

Hogwarts Adventure

Chapter 24

The Christmas holiday was over, and Harry returned to Hogwarts with the comfortable ache of someone who'd spent way too much time fucking beautiful women. He stepped out of the Floo into McGonagall's office, coughed up a lungful of soot, and dusted off his coat as McGonagall gave him her customary stern-but-fond nod.

"Welcome back, Mr. Potter," she said, shuffling a stack of parchment on her desk. "Several of the girls have been asking about you. Please tell them to stop hounding me."

Harry grinned, nodded, and offered a "Happy New Year, Professor," before he left her to the piles of paperwork that came with her job. He made his way through the dim halls of the castle, and he found the cold corridors oddly comforting. He made his way over to Gryffindor Tower. The Fat Lady, who was already tipsy on her second bottle of sherry, gave him a sly wink and let him in without a password. Harry rolled his eyes at the lack of security.

Harry said his customary hellos and slipped into the private corridor where all the suits were located. He entered his room, stripped off his winter clothes, left them in a heap by the door, and padded into the bathroom for a much-needed shower. He had taken turns on Andromeda and Tonks that morning, and he hadn't been able to wash up since.

He stood under the spray for a long time, letting the hot water ease his muscles. The steam clouded the air until he could barely see his own hand in front of his face. He scrubbed himself clean and quickly washed his hair. He finished up and toweled off, running the cloth through his raven-black hair until it stuck out in every direction. He left the bathroom completely naked, not expecting company.

Daphne and Hermione were waiting for him. They sat side by side on his bed, waiting for him to finish up. For a moment, Harry just stared at the two sexy women. He hadn't realized just how much he had missed them over the holidays. They both seemed perfectly at ease in his space, which he was happy for.

Daphne wore a micro skirt that looked painted onto her hips and a tube top so cropped it barely hid anything. Her tits were practically spilling out, and her hard nipples stood out against the pale blue fabric. She looked him up and down with a cheeky smile, and her eyes hovered over the thing hanging between his legs.

Hermione, by contrast, was doing her best to look innocent, and she was failing miserably. She had on a pair of gray cotton shorts so obscenely short that they were wedged deep between the globes of her ass. Harry's jaw actually dropped a little when he saw how much cheek was on display. Her tank top was cut so that her cleavage was in full view, and the bottom hem barely

covered the slopes of her breasts. Her hair was still damp from her own recent shower, and her cheeks glowed pink.

For a split second, all three of them were silent, caught in the awkward space between Harry's nudity and the girls' obvious intent.

Then Daphne snorted. "Don't get dressed on our account, Harry."

Hermione bit her lower lip and tried to look away, but her eyes remained locked onto Harry's cock, which was already stiffening from the sight of them. She let out a nervous little laugh. "We ... e r... wanted to surprise you. Welcome back."

Harry grinned, suddenly feeling like the luckiest bastard in the castle. "Nice surprise." He looked at both of them, then down at himself, and shrugged. "I, uh, wasn't expecting company."

Daphne patted the bed between them. "Good. We don't want you hiding anything. Come here."

He eagerly accepted the invitation and crossed the room in two long strides. Harry sat on the bed, still naked. The girls wasted no time. Daphne leaned in and ran her hand up his thigh. Her fingers felt cool on his hot skin, and Hermione shifted closer and curled her fingers around his bicep. Daphne's hand crept higher, and her nails grazed Harry's cock until it jumped under her touch.

"Did you miss us?" she asked teasingly.

"Yeah," Harry replied honestly. "More than I realized."

Hermione's hand slid down to his stomach, and she brushed her fingers along his hard shaft. "We missed you too. All of you," she said. She glanced down and blushed even harder.

Harry reached out, wrapped an arm around Hermione, and pulled her into his lap. Daphne climbed in from the other side and straddled his thigh. Her hands explored his chest, his stomach, and anything else she could reach.

They kissed him at the same time. Hermione's mouth was soft and hesitant, and Daphne's was hungry and wild. Harry couldn't get enough of them. He loved the way Hermione trembled in his arms, and the heat of Daphne's body pressed against his side. He really liked the soft, frantic gasps that escaped their mouths whenever one of them touched his cock. Soon, all three pairs of lips were pressed together in a three-way kiss.

