy still feels like it’s normal. I wonder why it didn’t get excited when you were aroused.”

Hermione shrugged. She was a little distracted. Tonks’ finger felt extremely good along her slit. She mentioned this to Tonks, who nodded.

“I have a theory. You weren’t attracted to girls before this morning, correct?”

Hermione shook her head. “Not really. Some curiosity, but I never even thought about acting on it.”

Tonks smiled. “Many straight girls feel that. It’s totally normal. I think, and this is just a guess, but when you are around a girl you find attractive, your penis gets hard. But if you were around a guy you found attractive, you would probably feel what you’ve always felt in that regard, and possibly get wet.”

Hermione stiffened. “We are NOT bringing Ron in here to test that.”

Ginny, who had been watching their exchange with unusual quiet, snorted in disgust. “Ew, I still can’t get over you being attracted to my brother.”

Hermione flushed. “He’s a really good man, Ginny. Just…still maturing.”

“Ew,” Ginny said again, and Tonks laughed.

“Oh wow,” Hermione suddenly said softly, her attention returning to Tonks’ explorations. The Auror now had her small hand wrapped around Hermione’s shaft and was starting to jerk Hermione off. Hermione felt her cock stiffen and it was all she could do to keep from whimpering in pleasure. Tonks obviously had a ton of practice jerking off guys, as her fingers knew exactly the amount of pressure needed.

“I want to see you cum,” Tonks explained. “It’d be interesting to find out if you are actually fertile.”

Hermione barely heard her. She leaned back on the cot, supporting herself with quivering arms. Tonks’ fingers felt almost as good as Ginny’s pussy had. And remembering that tight warm pussy and how it felt around her cock quickly sent Hermione over the edge. She screwed up her eyes and felt her cock buck in Tonks’ hand. The sensation was rapidly becoming familiar to her but was no less satisfying.

“Not bad,” Hermione heard Tonks mutter and she opened her eyes blearily to see Tonks holding a handful of her cum. Tonks reached with her other hand into her robe and, pulling out her wand, muttered a quick spell. Hermione’s cum seemed to glow blue for a moment, then returned to its normal milky white colour. Tonks vanished it with another wave of her wand, then stood and sat down on the cot on the other side of Hermione.

“What was that spell?” Hermione asked curiously.

“It’s a quick fertility test. It was commonly used for centuries since inbred purebloods have a chance of being sterile. Soon as they would hit puberty, they’d be tested. The sterile ones were, er, disposed
Ginny and Hermione gasped. “That’s horrible!” Hermione exclaimed.

Tonks shrugged. “That stopped a long time ago, though, when the fertility potion was invented. Three drops every month for the first year of life, and the child would be guaranteed to be fertile. Which you are, by the way, Hermione. Congratulations.”

Hermione frowned. “I’m not planning on impregnating anyone while I have this cock…”

Tonks smiled. “Of course not. But it’s interesting that, as far as I can tell, this is a perfectly functional copy of Harry’s penis.”

Hermione bolted upright. “Wait, what?”

Tonks frowned. “I thought you knew. When you transformed back, you somehow kept a copy of Harry’s cock.”

“We thought that at first, but it’s not the same colour as his skin,” Ginny pointed out. “Hermione’s much browner than he is.”

Tonks shrugged. “Perhaps the transformation used her skin colouring for it. I don’t know. But I can guarantee you that it is a perfect copy.”

“How do you know what Harry’s cock looks like?” Ginny said, her face darkening.

“I also transformed last night,” Tonks pointed out.

“And you decided to just take a look inside his pants while you were under the potion? I can’t believe you did that!” Ginny was almost shrieking. Hermione put a calming hand on her arm.

“Look, we were out of danger and the potion hadn’t worn off yet. I was curious,” Tonks shot back. “Besides, it wasn’t like I hadn’t seen it before… oops.”

“What?” Ginny yelled. Hermione quietly grabbed her wand and cast another silent Muffliato at the door, just in case. It would definitely not do to be overheard right now.

Tonks looked furious at herself. “I never did anything with Harry. It was two summers ago, okay? I was part of the rotation assigned to Privet Drive to keep an eye on him, remember? Well, it was a really hot summer, so he almost never closed his window. Even when he wanked. And it was really boring, guarding him. So sometimes I watched from the tree outside his window.”

Tonks gave Ginny a calming smile. “I never let him know I was there. It was just something to pass the time. He’s got a good body, though he’s skinnier than I usually go for. And as I’m sure you know now; he’s got a very good cock. Though it was a bit smaller back then. That’s part of why I looked last night. I wanted to see how big it had gotten.”

Ginny was still visibly furious. “I can’t believe you perved on him like that. He was fifteen and you were what, twenty?”

“I was nineteen,” Tonks shot back. “And he was basically doing it out in the open. It wasn’t my fault the tree outside his window is a great spot to watch the whole street from. I shouldn’t have done it, I know, but I was so bored, and it was hard to ignore when he was doing it right inside the open window.”
Hermione gently touched Ginny on the shoulder. “It’s not a big deal,” she said. “It was several years ago, and Tonks admitted she shouldn’t have done it. I might have done it myself, if I was bored. It doesn’t mean she was coming onto Harry or anything.”

“Of course not,” Tonks agreed quickly. “Harry’s nice, but he’s not my type. And after all, I’m married, remember?” She raised her hand so they could see her ring. “Remus and I may have a more…open…relationship, but I’d never go after Harry.”

“See, Ginny?” Hermione said softly. “And Harry only has eyes for you.”

Ginny nodded, and she visibly calmed. “I’m sorry. I just… get a little defensive. There’s a lot of girls after Harry.”

Hermione nodded. “I know. But he’s not stupid.”

Ginny cracked a grin. “I wouldn’t go so far as to say that…”

All three women laughed. Hermione felt herself relax and sink back into the pillows. Perhaps it wasn’t such a bad thing that they had asked Tonks.
The Perks of Being a Metamorphmagus

Chapter Summary

Tonks has seen a lot of genitals in her days, and decides to show them off to two eager young women.

“Tonks,” Hermione said after she finished laughing. “You mentioned that you and Remus have an ‘open relationship.’ What did you mean by that?”

Tonks smirked. “We’re not exactly a normal couple. Being a werewolf, he’s out of commission for several days each month. Therefore, he said if I had any needs that he couldn’t take care of, I could take care of them myself with whomever. And once the war really started, and he and I were off on missions, we agreed that we could take care of ourselves as needed.”

“Wow,” Ginny remarked. “Do you, you know, take care of those needs a lot?”

Tonks shook her head. “Not as much as you’d think. Honestly, I generally just have a wank if I get horny, and it’s only if I’m really in need of a good fuck that I’ll go find someone. I always disguise myself during it anyway. Can’t have people thinking I’m some slut.”

Ginny and Hermione giggled.

“I was wondering,” Hermione started nervously. “Since you’re a metamorphmagus, can you, er, give yourself a penis?”

