

## Hogwarts Adventure

### Chapter 28

Aurora Sinistra's rooms lay at the top of a lonely spire, far above and away from the late-night bustle of the castle below. All the star charts and instruments of her trade had been brushed aside, and the only illumination came from the dozen or so candles burning in various places around her room. Aurora was naked on her back with her arms stretched above her head, and her long legs were spread so far apart her hips ached. The air was thick with the mingled scents of her own wet pussy and the male musk of the man kneeling between her thighs.

Harry moved with a maddeningly slow rhythm as his cock worked in and out of her asshole with impossible patience. Each time the thick, glistening shaft pushed deeper, Aurora's breath caught, and her entire body clenched reflexively around the intrusion, but Harry's hands pinned her thighs open and denied her even the smallest reprieve. She'd always prided herself on her composure, but now she was reduced to a trembling, moaning mess. Every rational thought had been replaced by the need for more pleasure.

She craned her neck forward and looked down the length of her body, studying the place where their bodies joined. Harry's cock seemed almost inhumanly large. It was thick at the base and heavily veined, and the steady pressure against her tightest entrance made her feel split open and impossibly filled. She watched as the broad head slid forward and stretched the puckered ring of her asshole until she felt the tight muscle begin to give. Her toes curled at the sensation, and her knees kept trying to draw together, but Harry used his strength to force her to remain spread open and vulnerable.

He was relentless, and she loved it. The way her back arched showed just how much she loved it. Aurora had never imagined herself this way, but now she could not imagine wanting anything else. The slight pain only made the pleasure burn hotter, and every thrust sent sparks through her body. She could feel her own arousal soaking the sheets. Her pussy was a leaking, twitching mess just inches from Harry's pistoning cock. Pussy juice dripped from her empty folds as her asshole was forced to yield around his girth, and she found herself wishing someone would walk in and see her being used like this.

Harry leaned forward and brought his face close to hers, and the new angle forced his cock even further inside her. Aurora's hands flew to his biceps, and she held on for dear life as the pressure spiked and her ass stretched wider around him. She gasped and moaned while forcing herself to meet his eyes rather than glance away in embarrassment. She could see a satisfied smile on his handsome face, and he picked up the pace. His hips moved smoothly, and the wet sound of his shaft sliding through her tight ring filled the otherwise quiet room.

"Look at you," Harry groaned. His voice was husky with pleasure and power. "This is your first time trying anal, and you're already addicted."

The words made her clench even tighter around him, and Harry grunted as the added pressure forced him to push harder, spearing her open with each stroke. Aurora could barely breathe. She'd read about anal sex in *Witch Weekly* and snickered at the clinical detachment of the old witch writers who probably hadn't gotten any action in decades, but nothing in those dry pages had conveyed the sheer animalistic intensity, or the sense of being utterly possessed that now flooded her body. Her mind flashed with images of her colleagues who deferred to her intelligence and poise. If they could only see her now. She was being used and debased by the only man in the castle who was worth a damn. Her dignity vanished with every ragged, guttural moan she made as her asshole stretched tight around his thick cock.

She reached up, clawed at Harry's back, and tried to grind her hips upward to take him even deeper. Each time she moved, the cock in her ass shifted just enough to send a new burst of pleasure through her. The head rubbed against sensitive nerves deep inside, and she whimpered, straddling the line between pleasure and pain. Her clit throbbed achingly. It was swollen and neglected, and she wanted desperately to touch herself, but Harry's hands never left her thighs. He held her wide open and helpless so she could do nothing but take what he gave her.

"Please," she gasped, and was shocked by the neediness in her voice.

Harry rewarded her by pulling out almost all the way, leaving just the swollen head inside her stretched hole. He then rammed forward so hard that stars danced in her vision. Her body convulsed, and she heard a keening wail echo off the stone walls. 'Was that her?' Aurora asked herself. She'd never made noises like that before, but now she was past the point of caring. The only thing she cared about was the cock in her ass, the fullness, and the relentless, pounding rhythm that forced her open wider with every thrust.