They undressed for him, but there was barely anything to remove. Daphne's top was so tight it peeled off like a second skin, leaving her naked from the waist up. Her breasts were perfect, round, and crowned with stiff, light pink nipples. Hermione's tank top slipped over her head, and her braless tits jiggled as she wriggled out of her shorts.

The girls were all over him, giggling, moaning, and rubbing against his body like cats in heat. Harry ran his hands over every curve they offered him, loving the way their skin felt under his fingers. Daphne kissed a trail down his torso, wrapped her lips around his cock, and swallowed him deep. She let out a pleased, throaty hum as his cock slipped down her throat. Hermione watched, fascinated by the way Daphne's throat bulged. Her hand stroked Harry's hair, and her other hand drifted low to touch herself. Hermione's taut, wet lips spread apart as she dragged her fingers between them. Her pink insides were shiny and wet, and the smell of her pussy quickly filled the air.

Harry nearly came from the sight alone, but Hermione's shy, eager mouth was suddenly on his. Her warm, wet tongue slipped into his mouth and started to explore. Daphne's head bobbed up and down in his lap as she sucked his cock with practiced skill, and Harry's hands tangled in her hair, holding her close as he lost himself in the sensation.

Hermione pressed her tits against his chest and whimpered, "I want you inside me, Harry. It was all I could think about during the holiday," she lustfully confessed.

Harry let Daphne's mouth go with a gentle tug, and she grinned up at him, licking her lips. "Go ahead, Hermione. I can wait," Daphne purred, and lay back on the bed, spreading her thighs wide to show Harry how wet and ready she was.

Hermione pushed Harry onto his back, clambered onto his lap with her knees on either side of his hips, and reached between them to guide his cock to her entrance. She was wet and hot, and when she sank down onto him, she threw her head back and cried out triumphantly. Harry grabbed her hips and rocked into her slowly, watching her face twist with pleasure as she ground herself on his cock.

Daphne crawled up behind Hermione and straddled Harry's thigh. She wrapped her arms around Hermione's waist and pulled her in tight, and her chest pressed flush to her back as she began kissing a line up the side of her neck. Hermione shivered all over, and Harry watched the little goosebumps form on her arms. Daphne slid her hands up, cupped Hermione's tits from behind, and squeezed them together. Her thumbs teased the nipples until they stood out fat and stiff.

Hermione moaned breathlessly and ground herself harder onto Harry's cock. Harry felt the way her pussy gripped him, fluttered, and quivered every time Daphne pinched and rolled Hermione's nipples between her fingers. The girls' hips rocked in a perfect, obscene rhythm.

Hermione bounced up and down on Harry's lap, while Daphne ground her own bare pussy onto Harry's thigh. Daphne rode the muscle of his leg with grinding, desperate little circles, and the wetness she left behind was hot and sticky against his skin.

Hermione was lost in the pleasure. She leaned back into Daphne's lips and let herself be kissed while arching her spine to offer up her tits. Daphne sucked and nipped at the pale curve of

Hermione's shoulder, all while her hands urged Hermione to move faster, ride harder, and fuck Harry deeper. Hermione obeyed without thinking, gasping "Yes, yes," over and over as she worked herself on Harry's cock.

Harry couldn't keep his hands still. He squeezed the curve of Hermione's ass as she bobbed in his lap, then reached around her to play with Daphne's soaked cunt. Daphne bucked hard against his hand, grinding her clit into his palm, and the exquisite friction made her whimper against Hermione's skin. Hermione was spurred on by the noises behind her, and she clenched her pussy tighter and slammed her hips down.

The three of them moved together, and Harry's senses were overloaded with all the erotic sights, sounds, and smells. Hermione's naked, perky tits were jiggling wildly above his face, and Daphne's naughty hands roamed everywhere while she smeared her wetness on his leg.

