

Hogwarts Adventure

Chapter 3

Hermione's back arched, and she ground her pillowy ass hard into his crotch. She was on his lap with his lips attached to the side of her neck while his hand was stuffed down the front of her panties. His other hand was under her shirt, caressing the smooth skin of her slim belly. Harry quickly discovered that Hermione loved having her belly button played with. He made sure to keep that in mind for later. His fingers slid across her soaking wet womanhood, from her asshole up to her clit. He rubbed the damp bead and ran each finger over it. Hermione mewled with pleasure and squirmed against him. He rolled her swollen clit between his fingers, making her body tremble. Hermione cried out and came again for what must have been the dozenth time over the last few hours. Her body quivered, and Harry cupped her naked pussy in the palm of his hand, as though he owned it. He let his thumb continuously graze her throbbing clit, making her squeak and squirm. He could taste the salt on her normally sweet skin. All the orgasms had made her sweat. Suddenly, the train whistled, letting them know they were nearly in Hogsmeade. Harry pressed his lips against hers and kissed her fiercely. Hermione moaned into his mouth and rubbed her pussy all over his palm.

"We're almost at the station. You need to get ready," he told her, patting her pussy. Hermione gasped and jumped from his lap. As she landed on her feet, her skirt was still up, and he had a perfect view of her jiggy butt cheeks. This sight made him smirk with delight as she fixed her panties and pulled her skirt down.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?!" she panicked and went straight for her trunk. Harry saw she was having a hard time getting into it, so he stood up and pulled her trunk down for her. Hermione whipped the top open and fished out one of her new Hogwarts robes.

"I just heard the whistle," Harry said, chuckling at her. He got into his trunk and pulled out his robe. There was nothing special about his robe. It was similar to the ones he wore in his old world. Hermione's, however, made him raise an eyebrow. It looked more like a short dress than a robe. It was form-fitting and showed off her hourglass figure. It wasn't scandalously short but reached a little more than mid-thigh.

"I can't believe this! We're going to be late and ..." Hermione went on while slamming the lid of her trunk shut. Harry laughed and shook his head at her antics.

"Relax, Hermione. We have five or so more minutes until we reach Hogsmeade. See? The train is now just starting to slow down," he told her while she sat back down and put her heels on.

"I'm so nervous," Hermione said as she buckled her shoes around her ankles. "There was nothing in the book about the Sorting Ceremony."

"I'm sure it'll be a simple process," he calmly told her while cleaning up the empty snack wrappers from the floor. He listened to her nervously go on and on until the train reached the station. "Alright, time to go. Leave your trunk. The elves will deliver it to your room," he reminded her.

"Stay close to me?" she practically begged, turning her big, beautiful eyes on him. Harry smiled kindly and gave her a loving hug.

"Sure," he simply said. Hermione smiled prettily and hugged him back.

The pair left their compartment and joined the rest of the excited crowd. Hermione was tightly clutching his arm as they slowly made their way off the train. "Firs' years, over 'ere!" Harry heard Hagrid's booming voice. He smiled and led Hermione over to him. "Come on! This way!" Hagrid said after everyone joined him.

They walked the short distance to the docks, where dozens of small boats were waiting. "No more than four to a boat," Hagrid instructed.

"Come on," Harry said, helping Hermione into a boat.

"Mind if we join you?" a familiar voice made Harry look over. Ron and Neville were standing there, waiting to get on. Neville looked very nervous as he stared at the black water of the lake.

"Sure. Hop in," Harry smiled at the pair. Ron smiled and jumped in, making the boat rock precariously.

"Hey! Careful!" Hermione squeaked and gripped the side of the boat. Neville was slow to get in but eventually made it. It wasn't long after that the boats began sailing themselves across the lake.

"Ron Weasley!" Ron introduced himself, holding his hand out. Harry shook it.

"Harry Potter. Nice to meet you."

"I'm Neville Longbottom," Neville said, and gasped when a large tentacle protruded from the water's surface before splashing back down.

"Don't worry. That's just the giant squid," Harry told him.

"Won' hurt a fly, tha' one," Hagrid assured him as his boat caught up with theirs.

"This is Hermione Granger," Harry introduced her to the boys.

