

Hogwarts Adventure

Chapter 25

Daphne and Hermione left just after sunrise. They'd spent most of the night curled up naked on either side of Harry with their hands on his chest and their legs knotted together under the sheets. Hermione's alarm had gone off at the crack of dawn. She'd groaned, rolled over, and declared they were due in the library for some urgent revision. Harry tried to convince them to stay with some soft kisses on their lips, necks, and breasts, but the girls were undeterred. Both girls had scampered out of his room, giggling, and Harry had drifted back to sleep with the scent of their hair still on his pillow.

It was a couple of hours later when he wandered into the Gryffindor common room, feeling warm and lazy. He was very grateful that the holiday had ended on a weekend. The fire was crackling merrily, and the place was nearly empty, except for a group of girls in the far corner, squashed together on two small couches and a pile of velvet cushions. Parvati and Padma were there, and their short dresses had both ridden up enough to display the entirety of their smooth, sexy legs. Katie Bell was curled up with her knees to her chest, and her bare feet were wedged under the edge of the coffee table. Her mane of blonde hair was tied up with a red scrunchie, and she wore nothing but a tight Gryffindor Quidditch t-shirt and a pair of running shorts so short that they were wedged deep in her ass. Alicia Spinnet sat cross-legged on the floor, gnawing on a licorice wand and wearing a black tank top that left her midriff bare and her tits wobbling with every laugh. Lavender Brown lounged beside her, draped in a pink, fuzzy dressing gown that was wide open, revealing a neon-yellow bralette and matching panties that left nothing to the imagination.

Angelina Johnson dominated the group. She was sprawled on one of the couches with her feet up on the armrest and her long, light brown legs stretched out. She wore a blood-red crop top and a micro skirt that was so short that the hem barely met the tops of her thighs. The skirt gapped whenever she shifted, flashing her inner thighs and, occasionally, the bright strip of something very skimpy underneath. When Harry walked in, she caught his eye and smiled mischievously.

All six girls looked up and cheered when Harry entered, like he was some kind of returning hero. Lavender let out a wolf whistle, and Katie actually pumped her fist in the air.

"Look who finally dragged his lazy ass out of bed," Alicia said, tossing her licorice wand at Harry's head. He caught it, bit off the end, and flopped into the empty seat next to Angelina after she sat up.

He felt the mood of the room shift immediately. The girls leaned in and formed a loose semicircle around him. It was like they were all trying to crowd into his personal bubble at once. He didn't mind in the least.

“You missed the best bit,” Padma said, winking. “We were just talking about you.”

“Oh yeah?” Harry said, raising an eyebrow. “And what are my favorite witches saying about me this time?”

“That you’re an incorrigible man-slut, obviously,” Parvati said cheekily. The other girls giggled. Angelina, who had been drumming her nails on the arm of the couch, hooked her foot around the back of Harry’s calf and tugged it closer.

“Is it true?” Katie asked in a syrupy sweet voice. “Did you really fuck Lavender over the holiday break? She’s been bragging about it all morning.” She made a show of sexily licking her lips.

Harry grinned without showing an ounce of shame. “I sure did. It’s too bad I didn’t get to spend any more time with her mum. She was one sexy witch,” Harry dreamily stated.

“That’s our Harry,” Alicia crowed, clapping him on the back.

Lavender leaned forward, and her dressing gown fell completely open to expose her matching neon yellow bra and the impossible cleavage beneath. “I don’t care who you fuck,” she said. “Just don’t forget about your housemates, alright?” She blew him a kiss and collapsed back onto the rug, giggling. She made sure to spread her legs and show off her panty-covered crotch.

Angelina snorted, then elbowed Harry in the ribs. “Speaking of not forgetting about people,” she said in a sly voice. “I got your package this morning.”

Harry smiled. He’d splurged and spent a bit of money on a collection of “imported undergarments,” which is what the catalog had called them. He’d had them sent to all the girls in Gryffindor Tower who’d ever shown the least interest in him. Based on what he was seeing, his investment was paying off.

“I’m glad you liked it,” Harry said, dropping his hand onto Angelina’s thigh. “Are you wearing it now?”

She grinned, got to her feet, and stood over him with her feet set wide. The tiny skirt flared as she moved, then fell back against her skin, barely hiding anything. “What do you think?” she asked. Her hands went to her hips, and her thumbs hooked into the waistband.

Before Harry could answer, she yanked the skirt down and stepped out of it, leaving her in the red crop top and the thinnest, whitest thong Harry had ever seen. It was so tiny that she almost looked naked from the waist down. The front triangle was barely big enough to cover the cleft of her pussy, and the material was so tight and sheer that he could see the outline of her slit underneath, the plumpness of her hairless mound, and a hint of her plump pussy lips that were falling out of each side. A single white string hugged high around her hips and vanished into the

deep valley at the top of her ass. When she spun to face the other girls, the only thing covering her backside was a shoelace-sized string that disappeared between two perfect, pillowy cheeks.