"Does it feel good when I stretch you out, Aurora?" Harry asked teasingly.

She nodded frantically. "Yes ... Yes ... Oh, god, yes!" she gasped, which made Harry chuckle.

Her thighs trembled, her hips wiggled against the bed, and only then did she realize she'd begun to cum. She wasn't even being touched where she craved it most, but the sheer violation had tipped her over the edge. She spasmed helplessly, and juices puddled on the sheets beneath her as her empty pussy clenched and fluttered in time with the contractions in her ass. Harry only fucked her harder, driving through her orgasm and forcing another wave of pleasure to crash through her. Aurora cried out again, and her pride was finally and completely obliterated as her body shook under the force of his penetration.

The bastard didn't just fuck her ass. He made a point of finding her every weakness, and he seemed to know exactly when her composure was about to break. Just as Aurora felt the pleasure peaking, Harry's hand slid down to rest atop her mound. His thumb began to circle her swollen clit with the measured pressure of a lover determined to make her lose control completely. The rest of his fingers pressed against the flesh of her lower lips, and he kneaded

them open to fully expose the swollen nub beneath. The sensation was incredible, and with every hard, merciless thrust of his cock into her stretched, abused hole, that thumb worked her clit with a maddening grind that made her see stars.

Aurora arched her back and let out a strangled scream as her body was wracked by an orgasm so violent it sent her vision spinning. Her nails clawed at the bedsheets, and every muscle in her body tensed as if she were being electrocuted by raw pleasure. Her asshole seized around his thick cock, milking it with desperate, rhythmic clenches that threatened to pull him deeper, and she really did think her body might break him in two. The pleasure didn't seem to want to stop. It was like a rolling wave that crashed over her and then lingered, leaving her shuddering as her empty pussy twitched and dripped onto the sheets.

Harry growled, and she felt his cock throb hard inside her stretched hole. But instead of finishing, he suddenly withdrew, leaving her asshole gaping and glistening. In the next instant, his cock slammed into her pussy. It was so wet and swollen it felt like there was nothing in the world that would have satisfied her but this. He penetrated her so forcefully that her hips slid up the bed, and the change in angle forced Aurora's thighs even wider apart. The shaft that had stretched her ass now filled her cunt to the hilt. The sudden stretch of her inner walls around his girth was so intense that her body instantly launched into another orgasm. Her pussy clenched around him, desperate to keep him in, while her empty asshole spasmed and tried to close around the phantom cock that had just left it.

Harry leaned forward, and his lips crashed into hers. The kiss was rough and needy, and his tongue pushed past her lips and explored her mouth like he owned it. Aurora wrapped her arms around his neck, pulled him closer, and ground her hips up into his thrusts, taking every inch as deep as she could. The pleasure of his cock against her swollen, sensitive tunnel was almost unbearable, but she wanted more. She needed more. She moaned into his mouth, and he groaned back.

Harry broke the kiss, and for a moment his face hovered over hers. His green eyes burned with lust. Then his hips slammed forward one last time, and she felt the thick head of his cock release inside her. He let out a hoarse, guttural groan and held himself buried fully inside her as he came. Rope after rope of thick, sticky cum flooded her pussy. Aurora felt every spurt flooding her depths, and with it, the satisfaction of knowing she'd been used so thoroughly.

Her own body responded in kind, and her silky walls rippled and fluttered around him in a continuous orgasmic wave. Each one sucked more of his semen deeper inside her. The feeling of complete fullness was overwhelming. The perverse sounds of their raunchy fucking echoed off the stone walls. Aurora's mind went blank, and all she could do was ride the last waves of pleasure until her muscles gave out and she collapsed back onto the bed, completely spent. Her legs were still spread wide and trembling like a used Knockturn Alley whore.