“Sure,” Tonks shrugged. “I can disguise as anyone, as long as it’s human. It’s harder to do men than women, though just giving myself a penis is really easy. I used to show off different penises I’d seen to my roommates at Hogwarts. Or they’d bring in a picture of a guy from one of those sleazy mags and I’d try to copy his cock. It gave me a lot of practice controlling my powers, so I didn’t mind it.”

“Wow,” Ginny said. “How many cocks have you seen?”

“Loads,” Tonks smiled. “I was a bit promiscuous my sixth and seventh years, and then in Auror training sometimes you hit the showers and a guy is in there. You quickly learn to get over your embarrassment. Though by then, I didn’t have any embarrassment left to get rid of.”

“Can I see one?” Ginny asked. “I’ve only seen drawings until Hermione this morning.”

“Yeah, all right,” Tonks said. “But don’t tell anyone I’m doing this. Except Remus, but he won’t care so no point bringing it up unless he asks.”

“Of course not,” Hermione said while Ginny nodded.

Tonks grinned at them, then rose and stood in front of them. She quickly shucked her robe, laying it neatly on the cot next to Hermione, unhooked her bra to reveal medium-sized breasts with small pink nipples, then slid down her panties to reveal a small hairless pussy.

“How do I look? Fuckable?” Tonks winked at Hermione. “Since you’re attracted to girls. At least for now.”
Hermione nodded, her eyes roving over Tonks’ lithe body, her eyes particularly drawn to Tonks’ pussy. It looked almost as small as Ginny’s but decidedly more mature and just as sexy. Tonks’ inner lips poked out slightly between her small outer ones, and on them Hermione could see the tell-tale glisten of moisture.

“Are you…wet?” Ginny blurted out, and Tonks smiled easily.

“A bit. Hermione’s cock is rather attractive, and I do enjoy giving handjobs.”

Hermione looked down at her flaccid cock. She hadn’t bothered to put it away, so it was resting comfortably against her right leg.

“Hermione, do you prefer me with a bush…” Tonks screwed up her face and suddenly a wild batch of soft pink pubic hair appeared on her pussy. “Trimmed…” The bush was quickly replaced by a small patch of pink fur on top of her mound. “Or none.” Tonks’ pussy reverted to its previous hairless state.

“Uh, none, I guess,” Hermione said. The first bush was far too much hair for her liking, and while she did think the smaller bush was cute, it didn’t look right on Tonks’ pussy.

Tonks winked at her. “Me too. It’s much neater that way. Remus likes me with a full bush, though.” The unkempt bush reappeared.

“I think it’s the werewolf in him,” Tonks leaned forward, pretending to speak conspiratorially. “He also likes me to have hairy legs and pits too. More animalistic, I guess.”

Hermione shook her head, trying to hold back a smile, and Ginny looked disgusted. “Too much hair for me.”

“Anyway, let’s see if I can do this. It’s been a while since I’ve tried.” Tonks screwed up her face, and suddenly a cock appeared where her pussy had been.

Hermione and Ginny stared at it. It wasn’t erect, but it was at least semi-hard, as it was definitely not shrivelled up like Hermione’s had been. The tip extended down about an inch past Tonks’ small balls.

“Recognize it?” Tonks said, opening her eyes.

Ginny nodded. “It’s Hermione’s…er…Harry’s.”

Tonks smiled. “Yep. I figured I’d start with one you’d recognize.”

“Can I touch it?” Hermione said, curious.

“Sure, just be gentle,” Tonks said. “I get horny easily when I give myself a penis. All the new sensations, you know.”

Hermione nodded. “I know what you mean. It’s overwhelming at times.”

She reached out and gently grasped Tonks’ cock. It felt really strange, touching a cock but not feeling the sensations herself. She peeled back the foreskin and then drew it back over the tip several times, enjoying the sight of the foreskin moving back and forth. Sure, it was a perfect copy of the one currently attached to her own body, but somehow it was really hot to hold a penis belonging to someone else. The cock was slowly getting erect, and soon it was sticking straight out, pointing towards Hermione’s chest as she continued to steadily stroke the shaft.
Tonks grunted. “That feels really good. Might want to stop before I go off.”

Hermione immediately withdrew her hand, and Tonks sighed. “Whew, I was getting close. Any other cocks you two want to see?”

“Can you do a big one?” Ginny asked.

Tonks smiled, and suddenly her cock grew another three inches. Ginny giggled. “It looks so silly.”

Tonks looked down. “Oh, forgot the balls.” She quickly expanded the balls so that they were proportional to the large member she now possessed.

Hermione’s eyes were wide. “There’s no way any girl can take that.”

Tonks shrugged. “You’d be surprised. But most girls? No chance.”

“I couldn’t take it,” Ginny said. “I could barely take Hermione.”

“How big can you make it?” Hermione said, still eyeing the massive penis.

“How big can you make it?” Hermione said, still eyeing the massive penis.

“About…” Tonks screwed up her face. “This big.”

Hermione and Ginny both gasped. Tonks’ cock, even semi-flaccid again, now extended past her knees. It had to have been over fifteen inches long, and at least seven inches around. The circumcised tip was about the size of Ginny’s fist, and the balls were each bigger than golf balls and sagged five inches below her groin.

“Merlin’s pants,” Hermione said, her hand over her mouth. “That has to be a giant’s cock.”

Tonks laughed. “I doubt it’s that big, but yes, it’s way too big to be of any use, other than a party trick. One girl almost fainted when I showed it to her in my dormitory. I rarely do it, because it honestly weighs a ton. I might be able to make a bigger one if I really tried, but the bigger it gets, the harder it is to do. Just like I don’t morph into people Hagrid’s size unless I have to. I can go bigger, but it’s too much work to be worth it most of the time, and it makes me feel bloated all over.”

“I don’t think any woman could take a penis that size, no matter how many numbing potions she takes! Now make it really small,” Ginny giggled.

Tonks winked at them and suddenly the giant cock was replaced by a very small penis, barely two inches long. Her balls were barely the size of Hermione’s thumbnail.

Hermione couldn’t help but join Ginny in giggling. “It’s so tiny!” Hermione laughed. “I bet I wouldn’t even be able to feel it inside me!”

Tonks thrust her hips forward, pretending she was fucking someone. The tiny penis flopped around, and Hermione and Ginny giggled harder.

“What about one with a normal length but is really fat?” Ginny asked.

Tonks grinned and her penis grew three inches in length but quite a bit more in girth.

“That won’t fit in me either,” Ginny noted.

Tonks shrugged. “You might be surprised. I’d rather have it thick than long, myself.”

“What about people? Can you change into a person?” Hermione asked.
Tonks nodded. “Yes, but I don’t like doing it. Why?”

Hermione blushed. “I was just wondering if you could do Ginny, but if she had a penis.”

Ginny turned to stare at Hermione. “What in Merlin’s name?”

Hermione’s face turned a deeper red. “I was just curious to see what you’d look like with one. You’ve seen me with a penis.”

“Yes, but…” Ginny said, flustered. “Oh okay. I guess it’s fair.”

Tonks looked at her. “Are you sure?”

Ginny nodded. “Why not? Will you at least give me a cute one?”

Tonks smiled. “Of course. But it’d be easiest if you got naked. It’s hard to judge body proportion through robes.”

