

# *Hot Bath tub*

Alice Sampaio

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# 1. The Secret

Hermione felt extremely tired after that day of work. This year she was Head Girl and she had to deal with and prepare the assignments of all the Prefects. Of course the Head Boy helped a lot, but dealing with a bunch of Slytherins was a hard task for her to handle. So she created this habit of going to the Prefects' bathroom after curfew – when everyone had already gone to bed – and taking a relaxing shower just before going to bed.

She entered the bathroom and placed her bag on the bench. She looked around and saw another bag next to hers. She felt a little crestfallen that she had to share that moment of privacy with another person, but that had to be the way to go.

It was only when she got closer that she heard water running in one of the bathtubs. It seemed the other girl – she couldn't see or hear her because every individual bathtub had shower curtains around it -- was in the second tub from the right, so Hermione decided to go into the first one.

She undressed and placed her clothes next to her bag. Kneeling next to the big, square bathtub, she opened the tap slowly, trying to not disturb the other girl. When the tub was filled, she entered and felt the hot water warming her body. She then sighed and went silent, enjoying every minute of her therapeutic program.

What she didn't expect was the other girl's voice speaking. No, not speaking, moaning! Hermione gasped and silently hoped that was only a certain sound that expressed the girl's contentment. Unfortunately for her, it was not.

The girl continued groaning, probably thinking no one was hearing her. Hermione tried to cover her ears with her hands, but the girl's voice was unavoidable. Hermione didn't even think about leaving because it would make too much noise and that would humiliate the girl, which Hermione didn't want. So she sat quietly in her bathtub, going underwater a few times to see if, when she surfaced once more, it was over.

Hermione didn't know if it was a Prefect or not. As far as she knew any of the Prefects could have given the password to another person. She just hoped it wasn't someone from Gryffindor or she would have to confront her every day. Hermione hid her face in her hands in shame.

After a few minutes, Hermione realized the girl had no intent to stop what she was doing. Whatever she was doing.

*Probably touching herself.*

Hermione slapped herself mentally after thinking these words. She blushed immensely because she had never thought about it or done it. It wasn't like she was against it or thought she would go blind if she did it. She just didn't have the time, the patience, or the intimacy.

However, she couldn't stop wondering whether it really was that good. The other girl seemed to be enjoying herself a lot, while she was still embarrassed by the sounds. Hermione liked logic, and if she thought about the *cold* logic of this situation, the direction her mind took was to enjoy the moment. Yet, her shyness was blocking her from taking pleasure from her body.

She tried to hear her neighbour more intently. But as she concentrated, she began to hear something she hadn't expected to happen so soon, as she was trying to enjoy the moment.

The girl was orgasming.

She heard her quick breaths and soft groans, followed immediately by a loud moan. That last sound made Hermione bristle, while she bit her lip. She never knew an orgasm could sound so exciting and pleasurable. She just wished the girl would continue.

But she just heard some splashing in the water after the girl was finished, and Hermione felt a little disappointed. She hoped she could listen to the girl's voice again to feel the excitement she was starting to feel just before it was all over. Hermione whined a little too loudly, and that provoked something she was not expecting.

"Is somebody there?" the other girl asked with a confused voice.

Hermione gasped and shut her mouth with her hand. Her mind twirled with fear from what the other girl could think.

"Yes," Hermione finally answered.

"How long have you been there?"

"Long enough," she answered, without thinking.

There was a long silence and Hermione expected the girl to come out of her bathtub to confront her. However, she could not even hear the water splashing.

"Did you have fun?"

"*What?*" She had heard perfectly well, though. She just wasn't sure she wanted to answer.

"If you had fun hearing me touching myself."

"Well, I..." Hermione wasn't sure. She hadn't had the time to have *real* fun.

"Did you touch yourself?" The girl's bold questions were unbelievable.

"No." Then she decided to enter the game she was being challenged to. She never refused a challenge. "I didn't have time."

"You have time now."

A heavy silence fell on the bathroom.

Hermione wondered seriously if she should do it. She had never shared this kind of intimacy with someone. Well, at least the girls were unknown to each other.

“Will you try to see who I am?”

“For you to spread across the school I shared my private moment with you? No, thanks,” the girl said, almost angrily.

She was right. Hermione didn't need to worry because the girl didn't want to be humiliated. Not that she would do it anyway, Hermione had morals. Hermione for a moment wondered whether the girl could identify her voice. However, the hotness of the water was making her voice huskier and maybe that disguised it a little.

“I'd like you to describe what you're doing.”

Hermione's cheeks turned crimson. She wasn't sure if she was ready for that.

