

## Hogwarts Adventure

### Chapter 9

Harry stared at Aurora's gorgeous, naked body as she writhed in pleasure. Her feminine hands roughly gripped the sheets underneath her, and she bowed her back, thrusting her full, round breasts into the air. Aurora's dark chocolate nipples were stiff and crinkled, and he desperately wanted to suck on them. Her lovely lips opened, and she let out a whorish moan. Between her spread legs, Amelia's tongue lapped at her delicate folds and teased her throbbing clit. Amelia was using her two thumbs to spread Aurora's lips open, exposing her pink insides to her tongue. Behind Amelia, Harry's hips thrust wildly, clapping her thick, broad cheeks and stuffing her slutty pussy full of genuine Grade A man meat.

"You're pussy feels amazing, Amelia," Harry moaned while her slick, silky walls clung to his rod. Every time he pulled back, her light pink inner lips stretched away from her body, clutching his slippery shaft. When they reached their limit, they slid down his shaft, scraping off Amelia's pussy cream that was smeared all over it. It was clear that her pussy wanted him to remain inside and fill her with his thick, sticky seed. "I'm not sure how long I can hang on if you keep squeezing me like that," he teased and then swatted her fat cheek.

Her fleshy ass rippled from the contact, and Amelia squealed in delight, which was muffled by Aurora's dripping cunt. Amelia let go of Aurora's clit with a wet pop and looked over her shoulder at him. She had a wild, unhinged look in her eyes. Her mouth was open, and she was breathing heavily. Her tongue lolled out of her open mouth, and she panted like a bitch in heat. She was acting like it, too.

She drove her ass backward, taking him in until her swollen clit mashed against his balls. Amelia then began bouncing her ass from front to back, driving her pussy down on his cock and crying out every time the bulbous head beat against her g-spot. "Oh ... Heavens!" Amelia gasped while her pussy fluttered uncontrollably. "Do it! Fill me up!" she whorishly demanded. "I need it!" Aurora then grabbed her auburn hair and pulled her head back between her legs, and then Amelia went back to licking up his cum that was dribbling from her freshly fucked pussy.

"Don't tempt me," Harry chuckled and slid the pad of his thumb across her tight asshole. Amelia squealed into Aurora's pussy, and her fat cheek snapped shut. Harry grabbed her jiggling cheeks and spread them apart. Her tight hole came back into view, and he gently dragged his thumb around the rim. Her hole began winking at him, and he could feel her pussy pulsating and rippling around his gargantuan shaft. As much as he wanted to claim this particular hole, it was getting late, and he needed some rest. However, there was no doubt in his mind that Amelia would later come back to him on her hands and knees, begging for more. 'Maybe I'll visit her over the summer,' Harry thought. He then remembered that Susan lived with her, and he hadn't spent any time with the busty redhead. He made a mental note to remedy that as soon as possible. Until then ...

Harry let her cheeks snap shut and gripped her wide hips tightly. He began driving his hips forward with such force that the room was filled with the sounds of her ass being clapped and the perverse squelching of her dribbling twat. Her moans were muffled by Aurora's pussy, but Aurora more than made up for it by moaning herself. The sound of Amelia's clapping cheeks suddenly grew wetter, and Harry could feel her squirting against his groin. Her pussy was so hot and tight that he couldn't stop himself from blowing his load. He thrust all the way in and kept his cock there while her walls fluttered around him.

"So good," Harry moaned while pumping her full of seed. He gave her a few more shallow thrusts before pulling out. His shaft was dripping wet, and he saw Amelia roll onto her side and lift her knees to her chest while her body bucked and spasmed. Aurora shot forward on her hands and knees. She instantly took him into her mouth and began sucking him clean. Harry sighed and decided to do the neighborly thing and let her finish before leaving them for the night. Judging by how furiously she was sucking on him, he wasn't sure how long it would take.

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Harry had a huge smirk on his face as he jauntily strolled down the corridor. In his hand was a permanent hall pass issued by Professor Sinistra herself. "You deserve it," she had said as he was getting dressed. "And besides, with this, you can come and see me whenever you want," she smirked, heavily hinting that he should make those visits a common occurrence. Harry certainly wasn't opposed to the idea.

As much as he enjoyed the idea of being able to skulk around the castle at all hours of the night and not get in trouble for it, he was too tired to even think about all the mischief he could potentially get up to. A nice, warm bed was calling his name. He entered Gryffindor Tower and went straight to his room. He stopped in front of his door and turned to Hermione's door. He had spent plenty of time with her recently. He then turned to Daphne's room. Sure, they had a hot date scheduled for later that night, but that didn't mean they couldn't spend some quality time together before then. Harry smiled and walked to the next door. He turned the doorknob and found it unlocked. He entered her room and shut the door behind him. As the door clicked shut, Daphne woke up from the noise. The room was dark, but there was enough light to see her tired face. She rubbed her eyes.