When she managed to focus again, Harry was slumped forward, and his forehead was pressed to her collarbone. His cock was still buried inside her and slowly softening. Cum trickled out from

between her thighs in thick, creamy strands, and it leaked onto the rumpled sheets. Her asshole still throbbed. It was still stretched, empty, and faintly gaping, and her pussy continued to flutter around his softening shaft. Aurora blinked up at the canopy overhead, unable to comprehend the intensity of what she'd just experienced. Harry could comprehend it just fine. She was sure he had fucked half the women in the castle by now. He spent his time pawing at her naked tits, toying with her sensitive nipples, and kissing and sucking on her sweaty skin. All she could do was mewl sexily, arch her back, and thrust her crinkled nipple into his mouth. She let out a triumphant moan when his talented lips latched on. Aurora held him tightly to her tits. She made sure that he wasn't going anywhere. He was hers for tonight.

## **Hogwarts Adventure**

Harry had never understood why couples would sneak off to a broom cupboard when there were so many empty rooms available. Today, he didn't have much of a choice when a busty redhead silently pulled him into one. Susan was already on her knees in the cramped little box of a room. Her already tiny skirt was hiked up around her waist, showing off her pale, fleshy hips. Her unbuttoned blouse was wide open, revealing her massive, pale tits. She palmed them with pride and pushed the soft flesh up and together as she looked at him with a feverish arousal. The space was just large enough for Harry to lean against the shelving, overwhelmed by the sight of her thick red hair and those bright blue eyes peering up at him, and even more so by the enthusiasm as she ran her tongue slowly around the head of his cock.

'God, she is good at this,' Harry internally groaned. Maybe too good. Her mouth was hot and wet, and she took him deep. Her cheeks hollowed as she sucked while her fingertips danced along his shaft. Then she cupped and gently squeezed his balls while moaning softly around him as he hit the back of her throat, and her saliva trickled down onto her chest and pooled in her deep cleavage. Harry groaned and gripped the shelves behind him for support. His hips bucked forward, and Susan just took it.

She pulled off with a gasp and wiped the back of her hand across her lips. Susan then grinned up at him. "Does that feel good? I've been practicing," she said, and she jiggled her big tits for emphasis. The soft flesh bounced and swayed.

"It felt great. You're a natural," Harry panted, and she giggled.

"Good! Because I want you to remember me the next time you see my Auntie." She didn't wait for a response. She grabbed his cock, squeezed the thick shaft between her tits, and started moving them up and down, trapping him in a slippery vice of warm soft flesh. Her nipples were stiff and pink, and they contrasted wonderfully against her pale skin. He couldn't help but notice that she was grinding her thighs together as she worked him. She was obviously aroused. "She's always talking about you, you know. She says it's a shame you didn't visit over the holidays. I told her you'd never survive dinner at the Bones house."

"I can handle anything," Harry said, but he could barely get the words out. Her cleavage was so tight and slick that his legs nearly gave out from the pressure and the wet friction.

She laughed and squeezed harder, burying him completely between the pillowy softness. The fat head of his cock disappeared and reappeared with every bounce of her tits. "That's what I wanted to hear. She says that she's going to come here and see you. Would you like that?"

Harry nodded, not trusting himself to speak. Susan arched her back and pressed her tits right up to his crotch. She looked up at him. Her full lips were wet and parted, and she moaned out, "Cum for me, Harry. Cum right on my tits ... or on my face. Whatever you want." She spat in her hand and worked the head with her palm. She twisted and stroked it while she bounced her tits and shot him a naughty smile. "Come on, Harry. I want to feel your hot seed on my skin."

He didn't stand a chance. The pressure built fast, his balls tightened, and the first thick rope of cum shot straight up her neck and splattered her chin. The second hit her cheek and dripped down into the valley of her cleavage. Susan squeezed and bounced until her tits were streaked and glistening with it. White trails of cum ran over the soft curves of her tits and pooled between them. She giggled, then dipped her finger into a bead of cum and sucked it clean.

"I bet Hermione and Daphne will be jealous," she teased, brushing her hair back.

