

Hogwarts Adventure

Chapter 27

Harry's cock was huge. It somehow looked even bigger than the last time she had seen it. Pansy stared, momentarily hypnotized by the sight of his cock bobbing with every movement. Even though she'd just come, her pussy clenched and dripped onto the thin cotton sheets. She gripped the edge of the mattress as her thighs trembled.

Harry crawled up the bed, and his cock slapped against his stomach, leaving a wet streak on his lower abs. He grabbed her ankles in one strong hand and pinned her legs together. His other hand tugged the waistband of her skirt, dragging it down her hips, across her knees, and finally past her calves, leaving her completely nude. He tossed the skirt aside, not even bothering to check where it landed. Pansy felt her face flush with heat. She was exposed, pinned, and helpless ... exactly how she liked it.

He didn't separate her legs. Instead, he pressed her thighs together and bent her knees up toward her chest. The angle was obscene. She knew he could see her bare mound and her plush, glistening lips peeking out between the squeezed-together skin of her upper thighs. She was sure that the angle made her pussy look even more swollen, needy, and tight. Harry ran a finger along the seam created by her pressed legs, and she could feel him massaging her slit with the flat of his thumb.

"You're leaking everywhere," he said in an amused and appreciative tone. He reached for his cock and rubbed the head up and down the slick crease, mixing pre-cum with her arousal. "You've been thinking about this, haven't you?"

Pansy shivered when the fat head of his cock mashed against her sensitive clit. "You're not the only one who loves sex, Potter," she muttered, but the bravado was ruined by the tremor in her voice.

He laughed quietly. "You're adorable when you try to act tough." His cock was so thick she could feel it stretching her pussy lips apart even before he'd entered her. Just the sheer weight of his impressive meat was forcing her lips open as it rested against her slit. He lined it up with her entrance while still keeping her thighs pressed tight together, and he pushed in slowly. The head of his cock spread her pussy open, and the pressure made her head spin. She was so wet that he slid in with almost no resistance, but the feeling was intense. It was more intimate than anything she'd ever felt before.

Harry grunted, and his hips bucked as he forced himself all the way in. Her knees were pressed to her chest, her ankles were still held in his grip, and she could only watch in awe as her body accepted every inch of him. He looked at her with a mixture of hunger and amusement, watching her expression as he slowly pulled out and pushed back in. Pansy whimpered, and her pussy responded by squeezing his cock while desperately trying to keep him inside.

“Jeez, Pansy,” he groaned. “You’re tighter than a vice.” He started to thrust, and the wet slap of flesh on flesh echoed off the cheap wooden walls of the room. Her pussy was squished between her thighs, and every movement made her clit rub against the soft skin. The sensation was so overwhelming she could barely think. All she could do was gasp and whimper with every thrust.

Harry’s hand snaked down to stroke her clit, and the added stimulation sent her over the edge almost instantly. She came again with a pathetic squeal. Her silky pussy muscles spasmed, and her eyes rolled back as she bit her lip to keep from screaming. She didn’t want the entire pub to hear her cum. Harry didn’t stop for even a second. He fucked her through her orgasm, making her pussy squelch and leak fluid all over Madam Rosmerta’s nice clean bed.

Harry then seized Pansy’s ankles and forced her legs back, folding her body in half so her knees nearly touched her shoulders. She gasped at the sudden loss of control, finding herself pinned beneath the strength of his arms. The headboard banged rhythmically against the wall and threatened to break the plaster as Harry slammed into her over and over. She was utterly at his mercy, and Pansy loved it. She felt no shame in the whorish way she begged for more, or in the desperate, ragged way she cried out at each thrust. Her pussy was slick, swollen, and throbbing, and Harry fucked it like he was trying to ruin her for all other men.

He never let her catch her breath. He moved so fast and so powerfully that she felt as if she’d been split open, but every wave of aching pleasure only made her want to be ruined harder. Her body had stopped obeying her, and now it simply bucked, seized, and clung to Harry’s cock as it drove deep inside her. She felt his fingers dig into her calves, holding her tight as he buried himself to the hilt. His chest heaved, and sweat dripped from his hair, dotting her thighs and stomach, but Pansy only craved more. With each slam of his hips, her pussy fluttered and clenched as it milked him harder.

All Pansy could focus on was the wet, obscene sound of their bodies colliding and the muffled gasps of her own voice. She could feel Harry’s cock stretching her to the limit. Her lips were forced wide open, and they clung to every inch of him as he withdrew before spearing her again. Every time he bottomed out, her vision flashed white, and her toes curled so hard they nearly cramped. She came in repeated, rolling waves, and her body bucked at every peak, losing all sense of time or place. Her clit was engorged and throbbing, and Harry’s rhythm only stoked the fire as she slid deeper into a haze of raw pleasure.