"What House do you think you're going to be put in? I'm hoping for Gryffindor, but my brothers say I'm a Hufflepuff for sure," Ron said, looking very much like he didn't like that idea.

"I'll probably end up in Hufflepuff, too," Neville said sadly. "My Gran will never let me hear the end of it."

"I dunno. I guess I'll just have to wait and see," Harry told them.

"Do either of you know how the decision is made? There was nothing about it in Hogwarts: A History," Hermione asked.

"Fred and George ... those are my brothers ... said we have to duel Dumbledore one-on-one. I hope that's not true. I don't know many spells," Ron nervously stated, rolling his beat-up wand between his fingers. Neville looked slightly green under the moonlight.

"That can't be true," Hermione said, looking nervous as well. "Can it?" she asked, looking to Harry for an answer.

"I doubt it. I think Ron's brothers are just playing a joke," Harry chuckled.

"Probably. They're always taking the mickey out of me," Ron sighed, looking relieved that he wouldn't have to have an epic duel with the headmaster in front of everyone. Just then, Hogwarts came into view. Hermione gasped at the sight of the castle. Practically every window was lit up, creating a majestic sight.

"Wow!" she gasped. Similar responses were heard from the other boats. Everyone stared at the castle as they moved closer and closer.

"Watch yer heads!" Hagrid called out as they entered the underground docks. Everyone stooped low to avoid scraping the tops of their heads. The boats came to a stop, and Harry was the first to hop out onto the rocks. He held out his hand, and Hermione gratefully took it. He helped her onto the rocks and then the stone stairs. Behind him, he heard a splash. He looked back to see Neville shaking water from his soggy shoe. They climbed the stairs and waited on the stone platform. One after another, the rest of the students joined them. Ron found his way to Harry's side. A few minutes later, McGonagall opened the door and took it from there.

The Sorting Ceremony wasn't anything special. It went almost exactly as it had the last time he experienced it. Harry, Hermione, Ron, and Neville were all sorted into Gryffindor. Both Ron and Neville looked extremely relieved, and Fred and George booed their brother as he sat down. Of course, Percy smiled and clapped politely. Hermione was very pleased when Harry was sorted into her new House. Harry and the Sorting Hat had had a nice conversation. The hat was intrigued by what it saw in his brain. It promised to keep his secret.

The only thing different was when Daphne Greengrass's name was called. The crowd quieted and began whispering. "That's the Girl-Who-Lived!" Ron told him as they waited in line, eagerly staring at Daphne. This was quite a surprise to Harry. Since Fate said he wouldn't be the Boy-Who-Lived, Harry just assumed there wouldn't be one. It seemed he was wrong.

Daphne tried her best to look confident, but he could tell she was very nervous. She walked up to the stool with everyone watching and put the Sorting Hat on her head. Harry waited, along with everyone else. Daphne scrunched up her face and then breathed a sigh of relief.

"Better be ... GRYFFINDOR!" the hat shouted. The Gryffindor table exploded with cheers, with Fred and George leading the way. The twins got up and hooked arms around each other's elbows.

"We got Greengrass! We got Greengrass!" they sang as they danced in a circle. Daphne removed the hat, hopped off the stool, and joined her new house.

When the Welcoming Feast finally ended, Dumbledore cleared his throat as the students began to rise. "If any student would like to upgrade their room to a Deluxe Suite, please see their Head of House. I assure you, the gold will go to a worthy cause," the old man smiled.

"C'mon, Harry! Let's go see Professor McGonagall," Hermione said, grabbing his wrist. She pulled him over to McGonagall, who had moved to a table in the corner of the Great Hall.

"Are you looking to upgrade?" she asked, looking at them over her specs.

"Yes, Professor," Hermione said happily. McGonagall smiled and gestured for them to sit down.

"Excellent! It will be fifty galleons for the year," she said. Hermione pulled out a pre-counted sack of coins and handed it to her. McGonagall counted them out while Harry removed some coins from his overloaded bag. He counted them out and arranged them in five stacks of ten. Once she was done with Hermione's, she wrote her name down in her book and handed her a piece of paper. She then counted out Harry's.

"There you are, Mr. Potter. I believe room eight will suit you well. Your trunk will be waiting when you arrive," she smiled at Harry.

"Thank you, Professor," Harry said, standing up. There were other students forming a line behind them. The pair got up and let two others take their place.