“Oh, right,” Ginny said. She quickly stood and pulled her robes over her head, then unclasped her bra and slide her panties down. “Do you need to touch me or anything?”

Tonks shook her head. “No, a visual is good enough. You’re very cute, by the way. I can understand why Hermione couldn’t help herself.”

Ginny blushed and grinned up at Tonks, putting a hand on her hip and striking a sexy pose.

Hermione gazed hungrily at Ginny’s nude body. She felt her cock begin to stiffen against her leg. It was so difficult to not be hard when Ginny was naked.

A movement in the corner of her eye caught Hermione’s attention, and she glanced over at Tonks to see a perfect copy of a naked Ginny standing before her, from flaming red hair all the way down to her small but perky breasts, her slightly hairy pussy, and her tiny feet.

“I figured I’d get as close to you as I could before trying to give you a cock,” Tonks said, looking down at herself. “It’s easier that way.”

Hermione looked from one girl to the other, unable to spot a single difference. “You did an incredible job, Tonks.”

Tonks gave a dramatic bow, which looked particularly ridiculous on Ginny’s slight frame. “Thank you, my lady. Now for the cock you desired to see.”

She straightened, and suddenly a cock appeared in place of her pussy.

“It’s small,” Ginny pouted disappointedly.

Hermione gazed at Tonks-in-Ginny’s-form’s cock. It was definitely smaller than her own, but it didn’t look any thinner. In fact, she thought it might be a little thicker than her own. It hung down limply, semi-flaccid and uncut. The balls seemed to be the same size of her own, perhaps a bit larger. However, they were definitely a bit saggier, as they dangled slightly lower than the tip of Tonks’ penis. A small dusting of thin red hair framed the penis, though Hermione didn’t notice any on the scrotum.

“I think it’s cute,” Hermione said enthusiastically. “And I think I’m getting wet!” Indeed, gazing at the cock was causing the familiar feeling of moisture in her vagina.
“It’s still small,” Ginny said, crossing her arms. “I wanted a big one.”

Tonks raised an eyebrow. “Don’t make assumptions. Do you want to touch it?”

Ginny shook her head. “No thanks. It’s weird enough seeing myself but with a penis.”

Hermione raised her hand slightly. “I want to touch it.”

Tonks nodded at her and Hermione slid off the cot to kneel in front of Tonks, who quickly morphed back into her own body but kept the same penis. Hermione reached out a hand and gently prodded the penis several times, then grasped it in her hand. Lifting it up, she gave the ballsack a quick once-over with a finger, then slowly started to stroke the penis.

Tonks groaned. “That feels good.”

“I want to see how big it gets,” Hermione explained.

Tonks leaned over and grabbed her wand and pointed it at her cock. She muttered a quick lubricating spell, and Hermione immediately noticed how much easier it was to stroke Tonks’ cock.

She could feel Tonks quickly growing in her hand, and it was mere moments before she sensed Tonks was fully hard. She dropped her hand to admire it. “Actually, I think it’s bigger than mine,” she commented. “Fully hard, at least.”

Tonks nodded. “I gave her a grower. Some guys’ cocks look small at first but grow large when you get them hard. It fits Ginny, I think. Unassuming most of the time but fiery when provoked.”

“Oh,” Ginny commented from the cot. “I guess I like it, then.”

“I do too,” Hermione commented as she resumed jerking Tonks off.

“Merlin, don’t stop,” Tonks grunted. “I’ve been horny ever since I saw your cock, Hermione. I really need to cum.”

Hermione grinned up at her. “Do you want me to give you a blowjob?”

“Oh, that’d be great,” Tonks sighed. “Have you done it before?”

Hermione shook her head. “But Ginny did it to me and I remember what felt good.”

“Keep your jaw relaxed,” Ginny said from the bed. “It’s easier that way.”

Hermione nodded and brought her face close to Tonks’ cock. It smelled rather nice and musky, similar to how Ginny smelled when Hermione went down on her. “It even smells a little like you,” she told Ginny before opening her lips and, for the first time ever, slipping them around a penis.

It was an odd feeling, having a cock in your mouth, Hermione thought to herself. She slowly leaned forward, letting more of it slide into her mouth. She couldn’t take more than perhaps four inches, no matter how much she tried.


Hermione slid it almost all the way out, then slowly bobbed her head up and down, twisting her hand around the part of Tonks’ cock that she couldn’t take in her mouth. She unconsciously reached her other hand down, slipped it behind her mostly flaccid cock and her dangling balls, and started to gently massage her pussy. Sucking another woman’s penis while another woman watched was
making her so aroused. Tonks moaned again and ran her hands through Hermione’s hair, obviously resisting the urge to grab Hermione’s head and thrust it down on her cock.

This thought made Hermione even more aroused and she started sucking with additional enthusiasm. Soon she started to taste precum in her mouth, and it was surprisingly pleasant. Far less salty than her own cum was. She could feel Tonks breathing harder, and within a minute Tonks groaned, her hands forming fists in Hermione’s bushy brown hair. Hermione suddenly felt cum spurt down her throat. She choked and let Tonks’ cock slip out of her mouth. Hermione managed to swallow most of what was in her mouth as the rest of Tonks’ cum shot onto her lips and chin and then dripped down to her breasts.

“Sorry,” Tonks said, stepping back to give Hermione some room to breathe. “I forgot to warn you.”

Hermione managed a weak smile. “It’s ok,” she said around the cum coating her lips. “It just surprised me.”

“How does it taste?” Ginny asked curiously from the cot.

“Why don’t you try some?” Tonks said. “There’s plenty on her.”

Hermione turned to Ginny, resisting the urge to wipe her mouth clean if Ginny was wanting a taste of Tonks’ cum. But to her surprise, Ginny knelt down and instead of using a finger to wipe some off Hermione’s chin, she leaned down and licked the cum that had dripped onto Hermione’s breast.

Hermione jerked as Ginny’s tongue slid across her left nipple.

“Mmm, not bad,” Ginny said as she tasted Tonks’ cum. “Better than Hermione’s.” She leaned forward and took Hermione’s nipple between her lips, sucking the rest of the cum off it.

Hermione flushed, and both her cock twitched and her pussy fluttered with sudden warmth.

Tonks smiled down at them, amused. “Do you two need some time alone?”

Hermione shook her head and wiped her mouth and chin off with her hand.

“Oh, you’re not going to eat it?” Tonks said, disappointed. “Does it taste bad to you?”

“No,” Hermione shook her head. “I just wanted to see if you were fertile too.”

“Nope,” Tonks said, reaching over and grabbing her wand. “Here, see.” She cast the spell again on her cum and it turned black briefly, before returning to its normal milky clear colour. “I haven’t figured out how to make cum properly. It’s not as easy as you’d think. So far I can just make it taste okay.”

“That must be useful,” Hermione noted. “You don’t have to worry about protection.”

Tonks smiled lopsidedly. “Yep. Though I can still get pregnant myself, so I have to worry about female protection.”

“Makes sense,” Hermione said, getting up and sitting back down on the cot.

“What do you think of blowjobs?” Ginny asked her.