He bent over her, pressing her folded legs even tighter, until her knees were crushed beside her ears. Her pussy was stretched out, gaping and leaking down the crease of her ass. The angle was so obscene she couldn’t even see his face. The only thing she could see was the blur of his hips and the flex of his muscles as he used her body. Pansy loved it. She wanted to remember this moment every time she touched herself, and she wanted to feel it every time she looked at him from across a crowded room. She wanted to be wrecked and left to spend the next week aching for just a fraction of the bliss she felt right now.

She tried to beg, but her words broke apart and crumbled into desperate moans with every thrust of his unholy cock. Harry's hands never left her ankles, and he yanked her legs even closer together. His cock thrust between her thighs, making her slick lips cling and pull with every movement. Pansy was spasming around him. She was helpless and moaning with pleasure, and the repeated orgasms made her legs tremble so hard she thought they might never work again.

She came again, even harder this time. Her back bowed off the bed as Harry hammered her g-spot and made her cry out. Now, she didn't care if the entire pub heard her scream. She wanted everyone to know she'd never been fucked like this in her life. She never even imagined it could be so good. She wanted him to ruin her for anyone else. She wanted him to cum, to claim her, and to mark her inside and out.

"Harry!" she screamed. Her voice was raw and unsteady, and he responded by slamming into her so hard the bed skidded across the floor. She saw stars, her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and then she was lost. Her body seized up, and she let out a garbled, pitiful moan as her pussy began squirting around his cock.

Harry groaned and finally let go. He slammed his cock to the base and emptied himself inside her. He held her down, groaning as he flooded her used pussy with his thick, potent seed. All Pansy could do was spasm and squeak as her pussy was filled to the brim. Finally, the brute leg her legs go, and he fell forward on top of her. Pansy immediately shoved her tongue down his throat and moaned while rubbing her creamed pussy all over his groin. This had the side effect of making his cock hard instantly, and a moment later, Pansy was on her hands and knees, getting fucked like a cheap whore.

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Harry left Pansy panting and ruined on the lumpy mattress. Her legs had been left spread open, and her face was glazed and utterly content. Her pussy dripped with milky streaks onto the sheets, but she didn't even seem to notice. If anything, her glassy-eyed smile got looser as Harry tucked his cock back into his pants and stumbled into the tiny bathroom with its cracked mirror and fogged window. He found a towel and wiped himself clean with a sense of satisfaction. The room already reeked of sex, and the bed was filthy with their combined juices. Harry glanced back to see her sprawled with her arms thrown over her head as if she'd just run a marathon. She looked oddly beautiful in her total defeat.

Harry snagged his shirt from the floor, threw it on, and ran his fingers through his messy hair. Harry stepped out into the corridor, making sure to lock the door behind him. He went back into the main bar area, where Madam Rosmerta was just setting out fresh tankards for the lunch crowd. She flashed Harry a knowing look, smiling at the flush on his cheeks and the fresh scrapes on the side of his neck. "Good morning, Harry," she purred. "You look like you had fun."

He grinned lopsidedly. "Something like that."

Rosmerta winked and leaned across the bar, putting her cleavage on display. "Your two girlfriends came in here looking for you. They said to tell you they'd be down the street if I saw you."

Harry smiled and took a look at her deep cleavage one last time before going to look for his wayward friends. He thanked Rosmerta and stepped out into the cold late-morning air.

Hogsmeade was abuzz with weekend traffic, forcing him to dodge and weave through the crowd. Harry spotted Hermione and Daphne almost immediately. They were standing outside Honeydukes, pressed against the front glass as they peered inside. Hermione's skirt was impressive, even by the standards of this crazy reality. It barely covered her ass, and with every stiff breeze, it snapped up to expose the undercurve of her cheeks. Her spaghetti strap top was loose and cropped, showing off all of her slim, toned belly and the pale curve of her cleavage. Next to her, Daphne was wearing a similar outfit. Her skirt fluttered in the wind, flashing bare ass to anyone willing to look. Of course, every guy passing by didn't give Daphne's sexy ass a single look. Her midriff top not only showed a great deal of cleavage, but it also exposed a cock-hardening amount of underboob. Another gust of wind hit them, lifting their skirts. However, this time, the wind also lifted up Hermione's top, exposing her round, perky tits and stiff nipples. Hermione didn't even bat an eye. She just kept talking to Daphne until her skirt and top fluttered back down.

Hermione noticed Harry first, and her eyes lit up. She waved energetically, causing her tits to bounce in a way that was impossible to ignore. Daphne smiled and waved him over. The girls met him halfway down the lane. Harry didn't even try to hide the look he gave them, and Hermione giggled as she slid both arms around his waist.

