

Hogwarts Adventure

Chapter 7

Harry moved his chess piece and sat back on the cushy chair by the fireplace in the Gryffindor Common Room. Ron rubbed his chin in thought and called out his next move. The bishop ran over to his pawn and clobbered it over the head. The pawn swooned for a second and tumbled over. He was doing particularly badly at wizard's chess that game, and it was all due to Angelina and her friends. Harry heard them laugh again, and when he looked over, he saw that Angelina had climbed onto a love seat backward. Her knees were on the cushion, and her hands were gripping the backrest. She then began bouncing her hips, causing her large, wide ass to shake and jiggle wildly. Katie Bell laughed and pulled up the back of Angelina's short skirt, exposing her naked ass to the room. Alicia Spinnet giggled madly and smacked Angelina's fat ass, causing her jiggle cheeks to ripple. Harry noticed that Angie's ass was pointed directly at him, giving him the perfect view. It was almost as if she were intentionally trying to entice him.

"Your move, mate," Ron reminded him while staring down at the board.

Harry found it amazing that Ron and all the other boys in the Common Room were ignoring the sexy shenanigans going on. Had this been the other Ron, he would likely have blown a load straight into his trousers, and frankly, Harry wouldn't have blamed him. Harry couldn't stop staring at Angelina's fat ass as it bounced and gyrated. Her thick cheeks repeatedly spread apart, showing off her tight asshole and bald pussy lips. Harry could even hear her fleshy cheeks clapping loudly with every thrust of her hips. It was music to his ears. "What do you think about Angelina?" Harry asked Ron, jerking his thumb toward her.

Ron turned his head and looked. Alicia had two handfuls of Angelina's cheeks and was jiggling them up and down while Katie laughed loudly. Katie was bouncing her hips from side to side, performing a sexy little dance and causing her skirt to lift up enough to show her hairless mound. He looked for no longer than a second before turning his attention back to the game. "I hear she's pretty good at Quidditch. I can't wait until the first game of the year," Ron stated happily. "I might try out for the team next year," he added. Harry sighed and shook his head. There was no saving him. He looked around the room and found that all the other guys were ignoring the dancing trio as well. Harry quickly made his move before turning his attention back to the playful group of women.

He discovered that the only girl who could grab his attention was, in fact, the Girl Who Lived, Daphne Greengrass, and it wasn't because of how sexy she was.

"There's Daphne!" Ron suddenly said, perking up immediately when Daphne walked into the room. Her long, black hair flowed down her back like a silk curtain and bounced with every step. Daphne's large breasts bounced around in her partially unbuttoned blouse, and with every step she took, it looked like they might pop right out of the top. Her red and black plaid skirt was so

short that it showed off the entirety of her flawlessly smooth legs. "It must be brilliant to be so famous," Ron sighed, and Harry could hear the longing in his voice. Harry rolled his eyes.

"It's probably not as fun as you might think," Harry wisely stated, and Ron looked at him like he was mental.

"Are you kidding?!" Ron asked incredulously. "I bet she's invited to every professional Quidditch game in the country," he said, shaking his head. Harry snorted amusedly. Leave it to Ron to be so materialistic, Harry thought as he made his next move.

"Why don't you try to be friends with her?" Harry asked him. "Maybe she'd invite you to those Quidditch games," he helpfully added.

"I tried to be friends with her, and she just rolled her eyes and walked away. It was kind of rude, to be honest," Ron explained, still staring at Daphne as she sat down and opened up a book. She crossed one leg over the other, and they almost got an eyeful of everything she had to offer.

"Did you immediately ask to see her scar?" Harry guessed, and Ron confirmed it by nodding.

"Yeah," he said, still staring at the Girl Who Lived. "I bet it looks wicked."

"The next time you talk to her, maybe don't bring up anything that has to do with the Girl Who Lived. Ask her if she likes Quidditch, what her favorite classes are, or what books she likes to read," Harry suggested. This time, it was Ron who snorted amusedly.

"Yeah ... Like THAT would work," Ron sarcastically said while rolling his eyes. "Face it, mate. She's just too stuck up to talk to any of us unpopular 'losers'," he sourly stated, making air quotes with his fingers at the word loser. Harry chuckled and shook his head. Ron still had a lot to learn ... especially about women.

"I don't think she's stuck up," Harry good-naturedly defended her. Ron snorted again.

"Sure, mate ... Whatever you say," Ron said, eyeing up Daphne, who was quietly reading her book and ignoring Angelina's group's noisy antics. "If she's so easy to talk to, why don't you go over there and chat her up?" Ron challenged him. Harry hid the smile that was threatening to spread across his face.

