

Size Matters

by Moreteadk

Millicent wants to try it out, just once, before she settles for less.

one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Betaed by the super-helpful and thorough Bambu345 who forced me to think and everything (that was scary!).

For such a large bloke Gregory Goyle had a surprisingly small cock.

Since third year, Pansy Parkinson and Tracey Davies used to tease Millicent in the Slytherin dorms about her crush on Gregory. Telling them had probably been a mistake, but Pansy had called it a 'girl's night' and insisted they share secrets.

Pansy had told some story about making out with Draco Malfoy in Moaning Myrtle's bathroom and letting him touch her in a number of intimate places, which, as Millicent had grown older, she had decided was almost certainly wildly exaggerated if not an outright lie.

Tracey had smugly revealed she always had a steady supply of Liquorice Wands, without ever running out of pocket money, by routinely pocketing them from Honeyduke's whenever the shop clerk had his back turned.

Daphne Greengrass, after a lot of pressure and a poorly veiled threat from Tracey of breaking their friendship, had finally confessed to suffering from homesickness. The other girls had thought it a poor excuse for a secret and didn't really count, since anybody who had ever heard her sniffing quietly behind her bedcurtains at night already knew, but Daphne had been so uncomfortable telling it they had given up on getting her to reveal something more juicy.

Millicent's secret had been the crush on Gregory, and the rest of the evening had been one part dating tips and two parts teasing. Nobody had noticed exactly at what time Daphne left and went to bed. They hadn't missed her quiet presence, and it was a well-known fact that Daphne was trustworthy. She didn't dare reveal someone else's secrets.

Apart from Daphne, who seemed to have little interest in boys and was too boring and mousy to catch anybody's interest, the other girls had entertained a variety of crushes during the rest of their time at school and in the years following.

Millicent had stuck to her fascination with Gregory Goyle. As she got older and braver she dropped numerous hints and told herself that eventually he would pick up on it. She really wanted to just tell him directly, but if his upbringing had been anything resembling her own, with its clear definitions of men's and women's roles, which it likely had, he would find such brazen behaviour a turn off. So, she had waited patiently for him to catch on. It took years, but finally her waiting paid off, and Gregory was now snoring loudly in the bed beside her.

Millicent understood that a witch's first time was rarely something particularly special, but she still had been expecting more than this. It had been an enjoyable evening with Gregory, and her feelings for him were unchanged, but while most of their more intimate activities had been fantastic, other parts of it had been a bigger disappointment

than she had been prepared for.

He had large hands and touched her with a gentleness one would never have expected from him, and he had taken great care to make sure she was ready for the moment when he entered her for the first time.

There had been the sharp sting of pain when her hymen broke, and then there had been nothing.

She knew he must have been inside her, because he was moving like he was enjoying himself immensely, but he could have fooled Millicent. She still wanted to spend her life with him, but she wasn't particularly looking forward to what promised to be a rather unsatisfactory sex life.

Pansy gave Millicent an overbearing smile over the edge of her cup before taking a sip of tea. Millicent already wished she hadn't told her about the disappointment with Gregory.

"It's never very good the first time, Millie. You know that," Pansy said, sounding far too smug at being more experienced.

"I do know that," Millicent said a little sharply. "It's not like I was expecting fireworks and spontaneous symphonic orchestrations. I just wasn't expecting a needle-dick either."

"Millicent! Language!" Pansy looked shocked, staring at Millicent. "Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?"

Millicent ignored her. Obviously this was one of Pansy's snobbier days, in which she pretended to be prudish, lady-like and not in possession of an occasional extraordinarily filthy tongue.

"Well, I'll have to say, it's your own fault, Millicent," Pansy said, taking another sip of tea. "You should have shopped around a bit first. Finding a good lover is like buying a pair of shoes. You have to try them on first to see if they fit. Now you've wasted a lot of time on Gregory that you could have spent with others. Good sex requires practise."

"I haven't wasted my time on him," Millicent said crossly, putting her teacup down a little too hard. Pansy winced slightly at the clattering sound it made in the saucer. "I love him, and now that I've finally caught him, I'm keeping him."

Pansy made a small sound, which told Millicent more clearly than a hundred words exactly what her friend thought about that idea.

"That's your choice, of course," Pansy said. "If you want to saddle yourself with an unsatisfactory lover, go right ahead."