“I don't know if I can do it.”

“Touching yourself or talking while doing it?”

“Both,” Hermione admitted.

“It's easy, I will help you.”

Hermione's mind exploded at what those words could mean. For a moment, her eyes filled with visions of the girl coming next to her and teaching her how to touch herself. However, as no movement was made from the other side, Hermione relaxed.

“First rub your nipples with your fingers.”

Hermione lifted her hand and started to do exactly as the girl told her. Warm sensations that made her shiver hazily spread through her body. She felt her nipple getting hard and her breasts becoming pointy as she continued to touch it. She never thought it would feel that good. Instinctively, she started making purring sounds and mewling. She bit her lip and released a grand moan as she pinched the nipple. Hermione didn't know why, but she thought she was actually good at this.

“You seem to be enjoying my idea.”

“Yes...” Hermione howled.

“Now touch your clit.” The girl's voice was hoarser than before. “I'm rubbing it right now with small strokes with my thumb and it feels great.”

Hermione didn't know she was doing it, too. Somehow it made everything more exciting knowing they were sharing the same moment. As she felt an ache between her legs, it led her to thinking she never knew she could be turned on so much by a girl. She

always thought she was into boys. Maybe it didn't matter. Maybe she liked them both. Maybe it was because before a gender, there was a person.

"I didn't know you were touching yourself too." Hermione did as she demanded and started stroking her clit at the same time she continued to rub her nipple. She immediately felt the pleasure that travelled through her as she shivered. She panted and groaned loud enough so the other girl could hear. "It's so good."

"I know. Now fuck yourself." The girl liked being the authority, that was for sure.

Hermione understood that she should insert her fingers inside her. The thought of doing it made her belly tingle and the anticipation made her legs compress. Her fingers began to lower from her clit to her entrance, while she caressed her lips. She couldn't believe she hadn't tried this before. It felt so unbelievably good, even sharing it with someone else. Or maybe sharing it was what made it so much better. She could hear the other girl's moans once again and she imagined a naked body thinking of her just two curtains away.

She entered with one finger inside and started immediately stroking up and down. She felt what must have been her G-spot and her hips bucked when the feeling spread in her body. She inserted two fingers and, still rubbing her nipple, she felt how wet she was inside. She could feel a great sensation as she fucked herself. At the same time, she could hear the other girl panting and reaching her climax. Obviously she was more skilled than Hermione and was used to getting there faster.

"Are you coming?" she asked between heavy sighs.

"Almost." She stroked herself faster and opened her legs to allow better movement. She touched herself more ardently as she heard the other girl's voice "Talk to me."

"I want you to fuck me. I want to lick you and your wet cunt to see you flushed for me."

Hermione arched her legs and felt herself tightening around her fingers while her nipple was harder than ever and her teeth bit her lower lip. As she heard the other girl's words she couldn't help but feel a divine pleasure rip through her. Her voice was so sexy.

"Fuck, I want that too." And with a final thrust, Hermione thrust her hips up and orgasmed against the bathtub while she only saw white.

When she recovered her senses, Hermione thought about what she had just done. She hadn't regretted it, but she felt a little weird. It was her first time touching herself and she had shared that moment with someone else she didn't know. She opened her eyes and only saw fog around her. She felt divine.

"I never did that before," Hermione said, shyly.

"Well, there's a first time for everything."

"Had you done it before?"

“Yes.” Silence. “But you were better than the others.”

Hermione was surprised. “Why?”

“Because, the others usually warned me first that they were listening.” She giggled. “But since you had never done this it was more thrilling and the sounds you made were very peculiar.”

“Peculiar?” Hermione was scared she had said something stupid.

“You just moan a lot.”

“Is that good?”

“It’s great, don’t be so insecure.”

“Okay then.”

There was a long silence while Hermione heard the other girl play in the water.

“Do you want to know what the others usually say after we finished?”

“What?”

“They always told me to join them.”

Hermione’s mind raced. She didn’t know if she was prepared to face the girl she had shared so much intimacy with.

*Oh, wait, maybe that’s the right thing to do.*

“If you’re not comfortable with it that’s fine. Since it was your first time and all I’m sure you’re very confused and all that.” She seemed a little annoyed.

“Actually, from the course of things I think you’re right but…”

“You think I might be ugly?”

“No!” Hermione cried.

“Then you’re scared.”

“I’m not scared!”

“Prove it.”

“Okay, come here then.” An instant after she announced this, Hermione made a mental note that she should learn how to be less of a Gryffindor and learn how to decline challenges.

