

Hogwarts Adventure

Chapter 2

Harry stepped through the portal and into Platform Nine and Three Quarters. There was already a crowd, and the Hogwarts Express was at the center of it all. Harry had spent the last few weeks taking it easy. He spent his days exploring all Diagon Alley had to offer before returning to the Leaky Cauldron for an early dinner. He then spent his nights practicing magic and testing out the power of the Elder Wand. Technically, he wasn't supposed to be using magic, but since he was staying in a magical area, he knew the Ministry wouldn't be able to detect it.

Of course, Harry also spent a lot of time exploring Andromeda Tonks's body. He had to get some practice before starting his Hogwarts adventure, after all. He must have fucked the gorgeous woman several dozen times. He tried every position imaginable and explored every hole. Andromeda loved every second of it. Toward the end, she was practically living in his room. He wasn't sure what excuse she was giving her husband, but that was none of his business. After all that practice, Harry was much more confident in his skills.

Early on in his adventures, he discovered that Fate was right. The witches of this world were quite a bit more attractive than their counterparts in his world. The best part was that they all seemed to prefer wearing sexy, revealing clothing. Harry asked Madam Malkin about it when he returned to her shop to buy a pair of dragonhide boots. She just laughed it off while explaining it to him.

"As I'm sure you know, wizards have a tough time getting excited," she said. "At some point, witches began wearing shorter dresses with deeper necklines to try and get some action. Somewhere along the line, I guess it became tradition," she said with a smile. Harry supposed it made sense, and he certainly wouldn't complain about it. One thing he noticed was that men didn't pay much attention to the scantily dressed women ... not sexually, at least. There were, of course, married couples and those who were dating, but they all seemed to see the situation as something completely normal. It was a strange experience for him.

Everyone on the platform said their goodbyes while Harry looked around, trying to find people he knew. He saw a group of people with red hair, and he assumed it was the Weasley family. They were on the opposite side of the platform, and there was no way he could push through the crowd and get to them. He saw some people he recognized as upper years, though he couldn't remember their names. Harry finally spotted someone he was somewhat familiar with ... Susan Bones. She was hugging her aunt Amelia goodbye before pulling away. Harry's eyes grew wide, and the crotch of his trousers suddenly became a little tight. Susan's tits were nearly bursting out of her top, and her dark gray skirt was well past the middle of her thick thighs. Her legs were covered in black socks that ended right below her knees. Amelia also looked quite lovely, but unfortunately, he couldn't see what she was wearing. She had on her Ministry robes, as she was likely heading to work after escorting Susan to the platform. Susan said something to her aunt and dragged her trunk toward the train. Harry's eyes were locked on her wide ass

and swaying hips. A slight gust of wind blew up the back of her skirt, and Harry caught a quick glance of her bare ass. Susan didn't appear embarrassed in the slightest. She didn't even panic and pull her skirt down. She continued walking and bouncing her hips from side to side. Her luscious ass cheeks giggled merrily with every step. Eventually, the wind died down, and her skirt dropped down over her ass. None of the males on the platform gave her a second glance. It was absurd. A few of the females shot her some dirty looks, however.

Harry had spent a little too much time checking her out and became startled when the train whistled, indicating it was time to get his ass into gear. Everyone gave out quick, last-minute hugs and rushed toward the train. Harry did as well. After some good-natured pushing and shoving, Harry eventually boarded the Hogwarts Express.

Everyone was chatting excitedly as they tried to find compartments. Harry spotted Seamus getting shoved into a compartment further up. Somewhere behind him, he heard a group of girls giggling madly. Harry had to admit, he was excited as well. He slowly made his way through the train cars, trying to find one that suited him. He saw Cho Chang and Marietta Edgecombe in one compartment. Both of them looked really good ... especially Cho. She wore a very tight t-shirt that showed off a lot of cleavage, and her shorts were so short that they almost looked like denim underwear. Sadly, he couldn't remain there staring as he was inundated with a chorus of hurry-ups and move-its. Harry took one last look at her smooth legs and continued his trek.