"Husband," Millicent corrected.

"Husband? Aren't we getting a little ahead of ourselves?" Pansy asked mildly, eyeing the tray of biscuits as if the choice of her next biscuit was the most important decision of the day. For Pansy, it probably was. After a few moments' consideration she picked out a lemon square. Millicent thought it was a good choice; the tart flavour of the biscuit should go well with the annoying mood Pansy was in that day. "Does he even know you have ambitions of marriage?"

"Not yet," Millicent replied, feeling fairly certain that it was the truth. "Remember who we're talking about. But he will, eventually. He might not be quick, but he gets there in the end."

Pansy raised an eyebrow as she delicately wiped a few crumbs from her lips with her napkin. "Let's hope you have time to wait that long."

Millicent wasn't sure if that was more of an insult to Gregory's intelligence or to her own age, and she asked herself why she had thought it would be a good idea to seek Pansy's advice. Probably, she answered herself immediately, because she had expected Pansy to be in a mood to be her friend rather than to play the superior adult. Also because she didn't have anybody else to ask. Tracey would have enjoyed the opportunity to mock and make a number of unhelpful lewd suggestions, and Daphne would have... Well, what did Daphne know about this sort of thing?

"But what do I do about it?" Millicent asked impatiently, hoping to regain control of the situation. "Aren't there any charms I can use? Or potions I can give him to make it bigger?"

Pansy looked at her with equal parts surprise and amusement. "Do? Dear Millicent, you don't do anything. I suppose you could try and clench while you're... you know, but I doubt that would make much of a difference if it's as bad as you say."

"It is," Millicent interrupted darkly.

"I wouldn't advise trying to make it larger through potions or charms. Men tend to be rather touchy about their penises," Pansy continued. She glanced pointedly at her teacup and then at the pot. It took a moment before Millicent remembered her duties as hostess and poured her another. "You'd be better off just putting up with it for the time being. You can always take a lover when you've got a ring on your finger."

Millicent was shocked at the suggestion and the inconsequential way in which it had been delivered, as if adultery was a completely normal and acceptable activity. A good half cup of tea missed the target entirely.

"I can't do that!" she protested. "I can't cheat on him. I love him." She ignored Pansy's slight shaking of head and rolling of eyes as she hurriedly spelled away the spilled tea.

"Oh, do grow up. Everybody does it," Pansy said impatiently. "Love has nothing to do with it. Think of it as a hobby."

Millicent remained silent. She didn't much like the idea of infidelity being someone's hobby. And what if it really was as common as Pansy believed; would Gregory take it as his right, and something of little consequence, to sleep with other women? If he did, Millicent vowed that she would make his already miniscule cock even smaller.

Millicent had a deep dislike of Pansy's suggestions of adultery. She couldn't make herself, even briefly, entertain the thought of systematically cheating on her husband. If, no, when she married Gregory, then that would be it. It would be a shame he was so inadequate in the bedroom, but she imagined that with a few gentle hints and pointers, it should be possible to teach him a number of other tricks that might make up for it. If all else failed she could always Transfigure herself a suitable toy.

She had several encounters with Gregory, and although he did seem to take hints on this subject much better than most others, his efforts still weren't really enough.

It wasn't that she got bored with him or that she wasn't getting anything out of it at all, but inevitably she began to wonder what it would be like with someone who had a really large one. One she could feel inside her all the time instead of just the random poke when he managed to hit a particularly good spot.

The more she thought about it, the more certain she became that she had to have at least one sexual experience that didn't involve Gregory's tiny cock. Just once. Just so that she knew what it was like. Cheating on Gregory once they were married was out of the question, but they weren't even engaged yet. He hadn't seemed to figure that this was her intention, so she wasn't sure if it really counted yet. Gregory certainly didn't act like they were in any sort of committed relationship in which she was expected to only be seeing him, and it would only be the one time. What could it hurt?

Still in doubt, Millicent wrote owls to Pansy and Tracey, who had surely heard about it from Pansy by now, asking for their opinions. To be honest, it was a waste of ink because she knew them both well enough to know what they were going to reply. It would be nice to get some confirmation of her thoughts before going ahead. It took

away some of the guilt.

For the same reason, she decided there was no reason to include Daphne. Millicent had never been close with Daphne anyway, and her sexual encounters weren't any of Daphne's business. Not to mention the fact that Daphne was entirely too honest for her own good, and her reply would do little to assuage Millicent's guilt about what she was planning.