"It's me ... Harry," he announced himself. He didn't want to frighten her after all.

"Harry?" she asked tiredly, her voice filled with confusion. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong. I just got back from my private lesson with Professor Sinistra, and I was hoping you'd let me sleep here tonight," he explained. Daphne suddenly perked up.

"Sleep here?" she asked, hoping she had heard him correctly. Harry nodded, and Daphne blushed in response. "Sure, Harry. Whatever you want," she told him. Harry smiled and began removing his clothes.

"I'm going to jump in the shower real quick. I'll be back in a sec," he told her and walked to the bathroom, completely nude with his wand in hand. Harry spent a couple of minutes washing off the evidence of his time with Aurora and Amelia. He stepped out of the shower, grabbed his wand from the countertop, and waved it. His body instantly dried, and he stepped back into the room. He chuckled when he found Daphne at the mirror, desperately trying to fix her messy hair.

"You don't need to do that. You look even sexier with messy hair," he teased her. Daphne jumped, startled when she heard his voice from behind. She turned to him and blushed madly from embarrassment. He glanced down from her gorgeous face and visually feasted on the sight of her nude body. Her large breasts, her slim waist, her wide hips, and sexy legs ... Daphne was the whole package.

"I didn't hear you come out," she admitted as she crossed her arms over her slender belly.

"Sorry about that," he smiled and scooped her up into his arms. Daphne squeaked as he carried her to bed. He set her down on the mattress and walked to the other side. He climbed in after her and slid under the covers. He yawned loudly. "I really wish I had the energy to have a bit of fun with you, but unfortunately, I'm dead tired," he admitted. "We'll have to hold off until our date tonight."

"That's okay, Harry. I don't mind," she softly replied as she stared deep into his eyes. Harry smiled kindly at the beautiful woman and leaned in for a kiss. Daphne eagerly accepted his advance and quickly deepened the kiss. All too soon for her liking, Harry broke the kiss and pecked her on the forehead. He yawned again and closed his eyes. Within seconds, he began to drift off. He vaguely felt Daphne drape herself over him and rest her head on his chest. Less than a minute later, he was out like a light.

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"Harry?" a pleasant voice whispered into his ear, jerking him from his peaceful slumber. Harry pitifully groaned and tried to go back to sleep. "It's half an hour until breakfast," the voice rang in his ear again.

"Too early," Harry complained and pulled the blanket over his head. He heard Daphne giggle before pulling the blanket off of him. "Daph," Harry whined and covered his eyes from the sudden flood of light. When his vision adjusted, he moved his hands and saw Daphne sitting on her heels, watching him with a cute smile. Her eyes drifted down his body until they came to rest on his morning erection, where she unapologetically stared at it. She then looked him in the eyes, and he could see her desperation and longing. He knew exactly what she wanted to do.

"Go ahead," Harry sighed with a smile. Maybe it was just what he needed to start off a new day. Daphne smiled prettily and crawled between his legs. She pushed his legs wide open and leaned down, pinning his cock to his belly with her face. He heard her inhale deeply, smelling his

manly scent before dragging her tongue from his balls, all the way to the underside of the head. Daphne moaned against his cock and pressed her lips to the bottom of his head. She parted her full, pink lips and began sucking on it. Harry moaned right along with her as her tongue repeatedly flicked against the sensitive ridge. He ran his fingers through her long, dark hair, and Daphne grabbed him by the base and held him straight. Opening her mouth wide, she took him in and began sucking on him like there was no tomorrow. He lay there, enjoying his morning blowjob while Daphne's thick ass shook from side to side. The room was soon flooded with the smell of her wet pussy. It was a fantastic way to start the day.

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At breakfast, Daphne sat on Harry's left, and Hermione on his right. He took turns groping each of their thighs while the three of them ate. Lavender shot the girls a sour look when it became clear they were hogging all of his attention. Lavender went so far as to undo a few more buttons on her blouse and arch her back, pretending to stretch. Her shirt was so open that he could see the inner portions of her pink areolas poking out from under the white fabric. Harry did the gentlemanly thing and checked out the erotic sight. It would have been rude not to. His fun was interrupted by the sound of Daphne loudly wincing. Harry turned to her and found her holding her head, right above the faded, jagged scar on her forehead. "What's wrong?" Hermione asked, leaning over to look at Daphne.

"My scar suddenly hurt," she quietly admitted, wincing again. Harry remembered back to his time as the Boy Who Lived and instantly knew what was going on. He looked up at the staff table and found Quirrell staring at Daphne. Harry had been so caught up with all the fun he had been having that he forgot all about the danger Daphne was in. She obviously needed help, and he silently swore that he would provide it to her.