"Room eight? I got room seven! We're going to be right beside each other!" Hermione declared, clearly pleased that her new friend would be her next-door neighbor. Harry smiled at the pretty girl and rubbed her back. They joined the crowd of Gryffindors who were impatiently waiting for everyone who wanted to upgrade.

"You got a Deluxe Suite?" Ron asked. Harry nodded. He sighed. "I wish I could. The only way I could afford that is if I robbed Gringotts."

"From what I heard, the rooms aren't anything special. They're just a little bigger with an attached bathroom," Harry chuckled, trying to make him feel better. It seemed the Weasleys were just as poor in this world. Thankfully, Ron didn't appear all that jealous. He was just happy he was sorted into the same house as the rest of his family.

"How come you didn't get a room, Neville?" Harry asked him. The Longbottoms weren't super wealthy, but from what he knew, they did have a good amount of gold in the bank.

"My Gran gave me gold to last until Christmas break. She said if I wanted a room, I'd have to take it out of that. I'd rather keep the extra fifty galleons and spend them at Hogsmeade. There's supposed to be a potion shop where you can order exotic magical plants," he said excitedly. Harry guessed Neville was pretty much the same as before.

"So we can go to Hogsmeade?" Harry asked. Last time, only third years and above got to go. Percy puffed up his chest and stepped into his role as Prefect. He had the badge on his chest and everything.

"The students are allowed to visit the village every Saturday and Sunday from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon," he explained. The students who didn't know suddenly got very excited at the prospect.

As soon as everyone was done upgrading, Percy and the female Prefect led the new students to Gryffindor Tower. Harry noticed that Daphne was quiet and mostly kept to herself. When they reached the portrait of the Fat Lady, Percy pompously gave the password.

"Leaping Toadstools," he said, and the portrait swung open. "Remember the password. You can't get into the Common Room without it. The password is changed weekly."

The Common Room looked pretty much the same. The only difference he spotted was an extra archway between the archways leading to the male and female dorms. Percy pointed to the three archways. "The left one leads to the men's rooms. The ladies are on the right. The middle passage leads to the Deluxe Suites. Those who will be staying in the suites, please follow me."

"I'll see you in a bit," Harry told Ron and Neville. Harry and Hermione followed the Prefects through the passage until it spread into a wide hallway. The floor was covered in plush, scarlet carpeting, and various paintings hung on the wall on the right side of the hallway. The left side was filled with a long row of numbered doors.

"Everyone should know their room number. Gryffindor Prefects occupy rooms one through six," he stated with a smug look. Percy certainly loved being a Prefect. "You can invite anyone you'd like into your room, just please, use discretion. If you have any problems or questions, don't be

afraid to knock on our doors. We're here to help," he nodded and went to his room, leaving everyone to find their own rooms.

Harry then got his first good look at the group that would be occupying the suites. He quickly noticed that almost all of them were female. "Where are all the boys?" Harry asked, confused. An older girl giggled.

"It's always like this. Guys who can afford it usually ask their parents for the gold and then save it for Hogsmeade. Girls prefer the rooms. There's way more space, and having a private bathroom is an absolute must," she filled him in. Many of the girls nodded their heads or verbally agreed.

There weren't very many people renting the rooms, and out of the group, he only knew Hermione, Daphne, Angelina Johnson, Lavender Brown, and the Patils. The rest were older girls with a few boys sprinkled in.

"I'm going to go see my room," Hermione excitedly told him. Harry nodded and followed her to his room. He reached the door with a gold plate attached that was etched with an "8". Harry turned the knob and entered.

His first impression was that the room was way better than the dorm he used to share. It was spacious with a large, comfortable bed on the left side. The headboard was pressed against the center of the left wall, and a pair of nightstands stood on each side. Along the right wall was a dresser, an empty bookcase, and a large desk. On the back wall was a large fireplace with a door on each side. Harry checked the left door and discovered a large, walk-in closet. The right door was the bathroom.