She would, Millicent knew, have to choose someone Gregory didn't talk to or who talked to other people he knew. Just in case. She didn't think he would be bothered by it at this point in their relationship, but according to both Tracey and Pansy, he would definitely be less than pleased, if their friends became aware that Millicent had found him inadequate. Unfortunately Millicent could only think of one person that she was sure must certainly have a large cock and whom Gregory didn't have any contact with.

Her choice was perfect really. Millicent didn't want to invest a lot of time in the project, and he should be fairly easy to manipulate.

Living in the middle of nowhere as he did, nobody would see her coming or going. The only people she knew he was in semi-regular contact with were the teachers of Hogwarts, who likely wouldn't even notice and certainly wouldn't tell, and Potter and his friends, who might tell, but certainly wouldn't be believed. Yes, Hagrid was the perfect choice.

Having the question of who sorted out, it was merely a question of how. It wasn't as if she could walk up to his house, knock on his door and ask him to sleep with her for the sake of an experiment.

She would need a powerful aphrodisiac and something to sedate him with. To minimise the risk of anybody passing the truth about the encounter on to Gregory, Tracy had suggested that she leave as little evidence behind as she could. There was no reason for him to be awake during, and she would in fact prefer it if he wasn't. All she needed was access to his erection, and then she could take care of the rest herself.

It would just be a little difficult to obtain potions in sufficient quantities. It would probably take at least three times a normal dose to knock Hagrid out. She wasn't sure how much of the aphrodisiac potion she would need to make sure that he remained properly hard during the whole thing, but a similar dosage would probably be required.

She would definitely need a hefty dose herself in order to go through with it. It might not be a bad idea to read up on memory modification spells too while she was at it. While she didn't think there was a way for word to get back to Gregory, she wasn't really sure she wanted Hagrid to be able to remember it at all. The very thought was disturbing.

The preparations turned out to be rather more complicated than she had expected. She couldn't risk buying the potions she needed in such quantities herself without raising suspicion, so she decided to brew everything on her own.

Ingredients were expensive and purchased through several different connections and vendors. The books containing the recipes for each were rare and even more expensive than the potions ingredients, and when she bought them she had the strangest feeling that the shop keeper could see what she needed them for inside her mind. It was as if he were oozing disapproval at her, and only her Slytherin pride prevented her from fleeing the shop, cheeks burning bright red.

The sedating potion was not a problem to brew even though Millicent hadn't as much as touched a cauldron in years. It was a relatively simple potion, and the book she had bought had good, clear instructions.

The aphrodisiac caused her a few problems. It was far more complicated and involved the most expensive ingredients, but, when she was done, it was an almost completely clear liquid with only the slightest hint of purple when held up to the light. It looked just like the book said it should, so she felt certain that she had succeeded. If it hadn't been so expensive to make, she would have tested it first, but as she absolutely could not afford to buy any more blood of a Veela virgin, she decided to chance it.

As long as the sedating potion worked as it should, there wouldn't be any real consequences for her if the aphrodisiac failed. Other than, of course, a failed experiment.

It wasn't until she was nearly at Hagrid's door before Millicent realised she should have tried to come up with a plausible excuse to be there. If he didn't let her in, her plan would have failed before it got started. Unfortunately she had never considered that she might need any preparations other than brewing a few potions.

There was movement in the window.

He had seen her. Too late to turn back, then.

Millicent put on her most winning smile and resolutely walked to the door. While waiting for him to open the door, she tried to recall if she had personally ever been directly unpleasant to him. He had a reputation for being an extremely friendly person, but while she hadn't exactly been a fan of his Care of Magical Creatures classes, she didn't think she had ever expressed her opinion quite that publically. If she had, she couldn't remember it.

After longer than it should have taken him to get to the door, she was let inside. Hagrid hovered by the door for a moment, clearly wondering what was going on and why she was here, but then shook it off.

"Miss..." He trailed off, searching for her name before slowly trying, "Bulstrode?"

For the sake of her experiment, Millicent decided to pretend he had no difficulties remembering who she was, and told herself that over the years he must have seen countless students coming and going at Hogwarts. Why would he remember her specifically?

It only partially worked. She didn't much like the idea of not being memorable.