"Are you okay?" he asked, consolingly rubbing her thigh. He remembered the feeling of his scar being burned with a hot poker. It wasn't a pleasant experience.

"Yeah," she quietly answered, rubbing her faded scar. Usually, he could barely see the scar, but now it was a bit pinker. "The pain is starting to go away."

"Does it normally do that?" Hermione asked in a hushed, concerned voice. It was clear that Daphne didn't want to cause a scene, and she especially didn't want anyone to hear what was said between them.

"It only started after coming to Hogwarts," she said, massaging her scar with the heel of her palm.

"Maybe you should go visit the Hospital Wing. They can give you something for the pain," Hermione suggested, but Daphne shook her head.

“No, it’s fine. It doesn’t hurt that much anymore,” Daphne told her. Harry squeezed her knee, and she looked at him.

“We’ll figure it out. Don’t worry,” he said with confidence. Beside him, Hermione nodded in agreement. The question was, how much should he tell her? It was possible that it wasn’t even the exact same situation that Harry had previously faced, but even if it was, would she even believe him if he told her that Voldemort was living in the back of Quirrell’s head? Harry would need to do a bit of investigative work to find out the truth before deciding how to handle it.

In the meantime, there was certainly one way to help Daphne, and Harry couldn’t help but smile when he saw Hermione treating her with such concern. Daphne needed good friends, like Harry had had during his time as the Boy Who Lived. Hermione had always been a top-notch friend, and she seemed much the same in this reality. Ron, however, was a different story, and frankly, Harry wasn’t sure if it was all his fault. The males of this reality all seemed a bit airheaded, and he guessed it had something to do with their lack of sexual drives. The presence of women naturally drove men to improve and accomplish more. The men of this world had no motivation. They didn’t care about things like trying to get their women into bed. It truly was a strange world, and Ron was the embodiment of that. His only motivation was Quidditch, and he sought to gain some semblance of fame by befriending Daphne. Sure, the Ron of this world was a decent bloke, and he was probably a good friend to have if you wanted to slack off or play Quidditch, but Daphne didn’t seem to care about either of those things. So, sadly for him, Ron’s chances of befriending Daphne in any meaningful way seemed relatively low.

No, Daphne needed two good friends like he had had, and who better than he and Hermione to fill those roles? “Come on. We need to hurry or we’re going to be late,” Daphne said as everyone around them began getting up.

They grabbed their bags and slung them over their shoulders. As they walked to their Transfiguration lesson, Harry cheekily smirked and rested his hands on their bottoms. Hermione and Daphne were walking on either side of him, and they both looked at him as he so openly pawed at them. That wasn’t enough for him. He slid his hands underneath the backs of their incredibly short skirts and squeezed their naked asses. Hermione blushed deeply while Daphne gasped. “These are my two favorite asses in all of Hogwarts,” he teased and pushed his fingers deep between their pillowy cheeks. His fingers quickly found their tight assholes, and when he began massaging them, they started trembling.

“Harry!” Hermione gasped with a shuddering breath. “Right here in the middle of the corridor?” she asked, looking around to see if anyone was watching.

The guys around them didn’t seem to care one bit that Harry’s was up the back of her skirt. A few girls were watching and glaring at her, which made Hermione blush even harder. She knew that magical females were very competitive when it came to men, and having a man like Harry groping her naked ass was sure to draw their ire and jealousy. Still, she couldn’t help but feel a thrill of satisfaction. Harry was one of a kind, and for some reason, he was constantly showering

her with affection and pleasure. Judging by Daphne's red cheeks and heavy breathing, Hermione could see that she wasn't the only one on the receiving end of his exploratory hands. Hermione obviously knew that Harry and Daphne had been intimate, and while she wished that she could be his one and only, she knew there was no way that was going to happen. Harry was a real man, and he was going to spread his seed far and wide. The only thing Hermione could do was remain in his orbit and offer herself to him whenever the opportunity presented itself. She guessed that Daphne probably felt the same way. Hermione wasn't exactly sure how many women Harry had been with, but she and Daphne seemed to be his favorites. They were the ones he always came back to. So, Hermione wasn't about to rock the boat and make a fuss. He could enjoy Daphne's body as long as he still made time for her. The other women, however, were a different story. Hermione didn't particularly like the way they were glaring and sneering at her as Harry stroked her damp pussy from behind. The message from them was clear. They wanted Hermione and Daphne out of the way so they could have their own fair shot with Harry. Well, Hermione wasn't about to let that happen, and from the way Daphne was moaning, Hermione wagered that she wasn't too keen on the idea either. To add salt to their wounds, Hermione wiggled her bottom and ground her slick pussy against his fingers. She tilted her head up and looked up cutely at him.