The further into the train he got, the more the crowds thinned out. Harry hadn't spotted Ron. He figured the Weasleys might have boarded the train after him. Thankfully, he did spot the other person he had been trying to find. Hermione Granger sat in a compartment alone, staring out the window. She nervously bit her nails with a large copy of *Hogwarts: A History* on her lap. Harry smiled to himself and slid the door open. Hermione turned to him, and Harry was momentarily taken aback by her soft beauty. She still looked like the Hermione he knew, only more beautiful. Her hair wasn't nearly as bushy, and her soft, pink lips were a little fuller. Her eyes were slightly bigger, and her eyelashes were long and dark. He smiled at the pretty girl, and she smiled back.

"Would you mind if I joined you? I don't know anyone else," he said. Hermione perked up and got to her feet. She held out her hand.

"I don't mind. I'm Hermione Granger," she said happily. Harry shook her hand and stopped himself from chuckling amusedly.

"Harry Potter. Pleasure to make your acquaintance," he said, stowing his trunk in the overhead compartment. Hermione sat back down, and Harry sat next to her. He knew exactly how to instantly befriend her.

"I see you have a copy of *Hogwarts: A History*. I haven't read it yet. Is there anything you can tell me about Hogwarts?" he asked, keeping himself from smiling when Hermione became visibly excited.

“Oh, yes! There’s so much information in here! This is my third time reading it,” Hermione chirped and immediately began regaling him with the castle’s history. Harry patiently listened to her go on and on before she told him something that piqued his interest.

“Wait a minute,” he interrupted her. “We get our own rooms?” he asked. Hermione nodded. “I thought we’d be put in a dormitory or something.”

“I thought so too at first, but I guess because of the ... problem with wizards’ physiology ...” Hermione cleared her throat while her cheeks turned pink. “... they do whatever they can to subtly encourage co-mingling ... if you know what I mean,” he finished. Her cheeks were now bright pink. Harry chuckled.

“I understand,” he told her. Hermione cleared her throat again and continued.

“Apparently, it doesn’t really work, though. The magical population is still really low,” she added. “What I’m really excited about is seeing the suites.”

“Suites?” Harry asked, confused.

“Every student gets their own dorm, but they’re really small and cramped. You don’t even get your own bathroom. You have to use the community bathroom,” she said, shuddering at the thought.

“But for fifty galleons a year, you can rent a much larger room with an attached bathroom. There’s supposedly a large bed, a big desk, and a bookcase for all your books,” she excitedly told him. “The extra gold they earn from the rooms helps pay for the less fortunate students’ expenses. I think that’s really nice,” she said with a soft smile. “Anyway, my parents gave me the money to rent one. I’m really excited.”

“That is nice,” Harry agreed. “I think I’ll rent one as well.”

Harry was already thinking about all the possibilities a room like that would provide ... especially when Hermione shifted on the bench, and her knee-length skirt rode up her thigh a bit. ‘So many possibilities ...’ he thought with a naughty smile on his face.

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“Professor McGonagall explained the differences between the two cultures, but I didn’t expect it to be so severe,” Hermione said, taking a swig of her pumpkin juice. Empty wrappers were scattered across the seat after the woman with the trolley came by selling her snacks.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked, looking at the Chocolate Frog card he had just pulled from the pack. It had Morgana on the front in a sexy dress. She winked at him and shook her big chest from side to side.

"She explained how most women in the magical world dress, but I didn't think it would be so revealing. Several girls snickered or rolled their eyes when I stepped onto the platform. One woman snorted and mumbled, 'Muggleborn.' I just feel so out of place," she sadly stated, picking at the bottom of her skirt.

"You shouldn't feel bad about what others say. I think you're beautiful the way you are," Harry said, being honest with her. Hermione smiled and blushed.