Hermione thought for a moment. “I think they’re all right. Much better once I figured out a good rhythm. I didn’t like the choking bit.”
“That’ll go away with practice,” Tonks said, changing back into her normal form. “Is there anything else you want to see?”

“Can you do other cocks that you’ve seen?” Ginny asked. “You said you’ve seen a lot of different ones.”

Tonks shrugged. “Sure, anyone in particular?”

Ginny shook her head. “Not really. The only person I really wanted to see was Harry’s, and I’ve seen that.”

Hermione agreed. “I don’t know who you’ve seen naked, so I don’t know who to request.”

Tonks smiled. “What about Ron?”

“You’ve seen Ron?” Hermione yelped.

“He forgot to close the door one night at Grimmauld Place last year. He didn’t know I was there, so I watched for a few minutes.”

“Ewwww,” Ginny said, looking thoroughly disgusted.

“So, Hermione,” Tonks said, ignoring Ginny. “Do you want to see Ron’s cock?”

Hermione thought for a moment, then shook her head. “I’d like to see it normally, if that’s all right.”

Tonks shrugged. “Fine with me. How about Charlie? I had a short fling with him back in his seventh year.”

“Have you seen all my brothers’ cocks?” Ginny demanded.

Tonks shook her head. “Just those two.”

Hermione shook her head. “Is there anyone else we both know that isn’t related to either of us?”

“Sure,” Tonks smiled, and suddenly she had a large semi-flaccid cock. It looked to be a couple inches bigger than Hermione’s, and it had a much larger head than hers did. It was circumcised, and the balls were about the size of her own, but they hung much lower than any of the cocks they’d seen yet.

“Whose cock is THAT?” Ginny asked, leaning forward to get a closer look. Tonks obligingly stepped forward so that she was right in front of the two girls, her cock dangling just a couple of feet from their faces. Ginny immediately reached out and fondled the large balls, marveling at how heavy they were.

“Kingsley’s. I’ve happened on him in the showers a few times. The colour isn’t right, but I’ve always had trouble with skin tones.”

“He’s huge!” Hermione said. “There’s no way he’s that big in real life.”

Tonks smirked. “I can guarantee you he is. I’ve thought about trying to hook up with him several times, but never got around to it.”

Ginny shook her head, letting the massive balls slide free from her grasp. “There is no way that penis is coming anywhere near my pussy.”
“Your loss,” Tonks shrugged. “How about…. this one!”

Suddenly her cock was a little bit shorter, probably barely shorter than Hermione’s but about as thick as hers, with large balls that were visible on either side of her penis. The entire ballsack and area around the base of the cock was covered in a thick mane of short black hair.

Again, Ginny reached out to fondle the balls. Somehow, they were even heavier than Kingsley’s were! She wondered how they would feel if she sucked on them, but the copious amounts of hair were rather off-putting.

“Meet Sirius’ cock,” Tonks said, clearly enjoying Ginny’s ministrations. “We hooked up once when I first joined the Aurors.”

“You fucked your cousin?” Hermione gasped, gazing with interest at the hairy cock. She definitely didn’t want to give that hairy thing a blowjob, but it was a rather attractive size.

“We used protection,” Tonks pointed out. “And it was just once. He hadn’t been laid in forever and I was really horny. We drank some firewhiskey, and, well, we ended up hooking up. No big deal.”

“Still, your cousin,” Hermione said, conflicted.

“It’s not that uncommon,” Ginny said, now idly running a finger up and down the shaft. “There’s not that many of us magic people, so we’re a little more lax as long as protection is used. Except those purebloods that view inbreeding as a virtue.”

Hermione shook her head. Even after so many years, the magical community still surprised her sometimes.

“Anyway,” Tonks said. “I have one more for you two.” She screwed up her face, and suddenly a long, thin cock appeared with a smaller reddish head and large and saggy balls. It was, if possible, even hairier than Sirius’ cock had been, with long, thick dark brown hair everywhere.

“Whose is that?” Ginny said. “That thing is gross.”

“Remus’,” Tonks smiled. “I think it’s cute.”

“No, thank you,” Ginny made no secret of her revulsion. Privately, Hermione had to agree with Ginny. While a long, thin cock intrigued her, the tangles of hair was a big turnoff.

“Well, that’s fine with me, because he’s my husband.” Tonks said. “I love jerking him off.” She reached down and started to stroke her cock, enjoying the look of revulsion on Ginny’s face at the rapidly hardening cock being stroked barely a foot from her face.

Tonks jerked herself off for a few more seconds, then let her long thin cock fall. “Anything else you wanted to request?”

“Does it have to be cocks?” Hermione asked.

“Not really. What did you have in mind?”

“Well,” Hermione looked down and blushed. “I like looking at pussies now.”

Ginny perked up. “I want to see them too. Are there any unusual pussies you’ve seen?”

Tonks shook her head. “Not really, but I’ve seen pictures of some odd ones that I’ve managed to recreate for my roommates at Hogwarts.”
“Like what?” Ginny asked.

“Well, some girls don’t shave at all, and they can get even hairier than I was earlier,” Tonks said. “Like this…”

Tonks’ copy of Remus’ cock suddenly disappeared and was replaced by what Hermione and Ginny guessed was supposed to be a pussy, but they couldn’t really tell through the veritable carpet of curly pink hair that covered it. It extended from the inside of Tonks’ upper thighs to completely cover her lips and slit and went all the way up to about four inches below her navel.

“What in Merlin’s name?” Hermione said as Ginny gasped. “Is that a spell that some women use?”

Tonks shook her head. “Nope. Some girls just get this hairy if they don’t shave. A girl I hooked up with right after Hogwarts was like this. It was, uh, an experience.”

“I can’t even see your pussy,” Ginny marvelled.

“It’s there, I assure you,” Tonks said. “Feel for yourself.”

Ginny reached out and ran a finger through the thick curls. “I can feel it,” she said. “But you can barely see the lips.”

Tonks smiled. “It was a chore to eat her out, let me tell you.”

Hermione raised a hand and touched Tonks’ hairy pussy. “So soft,” she said in surprise. “When I let mine grow out it tends to get all coarse.”

“Perks of being a Metamorphmagus,” Tonks said with a grin. “I can make it rough if you want.”

“No,” Hermione said, petting the carpet of pubic hair. “I like it like this. I don’t think I’d like having it, though. It doesn’t seem very hygienic, and I wouldn’t want to go down on you like this.”

“As opposed to going down on me other times?” Tonks said with a raised eyebrow.

Hermione blushed. “I mean, maybe?”

“I may take you up on that later,” Tonks said. “I’m getting horny again, and so are you.”

Hermione glanced down to see that her cock was indeed at half-mast. “Sorry,” she said.

“No need to apologize. After all, you have two naked women in front of you!” Tonks replied.

“What other interesting pussies have you seen?” Ginny said, clearly getting bored.

Tonks screwed up her face and suddenly Hermione felt the carpet of pubic hair disappear underneath her fingers to be replaced with smooth skin. She dropped her hand and saw a shaved pussy with inner lips that hung several inches below her slit.

