

The Man in Charge

Chapter 5

Hermione approached Harry's flat with a strange sense of anticipation. She'd been here a dozen times in the past month, but tonight her skin practically tingled. Her thoughts immediately jumped to what he was going to do to her. Of course, she already knew what he would do, and that thought was what made her pussy tingle. Harry had told her she could enter whenever she arrived, and the trust inherent in that invitation made her heart thump harder. She twisted the door handle and let herself in.

The first thing that assaulted her was the smell. There was an immediate, overwhelming scent of wet pussy that seemed to seep from the very walls. The smell was unmistakably sexual, and it made Hermione's clit pulse in helpless empathy. She closed the door quietly behind her and stood in the entry, letting her eyes adjust. The flat was a fancy studio space that was open and inviting, so she could see the carnage straight away.

Ginny was on her back atop the bed, her legs dangling off the edge, and her knees wide apart. Her messy red hair cascaded over the side of the bed like a coppery waterfall, and thin wisps stuck to the sweat on her cheeks and shoulders. Her face was slack, her eyes unfocused and shiny, and her mouth was open and dripping drool down her chin and neck. She was completely naked, and her entire body seemed to be wracked in the throes of a recent orgasm. Her breasts were quite beautiful, Hermione thought. They were round and perky, and they were capped with stiff, pale pink nipples. They were bouncing up and down with the time of Harry's thrusts.

Harry was kneeling on the mattress between Ginny's thighs, and his hands pinned her hips in place as he drove into her with relentless, piston-like thrusts. The sound was obscene. The flat was filled with wet, gasping squelches and the smacking of damp flesh. It was all punctuated by Ginny's shrill, breathless yelps of pleasure. Hermione could tell Ginny had just orgasmed again from the way her friend's fingers clutched at the sheets, and by the little tremors that overtook her every few seconds.

Hermione felt her knees go weak at the sight, and she stood frozen in the doorway, unable to look away. The entire scene was so feral and desperate, and they were both completely consumed by lust. Hermione didn't even know that Ginny was going to be here. Ginny hadn't told her anything about it, but Hermione wasn't surprised. After their last night with Harry, Ginny couldn't stop talking about him. It didn't shock her that Ginny had come over and offered her slutty pussy to him.

She watched the way Ginny's breasts heaved and stomach flexed with each thrust, the tips of her breasts bouncing every time he pounded into her slick cunt. The muscles in his shoulders bunched and strained, and his black hair was plastered to his forehead. He was gritting his teeth, and his face was a mask of concentration and hunger.

Ginny's hands flailed, then clutched at Harry's forearms. Her head lolled, and she caught sight of Hermione standing there, half-hidden in the shadows. Ginny's eyes went wide, and she laughed, a ragged little bark of pleasure and embarrassment all at once. "Hermione!" she cried, her voice rough and scratchy. "Don't just stand there and stare at me, you perv!"

Harry glanced over at her and shot her a crooked, welcoming smile. He beckoned Hermione closer with a tilt of his chin, never pausing his thrusts. "Come here," he said, his voice rough. "You're right on time. Ginny already came three times, and I'm getting close."

Hermione stepped forward, her breath shallow. She couldn't help but let her eyes linger on Ginny's spread thighs. The glistening folds, the puffy, flushed lips, and the way Harry's cock split her open so easily were an incredible turn-on to her. Hermione had no idea she was like this. It must have been buried deep, only to emerge after becoming Harry's toy. She saw a thin trail of Ginny's cum already leaking out and smeared across her inner thigh, and her belly twisted with need. She hovered at the edge of the bed, uncertain, until Harry reached out and grabbed her wrist.

"Help her out," he said. "She can barely breathe."

Hermione scrambled onto the bed, kneeling beside Ginny's head. Ginny reached up, grabbed at Hermione's shirt, and dragged her down for a kiss. Ginny moaned into her mouth, then broke away, her lips slick and glistening.

"You have to see this," Ginny gasped. "He's splitting me open."