"We have a few minutes to spare ..." Hermione said, breathing heavily. "Come with us," she said. "Come on, Daphne."

Hermione began pulling him by the wrist, and even though Daphne didn't know where they were going, she followed Hermione's lead and pulled Harry along. Hermione led them around the corner and pulled them into a large recess where a statue of an incredibly curvy witch stood. Behind the statue, Hermione pressed against him. Harry wrapped an arm around her waist and kissed her deeply. Hermione moaned into his mouth while she groped the crotch of his trousers. Harry's other hand was securely wrapped around Daphne's waist, and when he pulled away from Hermione, he leaned in and kissed Daphne with equal passion. Daphne immediately began sucking on his tongue while rubbing her tits against his chest. Harry then switched back to Hermione, who eagerly awaited his return. While kissing her, he reached down and found both of their pussies. Hermione gasped loudly into his mouth, and Harry pulled back. He smirked as the girls looked at each other and blushed.

Harry was quite pleased with Hermione's decision to include Daphne. It was precisely what he wanted. He rewarded her by curling his fingers inside of them and pressing his thumb against their swelling clits. Hermione gasped in delight while Daphne's eyes fluttered. Both were rolling their hips in an attempt to increase the pleasure.

Daphne couldn't believe how her morning had turned out. At breakfast, her scar suddenly felt like it was going to split open, which was a horrible feeling. Thankfully, Harry was there to watch over her. Daphne was surprised when Hermione showed concern for her. She didn't know Hermione very well, but it was nice all the same. Daphne was even more surprised when Hermione included her when she pulled Harry away for a bit of hanky-panky. Now, they were standing there, looking at each other as they were both about to cum on Harry's talented

fingers. She had to admit, Hermione looked beautiful as her face twisted in pleasure. Her cheeks were dusted rosy pink, and her soft, full lips were sensually parted. Those thoughts were put on hold when her pussy clamped down hard on his fingers, and a spike of pleasure raced up her spine. Daphne squealed loudly and bucked against his hand. Hermione followed a couple of seconds later. She collapsed forward against Harry and spasmed as her pussy sucked on his curling fingers.

“Oh, gosh!” Daphne gasped as Harry’s thumb pressed hard against her clit when he pulled his fingers from her. He held his wet fingers to Hermione’s mouth, and Hermione blushed. Harry didn’t need to say a word. Hermione knew what he wanted. She leaned in and took his arousal-slickened fingers into her mouth and sucked them clean. Daphne blushed madly while watching Hermione clean her pussy juice from his fingers. He then did the same to her. He pulled his fingers from Hermione and held them up to her. Daphne could smell Hermione’s fragrant pussy juice. It smelled exactly the same as hers. Daphne closed her eyes and slid her lips around his slick fingers. Daphne accidentally moaned when she began sucking his fingers clean. She could taste Hermione on him, and when she opened her eyes, she found Hermione watching and blushing at the sight. Daphne flushed beet red as Harry pulled his fingers from her mouth.

Before either of the girls could say anything, he pulled them in by their waists. The three of their mouths were suddenly pressed together, and Daphne found herself involved in a three-way kiss. Her eyes were closed, and there were moments when she didn’t know exactly who she was kissing or whose tongue was in her mouth. All too soon, the kiss suddenly ended, leaving the two women breathless and horny. “Transfiguration is about to start. Let’s go,” a smiling Harry told her. Daphne’s face was hot and flushed as she nodded. Daphne and Hermione followed Harry with streaks of wetness down the insides of their thighs.

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Later that night, Harry excused himself after dinner and waited in a hidden nook near the Great Hall. He made himself invisible and patiently waited for Quirrell to come out. He was one of the last professors to leave, and Harry followed from a safe distance. He followed him up the castle, listening closely. In an empty stretch of corridor, Harry pulled out his wand and concentrated. Mid-step, he silently summoned Quirrell’s right shoe to the left, causing his right foot to clip the back of his left ankle. Quirrell stumbled forward and was barely able to keep himself from falling flat on his face. Harry quickly turned the corner and pressed himself against the wall, listening carefully.

“Careful, you bumbling idiot!” he heard a familiar high-pitched voice whispering frantically. “One wrong move and I’ll be discovered. We can’t let the old fool know I’m here.”

“Forgive me, My Lord,” Quirrell apologized profusely.

“Get back to your quarters. I’ll deal with your incompetence in private,” Voldemort’s muffled voice stated. The anger in his voice was as clear as day. Quirrell whimpered, and Harry heard him quickly scamper off. Harry immediately left the area and made his way back to Gryffindor Tower. That little interaction told him everything he needed to know. Voldemort was definitely possessing Quirrell. Now, Harry just needed to decide how he wanted to handle it.