"Thank you, Harry. That's a really nice thing to say, but it doesn't change the fact that all the girls are going to make fun of me. I just want to fit in."

"You can always use magic to alter your clothes," Harry suggested. Hermione thought about it for a second before nodding.

"Yes, I suppose I could ... but I don't know how," she said, rolling her wand between her fingers. "I wish I could have practiced magic before the start of the year," she said with a sigh. "There are so many spells I wanted to try."

"I've been out of the country for the last few years, so I was able to practice magic this summer," he said, giving her a fake story. "I could do it for you, if you want," he offered, wiggling his wand.

Hermione gave it a thought. Even though she received plenty of attention from boys in the Muggle world, she had never been one to show off her body. That being said, she was happy with how she looked and her body's overall appearance. From what McGonagall had told her, it was actually quite safe for women to show off their bodies in the magical world. Magical males had very low sex drives, so it wasn't like boys would be constantly hitting her up for a roll in the hay. Her intelligence had always made her feel like an outsider back in the Muggle world. She didn't want to feel the same way now that she was part of the magical world. Hermione wanted a fresh start.

"Okay, Harry. You can try," she told him. Harry smiled kindly at her.

"Alright. Stand up, please," Harry said. Hermione smoothed out her skirt and stood up. Harry wouldn't say she was dressed sexily. She wore a cream-colored button-up blouse and a black skirt that ended at her knees. The rest of her legs were bare, and she had black, strappy heels on her feet. She looked like a smartly dressed businesswoman. Harry tapped his wand against his chin, wondering where he should begin.

"Unbutton your shirt a bit more," he told her. The top button was already undone, and Hermione nervously unbuttoned one more. Harry rolled his eyes. "Keep going."

Hermione huffed and unbuttoned two more. "Good. Now, let's try this," Harry said, flicking his wand at her. Hermione's shirt began to tighten, and the unbuttoned sides were forced open by the size of her breasts. From what he could tell, she had large C-cups, and they looked bloody fantastic popping out of the top of her shirt. Hermione looked down at her exposed cleavage and blushed.

"How does it look?" Hermione asked, and Harry stood up. He looked down at her mostly exposed chest, and his cock instantly grew hard.

"Bloody fantastic," Harry exclaimed, staring at her tits which were being pushed together by her red bra. "Very sexy," he added. Hermione's face heated up. From what McGonagall had told her, she wasn't expecting to receive any flirty comments. She supposed it was nice to hear, though.

"Now, your skirt," Harry said, pointing his wand at it. Hermione looked down only to see her knee-length skirt get shorter and shorter. It moved up her legs and past the midpoint of her thighs. It continued to climb until it thankfully stopped short of her crotch. Almost all of her thighs were in full view. Her first instinct was to tell him it was too short, but she refrained. All the girls wore skirts or dresses of equal length, and she didn't want to be seen as just another out-of-touch Muggleborn. However, she did have to admit that the incredibly short skirt looked good on her. As she was looking down, Hermione noticed something else. There was a sizable tent on the front of Harry's trousers, and there was no mistaking what that was. Harry was hard. The sight of her skimpy outfit aroused him.

'But McGonagall said that wouldn't happen,' she reminded herself. 'She said I could walk naked through the Common Room and barely get a twitch in return.' Either she was wrong, which Hermione doubted, or Harry was different than the other boys. Hermione thought about the other things McGonagall had told her.

"As wonderful as the magical world can be, I'm afraid witches are cursed to live a life of sexual disappointment and frustration," the older woman had professed. "Not only do wizards have to take a special potion to put themselves in the mood, but their penises are so small that there is very little pleasure to be gotten from them. The worst part is that they usually only take the potions when it's time for them to produce an heir ... and on occasion, to get their wives to stop complaining about their lack of physical satisfaction. Take my advice, Miss Granger, take it whenever you can get it," McGonagall added. Hermione understood what she meant with that last piece of advice. If there was a man who showed sexual interest in her, she should go for it, because there were hundreds of other girls who would eagerly jump at the chance to take her place.