Hermione looked down at Ginny's body and watched Harry's cock piston in and out, each thrust stretching Ginny's pussy wider and making her whole body jump. Ginny ground her hips up to meet him, and she locked her ankles behind his back. Harry slid a hand down and pressed hard on Ginny's clit, rubbing it with slow, sensual circles as he pounded into her.

Ginny shrieked, and her back arched off the bed. For a moment, Hermione thought she might faint. Ginny's whole body went stiff, and then, with a whorish moan, she came again. Her pussy convulsed around Harry's cock, and her hands scrambled for purchase on Hermione's arm. Hermione could actually see her pussy fluttering and trying to milk his slick, messy shaft. Hermione stroked Ginny's hair and murmured encouragements to her while feeling herself get wetter by the second.

Harry watched the two of them with lustful eyes. He kept fucking Ginny as she orgasmed, not slowing for an instant. "You're next," he said in a low, lustful tone, and Hermione shivered at the promise.

When Ginny finally slumped back, gasping and giggling, Harry withdrew with a perverse sounding schlick of tight, wet pussy. Harry patted his magnificent cock against her cumming pussy, which made Ginny squeal and buck.

Harry looked Hermione up and down and said, "It's your turn. Get those clothes off and get over here."

Hermione blushed deeply and crawled off the bed. "Y-You're not going to finish in her?" Hermione asked as she began to disrobe. Harry shook his head and rolled Ginny's hard, throbbing clit between his fingers, making Ginny's eyes flutter.

"She hasn't earned that right," Harry simply stated, and Hermione left it at that.

Hermione's hands trembled as she stripped herself bare, and the flush crept up her chest and onto her throat. She shed her blouse and skirt with more urgency than grace, tossing them aside to reveal her pert, round breasts. Her nipples were already crinkled and hard with arousal. Her panties hit the floor last, baring a perfectly smooth, unblemished mound. The taut, shy lips below glistened faintly with her own excitement. Once undressed, she stood there, a bit shy with her nudity, but Ginny's wanton stare burned away any hesitation. Hermione crawled onto the mattress and squeezed herself between Harry and Ginny, her thighs brushing against Ginny's sticky, parted legs.

Harry's cock was still hard and glistening with Ginny's juices, and the head was flushed an angry red. He wagged it at Hermione, grinning. "Clean me up, pet," he said. The words hit her like a spark, and Hermione dove down and wrapped her full, pink lips around the head of his cock, tasting Ginny's flavor immediately. Harry's hand threaded into the bushy hair at the back of her head, and he slowly began thrusting.

She gagged around him, but forced herself to take more. She breathed through her nose and lapped at the shaft with her tongue, desperate to please him. She could taste the mixture of fluids, and something in the taste made her moan softly around his length. When she pulled away, a strand of saliva stretched between her lips and his cock, and Harry smeared the tip across her cheek before guiding it back between Ginny's trembling thighs.

Without warning, he drove himself into Ginny's sopping pussy, making her eyes roll back, and her legs kick wildly. Hermione watched as Ginny's swollen lips stretched wide to accept him. She watched the way the damp, pink flesh yielded for him and then clung to his shaft as he withdrew. Ginny's whole body convulsed, her hands clawed at the sheets, and she choked out a high, keening sound.

Harry pulled out again, and Hermione instantly understood her cue. She took him into her mouth again, sucking and licking the mess from his cock as she cleaned him of Ginny's arousal. The cycle repeated with Harry fucking Ginny, then making Hermione suck him clean. Hermione loved the ritual, and she loved the degradation and the intimacy of it. Each time she finished, he would rub himself against Ginny's pussy, or sometimes against Hermione's own lips, letting her taste them both in turns.

When Ginny's body went limp, and her head lolled to the side, Hermione felt Harry's hands seize her hips and lift her bodily, arranging her on all fours directly over Ginny's prone, twitching form. "Stay right there," Harry ordered, yanking Hermione's hips back and up, and making her arch her back while Ginny's face pressed against her own belly.

"Lie on top of her," Harry ordered, and Hermione obeyed, lowering herself so that her breasts pressed flat to Ginny's. Their sensitive nipples rubbed together, making both girls whimper. Ginny's arms snaked around Hermione's ribs, hugging her tight, and their faces were only inches apart.