"Hello, Mr Hagrid," she said cheerfully. "I was just in the neighbourhood and thought I might as well stop by."

He looked rather confused at being called Mr Hagrid, but also more than a little flattered, and as Millicent had expected, she was invited in for tea and cake.

Conversation was somewhat stilted. Hagrid was still confused by his unexpected guest, and Millicent was quickly running out of smalltalk topics. She did her best to make it sound as if her being there was the most natural thing in the world, but the fact remained that she had little idea about what Hagrid would find an interesting topic. Apart, of course, from an assortment of magical creatures.

It was ironic, she thought, that she would have managed to get him started on a small lecture about the life and care for unicorns of all things. It was better than Flobberworms, though.

"Would you like another piece of cake?" he asked suddenly, interrupting himself as he noticed her empty plate.

Millicent most certainly did not want another piece of that cake. After the first bite, she had become concerned about the state of her teeth, and had secretly Banished it piece by piece behind his wardrobe when he wasn't looking. Just the single little bit that she had eaten made her feel like she had already eaten a three course meal.

"Yes, please, it's a lovely cake," she lied, again with her most winning smile plastered on her face.

Hagrid, warming up to the company, smiled back, blushing underneath his beard.

As soon as he turned around to cut her another piece of his rock-hard cake, Millicent pulled one of the potion bottles out of her pocket and upended it in Hagrid's cup. Then, hoping that mixing the potions together with the tea wouldn't change any of their properties, she dumped the contents of the other bottle in his cup as well.

Hagrid turned around just as she was pulling her hand away. He looked a little puzzled, glancing first at his cup and then at her, but Millicent just smiled again and hid the empty bottles in her pockets, hoping he wouldn't start asking questions.

Seconds seemed to stretch while Millicent took another sip of her tea, trying to look as innocent as possible, and Hagrid slowly worked out whether or not he thought she had tampered with his cup.

Eventually, though, he handed her the plate of cake and sat down. Millicent, upholding her air of innocence pretended to take a bite of cake while Banishing it away. She thought she saw him casting a suspicious look at the contents of his mug, as if trying to gauge how much was in it now compared to before.

Millicent's potions were so concentrated she felt certain that he wouldn't be able to tell a difference. One small vial held enough sedative to knock out a Hippogriff. Or, Millicent hoped, a half-giant.

She watched him while he sipped his tea. Every now and then he would become aware of her watching him and give her a nervous but warm smile. Clearly he was getting used to her presence. Every time he did, Millicent would smile back just as warmly, continuing to make inane smalltalk.

The more they talked, the more worried Millicent became. They had been sitting there for a long time, and her second piece of rock cake was nearly completely relocated to the space behind Hagrid's wardrobe.

He didn't look like the sedative potion was really working. It was supposed to knock him about completely, but he looked a little drunk; no more than that.

The aphrodisiac, on the other hand, seemed to be working entirely according to plan. He smiled at her more often, and each time it became increasingly more seductive. Or, Millicent assumed, it was supposed to be seductive. It wasn't really working, but that was what the other vials of aphrodisiac were for.

Perhaps she should take her own dose as soon as she could get away with it. It was harder than she had imagined to sit there and encourage him to go on making advances. Actually, this wasn't even supposed to happen since he was supposed to be unconscious by then.

Millicent decided to just skip ahead. She knew what he wanted; she had made sure that he wanted it. Obviously he wasn't planning on passing out like he was supposed to, so why not just skip all this flirty stuff? It didn't look like he would recognise a subtle hint either, even if it came up and smacked him.

Fortunately, Millicent had some experience, as she had learned a lot trying to get Gregory to make an advance and think it was his own idea. Hagrid didn't have to think it was his own idea, though, he just had to participate.

She gave him her best flirtatious smile and opened the top two buttons of her blouse.

"Isn't it a bit hot in here? I think it's a little hot."

Hagrid's gaze was immediately drawn to her exposed cleavage, encouraging her to keep popping buttons. He swallowed hard. She could see it, even underneath all that beard and hair.

Wondering if it was possible that she had gone completely mad, Millicent continued to open her buttons until, finally, she could take off the blouse and shoot him a smirk.

His hands were shaking and tea sloshed out of his mug, dribbling down his front as he tried to drink. Millicent leaned back in her seat, trying to look more relaxed than she felt sitting in Hagrid's cabin, of all places, and stripped down to her bra.