“Wow, those are huge!” Ginny said, reaching out her hand to gently tug on them. “Are they sensitive?”

“Very,” Tonks said, closing her eyes.

Hermione ran a finger along them. “They’re not very attractive-looking.”

“Speak for yourself,” Ginny said. “I think it’s hot.”
“Lips like these feel great wrapped around your cock,” Tonks said. “Sometimes they’ll cling to it, as if trying to hold it inside the girl’s pussy. It feels amazing.”

Hermione’s cock twitched as a sudden urge ran through her to stand up and stick her cock straight between those lips to experience that first-hand. She quickly shoved the urge aside. Perhaps later she could persuade Tonks to change her pussy back to this so she could try it.

Ginny sat back. “Anything else?”

“A couple,” Tonks said, screwing up her face.

Tonks’ outer pussy lips seemed to grow instantly while the inner lips shrunk slightly, leaving her with a pussy whose outer lips were almost as long as the inner lips were just seconds before. Hermione stroked the slit once with her finger, watching the outer lips part easily to let her finger in. The amount of moisture leaking onto her finger let Hermione know just how horny Tonks was getting.

“I met a girl with this type of pussy back at Hogwarts,” Tonks said, her breathing quickening slightly. “She was only a fifth year when I was in my seventh, but she was bisexual and wanted to sleep with me first before sleeping with her boyfriend. Said something about it not hurting as much if you were with someone who could change the size of their cock in case it was too big.”

“Was she right?” Hermione said, gently inserting her finger into Tonks’ canal.

“Yes, she was,” Tonks gasped. “Don’t stop. That feels so good. I gave myself a smaller cock so her first time was much easier for her.”

“It’s like a little sheath,” Hermione observed, her finger inserted all the way to the second knuckle. “I can wiggle my finger around and see the outer lips jiggle.”

Tonks nodded and pushed her hips forward so that Hermione’s finger went all the way in. “It was the most amazing pussy I’ve ever stuck my cock into. I hooked up with her four more times. They were all wonderful. Now put another finger in,” she said to Hermione.

Hermione did so, and heard a soft moan from her left. She looked over to see Ginny leaning back, her legs spread slightly as she masturbated.

“Sorry,” Ginny said breathily. “It’s just so hot, seeing you finger her.”

“It’s really hot for me, too,” Tonks said through gritted teeth. She started to buck her hips forward, grinding her pussy on Hermione’s fingers. “Put the whole hand in.”

“What?” Hermione said. “Will it fit?”

“I’ll make it fit,” Tonks moaned. “Just do it.”

Hermione tentatively withdrew the two fingers and, making her hand as small as she could, slowly began to insert it into Tonks. Tonks’ pussy seemed to enlarge just enough for Hermione to push her thumb and then her whole hand in.

It was a very odd feeling, Hermione thought as she slowly twisted her hand slightly. Her hand was so well-lubricated from Tonks’ pussy that she felt trickles slowly making their way down her arm.

Tonks groaned in pleasure and started to hump Hermione’s hand, moving her hips up and down slightly. “So good,” Tonks moaned.
Hermione unconsciously let her other hand creep up to her cock. She slowly started to stroke herself, finding it somehow very hot to see Tonks hump her whole hand.

Ginny slid off the bed, kneeling next to Hermione. She slid her hand over Hermione’s helping her stroke her cock. Hermione’s eyes met Ginny’s and both girls flushed and looked away. Somehow this act felt just as intimate to Hermione as fucking Ginny had felt. Despite her distraction, Hermione did not fail to notice that Ginny’s other hand was buried in the soft red curls of her pussy.

Letting out a long moan, Tonks’ pussy seemed to clench on Hermione’s hand. Looking up, Hermione saw Tonks’ face screwed up and her hair rapidly moving through the entire colour spectrum. Pink, to red, to purple, to dark blue, to turquoise, before finally settling on a silvery-blue that swayed slightly as Tonks shook her head from side to side, coming down from her high.

Hermione’s right hand glistened as she slowly withdrew it from Tonks’ pussy with a squelching noise. Slightly grossed out, she leaned back and wiped it on the blanket behind her. Her hand now clean, she grabbed her parchment and quill and ink bottle off her pillow and started to write.

Tonks looked at her rather bemusedly. “What are you doing?”

Giggling, Ginny explained. “She’s taking notes on what it felt like to fist a woman.”

“And perform oral sex on a woman with a penis,” Hermione added without looking up.

“Yes, that too,” Ginny nodded. “She’s taken notes on what it felt like to get a handjob, a blowjob, and what it felt like to eat a woman out then fuck her in the pussy.” Ginny blushed. “I helped her with all those.”

Tonks laughed in disbelief. “Why?”

Hermione finally looked up. “Because I don’t know how long I will have this penis. I don’t know how many women have had penises, so I wanted to record as much information on my experiences with a penis while I can. Even though I have a penis, I am still a woman and as such my experience is almost certainly different than it would be from a man’s perspective.”

Ginny cleared her throat and, catching Hermione’s eye, pointedly looked down at Hermione’s crossed legs. Hermione blushed and scooted back on the cot so that her back was to the wall and spread her legs wide. Tonks and Ginny could now very clearly see Hermione’s mostly-hard cock quivering slightly as Hermione rapidly took notes.

Tonks grinned at Ginny’s rapt expression. “Like what you see?” she asked.

It was Ginny’s turn to blush. “I like looking at it. I don’t know why.”

“Nothing wrong with enjoying the sight of a good penis,” Tonks said matter-of-factly. “And that,” she nodded in Hermione’s direction. “Is a good penis. Do you think she’d mind it if I tried it? If she fucked me, she could see if different pussies feel differently. I already know that they do, but she could find out for herself.”

Hermione looked up again, her face shining. “Could I really? I would love to find out!”

Tonks laughed. “Of course.”

Heartened, Hermione returned to her notetaking with increased urgency. It was hard to concentrate, what with all the visions of herself on top, Tonks’ hands groping her breasts while Hermione fucked her small hairless pussy. Hermione tried not to think about how good that would feel and how much
she wanted, no, needed it. It was all she could do not to cast aside her notes and order Tonks to Ginny’s bed with her legs spread wide. Hermione bit her lower lip, trying not to moan at that particular vision. With an enormous strength of effort, she forced herself to concentrate on her notes lest she lose all control again.
Ginny got horny while Hermione took notes, so Tonks offered to take care of her. Hermione got horny watching Tonks and Ginny, so Tonks then offers to take care of her as well.

Ginny noticed that Hermione’s cock was now fully hard again. She shifted slightly, feeling incredibly aroused. So aroused, in fact, that she furtively reached down and started to gently massage her pussy, secretly wishing that she could climb on Hermione and see if being on top felt just as good as being fucked from behind.

This act did not escape the notice of Tonks, who was still standing naked in the middle of the floor. She smiled down at the enraptured redhead. ‘Wishing you could fuck her?’

Ginny nodded, her eyes still on Hermione.

Tonks screwed up her face and gave herself a copy of Hermione’s penis. She reached down and started stroking it, making it begin to harden. ‘Mind if I volunteer myself to take her place? It’s been months since I last fucked a woman, and you both are making me very horny.’