"I never thought I would see you so eager to get fucked," Ginny whispered. She didn't think Hermione had it in her. Her fingers trailed down Hermione's spine, sending tremors through her.

Harry lined up behind Hermione, took hold of her hips, and drove into her so hard she gasped. Her pussy lips stretched obscenely wide, and a loud squelch met Ginny's ears. Ginny's cheeks turned pink at the sound. The bed frame shuddered with each thrust, and Hermione couldn't help the loud, helpless whines that spilled from her mouth. The pressure and fullness were overwhelming, and she felt herself gush, coating Harry's cock and dripping down onto Ginny's stomach. Ginny giggled deliriously, rubbing Hermione's back and whispering encouragements in her ear.

"You're taking it so well," Ginny giggled, licking Hermione's cheek, "You and he must have had lots of practice."

Hermione could only moan in return as her pussy clenched around every inch of Harry's thrusts. Hermione could feel every vein and bump of his cock as it scraped against her delicate inner walls. She clung to Ginny, mashing their breasts together, and their sweat-slicked skin slid together as Harry pounded her from behind. Every time Harry bottomed out, Ginny's fingers dug into Hermione's flesh, pulling her down even harder.

"Cum for him," Ginny urged, reaching between them. Her fingers found Hermione's swollen clit, and the moment she touched the little bead, Hermione's big brown eyes fluttered wildly.

Hermione bucked from the intense friction of their nipples, her clit being rubbed, and the relentless pounding of her pussy. Her orgasm built with terrifying speed. She screamed and threw her head back, and a flood of juice splashed around Harry's cock as she came. The spasms ripped through her, leaving her a shuddering, squirming mess. Every time Harry hit her g-spot, another gushing squirt sprayed from her quivering cunt.

"Oh, Harry!" Hermione squeaked as her body thrashed uncontrollably. Ginny was forced to hold her tight to keep her from falling off the bed. She collapsed onto Ginny, letting Harry use her however he wanted. Ginny stroked her sweaty back and teased her about squirting.

Harry groaned, and his cock pistoned in and out of Hermione's leaking cunt as he watched the two girls writhe together. Their bodies were slipping and sliding together, and the sight of Ginny's breasts jiggling beneath Hermione's added to the depravity of it all.

Ginny looked up at Harry, her face flushed and her lips trembling. "I want another turn with your cock," she said breathlessly, and Harry chuckled. The poor girl already couldn't get enough.

Harry's balls tightened, and a warning pulse shot through his body. He pulled out of Hermione's quivering, spasming cunt, leaving a sticky trail of wetness that strung from her gaping entrance to the tip of his cock. Hermione rolled off of him, hitting the mattress in a boneless heap of gasps and twitching muscles. She curled sideways, pulling her knees up to her chest, and her body jerked with the last throbs of her orgasm. A puddle of her own juices stained the sheets below her ass and inner thighs. Harry's shaft glistened with her juices.

He barely paused to take in the sight. Harry grabbed Ginny by her thick mane of ginger hair and yanked her upright, dragging her face to his cock. Ginny opened her mouth wide and let him slide right down her tongue, choking herself eagerly on the length. Her lips stretched around his shaft, and Ginny's blue eyes were wide open and watering. She looked straight up at Harry, silently begging him to use her. Harry braced one hand on the back of her head and started fucking her face in quick, brutal thrusts.

Hermione, meanwhile, was still recovering, but she forced herself upright and onto her knees. Her legs trembled, but she managed to kneel on the bed, watching the brutal blowjob with awe and envy. Harry caught her eye, grinned, and beckoned her closer. Hermione scooted forward on her shins until she was right next to Ginny, close enough to feel the heat rising off the other girl's flushed cheeks. Ginny's face was a bright, mottled pink, and her lips were stretched around Harry's cock. Saliva leaked from the corners of her mouth down her neck. Hermione watched Ginny's gag reflex working. She saw her throat bulging each time Harry bottomed out, and she shivered, her own arousal igniting again.