The bathroom definitely impressed him. It had the standard toilet, sink, and shower, but it also had a massive stone tub built into the floor that looked like it could comfortably fit five people. He could tell that the sink and shower were made of expensive white marble. Harry returned to the room and noticed a piece of parchment on one of the nightstands. He picked it up and read it. It was a note explaining the features of the room. There were two easy spells for turning the lights on and off. Harry pulled out his wand and found them very easy to perform. The note explained that the House Elves would clean his room and clothes daily. It also explained how the bathroom tub doubled as a hot tub and how to use it. It then explained about the anti-theft protections and various privacy wards. One of the most useful of the wards was the alarm ward. It would automatically go off one hour before breakfast and could be turned on and off with a simple spell. Harry smiled and put the note in his desk drawer. He had only been in there a few minutes and could already tell it was well worth the gold. Harry removed his robe and spent the next half hour going through his trunk and putting his stuff away. Not long after, Harry heard a knock at the door.

Assuming it was Hermione, he was slightly surprised to see Daphne Greengrass at his door. Harry smiled kindly at her.

"Hi," he happily greeted her.

"Hello," she said, sounding a bit nervous. "I was wondering if you could help me. I have a case of books in my trunk, and it's too heavy for me to get out," she admitted. Her cheeks had turned slightly pink.

"Yeah, of course. Lead the way," Harry said, happy to lend a hand. Daphne graced him with a small smile and nodded. "I'm Harry Potter, by the way," he introduced himself.

"Daphne Greengrass," she replied. "I'm in the room next door ... Room Nine," she told him as Harry joined her in the hall.

"That's good to know," Harry replied as Daphne opened her door and let him in. Her room looked identical to his, and he guessed it was the same with all the others.

Daphne looked really good. He hadn't paid attention to what she was wearing, but now that he had, he could feel himself beginning to stir. Daphne wore a very short pair of shorts that clung to her form like spandex. From the front, he could see the V shape between her legs, and from behind, the bottom of her ass cheeks were hanging out. Harry could see the shape of her pussy lips, so he knew she wasn't wearing panties. Her top half was covered in a white tank top that showed off a generous amount of cleavage. It wasn't just her body that looked good. Her face was classically beautiful. Her dark eyes were big and inviting, and just below them was a small, cute nose. Her pink lips were full and ready to be kissed, and her straight black hair ran down her back like a silk sheet. She was a very attractive woman.

She led him to her trunk and pointed at the offending wooden case. "It's that one. It's supposed to be magically lightened, but I think I may have packed too many books," she embarrassingly admitted. Harry good-naturedly chuckled.

"You wouldn't be the first person I know to do that," he assured her, trying to alleviate her embarrassment. Harry gripped the sides of the wooden chest and lifted.

"Holy crap! You weren't kidding. This thing weighs a ton!" he grunted. Daphne blushed even harder.

"Sorry," she apologized.

"No worries. Where do you want it?" he asked. Daphne jogged over to her desk and patted the top. Harry nearly dropped the chest when he saw her pillowy cheeks bouncing around in her shorts. That short journey caused the material to bunch up between her cheeks and expose more of her jiggle ass.

"Right here is fine," she told him. Harry set it down on the desk, and Daphne opened the lock. "I would have just pulled the books out first, but I couldn't reach the lock when it was down in my trunk," she explained. When she opened the chest, her eyes widened, and her cheeks burned red. Sitting on top of a row of neatly stacked books was a hot pink rubber toy around six inches in length. Harry's cheeks hurt from the wide smile on his face. Daphne squeaked in embarrassment and slammed the lid shut. She had clearly forgotten where she had stored it.

"Now, now, Daphne," Harry teased. "Aren't you going to introduce me to your boyfriend?" he asked, chortling.

Daphne rounded on him. Her face was bright red, but she shot him a look that said she wasn't impressed with his joke. She confrontationally placed her hands on her hips.

"Very funny," she said evenly as her eyes narrowed. "And I wouldn't have to use that if you men were of any use to us women."

"Hey, don't throw me in with that camp. Not all of us are useless where it counts," he defended himself, still chuckling. Daphne snorted.

"Yeah, right, Potter. I'm sure you're just like the rest ... walking around with a rotten flobberworm in your trousers," she spat while tapping her bare foot on the carpeted floor.

"Don't be so sure," he smiled at the girl. Harry's eyes were twinkling madly. "That sexy little outfit has grown my flobberworm into a basilisk," Harry joked, eyeing her gorgeous body. Daphne had an incredible hourglass figure. Her tits were big, her waist was slim, and her hips were wide.

