Hogwarts Adventure

Chapter 1

“Expelliarmus!”

“Avada Kedavra!”

Harry’s Disarming Charm rocketed toward Voldemort, hitting him straight in the chest. His wand flew out of his grip like it was shot out of a cannon. The tip of the wand pierced his eyeball with a wet, squishy sound that turned many stomachs among the onlookers. The tip of the wand ripped through the back of his skull and remained firmly lodged in his head. His tall, lanky body teetered before falling straight back. He was dead before he hit the ground. Unfortunately, Harry would never get to see it. The twisting green curse slammed straight into Harry’s chest, sending his body sailing backward. He, too, was gone before he hit the ground. Everything went black for him.

The darkness suddenly turned to blinding light, and Harry woke up surrounded by fog. It all felt a bit breezy, and when he looked down, Harry yelped at the state of his undress. No sooner had he wished for some clothes than they appeared on his body. Harry sighed in relief. He pushed through the fog blindly, holding his hands out in front of him to avoid running face-first into an obstacle. The fog then disappeared, and Harry blinked in confusion. He was at Platform Nine and Three Quarters, completely alone.

“Harry, my boy,” he heard the Headmaster’s familiar voice. Harry turned and faced Dumbledore, who wore a very pleased smile on his old face. “I’m so proud of you,” he said, walking up to him.

“Thanks, Professor,” Harry smiled back. “Where am I? I know I’m at Platform Nine and Three Quarters, but it doesn’t feel like it,” Harry said, scratching his head in confusion.

“I’m sorry to say that your time with the living has ended, my boy,” he sadly told him. “It’s such a waste of a young life so full of promise,” he said, shaking his head.

“So … I died?” Harry asked. He should have been heartbroken or terrified, but he just didn’t feel it. He was strangely calm.

“I’m afraid so. However, I am happy to say that you took Tom with you. He’ll never hurt anyone ever again,” Dumbledore told him, his eyes shining with pride.

“I suppose that’s good,” Harry replied. His mind felt a bit hazy, like he was somewhat disconnected from his former life. “So, what’s next?” Harry asked.

“We board the train and move on to the next great adventure,” Dumbledore exclaimed, holding his hand toward the train track. Just then, Harry heard a train whistle in the distance. It was getting closer. Harry nodded his head in understanding.

“I’m ready,” Harry stated with confidence.

“Then let’s go,” Dumbledore smiled, holding his other hand out to him while staring at the oncoming train. Harry stepped up to Dumbledore, standing at the platform's edge, right next to the tracks below. As he neared Dumbledore, he didn’t see the banana peel on the floor. When he stepped on it, his foot shot out from under him, and Harry tumbled over the edge and landed directly on the tracks. The Hogwarts Express plowed right over him.

When Dumbledore looked back, he saw no one. “Harry?” he called out, looking around. “My boy?” he called out again, confused as to where Harry had gone.

Harry’s world once again went dark, and when he woke up again, he was thankfully fully dressed. Another strange thing occurred. His mind had suddenly cleared, and he actually felt heartbroken that he had died and left his friends behind. He wasn’t back at the platform like before. Instead, he was in a sunny field of grass that was as tall as his hip. “Hello, Harry,” he heard an unfamiliar female voice. Harry turned around and spotted a young, beautiful woman wearing a flowing white dress.

“Uh … Hello?” he greeted her confusedly. She smiled prettily at him, her gray eyes reflecting the sunlight brilliantly. “Not to be rude, but who are you? And better yet, where am I?”

“I’m Fate, and you’re in the Void. It’s the space between all things. I enjoy visiting from time to time. It’s quiet here. I enjoy the peacefulness of it,” she told him.

“But what happened to Dumbledore? He said I died,” Harry asked, scratching his head. “And then I … oh, god! I slipped on something and got crushed by the train!” he suddenly remembered. Fate chuckled humorously.

“Yes, Harry. You died, and then you died again. It was a truly remarkable feat,” she giggled. Harry groaned and put his head in his hands.

“As much as I would enjoy having you believe you were so clumsy that you died again on your way to the afterlife, I must confess something,” she said, her voice filled with merriment. Harry looked up at her. “I’m the one who caused you to slip and fall under the train.”

“But why?” Harry asked the obvious question.

“Because it was the only way I could talk to you,” she told him.

“And why do you want to talk to me?”

“I feel you got the shitty end of the stick for most of your life. It really wasn’t fair,” she said. Harry snorted.