Harry's breathing got ragged. He was close, and he wanted both girls ready. He pulled his cock out of Ginny's throat with a wet, squelching pop and pressed the tip against Hermione's lips. She didn't hesitate. Hermione opened wide and swallowed him, huffing her breath through her nose while her tongue swirled desperately around the shaft. Ginny, not to be outdone, leaned in too, licking Harry's balls and the sensitive strip beneath them. Her hands pawed at his thighs with desperate, greedy need.

He alternated between their mouths, shoving his cock from one to the other, using their tongues and throats to its absolute limit. Ginny and Hermione mashed their faces together, both eager to please, and both whimpering and moaning around their shared cock. When Harry's grunts turned deep and gruff, he seized a fistful of both girls' hair and yanked their heads together, cheek to cheek, so the tips of their tongues touched as they licked at the head.

"Both of you," he growled. "Get ready."

The girls scrambled to obey, kneeling upright and straight-backed with their faces pressed tight, their cheeks smooshed together, and their lips parted in a panting, open-mouthed invitation. The air was heavy with the scent of sex. Harry stood upright on the bed and started jerking himself over their faces, the thick head of his cock glistening and throbbing as he lined it up with their waiting mouths.

Harry's hand pumped up and down, and he let out a deep, feral groan. The first thick rope splattered across Ginny's cheek, painting a pearly white streak just below her eye. The second shot hit Hermione's chin, then trailed up to her mouth. Spurt after spurt decorated both their faces, dripping down Ginny's nose and lips before pooling in the cleft of her upper lip. Hermione giggled, startled by the warmth and wetness, and then opened her mouth wide for more. Harry obliged, aiming the next blast directly onto her tongue, and then painting both girls' noses with the next.

The two girls giggled with cum running down their faces and dripping onto the bed between them. It was messy and humiliating, and both Ginny and Hermione seemed to love every second of it.

Ginny stuck out her tongue to lick the cum off Hermione's cheek. Hermione giggled and returned the gesture, and soon the two girls were swirling their cummy tongues together, cleaning each other's faces and swallowing what they could. Ginny was especially greedy. She licked as much as she could off herself, then turned to Hermione and slurped what remained from her lips and chin.

Ginny's mouth was still sticky with semen when she kissed Hermione full on the lips. Their tongues entwined, and Ginny began massaging Hermione's naked tits, making her gasp and giggle once more. By the time they were done, they were a complete mess. "You girls go take a shower. I'll go get us some refreshments," he said, walking toward the kitchen while his cock bobbed with every step.

Hermione immediately bolted for the bathroom, and Ginny hurried to follow her.

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Ginny and Hermione re-entered the living room, freshly scrubbed, towels barely covering their bodies, and their hair was slicked back in damp, tangled waves. Ginny's cheeks were rosy from the steam. Hermione's arms and legs were goosebumped from the cool air that hit her the moment she stepped out of the steamy bathroom. Harry looked up from his seat on the couch, and he let his gaze wander up and down their bare legs.

"You're both still dripping," Harry said, his voice low and teasing. "Come here and show me."

Hermione bit her lower lip and let her towel fall away, exposing her pale, freshly-washed skin. Her breasts were very perky and sat high on her chest. Water droplets clung to her pointed nipples and ran in rivulets over the gentle slope of her belly. Ginny blushed and let her own towel slip down her hips. Her tits were equally perky, and her nipples were just as hard. The triangle of smooth, puffy flesh between her thighs was still glistening.

Harry set his glass down and beckoned them closer. Ginny straddled his lap immediately, tossing one leg over his thighs, and Hermione perched herself on the cushion right beside them. They smelled of soap and shampoo, but the hot, musky undertone of their bodies was still there. Harry cupped Ginny's ass with both hands and pulled her flush against his naked chest. Ginny reached down between them and curled her fingers around Harry's cock, which was already hard and throbbing.