Hermione was the first to cum. Her pussy clamped down around Harry's cock, and she threw her head back and squealed. Her whole body began to shake so hard Harry thought she might break apart. Daphne held her close and whispered naughty encouragements in her ear, and she only let her go when Hermione collapsed in a limp heap against Harry's chest. Daphne giggled and lovingly rubbed Hermione's bare back. But as much as she liked Hermione, she wasn't about to let her have all the fun.

Daphne rolled Hermione's limp body off of Harry. His long, thick cock slipped from Hermione's cumming pussy, and Daphne was amazed at how wet and messy it was. She planted a knee on either side of Harry's hips, and reached back to guide his slick cock to her entrance. She slammed herself down onto him in one fast, greedy drop of her hips, and Harry groaned while possessively gripping her thick, fleshy hips.

Daphne fucked herself on Harry's cock with no restraint, and she tossed her hair over one shoulder so she could look at him through hooded eyes. "God, I missed this," she panted. One hand kneaded her own tit while the other braced herself against Harry's stomach. Hermione slightly recovered and watched through lidded eyes. She occasionally reached up to tweak Daphne's nipples or stroke Harry's thigh as she caught her breath.

Daphne dug her nails into Harry's chest as she bounced up and down. Her pussy squeezed him even tighter than Hermione's had. Harry felt the familiar build-up in his balls and tried to warn her, but Daphne just grinned and rode him even faster, slamming her hips down until she shuddered and shrieked through her own orgasm. Harry groaned, gripped her smooth thighs, and thrust upward. He let loose and filled her spasming pussy with his thick, potent cum. Only when she had milked every last drop out of him did she finally collapse forward and kiss him hard.

The three of them sprawled out in a heap and cuddled together. Harry let his head fall back on the pillow, while the two girls played with his slippery cock.

"That was well worth the wait," Daphne announced while breathing a sigh of relief. Going that long without his cock wasn't something she wanted to experience again. She had gotten used to all the wonderful orgasms, and she wasn't willing to do without.

Hermione snuggled up to Harry's side and tucked her face into his shoulder. "We're going to need another shower," she said. Daphne's gorgeous face twisted into a naughty smirk.

"There's no need. We can clean him ourselves. C'mon and help me out, Hermione," she said, crawling between his legs. Hermione giggled loudly and joined her between Harry's legs. Daphne spread his legs apart and gripped his rock-hard cock.

Daphne and Hermione wasted no time and jumped right in. They started by kneeling side-by-side between Harry's spread thighs. Daphne reached out first, and her fingers curled gently around the base of his cock. Hermione did the same and wrapped her own hand just above Daphne's, close enough that their fingers brushed. Their hands moved in unison, stroking his length like they'd choreographed it in advance. Harry groaned, and his hips bucked upward without conscious thought.

Daphne grinned wolfishly and, without warning, leaned in to drag her tongue from the base all the way up the thick shaft. She moaned as she tasted the wet mix of both girls' arousal. She paused at the tip with her lips parted. She then gave the tip a soft kiss before tsking at Hermione, "You're slacking, Hermione. Get these." She gestured to Harry's balls, which were fat and bloated.

Hermione blushed heavily. She still flushed so easily, even after Harry had taken her dozens of times in every position possible. Hermione immediately ducked her head to do as Daphne suggested. She cupped Harry's heavy balls and rolled them between her fingers before lapping them with her tongue. When she closed her lips over them and began to suck, Harry let out a shuddering groan so loud that it vibrated through both girls' mouths. Daphne, taking that as a cue for escalation, sealed her lips around the head and began to suck with deep, greedy bobs of her head while twisting her hand at the base in slow, tightening circles. Hermione redoubled her efforts beneath, occasionally glancing up and locking eyes with Harry. Her cheeks were hollowed with the effort to suck just a little harder, and her lips shiny and wet.

When Hermione tried to fit the entirety of his sack into her mouth, she made a comical popping sound as she pulled off, and they both broke into muffled giggles. The sound of their laughter vibrated along Harry's shaft and made him twitch in place. "Bloody hell, you two," Harry managed. His voice was thick with arousal. "Are you two trying to kill me?"