“You’re telling me,” he mumbled while brushing his palms along the ends of the tall blades of grass.

“You had to sacrifice everything for the betterment of everyone else, most of whom didn’t deserve it.”

Harry sighed sadly. “Yeah, that’s how I see it.”

Fate nodded in agreement. “That’s why I brought you here. I want to make it up to you before you move on to the afterlife.”

“Make it up to me?”

“Yes,” she nodded. “Had you boarded the train, you would have been outside my influence, but now that I got you here, I can reward you for your good deeds and selflessness.”

“What kind of reward are you talking about?” he asked as it piqued his interest.

“How would you like to go to a new world where you can have the life you were meant to have?” she asked him.

“A new world where I don’t have any friends, and I don’t know anyone?” he asked. That didn’t sound too appealing.

“No, Harry. It’s a world similar to the one you just left. All the people you love are there,” she said. That sounded much better, Harry thought.

“But I’d have to be the Boy-Who-Lived and go through school again?” He didn’t really want either of those things.

“Yes and no,” she told him. “You won’t be the Boy-Who-Lived, and while you would have to go through Hogwarts again, in this world, the students start school at the age of eighteen … the same age you are now. The best part is that because of their age, the students are already considered adults. You can live on your own and not have to deal with anyone. You can also do magic outside of Hogwarts … after the first year, of course,” she quickly added.

“Wow,” Harry said in a hushed voice. Going through school again would be a drag, but it might be fun if he didn’t have the spectre of Voldemort constantly hovering over his head.

“I didn’t even get to the best part. You see, wizards in this world have tiny penises, and they can hardly get them up,” she giggled. To compensate for their lack of manliness, the witches have evolved to be very attractive,” she added, wiggling her eyebrows suggestively.

“I don’t want a tiny penis!” Harry protested vigorously while blushing madly.

“Don’t worry about that. I’ll take good care of you,” she said with a smirk.

“You promise?” he asked, looking for any sign that she was lying.

“Cross my heart and hope to die,” she smiled, swiping a little cross above her heart.

“This all sounds too good to be true. What’s the catch?” Harry asked her.

“There’s no catch. The world isn’t perfect, of course … especially the magical world, and there are plenty of dangers you’ll have to watch out for. Your life can be as boring or adventurous as you want. What do you say?” she said with a smile.

“Alright … I’ll trust you,” Harry said slowly, studying the beautiful woman.

“Excellent!” she said happily, clapping her hands together. “It’s a few weeks before the start of your first year, and I have already taken the liberty of renting a room for you at the Leaky Cauldron. It’s all paid up until the first of September. Now listen up, Harry Potter never existed in this world. James died young, and Lily never existed either. I’ve done a bit of my own magic and added your backstory to this world. If anyone ever asks, just tell them you’re from a different branch of the Potter line. Your Hogwarts invitation is on the bed in your room.”

“If I didn’t exist, then I won’t have any gold or …” Harry began, but she cut him off.

“I already took care of it. Your bank key is next to your invitation. Just go to the bank and have them take you to your new vault.” Harry smiled. She really had thought of everything. “FYI, I also added you to the Muggle world. All your paperwork and identification are in a folder in your bank vault. I suggest leaving it there until you need it.” Harry nodded. “Any more questions?” she asked. Harry shook his head.

“I don’t think so.”

“Good! Then have fun and cause as much mischief as humanly possible. You deserve it,” she said sweetly. She walked up to him, and Harry closed his eyes when she leaned in. Her soft lips touched his forehead, and once again, his world went dark.

Hogwarts Adventure

Harry's eyes opened, and he sat straight up in bed. He blinked a few times, trying to come to grips with reality. His first thought was that it was a dream, but he knew that wasn't true. He remembered everything with such clarity, and there was also the fact that he was now in a room that wasn't his own. Looking around, it appeared to be a rented room in the Leaky Cauldron, just like she said. Harry wasn't tired or groggy and quickly got to his feet without stumbling. He was fully dressed in a nice button-down shirt, a pair of black slacks, and a pair of white trainers. Harry walked over to the standing full-length mirror and examined his reflection. He looked pretty much the same, except maybe a few inches taller. His glasses were gone, and he could see everything clearly. Harry then remembered something else. "Oh, lord!" he gasped and quickly unbuckled his trousers. His penis flopped out and hung between his legs. He sighed in relief at the sight of it. Even while soft, it was big. Quite big if he was being honest. It was significantly bigger than the one he possessed before dying. Harry pulled up his trousers and buttoned them, happy knowing he didn't have to walk around with a malfunctioning micro penis.