She gave him her sauciest of smirks before taking another sip from her cup, making sure to carefully spill a few drops which landed on the top of her left breast and rolled down her cleavage. Hagrid blushed brightly red, unable to stop staring.

Millicent wiped the drop away and licked it off her finger, wondering how much of his reaction was due to the aphrodisiac and how much of it was actually because of her.

She rather hoped it was the aphrodisiac. It wasn't that she might have a love-struck half-giant on her hands; that should be taken care of by the memory modification charms she planned to apply later. It was the thought of actually having turned Hagrid on that she found rather unappealing.

She had to find some way of taking her own dose of the aphrodisiac potion and preferably soon. It was getting harder and harder to keep the act up. Only once before had any of her plans worked towards a sexual result, and that had been Gregory. She liked Gregory. Hagrid was the perfect test subject for this; Millicent just wished it hadn't been necessary.

She couldn't sneak the potion into her tea with him staring at her like that, and she definitely wanted him to keep staring. Otherwise he might have time to calm down a bit and come to his senses. Maybe if she could manage to get his attention on something else, it would help.

Millicent leaned further back in her chair, stretching her legs out under the table and kicking off her shoes. As she slowly slid one foot up the inside of his leg to his knee, she moved one of her hands under the table.

Hagrid's eyes widened to the size of saucers. She could almost hear him gasping for breath. She could certainly see it. Underneath the table she had managed to wriggle the vial of aphrodisiac potion out of her pocket and was trying to get the lid off with just the one hand.

Leaning back a little more, she was able to let her foot travel up Hagrid's thigh, careful not to accidentally kick him when he jumped in surprise at her first tentative contact with his balls. Millicent tilted her head as she watched him. Both his hands were now curled into enormous tight fists on top of the table. He looked like he was trying to convince himself that he should stop her.

That wouldn't do. He should have had a larger dose of the aphrodisiac. He wasn't supposed to be able to consider stopping, conscious or not. It was too late to sneak more of it into him, and since it didn't look like his brain was winning the argument with his genitals, Millicent decided that she would just have to double her efforts to keep him distracted.

Pressing her foot a little harder against him, Millicent carefully started to explore his groin. Hagrid's eyes had dropped to a spot on the table top, and she realised, with a sense of smugness, that if it hadn't been for the table, he would have been looking straight at her crotch. No doubt the tiny movements of her arm as she worked the lid off the vial made him think she was touching herself.

Good. That should keep his imagination busy. And come to think of it, what would it hurt anyway? Anything that would increase arousal in both of them was very much a good thing. She would certainly need all the arousal she could get.

His arousal didn't seem to be much of a problem, she found, as her foot felt something hard and elongated and which actually made him whimper when she rubbed against it.

Even if she only had Gregory's little cock to compare with, it wasn't hard to tell that this one was big. Very big. For the first time, she wondered if the fact that he was a half-giant made him too big. She had got this far, though; it had to be tested.

She shifted the vial of potion to her other hand and ran her free hand up the inside of her thigh, dragging her skirt up with it. She even moaned softly just to see what he would do.

She wasn't disappointed. Hagrid shuddered, and for a moment, Millicent thought he had spilled in his trousers. He didn't notice her quickly downing the contents of the vial.

The effect was almost immediate. She had taken almost as large a dose as she had given Hagrid, just to be on the safe side, and her next little moan when rubbing her

hand against her knickers was not entirely an act.

Her skin felt warm and tingly as if it was just begging to be touched all over. Hagrid had large hands, and Millicent tried to imagine the amount of skin he would be able to touch at the same time.

It didn't really matter anymore that it was Hagrid, of all people, or that she hadn't really wanted to do it with him at all. What mattered was the hard cock she could feel against her foot and the way her knickers were already developing a wet spot.

She wanted it.

Now.

She couldn't even breathe properly anymore. Her heart raced as if she had just run a mile. She should move things along, preferably before Hagrid came in his trousers and ruined the rest of her plan. The aphrodisiac wasn't designed to improve stamina.

Hagrid's cock just felt so good against her foot that she could barely even imagine what it would feel like against other parts of her.