Hermione hadn't been looking forward to that part of the magical world. Sure, she wasn't boy crazy or anything like that, but she eventually wanted a husband, boyfriend, or even a lover to satisfy her needs. Hearing that she would likely have to live without it ... That wasn't pleasant to think about.

As Hermione stared at Harry's covered crotch, she thought that McGonagall must be wrong. Even though she couldn't see Harry's penis, she could still tell it was huge. The bulge in his trousers was enormous. It appeared his cock was about to rip right through the material, and the thought that her body was causing this sent a thrill through her. Suddenly, Harry cleared his throat, and Hermione tore her eyes away from the erotic sight. Harry was smiling knowingly at her. Hermione's cheeks flamed pink in embarrassment. Harry chuckled and placed his hand on the small of her back.

"C'mon. Let's sit down," he said, taking a seat. Hermione exhaled a breath she had been holding in and sat down beside him. As she did, she realized that the crotch of her white cotton panties was showing. Her skirt wasn't long enough to hide that area of her body. She knew it was something she would have to get used to, so she didn't make a big deal out of it. Anyway, she wasn't too worried about that at the moment. Without her brain's input, her eyes immediately went back to his crotch.

Harry obviously knew she was staring at his junk. Much to his amusement, Hermione wasn't doing a very good job of hiding it. Harry understood that this wasn't his Hermione. He had barely met this version of her, but Harry couldn't help but feel an overwhelming fondness for her. His Hermione had grown quite pretty over the years, but this version put her to shame in the looks department. Harry couldn't stop his eyes from traveling up and down her smooth, sexy legs. When his eyes met the crotch of her panties, he couldn't help but notice how tight they were. They were practically molded to her skin, and he could see the shape of her womanhood. Fate had told him to have as much fun as possible. He deserved it, she had said. Harry couldn't agree more, and claiming Hermione's gorgeous body as his own was the greatest reward he could possibly think of. From the way she was staring at his groin, he guessed that she might not be opposed to the idea.

He scooted closer to her, so the sides of their legs touched. Hermione continued to stare at his tented trousers. She jumped when she felt his hand touch her thigh. She looked down as his hand began slowly caressing her inner thigh. She looked at Harry and shuddered when her pussy began to tingle uncontrollably. "You have such beautiful legs," he told her. His words made her tingle even more. "I hope you don't mind that I'm touching you," he added.

Hermione remembered McGonagall's words. Take it wherever you can get it, she had said. A professor would never tell her something that wasn't true, Hermione had always thought. If Harry was showing interest in her, then she should take the opportunity and hold onto it for dear life. Besides, the way he was touching her felt really good. "I d-don't mind," she squeaked as his fingers got dangerously close to touching her panties. Harry smiled handsomely at her, which made her blush.

"That's good," he said and grabbed her legs. He spun her body so she was lying on the bench with her knees bent upward, and her feet rested on his lap. Hermione trembled as he undid the straps of her heels and pulled one off, leaving her foot bare. He dropped her shoe on the ground

and lightly grazed the sensitive sole of her foot with his fingertips. Hermione squirmed from the sudden, naughty pleasure. "You know ... I was thinking that maybe you and I can have a special friendship," Harry suddenly suggested. Hermione tore her eyes away from her foot, which Harry was so casually playing with, and looked at him. He was smiling gently at her.

"Special friendship?" she asked and then gasped when he removed her other heel. Her foot had fallen from his grip and landed on his crotch. She could feel how big and hard he was. Hermione looked up at him only to see his eyes locked on the crotch of her panties. Her short skirt was completely hiked up, and her panties were fully exposed. Harry then leaned down and kissed her knee. Hermione lightly moaned, and her legs snapped together. The tingling was so bad that she was forced to rub her thighs together to try to alleviate the burning desire. She didn't know why, but Harry's touch felt so much better than anything she had ever felt. It wasn't even this good on the rare occasions she masturbated.