He turned to the bed and found the invitation and vault key. Harry left the invitation behind and stuffed the key into his pocket. He then grabbed the supplies and book list, folded it, and placed it in his front shirt pocket. He went downstairs and found Tom the innkeeper wiping down the empty tables. He looked over at Harry with a toothless smile. "Mornin' son. How bout some breakfast?"

Harry smiled back and shook his head. "Maybe when I get back. I need to visit Gringott's first."

"You got your wand?" he asked. Harry realized he didn't have a wand yet. He shook his head.

"I better let you in then," Tom said, leaving his rag on the table and taking Harry around back. He used his wand to tap the secret bricks and left Harry alone as the brick wall shifted, revealing the entrance to Diagon Alley. Harry smiled happily at the sight, and he stepped in.

He could tell it was still early in the morning. Hardly anyone was on the street. There were a few shopkeepers cleaning the windows while brooms magically swept the sidewalks. Harry walked toward the bank, seeing if anything was different. From what he could tell, most of the shops he remembered were there. It wasn't long before Harry reached the tall, white building with a grumpy-looking Goblin guarding the door. The Goblin turned his beady eyes on Harry as he entered the bank. Harry stepped up to the teller.

"Key," the Goblin lazily requested. Harry pulled the key from his pocket and handed it to him. The Goblin examined it for a second before handing it back. "This way," he stated.

The cart ride to the lower levels of the bank was as exhilarating as he remembered. The warm air whipped through his hair, making it messier than ever before. Harry had a huge smile on his face as his body was thrown from side to side from all the twists and turns. Finally, the cart began to slow down and eventually stopped in front of a large, metal vault door. They got out of the cart. The Goblin asked for his key again and used it to open the door. He waited outside the vault as Harry stepped in. His eyes nearly bugged out when he saw its contents.

The vault was as large as the Great Hall at Hogwarts and was filled to the roof with two mountains of gold coins. There was only a thin trail between the two gargantuan piles of coins, which would allow him to walk to the opposite end. There was enough gold in there to last him a hundred lifetimes. To his left, there was a shelf with his muggle paperwork, and right in the middle of the vault was a pedestal. Harry walked over and found a red, plush pillow sitting on top, and lying on top of that pillow was the Elder Wand. Harry took the wand from the pillow, and the pedestal disappeared. Golden sparks shot out of the wand's tip and arched twenty feet in the air. When it stopped, he quickly put the wand in his pocket. "Brilliant!" Harry chirped.

Harry went over to the shelf and grabbed a Gringotts expanded bank bag. He started shoveling coins in by the handful. When he was sure he had gathered enough, he turned to the door. Harry went out to see the Goblin. "Umm … Excuse me, sir?" Harry asked, not knowing the Goblin's name.

"Yes?" he replied. Harry reached into his bag and handed the Goblin a handful of galleons.

"Is there any way to make large purchases without having to lug around thousands of coins?" he wondered. With gold in his hand, the Goblin seemed much more willing to help.

"There is," he said. "Gringotts can provide a book of bank vouchers for a one-hundred-gallon fee. You write the amount on the voucher, touch the Gringotts symbol on it with your wand, and hand it over to the shopkeeper. Gringotts charges a one percent fee for every use," he explained.

"And how can I go about getting these vouchers?"

"I can accommodate you once we return to the upper level. Are you done here?" the Goblin asked.

"I am," Harry nodded.

Half an hour later, Harry left the bank with a full money bag and a book of vouchers with his name on it. The first thing he purchased was a magical trunk. There was nothing too spectacular about it. It was well made and covered in dragonhide with the inside magically expanded to twice its normal size. He paid extra to have it magically lightened. Harry bought a whole new wardrobe from a clothing shop before getting his school robes from Madam Malkin's. Harry then spent the rest of the morning buying his supplies and books before returning to the inn for lunch.

After lunch, Harry returned to the alley just to look around. By then, Diagon Alley was becoming a little more populated. There still weren't tons of people visiting the shops, and those who did were older people who were likely retired from their day-to-day jobs. Harry turned off the main street and ventured further into the interior. He had never really gotten the chance to explore the

backstreets before, and now was as good a time as any. The shops here were smaller, and the items they sold and the services they provided were a bit more niche. Just walking a few blocks, Harry spotted several shops that sold makeup and cosmetics. There were even a few that sold lingerie. Harry stopped in front of one called Black Lace and looked through the front window. He was surprised to see Andromeda Tonks standing behind the counter and writing in a ledger. Harry entered the shop, and she looked up with a smile.