"You know what? I think I will," Harry politely said, accepting the challenge. Harry stood up and confidently strolled over to where Daphne was sitting. As he approached, she looked up from her book and looked relieved when she saw it was him. Her book snapped shut as he sat down beside her. He was so close to her that the side of his leg was pressed against hers. He could smell her pleasant perfume and feel the heat radiating from her gorgeous body. Harry smiled kindly at her.

“Hey, Daphne,” he said softly. Daphne’s cheeks instantly turned a shade of soft pink, and a slight smile spread across her lovely face.

“Hi, Harry,” she quietly greeted him.

“I had a lot of fun with you the other night,” he told her, and Daphne’s cheeks burned a bright pink. She began slightly squirming in her seat when reminded of their passion-filled night together. She suddenly looked a bit shy.

“I had fun with you, too,” she quietly confessed while shyly looking at him. Harry smiled at her and placed his hand on her knee. He began lightly caressing her smooth skin with his fingertips. Daphne closed her eyes and let out a shuddering breath.

“I was hoping we could spend some more time together,” he said, moving the hair from her shoulder and leaning in. Daphne gasped as he lightly kissed the side of her neck. His hand left her knee and slowly climbed up her soft thigh.

“S-Sure, Harry ... Whenever you w-want,” Daphne slightly stuttered as he played her body like a fiddle. Harry smiled against her sweet-smelling skin and lightly nipped at her neck, causing Daphne to quietly squeak and jump in her seat. Harry pressed his lips harder to her neck and sucked on her delicate skin. He could feel the heat radiating from her pussy, and the smell of her arousal was growing stronger. Although part of that might have been Angelina, Harry figured. Her ass cheeks were still flapping away, spreading the scent of her horny pussy all throughout the Common Room. Harry wondered if that was her intent. Maybe she was spreading the smell of a warm, wet pussy to anyone willing to take her up on her offer. Harry certainly would have, but he had his hands full at the moment.

“Tomorrow night,” Harry told her. His hand was so high up her thigh that his fingertips brushed her damp pussy lips. Daphne’s eyes fluttered, and he could tell she was trying hard not to moan in front of everyone. “I’ll stop by your room about ten,” he said, kissing his way up her neck and then along her jaw. Daphne whimpered cutely while his fingers teased her clit. “Is that okay?” he asked her.

“Y-Yes!” Daphne gasped and shuddered. She then squealed and bucked in her seat. Her legs snapped shut, trapping his hand between them. It was obvious she had just had a small orgasm, and Harry chuckled.

“Great,” he said as his lips neared hers. “I’ll be there.”

Harry then pressed his lips to hers and kissed her. Daphne squeaked into his mouth as she continued to cum. When her mouth opened, Harry deepened the kiss, and before long, he was sucking on her tongue. Harry then broke their kiss and gave her clit one last flick, making her moan. He pulled his hand from between her thighs and kissed her forehead while she shuddered and spasmed in her seat. Harry got up with a smile and began walking back to a

wide-eyed Ronald Weasley. All around them, Gryffindor females of all years stared at Harry in shock before turning their jealous gazes on Daphne. Harry plopped down on his seat and sighed happily.

“See, Ron ... It wasn’t so hard,” Harry told him with a smirk. “All you have to do is talk about something she enjoys, and she’ll respond nicely.” Of course, he didn’t mention that he had just talked to Daphne about him pounding her pussy again. That was something Daphne definitely enjoyed.

“Mate ...” he said in shock. He then cleared his throat, and Harry saw a bit of jealousy on his face. “So, what? You two are friends now?” he asked. Harry shrugged.

“We’re having a sleepover tomorrow night, so I suppose we are,” Harry told him. Ron immediately perked up.

“Maybe I can come and talk to Daph...” Ron began, but Harry quickly dashed his dreams.

“Sorry, mate. It’s a private party. She wants to ... explore ... our new friendship,” Harry said, putting it nicely. Ron huffed and crossed his arms.

“Brilliant,” he said sourly. “Just brilliant. What about me? I want to be her friend, too.”

Harry shrugged. “Try talking to her like someone who wants to be her friend instead of a daft fanboy,” he suggested. Ron quieted down and thought about it for a second.

“You really think that will work?” he asked.

“It’ll work better than asking her about her scar. I promise you that,” Harry confirmed.

“I guess I have nothing to lose,” Ron relented and looked slightly hopeful. Harry gave him the best advice he could. Now, it was up to him. Harry knew that Ron was a good guy. He was just misguided and could occasionally have bouts of jealousy. Hopefully, this older version of Ron could grow out of it much quicker than the younger one did.

“That’s the spirit,” Harry happily said and pulled a couple of packs of Chocolate Frogs out of his pocket. He tossed one to Ron, who gratefully thanked him.