With her free hand, Millicent pushed her bra-straps off her shoulders and lifted her breasts out of their cups. Hagrid made a noise that sounded like a growl and shoved her foot away. He kept staring at her breasts, and when he stood for a moment, Millicent thought he might simply flip the table over rather than go around it.

She almost hoped he would. What an exiting thought.

He didn't. He did come around the table, though.

His trousers were bulging at the front, and he made no secret of looking down at her crotch now the table wasn't blocking his view. Millicent spread her legs as far as she could, rubbing at her soaking knickers. She could hear his laboured breathing as he watched her touch herself. His hands were curled into tight fists at his sides as if there was something he was struggling not to act on, whether it was touching her or touching himself.

If he didn't want to participate, Millicent would just have to help him. She let go of her breast and reached out to press her hand against his crotch, squeezing the bulge and getting a better idea of how large he was. There was a certain smug pleasure in making a man his size whimper like a little girl.

He didn't let her touch him for more than a few seconds before he grabbed her arm and pulled her to her feet. Millicent hoped he wasn't about to kiss her. All the aphrodisiac in the world wasn't enough to induce her to kiss Hagrid if she could avoid it. There was something far more intimate involved in a kiss than there was in having sex just for the sake of the experiment, and that was something reserved only for Gregory.

Hagrid looked like he was half-crazed, and as she was nudged towards his bed it occurred to her that if Hagrid couldn't control himself under the influence of the aphrodisiac, she might find herself in a spot of trouble.

It was just a fleeting thought, and by the time she had taken off the rest of her clothes and settled on her back on the bed, she had already forgotten it. Hagrid knelt on the bed next to her, just watching her for a moment. It was so tempting to reach down and touch herself again, bringing herself to the orgasm she had nearly reached when he pulled her out of her chair, but it was his turn now.

After what felt like ages, he finally reached out and touched her. His large hand started at her throat and then travelled slowly down her body, caressing her breasts on its way, and ending the journey pressed flat between her legs.

Millicent moaned, wriggling against it. Once again she had forgotten who she was with and all she wanted was to get off.

To her dismay he didn't oblige, but her disappointment when his hand moved away faded quickly, when, instead, he crawled further down the bed and nudged her knees apart. Her legs fell open of their own volition, spread wide invitingly.

Lifting her head, she saw him touch himself for the first time, his hand squeezing his crotch through his trousers, a look of utter desperation on his face. Millicent wondered if she should say something, encourage him to get on with it, and quickly, please, but like kissing, it seemed too intimate a thing to do. There shouldn't be any talking. That, too, was only for Gregory.

She lay back again, trying to be patient while Hagrid gathered his thoughts and figured out what he was supposed to do with her. Even under the influence of the aphrodisiac he was not exactly quick on the uptake. That had surprised her. Maybe it was the enormous beard and hair that did it, but she had expected a more animalistic reaction from him. It didn't look like her previous fear of whether or not he would be able to control himself had any foundation in truth.

Mentally, she braced herself for finally getting to experience being shagged with a big cock. Something tickled the inside of her thigh and for a brief moment she thought Hagrid must have some seriously long pubic hairs, but then she realised that it must be the hair on his head.

Or his beard. Suddenly there seemed to be a whole lot of hair all over the place. Millicent lifted her head to look down. It looked as if a middle-sized, hairy animal had settled between her legs.

It also looked like Hagrid had managed to get his trousers open and pushed halfway down his thighs. Thankfully, she was distracted by his tongue on her clit before she could start wondering if there was any part of his body that wasn't hairy.

Her head fell back on the pillow as she focused on Hagrid's tongue exploring her sex. It was a rather strange feeling, with all that hair and beard prickling and tickling her skin, but the aphrodisiac she had removed any reservations she may have had otherwise. Her body definitely didn't seem to care one bit, and she moaned loudly with each pass his tongue made over her folds.

His fingers tightened their grip on her hips, holding them still, and there was a muffled sound coming from Hagrid. Millicent gasped, then whimpered, then shouted loudly, thrashing about on the bed as much as Hagrid's grip on her hips would allow. He was far too strong for her to be able to wriggle away. Her clit was being suckled like a baby would a nipple, and it made her come hard. He didn't stop, just held her hips firmer and continued until Millicent could have cried from the overload of pleasure.

Finally he stopped and then slowly released her. She could see her own juices glistening on his beard when he sat up, kneeling between her legs.