Hermione accepted her glass of wine with a shy smile. She took a delicate sip and set it aside. She watched the two of them with wide, fascinated eyes. Ginny guided Harry's cock beneath her, rubbing the tip along her slit, and then just let it rest there teasingly. Harry's free hand reached for Hermione, and he stroked her thigh. He then slipped it between her legs and slid his fingers over her damp, pink folds.

"Still sensitive?" Harry asked with a smirk, and Hermione whimpered, nodding hard. He toyed with her gently, gliding his fingertips over her clit, and Hermione squirmed, her hips rising to meet his hand.

Ginny kissed Harry and shoved her tongue into his mouth. She rocked her hips against his, but didn't let him in yet. "I can't wait to feel you inside me again," Ginny purred.

"Not before I finish with her," Harry stated and shot a look at Hermione, who turned even redder but didn't look away.

Harry's fingers never stopped teasing Hermione's tight, wet slit. Harry reached for Hermione's hand and guided it between Ginny's legs. "Feel how wet she is," Harry teased, and Hermione did, nervously slipping her finger into Ginny's heat. The girls giggled and squirmed.

Harry finished his wine in one drink and set the glass aside. He then lifted Ginny beneath her thighs, stood, and carried her back to the bed. Ginny shrieked with laughter, clinging to his neck, and Hermione followed, watching the sway of Ginny's ass in Harry's arms.

They tumbled together onto the bed, and Ginny wrapped herself around Harry's waist and rubbed her nipples against his chest, moaning loudly and unrestrained. Hermione moved quietly, kneeling on the mattress at Harry's side, and ran her hands over his shoulder and down his chest, marveling at the heat and texture of his skin. She bent and kissed him shyly, just at the corner of his mouth. Ginny giggled and nipped gently at Hermione's ear.

Harry moved Ginny off of him, rolled onto his back, and dragged Hermione with him so she straddled his hips, her knees on either side. For a moment, Hermione just looked down at him, her hands resting on his chest. Her breath was fast and shaky. Then Harry reached down and lined himself up with her dripping entrance, and Hermione lowered herself onto him, moaning helplessly as he stretched her.

Ginny lay beside them, one hand between her own legs, and the other stroking Hermione's back as she bounced gently on Harry's cock. Harry gripped Hermione's hips, thrusting up into her and making her moan. Ginny, not content to just watch, sat up on her knees, leaned over, and sucked Hermione's nipples, biting lightly at the puffy tips until Hermione cried out, her body trembling.

The sex was slower this time. It was sensual and almost tender, with all three of their hands and tongues roaming. Ginny and Hermione kept kissing, sometimes soft, sometimes ferocious, and Harry alternated between watching them and closing his eyes in bliss.

When Hermione came, it was sudden and intense, and her nails clawed at Harry's shoulders as her hips jerked and she screamed his name. Her pussy clenched tight around him, and Harry groaned, trying to hold back. Ginny reached over and kissed Hermione's face, whispering, "Good girl," while she stroked her hair. When Hermione finally collapsed forward, Harry rolled her gently off his body and turned to Ginny, who was already on her knees, ready for her turn.

Ginny mounted him with no hesitation, riding him hard and fast, desperate to reach her own orgasm with single-minded purpose. Harry gripped her waist, and his fingers dug into her flesh. Ginny's face twisted in pleasure as she rode him to her own climax. When she came, her whole body shook, and she screamed. Her muscles spasmed uncontrollably, and all she could do was continue to jerk her hips, hoping Harry would reward her with another creamy load.

Harry held out until Ginny had finished. He then yanked her down and kissed her hard as his own orgasm hit. His hips jerked up off the bed as he spilled inside her. Ginny shuddered and clung to Harry as her insides were flooded with hot, sticky cum. Once cum was overflowing from her still-cumming pussy, she rolled off him.

All three were wrapped together on the bed, catching their breath. Hermione and Ginny couldn't stop giggling, and Harry just smiled, his arms around both girls. Hermione drew little shapes on Harry's stomach and turned to Ginny, grinning shyly. "You were right," she whispered. "This is really fun."

Ginny bit her lip, then kissed her slowly and sweetly. They spent the rest of the night dozing, waking, and fucking each other senseless until the sun began to creep through the windows.