Harry's knees wobbled, and he slumped against the wall, but Susan was already tucking her messy tits back into her blouse and carefully fastening the buttons. She left the top four undone, just to show off the mess he'd made of her. The white streaks were still visible on her skin. She stood, not bothering to wipe her face. She wore his cum with pride.

"I have to go, or I'll be late for my Potions exam," she giggled and squeezed past him out the door. Her wide hips swayed, and her face was still smeared and glowing with mischief.

Harry lingered in the cupboard for a moment to catch his breath and adjust himself. When he finally emerged onto the corridor, he heard Susan's laughter echoing down the hall, and he grinned. "Bloody hell ... What a wonderful day," Harry said to nobody in particular. He popped his back and headed off to meet his girls.

## **Hogwarts Adventure**

Amelia Bones was a woman on a mission. As soon as she got the go-ahead from Harry to visit, she arrived at Hogwarts that very same night. She arranged the meeting with help from her good friend Minerva McGonagall. Minerva had the house elves set up a guest room for her to use. Now she was in the room, waiting for her boy toy to arrive. A knock on the door made her heart thunder loudly. She rushed over, opened the door, and found Harry standing there with a smile plastered on his handsome face. Before he could even say anything, she pulled him in by the front of his shirt.

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Harry had been expecting Amelia to be direct, but her sexual aggression landed somewhere between exhilarating and terrifying. He'd barely had time to process it before she'd seized his hand, yanked him into her arms, and locked their lips together. Her mouth opened, and her tongue was so forceful it left his cock throbbing. She didn't even bother with a hello. Instead, she bit his lower lip, gripped his jaw in her fingers, and applied pressure until he submitted to her urgency. Amelia's short, pale pink nightie clung to her curves as she pushed him against the wall, and it was barely long enough to be considered clothing. Each time she moved, the hem rode up and exposed her plush, meaty ass, or let a flash of her bald, swollen cunt peek out from beneath. The deep V of the neckline was so low her tits bulged out in a way that was eye-raising. How the hell did they even stay in there, Harry asked himself.

She was pawing at him and attacking his lips, and the desperate desire she was showing was at odds with the typically severe and composed woman she normally was at the Ministry. She bit her way down his face and neck, leaving angry red marks that faded almost instantly. With a single violent rip, Amelia tore the front of his shirt wide open, sending buttons clattering off the stone floor. She pressed her nose to the hollow of his throat and inhaled deeply, as if memorizing the scent. She then ran her tongue up to the underside of his jaw. "Oh, how I've been waiting for this moment," she moaned in a gravelly voice.

Amelia's hands dropped, and she gripped his belt. She unfastened it with a flick of her thumbs and yanked his jeans so hard he nearly fell over. She squatted until her face was level with his groin, and she pressed her lips to the bulge in his trousers as she pulled them down. "You're going to give me everything I want, aren't you?" she asked with a frantic shakiness in her voice.

Harry tried to retort, but she had his boxers halfway down, and his cock was already at full mast. The head pressed up against her cheek as she nuzzled it lovingly. The sight of his cock drew a low, primal growl from her. She licked her lips and then kissed up the entire shaft, not even trying to hide the appreciation in her gaze. When she took him into her mouth, it was without any finesse. She took him all the way down her throat with one forceful, wet gulp that left her nose pressed to his pelvis and her chin slick with saliva. She held her face there while Harry's fingers tangled in her hair, and only when she was struggling for air did she pull off with a wet pop.

Then she stood, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, and pulled the nightie over her head. Her body was a total contradiction. She was spectacularly curvy, with massive tits that wobbled and bounced even after she'd stopped moving, but it was also toned and athletic. Her belly was smooth and flat, and her hips were broad and fleshy. The sheer size of her breasts was almost comical. Each one as big as his head, but they were so firm they sat high on her chest even without support. The areolas were large and crinkled, and the thick, hard nipples jutted out in the cool air. She looked down at him for approval, and she found him devouring her with his eyes.