Millicent let her gaze travel from his mouth down his body. He still wore his shirt, although it looked more rumpled now, and a large erection jutted out from beneath the hem. Even larger than she had expected from her previous contact through his trousers.

She knew virgins' worries of whether or not he would fit were ridiculous. The human body wasn't constructed for the cock to be too large for a normal intercourse unless the woman was abnormally tight.

Consequently, Millicent couldn't help feeling rather silly for having exactly this worry, but the thing was that Hagrid wasn't actually human. He was half-giant, and cross-species breeding wasn't something Nature had ever taken into account.

She wondered about Hagrid's parents and how he had come to be. She hoped for his mother's sake that she was the giant of the pair.

He looked a bit self-conscious as he sat there, just looking down at her naked body. It was as if he couldn't quite understand what he had just done. The aphrodisiac must be wearing off, she thought, hoping that it didn't mean he would call things off. Her own system was still flooded with it, and she still hadn't felt the results of her experiment.

After a moment's indecision, Millicent moved one knee up towards her body, sliding her foot along his thigh towards his cock. That seemed to work, making him forget any change of mind he may or may not have been considering.

He swallowed, then cleared his throat and gently removed her foot from his groin. "Turn around," he requested.

Millicent wondered about his request for a moment, briefly concerned that he may not have the same sort of intercourse in mind that she did, but she dismissed the thought almost immediately. If he wanted her on her stomach then that was fine with her.

She turned around on her stomach, slowly, as her body protested against being moved after her first orgasm. A pillow was placed underneath her pelvis, keeping her arse in the air, and she held on to the edge of the bed with both hands, preparing herself for finally getting what she had come for.

Another moment of hesitation from Hagrid, and then she felt his hand stroking her buttocks and the mattress shift as he positioned himself. Then, something warm poked at her entrance, cautiously, as if he wasn't entirely sure he was at the right place.

Millicent spread her legs a little further, as wide as she could while lying in this position, and the pressure against her entrance increased.

He was definitely larger than Gregory, that was for sure! She winced, feeling herself stretch as Hagrid slowly pressed inside her. This wasn't going to work, she thought. Hagrid was too big, and her fears that he might not fit returned.

She had to do something to help him along, preferably without his realising it. It wasn't that she really cared about Hagrid's feelings in the matter; she just didn't really want to admit to him, or to herself, that she was in over her head.

She needed lubrication. It was too late to apply lube now, and she hadn't thought to bring any anyway. Lube, after all, wasn't really a product she connected with that particular hole. Especially not when she was used to being with Gregory. Gregory would have fitted nicely even if she had been as dry as the Sahara. Well, maybe that wasn't fair to him, but sometimes it had really felt that way.

Her wand was within reach. Groaning loudly at the sting of the too large cock trying to enter her, she squeezed her eyes shut trying to concentrate on the task at hand. Behind her, Hagrid seemed to take it as encouragement and pushed a little harder.

"Accio vial!" Millicent gasped quickly, hoping it wouldn't matter that she had failed to specify which vial she wanted.

Hagrid froze in surprise when several empty and half-full vials came flying out of Millicent's discarded clothes.

"What's all that for?" he asked.

She swore to herself and tried to think quickly. Even with an enormous cock halfway up her vagina, a true Slytherin still ought to be able to form a cunning plan at the drop of a hat. In this case, Millicent would settle for a semi-believable excuse.

"Oh," she floundered a bit, "it's nothing. I just have a tendency to carry any old crap around in my pockets. Never seem to get around to emptying them out."

She winced again, half at Hagrid's renewed efforts and half at the ridiculous explanation. Amazingly, he had been fooled by it.

Desperately, Millicent searched through the small collection of vials lying around her on the bed. She found the one she wanted, pulled the cork with her teeth and downed the contents quickly, not even bothering to hide her actions from Hagrid.

"What's that for?" he asked curiously again.

"Just... uh... just so I won't get pregnant," Millicent lied.

Again, he seemed to buy her explanation. It was a good lie. A believable one; one that made her wish she had actually thought about preventing pregnancy earlier. All she could do now was cross her fingers and hope that it was still close enough to her last period to be impossible.

The extra dose of aphrodisiac worked immediately. Her already hot body heated further until she felt like she was about to melt; the sting of stretching dissipated, and Hagrid suddenly found it a lot easier to push inside her.