Alicia let out a hoot. “Fuck, Ange! You didn’t leave anything to the imagination.”

Angelina put her hands on her hips and stuck out her ass. “Why would I, when I can put it all out there?” she said, winking at Harry.

He was too busy staring at the way the string vanished between the cheeks of her ass, splitting them perfectly. The muscles in her thighs flexed when she posed, and the tiny triangle of white looked like it might snap under the pressure.

Lavender clapped, then grabbed Padma’s arm, hugged it to her chest, and giggled. “God, look at her. I wish I had an ass like that.”

Angelina spun back to him, planted her ass right in front of Harry’s face, and grabbed the back of his head. She yanked him forward so his nose was mashed into the crease between her cheeks. She then started jiggling her hips in rapid side-to-side motions. Harry’s vision was suddenly blocked by the pillowy warmth of her ass, and he could smell her vanilla perfume and aroused pussy.

The girls lost it. Parvati shrieked and clapped. Katie giggled and kicked her bare feet. Even Padma was giggling while caressing Harry’s thigh. Harry managed to stick out his tongue and lick the length of Angelina’s exposed cheek. She squealed, backed up, and ground her ass on his face.

“Do you like it, Harry?” Angelina said, still holding him in place. She flexed her ass, squeezing his face tighter. She then did a little up-and-down bounce that made the inside of her cheeks rub all over his face.

Harry’s voice was muffled. “Can’t talk. Suffocating. Dying happy,” he joked while licking anything he could reach.

Lavender swooned, then crawled over to Harry’s lap and hugged his leg. “Honestly, you two are such sluts,” she said, grinning up at him.

Alicia came over and ruffled Harry’s hair. “Go on, Ange. Give him the full show. Make him pop.”

Angelina snorted and backed up even more, so that she was straddling Harry’s lap. Her ass was pressed flush to his cock. She ground her hips in a slow circle, and Harry could feel the heat of her pussy through the thin fabric of her panties. He really wished he wasn’t wearing jeans right now.

Parvati and Padma crowded closer. Both of them were now leaning in to see how much of Harry's face was actually swallowed by Angelina's ass. Katie came around the other side and started massaging his shoulders. She then reached down and started unbuttoning his shirt. Alicia squeezed in next to Lavender and started running her fingers up and down Harry's thigh, dangerously close to his cock.

Angelina, now fully in control, grinned down at Harry. "I hope you know, this is how Gryffindor women say thanks," she said. She gave her hips a hard shake, then started bouncing up and down, motorboating his face with her ass. Harry gave up resisting and just enjoyed the ride.

The other girls joined in, and soon, their hands were everywhere. Someone even slipped a hand under his shirt and started playing his abs. Lavender pressed her face into his bicep and licked it, leaving a wet trail behind.

After a minute of this, Angelina spun back around, straddled Harry's lap, and sat down hard. The only thing separating his cock from her dripping pussy was that minuscule thong and his jeans. She leaned forward and threaded her fingers through his messy hair.

"Next time, make sure the thong is red. It's my favorite color," she teased with a throaty purr. Then she kissed him hard, and her tongue plunged into his mouth.

The girls hooted and clapped. "Save some for me, Angie," Katie said, but she was grinning as she said it. Alicia just giggled and licked her lips. Her eyes were glued to the spot where Angelina's ass met Harry's lap.

Harry barely pulled back from Angelina's kiss when he felt the sudden, eager pressure of hands working at his belt buckle. He looked down and was greeted by the grinning faces of Katie and Alicia, both crouched on their knees in front of the couch. Their fingers were competing for space as they frantically undid the button and yanked down the zipper of his jeans. Harry's hips lifted automatically in response, and the denim and boxers were peeled down to his ankles. The two girls each grabbed an ankle and yanked until he was completely bare from the waist down.

His cock sprang upright, and the head already flushed pink and leaking in anticipation. The girls whooped and cheered, and Alicia wasted no time in wrapping her eager hand around the shaft. She stroked him with greedy delight. Lavender, meanwhile, flounced over and sat herself on the arm of the couch beside Harry's head. Her dressing gown was open so that her breasts bounced quite freely with every motion. She leaned down so her face nearly pressed against Harry's, and she smirked as she watched him squirm under the assault of so many hands. She then shrugged off her gown and reached behind her back. Her bra suddenly fell off her shoulders and onto the ground, leaving her bare tits free and bouncing.

Angelina's eyes gleamed with satisfaction. Not to be outdone by Lavender, Angelina peeled her crop top over her head. Her big breasts spilled free. They were round and sat high on her chest. Her caramel brown tits were tipped with wide dark areolas that hardened in the cool air.

Angelina stood up on the couch, towering over Harry. She then hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her see-through thong and shimmied it down her thighs, careful to keep her knees spread as she stepped out of them. The string snapped against her ankle, and she grinned as she let the delicate wisp of fabric flutter in her hand.