"Pffft!" She barely stopped herself from laughing. "Basilisk? More like a wee garden snake."

"If you're so sure, why don't you come here and find out?" Harry asked with a smirk. Daphne raised an eyebrow before a wicked smile stretched across her lovely face.

"Okay, Potter. I'll tell you what," she said in a sing-song voice while walking over to her desk chair. She turned the chair to face him and sat down, crossing one leg over the other. "Take off your clothes. When I see how pathetic you are, you have to take all my books out of the chest and neatly arrange them in the bookcase while I laugh and point at it the entire time," she said, crossing her arms over her chest while bouncing her foot.

Daphne smirked. What he didn't know was that there were nearly two hundred books in her chest. She looked forward to having him stand there, sad and naked, while organizing every single one. It would teach him a lesson for lying to her. Harry smiled at her and removed his shirt. Daphne watched, eyeing his body. She found him pleasantly handsome and fit. He then moved to her bed and sat down. He removed his shoes and socks before standing back up. He watched her watching him while he unbuckled his trousers.

She didn't know why she had asked him to prove himself. She didn't really care what he was packing in his trousers. It always annoyed her when the females around her did nothing but talk about penises. Daphne supposed she agreed because it gave her something to do. Life as the Girl-Who-Lived was very dull and lonely. Her grandmother was very protective and often sheltered her. Because of this, she had never made many friends. If she was being honest, she didn't consider any of them friends. All they cared about was being seen with a so-called celebrity. Now that she was an adult, she looked forward to making her own choices and creating genuine, lasting relationships.

She watched him lower his zipper before tugging his trousers down his thighs. Daphne gasped, and her mouth became dry. Something sprang from his trousers and bounced around. It was monstrous. The thing sticking out from between his legs was bigger than she had ever imagined. He stepped out of his trousers and walked over to her with a cheeky smile. Daphne's eyes were locked on his crotch, following its every movement. When he reached her, he stopped. It was pointed directly at her face, and she could feel the heat radiating from his body. Without any input from her brain, her shaky hand reached out, and when her trembling fingers nearly touched it, she realized what she was doing and quickly pulled her hand back. She looked up at Harry with a deep blush.

"Go ahead and touch it. Make sure it's real," he said with a handsome smirk. Daphne's face flushed, and though she knew she shouldn't, she had to make sure. She reached out again and brushed her fingers along the top. It jerked against her fingers, making her lightly gasp. It was hard but also incredibly soft. His skin was hot and smooth, and she could smell its manly scent. Daphne studied it harder than any book she had ever read. Within seconds, she knew his shape and size by heart. It wasn't just his cock that was absurdly massive. His balls were like two bludgers dangling low between his legs. Daphne pressed her finger against the top and pushed it down. It sprang back up and nearly hit her in the chin. She looked up at him with wide eyes.

"It's hard," she exclaimed. Daphne had seen men naked before, but they were all pathetic. Harry's was anything but that. It stood proudly erect with its massive, domed head nearly poking her in the face.

"Maybe it likes what it sees," Harry teased her. Daphne noticed he was looking down at her chest and checking her out. She blushed deeply while her fingers wrapped around his considerable length. She didn't even realize she was doing it. It was as if her body had a mind of its own. Her grandmother had warned that women her age often got aroused by the slightest touch of a handsome man. Daphne knew this to be true. She was always horny, even when she wasn't being touched. She was already on her third toy of the year, having worn out the previous two, but what she was holding in her hand was something that put her toy to shame. It was huge, hot, and real. Daphne could feel it pulsing against her palm. Her heart thumped loudly in her chest, and she gave it an experimental tug. Though she would never admit it to the smug git, it felt perfect in her hand. She placed her other hand on his thigh and tugged harder on his cock. His huge balls swung forward and slapped against the bottom of her wrist.

"It's so ... big," was all she could say. "How is it real?" she asked no one in particular. Harry's cock went against everything she had been taught as a woman. It was like something out of a legend. One girl she knew explained in detail how she tried to give a guy a handjob.

"I sat there for twenty minutes and nothing. He didn't even twitch when I took my shirt off," she had told the group, which made the girls laugh and giggle. Daphne had just snorted in amusement at the time.