“Good afternoon, young man!” she chirped happily. “How can I help you?”

Andromeda was incredibly beautiful. Her long, chestnut hair cascaded over her shoulders in waves and bookended her ample cleavage. Harry wasn’t sure, but he suspected she was wearing a red satin nightgown. He couldn’t see her lower body as it was hidden below the counter. Her full, pink lips were shiny from the lipstick she wore, and her smoky eyes were dusted with eyeshadow. She had a wide, perfect smile with two rows of straight, pearly white teeth.

“I was thinking about buying a gift for a girl,” Harry lied quickly, rubbing the back of his head. Andromeda’s eyes twinkled with delight.

“Well, you’ve come to the right place,” she eagerly stated and stepped out from behind the counter. Harry saw that he was right. Andromeda was wearing a nightgown. It was low-cut and very short. Harry eyed her up and down, checking out her smooth, toned legs. “I’m glad you chose my shop. I don’t see many men around here,” she admitted, walking up to him. Her big tits bounced around, drawing his eyes to her chest.

“They’re certainly missing out,” Harry said, visually feasting on her curves. Andromeda giggled happily and came to a stop right in front of him. Her tits continued to jiggle. Her back was slightly arched, emphasizing her large chest. It was strange seeing her act like this, Harry thought. From what he knew of her, Andromeda had always been prim and proper in his old life.

“I completely agree!” she smiled prettily. “Now, do you have anything specific in mind?” she asked.

“Well … Uhh … Do you have any suggestions?”

“I’m modelling our newest piece. It’s imported from Paris,” she said, holding her hands out to her sides and slowly rotating her body so he could see her from every angle. Her wide hips and thick ass had his cock rapidly inflating.

“It’s very sexy,” Harry said without thinking. It appeared that was the right thing to say. Andromeda beamed and bounced right up to him. She grabbed his hands and placed them on her waist.

“Feel how soft the satin is,” she said, moving his hands up and down. “Go ahead … Feel!” she ordered. Harry moved his hands up her sides, exploring her curves. His thumbs brushed the undersides of her breasts, and he looked at Andromeda, wondering if she was going to tell him off. Instead, he found her smiling happily. She placed her hands on his shoulders and began massaging them. “The fabric feels wonderful, doesn’t it?” she asked.

“Very,” Harry said, not caring one bit about how soft the fabric was. All his thoughts were on her soft, warm body. Harry wondered if all the witches of this world would act the same way. ‘Maybe they’re so flirty because they’re never getting any action,’ he theorized. Harry decided to take things a bit further and see what happened. He slid his hands down her back and cupped her ass. Andromeda gasped and looked over her shoulder as Harry squeezed and kneaded her cheeks. She then looked at Harry with wide, surprised eyes while her hands gripped his shoulders. “This fits your body beautifully,” Harry said with a cheeky smile. “Or maybe it’s just your body that makes it look so good. Which one do you think it is?”

“Well, I uh … I don’t know …” Andromeda stuttered, flustered by his actions. Instead of pulling away, she stepped closer. Her breasts were now touching his chest. Harry moved his hands under her gown and groped her bare ass cheeks. Andromeda shuddered and moved her arms around the back of his neck. She apparently didn’t want him getting away.

“That won’t do at all. If I’m going to shell out my hard-earned gold for something like this, I have to know for sure.”

Andromeda’s heart was hammering in her chest. She couldn’t remember the last time a man had touched her like this. Actually, now that she thought about it, she could. It was when her daughter, Nymphadora, was conceived. Since then, her husband Ted hadn’t even looked at her in a sexual way. Now, she had a young stallion pawing at her ass while not-so-subtly asking her to remove her clothes. Andromeda didn’t even think twice about it. She unwrapped her arms from his neck and took a step back. Shakily, she slid the thin strings down her shoulders and pulled her nightie down. Her bare breasts fell out of the top, bouncing around as though they were trying to tempt him into action. She then realized that she didn’t even know this young man’s name. To be honest, she didn’t care. His eyes were staring at her tits, and she could feel her nipples hardening under his gaze. The crinkled tips of her pink nipples extended outward, reaching out for him.