She heard the curtains being dragged apart and a few steps on the floor's ceramic tiles. Her heart was racing and her veins were thumping inside her. She thought she couldn't get any more nervous than this when the other girl opened her curtain and she saw who it was.

Pansy Parkinson.

## 2. The Pleasure

Her mouth opened in shock and the other girl's did, too. Of all people, she was the last one Hermione had expected. Maybe it should have been one on her list since she was a Prefect and had access to this bathroom. Hermione's mind raced and she saw Parkinson was as frozen as her.

Parkinson gulped. "What are *you* doing here?"

Hermione didn't know how to answer that. "I was taking a bath."

"Your sarcasm is *not* funny, Granger."

"This whole situation is horrible." She looked around with a thin hope to find someone else, other than the raven-haired girl.

"Never knew you had such a perverse mind," Pansy mocked, smirking.

Hermione was outraged, she had been the one to suggest and... teach her. "Look at yourself in the mirror before pointing fingers."

"Oh, but I already knew that about me."

Hermione wondered how she could be so calm about this. They were as much enemies as Harry and Malfoy! Surely she couldn't be thinking she would just take this as a normal situation. Hermione decided it was time to leave. She got up, naked in front of the other girl.

"Where do you think you're going?" Pansy frowned.

"Leaving." She only took one step and was already at the edge of the bathtub. However, Pansy stopped her with a hand.

"No way. If I'm already humiliated I might as well enjoy it while I can," she said, looking at Hermione's wet hair, but soon her eyes turned and confronted hers. "Besides, you were the one who asked." And she crushed her lips on Hermione's.

She felt Parkinson coming down to the bathtub and grabbing her face to assure Hermione wouldn't run away. She wouldn't do that since she couldn't. She was too petrified to make a move and Parkinson's lips were still on hers. She felt her teeth biting the brunette's and that made her close her eyes to see if it was all a dream.

Parkinson's tongue licked her lower lip slightly and one of her hands went to Hermione's waist, pulling her closer. Hermione felt her heart skip a beat when the other girl's breast touched hers. Still Hermione wouldn't open her lips. Parkinson's lips were savouring hers gently. She grabbed the girl's shoulders with the idea of pushing her away, but she misunderstood it.

Immediately, Parkinson's loose hand grabbed her bottom. Hermione gasped in surprise and she took the opportunity to stick her tongue inside her and explore her mouth. Her sweet muscle was what made Hermione respond to her advances. Her body relaxed and Parkinson noticed, taking the advantage to stop kissing her. Her eyes were almost black and darkened by the immense lust that filled them. Hermione wondered how she had managed to make Parkinson so different from her usual self only by listening to her touch herself.

"This is wrong, Parkinson," Hermione said, looking her in the eye.

Parkinson, using the left hand that was on her waist, pulled her even closer and rubbed Hermione's left nipple with her right hand. Hermione's head shot back in pleasure and she released a moan that was stuck inside her. Doing that to herself was wonderful, but when Parkinson did it, it was beyond godly

"Call me Pansy," she whispered in her ear with that seductive voice she couldn't get used to. "Stop being so uptight and sit down, because I know you want this. I knew it since the moment you came because I commanded it."

Hermione had forgotten this side of her, the controlling one. It didn't please her, but when a girl's hand was on your nipple there weren't many arguments you could throw at her.

Hermione kneeled and, momentarily, stayed face to face to Pansy's cunt. An exhilarating scent came from there, something Hermione had never smelled before.

Sex.

And she loved it.

To the point of having this wild idea of wanting to lick it.

However, there wasn't enough time to process this new information in her brain, since Pansy had also kneeled before her. The girl's eyes penetrated hers and Hermione gulped. Immediately, Pansy's hand returned to her breast, this time groping it all and squeezing it. Hermione could feel her breast becoming pointy and her nipples hardening. A familiar ache between her legs returned and shivers went through her body as Pansy bit the curve of her neck and placed small kisses on the spot she had bitten.

Pansy seemed to know exactly what to do with her tongue and hands. Hermione wanted to return what she was doing, so she touched Pansy's small waist. Her skin was soft and slippery, which made Hermione's hand descend to Pansy's bottom. The other girl groaned next to her ear and Hermione immediately withdrew her gesture.

"Getting dirty, aren't we?" She kissed Hermione roughly with all her desire.

Hermione whined a little when she felt Pansy removing her hand from her breast to tangle it in her brown hair. She deepened the kiss and her hand ran away, Hermione wondering what had happened and if she was a bad kisser.