"You smell like sex," she said, nuzzling his neck.

"You know how Pansy gets when she's horny," Harry told them.

Hermione kissed his cheek and let her hand slip under the back of his shirt to caress the small of his back. "Pansy's always horny," Hermione told him, rolling her brown eyes.

Daphne didn't bother with subtlety. She just pressed herself against his other side, and her hand slipped into his back pocket and squeezed hard. "Next time you're going to fuck someone senseless, make sure it's US," she said teasingly.

Harry laughed, and he hugged both women close, letting his hands wander up the backs of their skirts. Hermione's ass was soft and round, and Daphne's was tight, toned, and barely covered by a scrap of black lace. They walked like this, down the sidewalk. The girls they passed shot jealous looks at the two women, but Daphne and Hermione only looked at each other and smirked.

Hermione's hand crept higher on his torso, and she chirped, "Everyone's staring."

Harry grinned and looked down her top. Her tits were bouncing around in a way that made his cock throb. "Let them stare," he said, and she shivered. Whether it was from the cold or from excitement, he couldn't tell. He squeezed Daphne's ass and tickled her asshole with his finger. Daphne just licked her lips and lapped up the attention.

They reached a shadowed side-alley near the entrance to Zonko's, and Hermione spun Harry against the wall with surprising strength. She kissed him hard, and her tongue slipped into his mouth while her fingers dug into his hair. Daphne pressed in from behind, and her hips ground against him as she bit his earlobe and sucked on it.

"Careful, Daphne," Hermione giggled as she broke the kiss. "You'll make Harry faint before we even get to lunch."

Daphne's breath was hot against Harry's neck. "He can take it. Can't you, Harry?"

He gripped both women tighter, feeling their bodies molding to his. The hunger in their touch was unmistakable. "I'm just getting started."

Hermione laughed, and Daphne smirked. "That's the spirit."

Hermione dropped to her knees first, making sure to use a Cushioning Charm on the hard, cold cobbles, and Daphne joined her with a sly, competitive grin. It was practically routine now, how Hermione reached for Harry's jeans and undid his fly while Daphne's fingernails dragged up his thigh, leaving white lines against his skin. They worked together to free his cock, and they admired the hard, twitching length. Hermione wrapped her lips around the tip and sucked while Daphne stroked the shaft and lapped at the base with her tongue.

Harry let out a low moan and braced his hand on the alley wall. He could feel the cold of the stone seeping through his shirt, but the heat in his groin erased everything else. The girls looked up at him, and their eyes shined with mischief. He couldn't help but caress the tops of their heads. He ran his fingers through Hermione's bushy hair and then gripped a fistful of Daphne's silky black locks. Each girl took a turn sucking him before switching off every few seconds. Their tongues worked in unison to wet every inch of him. When Hermione focused on the tip, Daphne lavished attention on his balls, rolling them in her palm and sucking one into her mouth until he groaned in pleasure.

Daphne pushed Hermione aside with a playful nudge and deep-throated Harry in a single go. Her throat bulged as she took him to the base, and Harry gasped as his knees momentarily weakened. Hermione responded by attacking his sack with renewed intensity. Her tongue flicked against the sensitive seam as she cupped him and sucked. For a moment, both girls met eyes beneath his cock, sharing a conspiratorial smile, and Harry almost came at the sight. He

grabbed the back of Daphne's head and gently fucked her mouth. Daphne took it all and barely gagged while Hermione massaged his sack with the flat of her tongue.

The three of them were so focused they didn't notice Susan Bones until she was nearly on top of them. She'd been walking past the alley on her way to the apothecary, but the wet, eager sounds coming from around the corner had caught her attention. Susan stopped and stared as she took in the scene. Hermione and Daphne were both kneeling and sucking Harry's cock. Their skirts were hiked up, and their asses were on full display to the world. Harry's shirt was rumpled, and his cock glistened in the morning light. For a split second, Susan thought she should look away, but the sight was too delicious. She stepped closer, pressed herself to the wall, and watched as Harry gently fucked Daphne's mouth while Hermione's tongue slithered down to lap at his balls.

Harry saw her there, and he grinned. He didn't miss a beat. Harry made a motion with his hands. Susan flushed bright red but understood exactly what he meant. She lifted her cleavage-baring shirt over her chest, exposing her big, impossibly perky tits to the cold air. Her nipples puckered instantly, and each one stiffened and crinkled on top of her pale, freckled mounds. Susan glanced up and down the alley to make sure no one else was watching. Feeling suddenly emboldened, she began bouncing her tits in her hands and squeezing them together for Harry's benefit. She locked eyes with Harry and flashed a teasing smile before pinching her own nipples until she gasped.