Pulling out a bit, he thrust a little harder, and Millicent squealed as she was finally filled to the brim with enormous cock and with a suspicion that not even all of him was inside her. This time, she didn't mind at all that Hagrid took her squeal for encouragement and started moving.

At first, his thrusts were shallow, testing of her depth and how she reacted. She could feel him against every millimeter of her vagina, and her nether lips moved with every thrust.

His sheer size made them almost cling to his flesh, tugging ever so slightly away from her body when he pulled back, pressed up against her when he thrust in, and every single time they made the little hood of skin slide back and forth over her clit.

Gregory had never made it do that. It wasn't at all like when she was touching herself; it didn't feel like a finger. In combination with the cock inside her moving faster and faster, and harder and harder, the sensation was enough to make her nearly cross-eyed.

Hagrid grunted like a pig with every thrust, and his large hands clutching her hips were getting clammy. Millicent was thankful for the aphrodisiac, which made her far too horny to care what he must look like doing this.

Besides, she imagined, she probably didn't look much better herself with her eyes squeezed tightly shut, her jaws locked with her mouth as wide open as it could go, and enough heat in her body to make her feel like she was on fire.

Millicent had never imagined herself to be a screamer. Gregory wasn't really equipped to prove her otherwise, but when being pounded by a sex-crazed half-giant with a cock at least three sizes too large, there was little else she could do. Just scream and shake.

If she had been able to string two thoughts together at the moment orgasm washed over her, she would have worried about somebody hearing the howls coming from Hagrid's cabin. In her current state, with at least double the recommended dose of aphrodisiac in her blood, thinking was just not an option, and if anybody heard her, frankly, she didn't much care.

Neither, apparently, did Hagrid who followed soon after, slamming into her and getting just a little deeper than was actually pleasant. She could feel him shuddering against her buttocks and then sink down.

It was almost a relief when the enormous cock deflated and slipped out of her, and she tried her best to not think about what it was she could feel dribbling down her thighs. The last thing she wanted was a pregnancy by Hagrid. She would have to look through that book again, the one where she found the recipe for the aphrodisiac. Perhaps it would have some sort of retroactive contraceptive potion.

All her joints protested as she painfully and stiffly shifted, turning around on the bed. Hagrid was on the bed, lying on his back, gasping for breath. Millicent wished she hadn't looked. The effects of the aphrodisiac she had taken were greatly diminished from climax, and there were certain things she would have preferred not to have seen. One of these things was a naked and sweaty Hagrid whose cock glistened with her own juices.

She picked up her wand, and before Hagrid had time to do more than begin to form a question, she had it pointed at him.

"Obliviate."

The charm hit his chest.

Hagrid stared stupidly at her with eyes that weren't really seeing anything, and Millicent climbed out of the bed as quickly as she could manage. She knew she didn't have long before the charm took completely and he would return to a more normal state of mind. She would rather be far away from the cabin when that happened.

Turning her wand on herself, she cleaned up before dressing. She could smell Hagrid on her skin and was already planning a good long bath when she got home.

One final glance towards the bed, where Hagrid was still lying quietly, staring at nothing, Millicent made sure that he had not come to yet, and quickly gathered the rest of her things.

Millicent's legs were shaky and wobbly as she walked away from the cabin. She hoped to all deities that she could think of that the Obliviate would take properly. That was another thing that she hadn't had the opportunity to practise in advance, and she had even added a number of impromptu modifiers before casting it.

She had been careful to erase only the memory of her own identity. It had seemed cruel to her to remove all memories of the encounter completely, especially if it had been his first time, as she rather suspected it had. He would remember that it had happened, he just wouldn't remember with who.

Millicent smiled to herself, imagining Hagrid going about his business at Hogwarts, casting glances at all the female staff members, wondering if it had been any of them. Imagining such glances being sent in the direction of Minerva McGonagall made her nearly laugh out loud.

When she was finally clear of the Hogwarts grounds and its Anti-Apparition charms, she paused to lean against a tree and rest before Apparating home. Every step was painful, and Millicent had never been so sore in her entire life.

She had certainly found out what it was like to have sex with someone who had a large cock. Possibly too large. Gregory Goyle and his below average equipment sounded so much better now.

At least with him it wasn't ever painful, and when it came to her own enjoyment, bigger, she had discovered, wasn't necessarily better at all.

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