"Yeah," Harry happily answered. "We can be there for each other and spend some alone time together, so we don't get lonely," he said, kissing her other knee. His hands gripped her ankles, and he slowly slid them up the backs of her calves. When his fingers brushed against the undersides of her knees, Hermione shuddered violently. Her legs parted slightly, and Hermione could smell the scent of her arousal filling their small compartment. She was suddenly flooded with embarrassment, as she knew Harry could smell it, too. However, he didn't seem to mind. He leaned in and kissed the inside of her knee. The sight of his head between her legs made her tremble.

"I s-suppose that will be okay," she stuttered while he slowly kissed his way down the inside of her thigh. "It's always nice to make new friends," was the first thing that came to mind.

"Don't you worry, Hermione. We're going to be great friends," she heard him say before he kissed her panty-covered clit. Hermione's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she spread her legs as wide as they could possibly go.

"Oh, god!" she gasped and then squeaked as she experienced an orgasm. Harry's face was pressed right up against her, laying kisses along her damp panties.

Harry rubbed the little bump in her panties and found her clit. Andromeda had really taught him how important it was. She was always begging him to lick and suck on it. Harry hooked his finger under the crotch of Hermione's panties, pulled them aside, and her perfect pink slit came into view. Her smooth, hairless lips were plump and shiny with wetness, and her inner lips just barely peeked out from between them. Her clit was hard and swollen, and when he brushed his thumb over it, Hermione squealed and bucked. He could hear her breathing heavily and see how wet she was. Grabbing her around the front of her thighs, Harry pulled her body closer to him. His head dipped, and he licked all the way up her damp slit. Hermione gasped loudly as he tasted her for the first time. Her hands gripped his hair roughly just as his tongue reached her clit. He flicked it over the hard bead, causing her lower half to jerk upward. Hermione smeared

her pussy juice up his face, and Harry had to hold her steady while wrapping his lips around her clit.

Hermione had never dreamed of such pleasure. The sensation of his lips down there was almost too much to handle. It felt so good that she was quickly growing lightheaded. Though she couldn't see what was going on down there, she could hear him sucking and could definitely feel the pleasure. His tongue explored every nook and cranny between her legs, but her favorite was when he used it to massage her clit. She had already experienced one orgasm, and now another was rapidly approaching. Her fingers clenched into fists, and she hoped she wasn't hurting him too much by tugging his hair. Her hips were bucking, and her pussy was rubbing against every inch of his face. Harry was greedily slurping up all her juices. When his lips found her clit again, Hermione couldn't take it any more. She cried out as little squirts of pussy juice sprayed Harry in the face. He continued to suck on it, not caring he had just been squirted by her. "Please ..." Hermione cried out through ragged breaths. "Please, Harry ... Need ... A ... Break," she begged between breaths. Harry pulled off her clit and lovingly kissed her smooth mound. Hermione mewled cutely from the intimate action.

She looked at Harry, who was wiping his face with the back of his hand. Hermione blushed deeply at the sight of his wet face and lips. She had made a mess of him. Harry then surprised her by scooping her up and sitting her on his lap. She felt his hard cock pressing against her bottom. Hermione squirmed against it, trying to get comfortable while Harry caressed her inner thigh.

"Why don't we get to know each other better?" Harry suggested. Hermione thought that was mental. He had just finished licking and sucking on her most intimate body part. She figured they were well beyond that. Before she could answer, Harry kissed her.

Hermione moaned into his mouth. She could taste herself on his lips, but that didn't stop her from deepening the kiss. Harry's hands explored her body, and Hermione let him. His fingers danced along her soft skin, making her purr into his mouth. Hermione couldn't believe her Hogwarts adventure had started out this way, and she was eager to see how much more fun could be had.