Amelia's bald mound was so smooth it gleamed in the candlelight, and her plump, pink labia peeked out from between her thighs. She was wet already, and the musky scent of her arousal filled the room. Harry wanted to reach out, to touch her, but Amelia grabbed and shoved him onto the bed. She straddled him and reached back to guide his cock up to her entrance. Even then, she didn't fuck him right away. Instead, she ground her pussy against his cock, soaking it with her slickness and using the shaft to stroke her clit. Her tits bounced with each roll of her wide hips, and she moaned deeply while rubbing her pussy up and down his entire length. Sometimes she let the head slip inside her, but she pulled back before he could thrust.

"I can't wait to feel your cum inside me," she moaned. Amelia ground down harder, trapping his cock against her clit, and rode him with slow, merciless rolls of her hips. All Harry could do was watch as she used him. Of course, he could have taken control, but he wanted the older woman to have her fun. Amelia's head lolled back, and she ran both hands up to her tits. She squeezed, kneaded them, and pinched her nipples until they were hard enough to cut glass. "Do you like my body, Harry?" she moaned, not breaking rhythm.

"Hell yes," he groaned. He wanted to bury his face between her tits or eat her pussy until she screamed, but the only thing he could do was thrust up into the iron vice of her thighs and feel the wet velvet of her pussy lips as she slid against him.

She let go of her tits and leaned forward so they dangled down. Amelia giggled as she shook her chest and rubbed her naked tits all over his face. "I know how much you love to fuck Susan, but do you think you can handle a real woman?"

He wanted to answer, but she shifted her hips and forced the head of his cock inside her, and he could only gasp. Her pussy was scorching hot and tight, and she took him inch by inch until her asshole mashed against his balls. With one last wiggle of her hips, he was completely buried inside. Amelia shuddered, then began to ride him with great enthusiasm. Her ass slapped down against his lap, and her tits heaved with every bounce. She fucked him hard, ground his cock against her g-spot, and used him as a toy for her own pleasure, leaving Harry helpless to do anything but hang on.

Each time she came down, her tits slapped together and split apart, making for a very obscene spectacle. The crinkled, dusky areolas were so sensitive she moaned every time her hand brushed across them. She pinched and twisted her nipples, and she sometimes pulled them so hard Harry thought she'd tear them off. Then she leaned forward so the massive tits swung in his face. He latched onto one and sucked hard, and Amelia howled, threw her head back, and began to ride him twice as hard.

He could feel her muscles flutter around his cock as her pussy squeezed, and her voice broke into ragged gasps. "That's it, Harry. Fuck me. Fuck me like you fuck Susan. Show me you can handle a real woman!" She punctuated every word with a downward slam that knocked the air from his lungs.

Her pussy was so hot and tight that Harry's orgasm built impossibly fast, but Amelia refused to let up. Instead, she crushed his face to her tits and bore down, milking him with her cunt. He could hear her breathing become labored, and the squelching of her pussy grew louder. Her walls rippled and fluttered uncontrollably, and Harry knew she was about to cum. He just had to hold off for a few more seconds and ... "EEEEP!" Amelia cried out as her pussy clamped down and squeezed the life out of him. This was all he needed. Harry bucked his hips and groaned as he spurted inside her. She didn't stop for a second. She rode out his climax with ferocity, using his cock as her own personal fuck toy until the spasms forced a second, smaller orgasm through her, and she collapsed forward onto his chest.

She lay there, gasping for air. Then Amelia rolled off him, studied his face, and reached down to stroke his softening cock with her hand. She leaned in and shoved her tongue into his mouth. However, the kiss didn't last long. Amelia slithered down his body, took his drenched cock into her mouth, and began sucking like there was no tomorrow. The moment his cock was back to full hardness, Amelia rolled onto her hands and knees, stuck her ass up in the air, and wiggled her bottom. She then reached back and spread her cheeks wide, showing off both holes. Harry sighed dramatically. He knew he was in for a very long and pleasurable night.