Fortunately not, Pansy's hand was on her thigh, next to her cunt, caressing her wet flesh. Then, without warning, Pansy pressed her thumb against Hermione's clit and started to rub it gently. Hermione felt jolts of pleasure as Pansy pushed her. Hermione realized that she was being asked, silently, to sit on the edge of the bathtub and so she did. She wondered why Pansy had silently asked her to sit there and if they weren't more comfortable in the bathtub. But Pansy seemed to have plans of her own and Hermione didn't protest.

Everything seemed to be spinning out of control when Pansy used both her hands to hold Hermione's legs apart.

"Open yourself more for me, sweetie." Hermione's face reddened and her torso went a little backwards, until her arms were steadying her on the cold bathroom's floor. Pansy's face went close to her vulva and her mouth bit her inner thigh. Hermione's mouth opened in a deep gasp and Pansy's tongue travelled quickly to her labia and stuck inside her.

Feeling the swift muscle working inside her, Hermione panted and pushed her hips to Pansy's face. The two girls were groaning deeply and Hermione could feel pleasure building up inside her. When Pansy touched, with her tongue, a spot that Hermione loved to touch, she came hard and slow. Her body didn't feel the coldness of the floor anymore, just the heat spreading through her body.

Her body collapsed, slowly, on the floor. Pansy started to drag her to the bathtub again, pulling her body into an embrace. Only when she regained consciousness did she realize that she was hugging the girl who, in all these years, had wanted to make her life a living hell; but that, now, had just given her the best orgasm ever. She couldn't believe her first sexual experience, alone and not alone, had been with Pansy.

Gradually, she withdrew from the girl's grip and blushed tremendously. Only then did she realize how Pansy could humiliate her with this. She didn't even want to think of the consequences of her acts. Her head fell, in shame, and her arms were crossed over her chest. She needed to get out of there as soon as possible, but the embarrassment was too hard for her.

Pansy started to approach her again. Roughly, she took Hermione's chin and lifted it up to look into her almost teary eyes. Hermione shook her head in denial; she didn't want to hear her insults. She just wanted Pansy to go away.

"I hope you're crying because that was the best orgasm of your life, Hermione. I'm sure you're not stupid enough to think I'll go out and tell everyone I licked your pussy. Because that wouldn't be your disgrace, it would be mine." Pansy's lips bruised hers, but she didn't kiss her. "Don't be so stupid, we had a good time, especially you. Sex is just sex and it means nothing," she whispered, next to her lips.

"It means giving my body, my intimacy," Hermione blurted out.

Pansy got close to her ear. "To me, it means I'm still horny because of our fucking intimacy."

Hermione then realized Pansy was touching her nipple to pleasure herself. Hermione had been a little selfish, forgetting that Pansy had still not come while they were together. Well, might as well the favour.

“Do you want me to touch you?” Hermione said in a seductive voice.

“Yes, please. *Fuck,*” Pansy cursed as Hermione’s fingers rubbed her cunt slyly. Hermione could hear Pansy’s cursing next to her ear and, to be honest, it turned her on immeasurably.

She inserted two fingers inside Pansy and saw her shivering. Continuing to stroke her G spot, Hermione almost came herself while watching Pansy’s pleasure. She didn’t know she could give so much bliss to someone. Her raven hair was falling delicately to Hermione’s breast and she could feel it around her nipples. Pansy licked her earlobe and whispered sweet words of nonsense.

“I loved to lick you. You tasted so good. Please go faster.”

It’s was too much for Hermione to handle, it was too much for her not to obey. So she increased her fucking pace and heard the other girl’s moans and groans as an orgasm erupted through her body. Pansy collapsed on top of Hermione’s body, but the brunette didn’t complain.

She embraced Pansy as she had done. With her wet fingers, Pansy’s hair was removed from her face and Hermione kissed her with all her desire. Her skin was beginning to wrinkle, but she didn’t care. Her body was so warm she could stay like this forever. Pansy perked up and looked at her fixedly. Suddenly, an alarming thought crossed her mind.

“Sorry if I...”

“You did everything well, don’t worry.” Pansy touched, with one finger, the curve of Hermione’s breast. “I like your breasts, they’re perky.”

She chuckled and swallowed hard. She didn’t know what to do now. What were they supposed to do?

“I see you’re worried.” Hermione raised an eyebrow. “No, I can’t read minds. I just have enough experience with these situations.”

“What am I supposed to do now then?”

“Come here more often.”

“What if I don’t want to?” Hermione smirked.

“Oh, you’ll want it, definitely.” She pinched Hermione’s nipple and threw herself at her mouth.

Hermione agreed as she kissed Pansy. She just had to convince the other girl that, if she wanted her, she would have to be exclusive. Looking deep into Pansy's lustful eyes, she knew it would be easy.