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After finishing up with Ron, Harry went to Hermione’s room to see what she was up to. He guessed she was diligently working on an essay that was due next week. However, when he walked into her room, he was surprised to see that she wasn’t in there. He closed the door behind him and walked further in. Harry noticed her shirt and skirt on the floor by her bed. As he got closer to the bathroom door, he heard the shower running. Harry smiled and pulled his wand

out of his pocket. He placed it on the bedside table before quickly stripping down. He lay down on her bed and waited for the sexy bookworm to finish her shower. Just thinking about Hermione's naked, soapy body was causing his cock to stiffen. He couldn't help but wrap his hand around it and give it a few tugs while picturing Hermione lathering her tight body. He heard the shower turn off, and a few minutes later, the bathroom door opened. Hermione stepped out with a towel wrapped around her head and another wrapped around her body. Hermione spotted him and squeaked in surprise. "Harry! You startled me," she chastised him, breathing heavily with her hand over her heart. She then noticed his state of undress.

Her chocolate brown eyes immediately lowered, and he could see that she was staring directly at his massive erection. Harry's hand continued to pump his pole while he eyed up her damp cleavage and naked thighs. "Sorry, Hermione. I didn't mean to scare you. I just thought we could hang out before dinner," Harry said, looking up at her face. Hermione's cheeks turned a rosy pink, and she couldn't stop herself from constantly glancing at his cock.

Though she tried not to show it, Hermione was nearly overcome with excitement. She hadn't had much alone time with him in the last few days, and she was starting to fear that he might have gotten bored with her. She had never been more glad to see that she was wrong in her entire life. The long, thick cock in his hand only proved he wasn't bored with her body. Her hands trembled slightly as she clutched the bottom of the towel wrapped around her midsection. "That would be nice," she said, her voice sounding a bit shaky. Harry smiled happily and sat up.

He grabbed his wand off her nightstand and flicked it in her direction. She felt the towel get pulled off her head, and her damp hair cascaded down her back. Harry gave his wand a twist, and Hermione's hair began lifting and fluttering as though it were caught in a warm, dry wind. Within a few seconds, her hair was completely dry. She ran her hand down it and smiled. "That's brilliant, Harry! Can you teach me that spell?" she asked hopefully. It would be quite handy to have in her magical repertoire.

"Sure. It's not hard to perform," Harry said as Hermione walked up to the side of her bed. As she did, her towel drooped a bit, revealing the upper portions of her light pink areolas. He loved the way her breasts jiggled and bounced as she walked.

Harry reached out and grabbed the bottom of her towel. He pulled it from her body, exposing her to the room. He was glad to see that Hermione was getting more comfortable showing off her curvy body. She didn't try to hide her nudity from him as she leaned over to climb on the bed. Her large breasts dangled tantalizingly, urging him to reach out and touch one. He cupped her breast and slid his fingers over her light pink nipple. The crinkled tip instantly became as hard as a rock, and Hermione shuddered when he lightly pinched it. He rolled the hard tip between his fingers and gave it a little tug. "Mmm, Harry," Hermione moaned while standing still. He loved the way she just stood there and let him fondle her gorgeous body.

Sliding an arm around her waist, Harry pulled her onto the bed and rolled her to the other side of him. He ran his hand down her belly and over her hip. He caressed her damp thigh while

Hermione arched her back and spread her legs. Her pussy was damp as well but for a very different reason. He could smell the heady scent of her arousal wafting up from between her parted thighs. It was clear that she was ready for him. Harry threw a leg over her waist, and Hermione looked at him questioningly. "Your tits look so damn good that I just have to try them out," Harry teased.

As Harry scooted further up her body until his cock was lying between her breasts, Hermione finally realized what he wanted. She blushed deeply while letting him do whatever he wanted.

"Whatever you want, Harry," she breathlessly stated. She could feel his fat sack tickling the delicate skin of her upper belly as he moved into position. With his fully-erect cock sandwiched between her tits, Hermione assumed he would start thrusting, but instead, he grabbed her hands and placed them on the outside of her breasts.

"Push them together," he instructed her. Hermione immediately did as she was told. She mashed her breasts together, forming a tight space for Harry to fuck. Hermione watched Harry perform a complicated movement with his wand before pointing at her breasts. Clear, thick liquid began spurting out of the tip, covering her breasts. She quickly realized that Harry had just conjured some type of lubricant, and she instantly thought about asking him for the spell. The fact that he had just covered her chest with lubricant after having just taken a shower never crossed her mind. She was too excited about being naked in the same bed with him again. Harry put his wand on the corner of the mattress and slowly began thrusting his hips.