Ginny blushed, watching Tonks stroke herself and liking the idea very much. ‘Okay. But can you make it like Sirius’ penis was? I think that one will fit inside me more easily. Hermione was too big unless we did it from behind. And can you make it without all the hair? I think it’s sexier when it’s smooth.’

Tonks shrugged. ‘Sure.’

A moment later, Tonks was now stroking a slightly shorter but thicker penis. Very large balls bobbed up and down as the Metamorphmagus’ cock grew to full hardness. As Ginny requested, Tonks’ groin was completely hairless.

Ginny lay back onto her bed, pulling her most comfortable feather pillow underneath her head. She spread her legs, her fingers slowly rubbing her pussy as she prepared to get fucked for only the second time in her life.

Tonks climbed onto the bed, stumbling slightly as she got into position. She grabbed her wand and cast a lubricating spell onto her fully erect penis before leaning forward so that her fully erect penis hovered at Ginny’s entrance.

As someone who had broken in many rather inexperienced partners, Tonks knew better than to give into her desire to thrust herself deep into the delicious hairy pussy before her. Instead, Tonks slipped forward just enough so that her tip was just barely inside Ginny’s entrance. Judging by the amount of moisture she was encountering in Ginny’s pussy; the lubricating spell may have been overkill.

Tonks could see a little bit of tenseness in Ginny’s shoulders and, excruciatingly slowly, gently slid into Ginny’s very wet pussy. *Merlin, she is tight*, Tonks thought, closing her eyes and savouring the sensation. It had been over a year since she’d fucked such a tight pussy. Tonks paused when she...
bottomed out, her balls firmly pressed against Ginny’s arse.

Opening her blue eyes, Tonks gazed down into Ginny’s brown ones. A sudden urge to taste Ginny overcame her, so she leaned forward and gently pressed her lips to Ginny’s. Judging by the sudden stiffening of the younger girl, Tonks wondered if she had just been Ginny’s first kiss from a woman.

Tonks kissed Ginny again, and this time felt less resistance. A third kiss met none at all and the two women’s tongues started to explore each other’s mouth. She felt Ginny palpably relax. The younger woman instinctively wrapped her legs around Tonks’ waist.

With a smile, Tonks expertly drew her hips back, then pushed them forward again. Each thrust was slightly faster and more forceful. Tonks paid close attention to Ginny’s body language, not wanting to hurt the less experienced woman.

Soon Tonks was pounding Ginny at a steady rate, each slap of her balls against Ginny’s arse accompanied by moans from both women. Tonks relished the feeling of Ginny’s wet curls against her groin every time she went balls deep. She loved the sight of Ginny unconsciously starting to nibble her lower lip as she moaned, her eyes closing in pleasure.

While Tonks’ hands were placed on either side of Ginny’s shoulders for stabilisation, Ginny’s hands were roaming over Tonks’ hips, her back, and most of all, her chest. Ginny’s fingers played over Tonks’ pink nipples over and over. Feeling daring, Tonks let her nipples grow a bit larger, accompanied by a swelling in the size of her breasts. What once were round, medium-sized breasts with small nipples were now torpedo-shaped breasts with slightly elongated, large, puffy nipples.

Unknown to either women, Hermione’s quill had slowed as the young girl kept sneaking glances over the top of her parchment. She felt a little guilty watching them fuck, but it wasn’t like they were hiding. And she couldn’t deny the thrill that went through her every time she peeked. It was hard to know what to stare at, really. Her eyes roamed over the smiles on their faces: Tonks with a slight smirk of possessiveness, and Ginny with nervousness coupled with pleasure. Then Hermione’s eyes fell on their breasts. Ginny’s pale breasts jiggled slightly with every thrust, and Tonks’ small….no, now large breasts were now swinging slightly underneath Ginny’s palms. Hermione’s fingers twitched at the thought of cupping those breasts in her hands and feeling those puffy nipples harden. Her eyes then roved to Tonks’ firm arse, so toned from Auror training and workouts. But her eyes kept going back to the ‘business end of things,’ as the Muggle expression went. Ginny’s leg was partially in the way, but it swayed enough that Hermione got frequent glimpses of a reddish bush and a pale penis.

Hermione frantically finished her notes then set them aside. Her hands now free, she unabashedly slid them down to her groin. She bit her lip to keep from moaning when her fingers encountered her pussy. She was as wet as she’d ever been, and her penis was sticking straight out. She gathered some moisture from her pussy and spread it along the length of her cock, shuddering at the sensations. Her left hand rubbed small circles around her slit while her right hand clasped around her cock. Without hesitation, she started to wank, her eyes half-closed in pleasure but never leaving the erotic sight in front of her.

It was hard to decide who’d she rather be at the moment, actually. Burying her throbbing penis inside Ginny’s wonderful pussy, claiming as her own the woman that until today she thought as just a good friend. Or laying back and feeling a penis inside her for the first time, being pounded gently but firmly by a gorgeous woman that could change her penis’ shape and size until it was a perfect fit. Because Hermione had not failed to notice that Tonks had surreptitiously changed the shape of her penis in the midst of f**king Ginny, giving it a modest curve upward so that it more easily slid in and out of Ginny’s near-virginal pussy.
Of course, Hermione was still a virgin herself. Or at least, her pussy was. Sure, she had a small toy that Lavender gave her for her 15th birthday, and she’d started actually *using* it on occasion last year. But until today she’d never even seen a penis in real life, let alone let one anywhere near her pussy.

Watching Tonks fucking Ginny, and seeing Ginny enjoy it… Hermione very much wanted to experience this. She’d always thought that her first time would be with a boy that she loved, and lately she’d been secretly fantasizing about that time being with Ron. However, while she loved Ron very much, she knew his shortcomings very well, and he tended not to read others’ emotional needs very well. She was sure that she would eventually communicate her sexual desires to him, but she had a strong feeling that her first few dozen times with him would be rather unsatisfying.

With Tonks, though…. Hermione came out of her brief bout of introspection to see Tonks speed up a little. Tonks was clearly paying close attention to Ginny’s nonverbal cues. She was mindful and focused on making it a good sexual experience for both of them. Perhaps this just came with practice, but Hermione had a feeling that Tonks was far more observant and aware of things than anyone gave her credit for.

Hermione dipped the hand on her penis down to gather more lubrication from her sopping wet pussy before sliding up her small balls and up the length of her cock. She resumed stroking herself, her foreskin sliding up and fully over her tip before she pulled it back down to expose the head. Meanwhile, she inserted another finger of her other hand into her snatch and bit her lip to keep from moaning. The stimulation of both her penis and her pussy was sending wave after wave of pleasure through her body.

A sudden loud groan came from Ginny’s bed, and Hermione’s eyes flicked to Tonks, watching the older woman suddenly increase the pace. Her thrusts were no longer of someone looking for a romantic fuck, but those of animalistic need. Balls audibly slapped against Ginny’s arse with every thrust, and Ginny’s encouraging moans grew yet louder. Tonks’ large breasts swung freely, evidently forgotten as Ginny clutched desperately at the blanket underneath.