Hermione noticed the performance and blushed, but she didn't stop what she was doing. Instead, she redoubled her efforts, as if in a silent competition to win Harry's attention away from Susan's spectacular tits. Daphne caught on and joined in. Her tongue lapped at Harry's shaft in long, hungry strokes while she played his balls with both hands.

Susan watched for a few seconds before her hand drifted down to her skirt, where she pulled it higher and higher until her thighs were completely bare. She hesitated, then took a deep breath and yanked the skirt up to her hips, exposing a pair of lacy panties. She hooked her thumbs under the waistband and pulled them down, revealing a perfectly smooth, hairless mound and the tight pink lips of her pussy. For Harry, this was a gift, and the sight of Susan's exposed cunt made his cock twitch in Daphne's mouth. Susan shivered in the cold air, but she held steady, spreading her legs wide and running her fingers up and down her slit.

Harry's attention was split three ways now. He watched as Susan played with her glistening pussy, but he also felt the incredible heat of Daphne's throat and the wet licks of Hermione's tongue against his balls. He let his head loll back and groaned, not caring if anyone else heard him. The girls worked together seamlessly. Daphne bobbed on his shaft, Hermione licked every inch that wasn't in Daphne's mouth, and Susan put on a one-woman show at the edge of the alley.

Hermione was the first to break the rhythm. She pulled off Harry's balls with a wet pop and glanced over her shoulder at Susan, who was now openly fingering herself. Hermione's cheeks were bright pink, but her eyes were bold. "Do you want to join us?" she called out.

Susan didn't need a second invitation. She padded over with her tits bouncing, and knelt between Hermione and Daphne. Harry's cock glistened with saliva, and Susan wasted no time taking it into her mouth. Her lips stretched wide around his girth, and she hummed in pleasure. Hermione and Daphne moved aside for her, but they didn't retreat. They simply shifted their focus to Susan by stroking her arms, caressing her back, and occasionally leaning in to kiss her neck or pinch her nipples.

Susan was an eager participant. She bobbed her head faster and deeper, swallowing Harry's cock with a determination that bordered on feral. Every few bobs, she pulled off and gasped for breath, then dove right back in, as if it were the only thing in the world she wanted. Harry watched as her cheeks hollowed out, her chin became shiny with spit, and the insides of her thighs glistened as she reached down to finger herself. He felt his orgasm building and groaned deeply.

Daphne, sensing how close he was, leaned in and said, "Don't you dare cum yet." She looked up at Harry with a wicked grin, then turned to Susan and asked, "You want him, don't you?"

Susan pulled off and nodded. "Please. I want him so bad," she begged with a trembling whine.

Hermione stroked Susan's hair and kissed her cheek. "You can have him then," she said gently, and Harry's cock bobbed in the air, slick and angry-looking.

Susan didn't need any more encouragement. She stood up, braced herself against the wall, and hiked her skirt even higher. Then she bent over and spread her legs until her glistening cunt was right at Harry's eye level. Fat beads of pussy juice dripped down her inner thighs. "Please fuck me," she begged, looking over her shoulder at him.

Daphne and Hermione both reached out and grabbed Susan's ass. They pulled her thick cheeks apart and steadied her. Harry didn't waste time. He lined up his cock and shoved it in, burying himself to the hilt in one thrust. Susan gasped and arched her back, and her tits swung as she tried to take all of him. Daphne and Hermione each took one of Susan's nipples in their mouths and sucked hard as Harry fucked her from behind, thrusting deep and fast.

The girls giggled around Susan's nipples as the redhead moaned like a whore. The whole affair had Susan on edge from the very beginning, and all it took was a few well-placed strikes to her g-spot to make her cum. Susan cried out and shook as Harry continued to thrust into her. Harry hammered Susan's cunt, feeling her clamp down on him like a vice, and the combined heat from her pussy and the sight of Daphne and Hermione sucking her tits was too much. He groaned and slammed forward, and his cock pulsed as he emptied himself into Susan's greedy cunt.

Hermione and Daphne continued to play with Susan through her orgasm. Their mouths and hands never left her curvy body. Susan's moans echoed down the alley, and she quivered as her pussy milked Harry until every drop was spent.

When it was over, Harry pulled out with a wet slurp and zipped up, grinning at the sight of Susan slumped and trembling against the wall. Daphne and Hermione each kissed her, then helped her to her feet.

"Now that you've had fun with two other girls today, you better take care of Hermione and me tonight," Daphne said, poking Harry in the chest.

Harry just laughed and said, "You'll hear no arguments from me."

Daphne and Hermione smirked at each other while Harry wrapped an arm around Susan's curvy frame. He cupped her naked ass and led her out of the alley. The two girls heard Susan yelp when she realized her naked tits, ass, and pussy were still on full display. They giggled loudly and rushed after them.