Hermione stared at her oiled breasts with wide eyes as the head and several more inches of his thick cock burst through the top of her cleavage. It continued coming at her until the head bumped into her lower lip, and Hermione got her first taste of the lubricant. She was pleasantly surprised to discover that it tasted good. It was sweet and a bit fruity. Harry's hips pulled back, and the head moved away from her lips. When it returned, Hermione flicked her tongue along the underside of his head, enjoying the taste. Harry seemed to really like that.

"That's really good, Hermione. Keep doing that," Harry moaned and began fucking her tits harder. He leaned forward and slipped his hand under the back of her head, tilting it toward him. Harry's cock immediately slid into her mouth, and he started fucking both her tits and mouth at the same time.

Harry was having the time of his life when a soft pop made him look over. Standing beside the bed was a House Elf holding a folded note. "Mr. Harry Potter, sir!" he squeaked, holding out the note. "Wizzy is delivering a note from a professor, sir," he told him. "She told Wizzy to deliver it."

Harry moaned from the wonderful sensation of Hermione's oiled-up tits squeezing his shaft. Hermione squeaked in embarrassment when she saw the House Elf, but Harry shoved his cock deeper into her mouth. Her tongue never stopped massaging his fat head. "Thank you, Wizzy. I'll tell the professor you did an excellent job," he assured the elf while taking the note from him.

Wizzy squeaked in excitement and looked very pleased to have been commended for a job well done.

“Thank you, sir!” Wizzy said enthusiastically and disappeared with a pop.

“Mmfghmmuh,” Hermione mumbled something even though her mouth was stuffed full of cock. Harry pulled his hips back, and his shaft slid from her mouth.

“What was that, Hermione?” Harry asked.

“I said, I can’t believe a House Elf saw us doing this!” Hermione cried out while gasping for breath.

“I don’t think they care,” Harry groaned, and Hermione was just about to retort when a huge glob of cum erupted from the tip of his cock and splattered her in the face.

“EEK!” Hermione squealed and flinched when the hot shot of seed slid up her forehead and got into her freshly washed hair. Harry threw his head back and moaned when another thick load came bursting out. It slashed across Hermione’s chin and dripped into her mouth. Harry’s hips never stopped moving. He continued to fuck her slick, oily tits until his balls were bone dry. Once empty, Harry got off of her and studied his work. Hermione’s entire face was plastered with cum.

“Was that really necessary?” Hermione groaned while wiping her face with the back of her hand. Harry was too busy settling between her spread legs to care. He penetrated her with one thrust of the hips, and Hermione immediately lost all urge to complain. Her back arched, and her body trembled. Her perky breasts jiggled sexily as she moaned like a whore.

Her wet pussy felt incredible as her inner lips desperately clung to his shaft while her silky walls squeezed and massaged him. “Harder!” Hermione gasped as her back bowed and toes curled in pleasure.

Harry responded by gripping her behind the knees and folding her body in half. With fierce thrusts, he pounded her tight cunt until her juices were dripping down his balls as they clapped against her puckered hole. He could hear their wet skin loudly smacking together, which was almost drowned out by the perverse squelching of her pussy trying to keep him in.

Hermione was desperately trying to wipe her face because every time she moaned, more of his cum would drip into her open mouth. It was kind of hard to concentrate when a fat cock was stretching her out and hitting the most pleasurable spots. Her pussy wildly fluttering and rippling against his meat certainly didn’t help matters. “Keep goooing!” she squealed and then gagged when a thick glob of cum slid down into the back of her throat and nearly choked her.

Harry couldn’t help but laugh at his unfortunate friend. Besides all the man goo on her face, she seemed to be having a great time. Especially when Harry held her ankles, pushed her feet over

her head, and furiously fucked her like there was no tomorrow. It wasn't long before Hermione was crying out while her pussy squirted around his thick meat.

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After having his way with Hermione, she was forced to take another shower, which gave him time to read the note. He opened it up and smiled when he saw it was from the sexy Astronomy professor. She all but demanded he show up after dinner for their "private tutoring lesson". There was no way he was going to miss that. Hermione exited the bathroom a few minutes later without bothering to cover herself with a towel. Harry flicked his wand at her and dried her body in an instant. Harry pulled her onto his lap and kissed her while greedily playing with her naked breasts. Hermione moaned into his mouth.

"We need to get ready," Hermione whined as Harry's hand explored her body. "It's almost time for dinner." Harry moved his lips down to her neck while he toyed with her hard nipples.

"I suppose," Harry sighed, and they stood up.

As they got dressed, Hermione asked, "Do you want to come back to my room after dinner?" He could tell that she didn't want their fun time to end.

"I don't think I can. I have a private lesson with Professor Sinistra tonight," Harry told her.

"I can't believe you have a private lesson with her," Hermione whined, clearly jealous of him getting extra time for study. "You're so lucky!"

"You have no idea," Harry smirked as he pulled up his trousers.