All at once Ginny’s torso went rigid as she cried out her orgasm, her eyes squeezed shut. Her legs, still wrapped around Tonks’ torso, locked tight, effectively trapping the older woman. Meanwhile, Tonks continued to pound Ginny’s pussy with short, frantic thrusts. With one final growl of desire, Tonks slammed her hips forwards and stopped, her arse quivering slightly as she came as well.

Hermione could not imagine anything hotter than what she was seeing right now. Two beautiful naked women in the heat of the moment, their eyes closed as one emptied her ball bag inside the other. Hermione could see Ginny quiver as her pussy was flooded for the second time that day. Tonks held her hips forward for a few moments, then opened her eyes and slid back, gently prying her arse from around her torso. Hermione watched closely as Tonks’ sopping wet cock slipped free, glistening with her cum and Ginny’s juices. Somehow, she was still mostly hard. Tonks’ breasts shrank back to their normal size as she settled down next to Ginny, her back against the wall. She met Hermione’s eyes and winked, and Hermione flushed, suddenly realizing that she was putting on a show as well.

Even the knowledge that Tonks could see her masturbating couldn’t keep Hermione’s fingers from sliding her foreskin up and down, or her other hand from fingering her own sopping wet pussy. Ginny stirred and with a grunt pulled herself back so that her back was resting on some pillows. The change in angle gave Hermione a good look at the results of her coitus. Hermione moaned as her eyes flicked to the cum leaking out of her friend’s snatch.

‘Enjoying yourself, Hermione?’ Hermione’s eyes flicked to Tonks, who was now smirking and
stroking her own glistening cock.

Hermione nodded.

‘Want some help?’ Tonks said, still idly and shamelessly wanking, now grabbing her wand and casting a lubrication spell on her cock.

‘Okay…’ Hermione said quietly.

Tonks’ smile widened and she gently shifted Ginny’s legs aside so that she could stand up. Her cock bobbed up and down, sticking out straight in front of her as she approached. Hermione noticed that her balls seemed larger than she remembered. Somehow, they looked even hotter than before, and as Tonks stood in front of her, reaching out and wrapping a soft hand around Hermione’s cock, Hermione reached out her own hand to fondle Tonks’ bulbous bollocks.

Sighing in pleasure, Tonks thrust her hips forward to give Hermione better access to her balls. Hermione’s fingers cupped Tonks’ large sac, marveling at its weight. Hermione didn’t know why, but she was fascinated by Tonks’ bollocks. She mostly ignored the very erect cock protruding forward, other than letting it rest against her arm as she started to stroke the wrinkly skin underneath. Hermione could feel Tonks’ cock throb and felt very good that she was the one causing Tonks to be so turned on.

Meanwhile Tonks’ hand was feeling really good on Hermione’s cock. Hermione gave a small intake of breath every time Tonks’ fingers danced across her head. However, it seemed that Tonks was mostly content to stroke the shaft, choosing to tease Hermione rather than bring her to a quick orgasm.

Both women groaned at the same time, and Hermione blushed. She shyly glanced up at Tonks and was taken aback at the lust painted across Tonks’ face. ‘Hermione,’ Tonks said slowly. ‘Is it okay if I put it in?’

Hermione, her mind clouded with incredible sensations, didn’t understand. ‘Put what in where?’

Tonks thrust her hips forward slightly, her cock sliding forward a few inches, leaving a trail of precum along Hermione’s arm. ‘This, in your pussy,’ Tonks said.

That cut quickly through the haze clouding Hermione’s mind. She quelled the nervousness that suddenly sprang up inside her. She was so, so horny. And Tonks’ cock was looking really good right now. And the thought of feeling those balls slapping against her….

Hermione gulped, glancing down at Tonks’ cock again. She really wanted this, but Tonks was so big. And Hermione’s pussy was small. Nothing so big as a real penis had ever come near her pussy before.

‘Okay,’ Hermione said softly. ‘But can you make it smaller? I think it’s too big for me.’

Tonks shrugged. ‘You’d be surprised what you can fit, but I’ll make it smaller.’ She screwed up her face, and suddenly Tonks’ cock was a little smaller, though no less erect. Hermione judged it to be five, maybe five and a half inches now. Tonks took her hand off Hermione’s penis and put it on her own, starting to stroke.

‘Scoot back,’ Tonks said to Hermione. ‘Let me get on, too.’

Hermione slid back and put a handful of pillows behind her back and head. She got into position, spreading her legs for another person for the first time in her life. Hermione’s stiff cock bounced up
and down a few times as she moved, but then settled down so that it was lying flat against her stomach, still fully erect and glistening with precum. Tonks stumbled as she clambered onto the cot and knelt between Hermione’s legs. Hermione noticed Ginny sit up and brazenly stare at the two women, which made Hermione feel slightly embarrassed yet more turned on. She rather enjoyed having Ginny gaze at her with unabashed lust.

With a rather cheeky grin, Tonks leaned forward and rested her erect penis on top of Hermione’s, as if to compare their lengths. Of course, Hermione’s was currently longer and slightly more girthy. Hermione couldn’t help but smile at Tonks’ playfulness. When she looked up to gaze into Tonks’ eyes, she saw a very mischievous look in them.

Tonks suddenly backed up a little and reached down and grasped Hermione’s penis with her hand, gently pulling her shaft up so that the tip was pointed towards Tonks’ own. Tonks grasped her own cock in her other hand and manoeuvred it so that the tip of her penis was pressed against the tip of Hermione’s. Tonks pulled the foreskin back from each head so that her slightly smaller dark purple head was pushing slightly against Hermione’s reddish-purple head. With each tip glistening with precum, it looked like the two penises were kissing.

Hermione pointed this out, and the three of them shared a giggle. Slowly but determinedly, Tonks drew her foreskin up over her tip and kept going, stretching it over as much of Hermione’s tip as she could. It wasn’t quite long enough, so with a quick pop of Metamorphmagus ability, Tonks made her foreskin much longer. Now she could stretch the foreskin of her cock over not only the head of Hermione’s cock, but nearly an inch of her shaft as well.

The feeling of her penis being simultaneously compressed and enveloped was fantastic, Hermione thought. She was probably imagining it, but she thought could feel Tonks’ heartbeat through her penis. Even if it wasn’t a heartbeat, she could definitely feel Tonks’ cock throb against her own and knew that her own cock was throbbing as well. Tonks shifted a little, straightening herself fully to form a line of penis connecting their groins. The three women giggled again at the slightly absurd sight.

Tonks then pulled the foreskin back, off Hermione’s shaft, over both glistening heads to her own shaft, only to immediately push it back. She did this several times, causing Hermione’s breaths to come in shorter and shorter gasps. After a few more couplings and decouplings, Tonks pulled her foreskin back and shrank it to its previous size.

Smiling at Hermione’s moan of protest, Tonks slid the tip of her cock down Hermione’s length, over her small balls, before pausing at Hermione’s entrance.

‘Ready?’ Tonks grunted.