'Clearly that guy wasn't Harry Potter,' Daphne thought as she watched her hand move back and forth across his shaft. It was so big that there was more than enough room for her other hand. Deciding to try it out, she placed her second hand above her first. Just as she suspected, both hands fit with extra room to spare. She pulled on it with both hands and heard him moan. Daphne looked up at him and saw that he was enjoying her treatment of his body. Her face heated up, and she felt a familiar tingle between her legs.

"Do you ... umm ... Would you like me to keep going?" she asked while continuing to pull and tug on his length. He smiled at her and tickled the skin underneath her chin. Daphne shuddered from the intimate action.

"Why don't we take this to the bed and get comfortable?" Harry suggested, and she swallowed loudly in response. She knew she shouldn't, but it seemed her body had already decided. She rose to her feet, one hand firmly grasping his cock. Harry placed his hands on her hips and slowly moved them under her tank top and up her sides. Daphne's eyes fluttered and closed as his fingers danced across her warm skin. He never saw him lean in and press his lips to hers. Her lips parted, and she deepened the kiss. Her hand left his cock, and she wrapped her arms around his neck. Her mind was practically blank. She couldn't believe this was happening to her on her first day. His lips were soft and warm, and his tongue felt wonderful as it brushed against hers. She must have been moving because the back of her legs hit the bed. Harry's lips were devouring hers when he lifted the bottom of her top. It climbed up her belly, and Daphne lifted her arms and let him remove it. She gasped into his mouth when he grabbed her ass and pulled her right up against him. Her nipples were stiff and sent spikes of pleasure racing down to her pussy whenever they rubbed against his chest. He softly pushed her hips, making her sit down on the edge of her bed.

Daphne stared up at him in wonder. Her eyes were the size of saucers, and her lips were slightly swollen from their moment of fun. Harry moved forward and stood between her parted legs. His hand touched her chest, and he gently pushed her onto her back. He then grabbed her under her arms and scooted her body further up the bed. Daphne was breathing heavily, unable to comprehend how fast things were moving. Harry hovered over her and leaned down. He softly kissed her lips, but instead of deepening the kiss, he started kissing down her chest. Daphne moaned and arched her back when his lips reached her breasts. There was hardly an inch of skin that Harry's lips didn't touch. He kissed all around her nipples and sucked on the underside of her naked tits. Daphne moaned and tried to push his head down. She needed his lips on her nipples. Harry happily complied with her wishes.

"You have such sexy nipples," she heard him say as he kissed around her areolas, skipping the tips entirely.

"Harry!" she whined and angled her chest so her nipple touched his lips. Harry chuckled and kissed the hard nub, which made Daphne gasp in pleasure. His lips engulfed it, and she felt his tongue wiggling around and tickling it. Just then, she felt his hand slide down her belly. His fingers broke through the last barrier of propriety. They slipped under the waistband of her shorts and glided across her hairless mound. His fingers expertly found her slit, and he started massaging her wet lips and throbbing clit. It only took a few seconds for her to cum on his fingers.

"Hhhnnnnng!" she heard herself make an embarrassing noise as she tried to keep herself screaming in pleasure. Her hips bucked so hard that his hand was forced from her shorts. She squeaked and squealed as her body spasmed. Harry's lips never left her tits. He licked and sucked every bit he could reach. As her body began to calm, he let go of her nipple and hooked his fingers under the waistband of her shorts. He tugged them down her thighs and quickly pulled them from her feet. Harry towered over her, staring at her naked body while stroking his giant manhood. Harry's eyes lowered to her legs, and Daphne knew exactly what he was waiting for. She had to make a decision. She could tell him everything was moving too fast, and she needed time to get to know him better. Of course, if she did, he could very well move on to the next girl and forget all about her. Her pussy was throbbing and leaking all over the crotch of her shorts. The burning desire she felt was too much to handle by herself. She desperately needed relief. Making her decision, Daphne slowly opened her legs, exposing her pink slit to him for the first time in her life. Harry stared at her wet pussy. His hand jerked and tugged on his meat. He then looked her in the eyes, and she blushed deeply while keeping her legs spread for him. He crawled on top of her and settled between her legs. As the head of his cock brushed against her pussy, Daphne knew her night was just getting started.