Daphne caught Hermione's eye and offered her the shaft like a peace offering. "Sharing is caring, right?" she said with mock seriousness. Hermione giggled once more, but this time, she took Harry's cock in hand and replaced Daphne's mouth with her own. She was a little less skillful and less aggressive, but she made up for it with enthusiasm. Her tongue swirled around the head, then darted underneath to tease that sensitive spot just under the crown. Her eyes

flicked to Harry's face, gauging every reaction, and he made sure to let her know she was doing well with a deep moan. Daphne shifted her focus downward and lavished attention on Harry's balls. She rolled them in her palm, massaged the soft skin, and then took each into her mouth in turn, humming softly as she wiggled her tongue all over them.

Every so often, the girls would switch without ever needing to speak. The rhythm between them was seamless. Daphne would take over at the tip, sucking and lapping the head, while Hermione focused on the shaft and balls, using her tongue to draw lines along the length and tasting every inch. Their hands roamed over each other as often as they did Harry. They squeezed thighs, stroked hips, and pinched nipples, as if this was as much about the two of them as it was about the man between them. They constantly tried to outdo each other. Daphne upped the ante by deep-throating Harry's cock until her nose mashed against his skin. She then pulled off with a wet gasp and rolled her tongue around the tip, smirking at Hermione as she wiped her lips. Not to be outdone, Hermione cupped his balls with both hands and sucked him in as far as she could. She then let them go and kissed her way up the shaft.

When their tongues collided at the tip, they began to purposely touch tongues over the head, licking and swirling together. They giggled at the naughtiness of it, but neither of them let up. Instead, they flicked their tongues all over it as if to see who could make Harry squirm harder. They pressed their lips to the tip at the same time, sharing a soft kiss with the head of his cock sandwiched between them.

Daphne kept a tight grip on the base of Harry's cock, and she nudged Hermione with her shoulder. "Wrap your lips around the head." Hermione nodded and wrapped her lips around the head with careful delicacy. Her tongue swirled around the crown, hollowed her cheeks, and began to gently suck. Daphne, never one to let someone else outshine her for long, started to pump the shaft with fast, twisting strokes.

Hermione bobbed her head slowly, and Harry gripped the sheets and jerked his hips every time Hermione's tongue flicked underneath the tip. "Fuck, that's good," he moaned in a ragged voice. Daphne glanced up at him through her lashes and smirked. Then, she leaned in to lick at the seam where Hermione's lips met Harry's skin, and her tongue glided over them with practiced grace.

Hermione whimpered at the added sensation, and Harry felt it vibrate all the way up through his cock. "Oh shit, Hermione, I'm ..." Harry tried to warn them, but Daphne was already pulling Hermione off with a wet pop. Both girls pressed their faces close together. They tilted their heads up in perfect synchrony. They closed their eyes and opened their mouths, waiting for the big finish. Daphne stuck her tongue out and curled a finger, beckoning Harry with a wicked smile.

Harry lost all sense of control. He lurched upright, stood on the mattress, and gripped his cock. Hermione and Daphne crowded together with their eyes tightly shut. The first spurt caught Hermione square on the tongue. She moaned and kept her mouth open as the second spurt hit

her upper lip and dribbled down her chin. Daphne jostled for position and caught the third shot directly across her cheek and the tip of her nose, where it lingered in obscene, shiny streaks. The fourth blast splattered across her tongue. The final few pumps splattered both girls across their faces and lips, leaving them both gasping and giggling.

Harry collapsed back onto the bed, utterly spent. He watched as Daphne and Hermione opened their eyes and peered at each other through the cum-spattered haze. Instead of wiping themselves off, they leaned in close. Daphne dragged her tongue across Hermione's upper lip, lapping up the cum. She then pressed her mouth to Hermione's and shared the flavor with a soft, open-mouthed kiss. Hermione moaned and slid her tongue into Daphne's mouth, swapping every last drop between them.

All Harry could do was watch, stroke his still-hard cock, and wait for them to finish so their homecoming party could continue ... and it would, well into the night.