Hermione nodded, trying to relax. She wrapped her hands around her thighs, holding her legs as wide as she could without it hurting. She could feel Tonks’ torso shifting between her legs as Tonks got into position. She could easily feel Tonks’ tip just barely brushing against her soaking lips and resisted the urge to grab Tonks by the arse and force her to stop teasing and just put it in already. Tonks’ grin faded into a look of combined lust and determination when she saw Hermione’s readiness written all over her face. She gently pushed forward, slipping the tip inside of Hermione.

A gasp escaped Hermione’s lips at the sensation of something larger than her fingers entering her for the first time since she’d gotten her penis. Tonks put another couple of inches in, paused, then a few more and Hermione felt her pussy willingly stretch to accept Tonks’ full length. She lay her head back on the pillow, staring up at the aged wooden boards forming the ceiling of Ginny’s room.

Hermione could feel Tonks bottom out inside her pussy, balls pressing firmly against Hermione’s
arse. Hermione groaned, completely full. Surprisingly she felt very little pain, and only a moderate amount of discomfort. She was still so wet that her pussy was extremely well-lubricated, especially since Tonks was still under the effects of her lubrication spell.

Tonks withdrew fully, then again teased Hermione’s entrance with the swollen, glistening head of her rock-hard member. She winked at Hermione, bouncing Hermione’s balls up and down with her tip as she teased the younger woman’s clitoris hood.

‘Please,’ Hermione complained in a whisper, staring at the ceiling. ‘Don’t do that to me.’

‘Is it too much?’ Tonks asked, still rubbing her oozing precum all around Hermione’s clit.

‘Yes,’ came the faint reply.

Tonks leaned forward and without a word, decisively thrust herself back into Hermione’s waiting pussy. Quickly establishing a rhythm, Tonks began to firmly fuck the young witch’s virginal snatch. Both women started to moan simultaneously. Tonks’ moans were low and throaty, while Hermione was giving short, high-pitched pants with each thrust.

Hermione sensed a presence to her left and opened her eyes to see Ginny perching on the edge of the cot next to her head. Ginny, with a small smile, reached out and pressed a soft hand to Hermione’s breast, her thumb brushing over Hermione’s erect nipple. Despite the multitude of pleasurable sensations assaulting her, Hermione didn’t fail to notice that Tonks’ breasts were suddenly much larger, hanging down so that they were mere inches from brushing against Hermione’s chest. Ginny took a handful of gently swaying boob in her other hand and started to fondle both women.

Hermione took one hand off her thigh and gently brushed Ginny’s long red hair back over her shoulder. Now fully exposed, Ginny’s bare chest drew Hermione’s gaze. Small pink nipples stood erect on lightly freckled breasts that jiggled slightly with every movement of Hermione’s cot.

Tonks’ movements started to become faster and a little more intense. Tonks repositioned her hands so that they were now on either side of Hermione’s head, careful to avoid getting entangled in Hermione’s hair. Without breaking her new rhythm, Tonks shifted further forward so that she could gaze into Hermione’s brown eyes. Hermione felt her cock being pressed against her stomach by Tonks’ torso, and enjoyed feeling Tonks’ overlarge breasts press against her own. With a look of pure lust, Tonks leaned in close, her pink hair falling against Hermione’s cheeks.

Tonks’ full lips captured Hermione’s in a searing kiss. Hermione didn’t hesitate to return it in kind, feeling a strange connection with this odd woman that could grow herself a penis at will. Right now, she felt that Tonks was the only person in the world that could understand how Hermione felt. The only one that could know both how it felt to penetrate another woman with one’s penis, then turn around and be penetrated in turn. The only one that could appreciate how a vagina felt wrapped around one’s own shaft, as well as how it felt to sheath another’s in one’s own vagina.

Tonks’ tongue slipped into Hermione’s mouth and all of Hermione’s musings fluttered away as the two women lied in the throes of passion. Tonks shifted position yet again and suddenly Hermione felt one of Tonks’ hands snake down to squirm between their sweaty bodies. Hermione gasped into Tonks’ mouth as she felt fingers slide down the length of her cock, then gently move her balls aside to expose her tiny clit.

A moan escaped Hermione’s lips as one of Tonks’ fingers brushed lightly against Hermione’s swollen nub. Hermione thrust her own tongue into Tonks’ willing mouth as Tonks expertly yet patiently brought Hermione closer and closer to a climax.
Soon enough, Hermione wrapped her arms around Tonks’ back and gasped, her breaths coming in a thousand tiny pants. Her body trembled violently as an orgasm rippled up from her pussy to her extremities, then all the way back to her core. Overwhelmed with sensations, Hermione’s fingernails dug into Tonks’ back while she came down from her high.

Tonks winced but didn’t pause in her frantic endeavour to bring about her own orgasm. Hermione lay back, far too overcome with passion to much care what Tonks did with her body at the moment. She continued to enthusiastically snog Tonks, trying to help the Metamorphmagus reach her own orgasm. Hermione slid her hands down to Tonks’ breasts and started to awkwardly grope them. It was difficult, as they were very large and firmly pressed against Hermione’s own chest.

Clearly realizing what Hermione was attempting to do, Tonks paused mid-thrust, changed her breast size to be much smaller and therefore more easily fondled, then resumed her pounding of Hermione’s pussy. She eagerly ran her fingers over Tonks’ breasts, finding them now small and perky and capped with very puffy nipples. Feeling a little daring, she pinched and twisted Tonks’ nipples between her thumb and forefinger.

Tonks moaned into Hermione’s mouth, then trailed kisses down the side of Hermione’s jaw before burying her face in the pillow. Hermione winced as some of her hair was pulled, but she took one of her hands off Tonks’ breasts and slid it downward to caress Tonks’ swaying arse.

Gripping Tonks’ firm arse, fondling her perky breasts, and hearing Tonks’ throaty moans directly in her ear was doing a lot to make Hermione rapidly approach another orgasm. It didn’t hurt that Ginny’s sexy freckled torso had reappeared in her view. Ginny went back to her earlier activity, reaching out to Tonks’ chest and groping the boob that wasn’t occupied by Hermione’s fingers, and placing her other hand on Hermione’s sweaty breasts.

Hermione moaned her appreciation and felt another orgasm rapidly approach. She could tell Tonks was close, too, because Tonks was speeding up and her groans were rapidly becoming those of physical, animalistic need.

Tonks’ arse suddenly clenched beneath Hermione’s palm. Both women gasped loudly as spurt after spurt of warm cum flooded Hermione’s pussy. Tonks didn’t bother to pause, driving her cock deep inside with every thrust even as cum continued to erupt out of her seemingly bottomless balls. On the third thrust, Hermione lost herself in the throes of a second orgasm, her body trembling. She found herself repeating the word ‘fuck’ over and over in a tight, whispered voice as her vagina clung tightly to Tonks’ pistoning penis. This orgasm was somehow more intense than the last, as she felt her entire pussy erupt with wave after wave of pleasure.

Hermione closed her eyes, trying to savour the feelings wracking her entire body. She held on as long as she could, determined to remember exactly how this felt for her notes. However, overstimulated and overwhelmed, Hermione slowly lost consciousness.

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