She pushed the nightie further down her body, exposing her toned belly. As her nightie moved down, so did his eyes. She had some trouble pushing it down over her wide hips, but once she did, the red satin fell the rest of the way and pooled at her ankles. Andromeda stepped out of it, now wearing only a pair of red lace panties and her red high heels. Putting her arms at her sides, she wondered what he would do with her. Hopefully something naughty, she internally begged. Andromeda had been with several women over the years, but it wasn’t the same. She needed a warm, hard cock inside of her to really make her feel like a woman. “Should …” Andromeda swallowed harshly. “Should I take these off?” she asked, hoping he would say yes.

“No,” he told her. Andromeda was overcome with a wave of disappointment. “I’ll take them off,” he added. Her heart was now beating so fast that she thought she might have a heart attack. “Sit on the counter,” he ordered.

Andromeda quickly complied. She hopped up and sat on the counter before kicking off her heels. The mystery man stepped up between her parted legs and hooked his fingers under the waistband of her panties. “Lie back,” he told her. Andromeda lowered herself into position while he lifted her legs. She felt her panties slide over her ass and move up her legs. They were plucked from her feet and tossed onto the counter, by her head. Andi could smell her own arousal, and she knew her panties were drenched. She then closed her eyes and bit her lower lip as her legs were spread. She wondered if he was staring at her bald, wet slit. She was then startled by something slapping against her belly. Her eyes shot open, and she looked down at her stomach. Resting over her mound and lower belly was the largest cock she had ever seen by at least three or four times. It was enormous. The best part was that it was thick, veiny, and as hard as a rock. Her mind was a complete mess. She was a married woman, and yet, she reached down, grabbed his cock, and pushed the head into position right at her entrance. Andromeda moaned as his fat head touched her silky lips. She slid his head up and down, rubbing it against her damp flesh. She didn’t realize that her hand was already pumping his cock.

He thrust into her with one mighty push, stretching her pussy out of shape and making her see stars. “This feels amazing!” she heard him gasp, and when he pulled back and re-entered her, that was all it took for her to start cumming. Andromeda whimpered and then squealed as her pussy clamped down on his sizable girth. Her body began flopping around atop her counter, scattering her quills, ink, and notebooks.

Harry never knew how good it felt to be inside a woman. He had, after all, never been with one before. Andromeda was so tight that he was close to cumming after one thrust. He used all his willpower to hold on. He slowly began fucking her while her body bucked and thrashed around. The skin of her slick walls glided across the length of his shaft, making his belly coil. The heady scent of her wet pussy was incredible, he discovered, and he wouldn’t rest until he got the chance to taste it. That would have to wait for another day, he decided. He could barely hang on as it was. Harry looked down at the spot where they were joined. As he pulled back, he saw that his shaft was slick with her wetness. The head popped out, and when he pushed it back in, her walls stretched around him and squelched loudly. Andromeda’s back was arched, and she was shaking badly. Her big breasts shook and jiggled, so Harry reached out and squeezed them, flicking his thumbs over the hard tips of her nipples. A high-pitched wail of pleasure left her sweet lips, and he could feel her pussy fluttering around him. Everything was working against him. The feeling of her pussy wrapped tightly around him, the smell of sex in the air, and the erotic sounds she made all drove Harry over the edge.

He groaned, and his hips bucked. He couldn’t stop the flood of cum erupting from the tip of his cock. He tried his best to keep fucking her, even as he filled her with seed, but it was too sensitive. Harry pulled out, and the last rope of cum splashed across her perfectly smooth

mound and lower belly. Harry stood there staring at her sexy, freshly-fucked body. Andromeda squeaked repeatedly while her body bucked. She looked like she was cumming as well, but he had almost no experiece with this kind of thing. Harry lifted and buttoned his trousers before someone could come in and see his bare ass. Andromeda's legs were still spread wide, and he could see his thick, white cum leaking from her slit. The sight filled him with pride. 'I'm a man now,' he told himself.

At some point, Andromeda had pushed herself into a sitting position. Her hair was messy, and there were a few beads of sweat on her forehead. She was breathing heavily and staring at Harry in wonder and awe.

"Who the hell are you?" she asked, looking ready to pounce on him again.

"Harry Potter," he introduced himself to this world in the greatest way possible. "And I'd like to do this again if you …"

Andromeda pounced like a hungry tiger. Her arms wrapped around his neck, and she furiously began making out with him. He lifted her by her ass, and Andromeda wrapped her legs around his waist. Harry supposed he got his answer.