Harry's mouth went dry, but he managed to meet her gaze. His hands gripped the edge of the couch cushion, eagerly waiting for things to go further. Angelina flicked her discarded thong at Harry's face. It hit him in the forehead and slid down until it caught on the bridge of his nose. He inhaled the sweet, musky scent, and the girls around him howled with laughter.

Then, in one athletic move, Angelina climbed on top of the back of the couch and mounted his face. She straddled his backward-tilted head with her knees resting on top of the couch back, and she spread herself wide, so her glistening slit hovered directly over his mouth. The plump lips were swollen and glistening, and a thin, clear strand of arousal stretched from her to his chin. Without waiting for instruction, Harry gripped her thighs and buried his face between them, lapping eagerly at her slick folds.

Angelina arched her back and moaned, and her fingers threaded through his hair as she pulled him closer, practically suffocating him with her wet pussy. She began to ride his face, and her hips rolled in slow, hungry circles as she ground herself against his tongue and nose. Her thighs trembled with each shuddering exhale, and she didn't bother to stifle her cries of pleasure. She wanted everyone to hear her cum.

The spectacle was not lost on the rest of the girls, who'd shifted in closer. Katie, who had her eyes glued to Harry's throbbing cock, licked her lips and absentmindedly stroked the inside of her own thigh. Alicia had let go of Harry's cock only to crawl up onto the couch beside him. She removed her shirt, tossed it away, and began kneading her perky tits. She scooted in close, and her hand playfully rested on his bare thigh.

Parvati and Padma weren't to be outdone. They knelt side by side on the floor and crawled between Harry's spread legs. They each began to massage a thigh, and their fingertips moved higher with every pass. Lavender watched it all, and her eyes flitted from Harry's cock to Angelina's heaving ass. She reached out and brushed her fingers along the thick shaft of his cock.

But nothing could compete with the sheer force of Angelina's presence. She ground her pussy against Harry's mouth, and her movements grew more frantic by the second. "You're such a tease," she gasped, and her hips slammed hard enough to make the couch creak. "If you don't make me cum in the next ..."

Harry took that as a challenge. He dug his fingers into the soft muscle of her thighs and went at her with a single-minded ferocity. His tongue darted and swirled, and his nose pressed against her sensitive clit. The taste of her was intoxicating, and he felt the muscles in her thighs quiver as the orgasm built.

The girls egged them on with an escalating chorus of cheers. "Go, Ange!" Katie shouted, pumping her fist in the air. Padma and Parvati giggled and began chanting, "Do it! Do it! Do it!"

After another minute of relentless oral teasing, Angelina's composure shattered. Her thighs tightened around Harry's head, and she let out a long, throaty wail as she came. Her entire body trembled as she rode out the orgasm. Fat drops of arousal trickled down Harry's chin and neck, pooling in the hollow of his throat.

Lavender watched the whole thing with wide eyes. "That bitch is so wet!" she shouted, pointing at the visible sheen on Harry's lips and jaw. The other girls dissolved into wild, shrieking laughter.

As Angelina's slick folds spasmed around Harry's tongue, something warm and wet enveloped the head of his cock. He jerked in surprise. Then, before he could process the sensation, another mouth joined the first. Parvati and Padma had somehow coordinated a side-by-side attack, and their lips pillowed both sides of his shaft, pressing in a snug, worshipful seal. Together, they glided up and down in perfect unison, and their tongues darted out to flick the sensitive ridge at the base of his crown.

Lavender watched with mounting envy as they worked Harry with ruthless efficiency. She pouted, then scooted closer to join the fun. With a giggle, she licked a long, slow stripe along the underside of his thick shaft, then swirled her tongue around the tip, savoring the salty-sweet flavor of his precum. As the two tongues massaged his cock, Lavender traded sly glances with Padma and Parvati, each girl determined to top the other in skill and improvisation. It was not a contest, Harry realized. It was a collective effort to overwhelm him into submission.

Angelina was breathless and quivering from her own orgasm, and she finally released Harry's face and collapsed beside him. She sprawled backward on the couch with legs spread like a whore, trying to catch her breath. Harry reached over and brushed his thumb over her swollen, glistening clit. She gasped, shuddered, and then met his gaze with a satisfied grin. "You're unbelievable, Harry," she panted, arching her back so he could keep stroking her. "No wonder everyone wants a go."

On the other side of the couch, Katie and Alicia had stripped off the last of their clothing, and their pale skin glowed in the soft morning light. Alicia's perky tits bobbed as she climbed onto the couch and settled in behind Harry's head. She cradled his skull with her thighs, pinning him in place, and she began to stroke herself in time to the movements of Parvati and Padma's mouths. Katie joined the girls on the floor and shoved a shoulder between them so she could lick Harry's cock from base to tip in a long, hungry stroke of her tongue. She cupped his balls in one hand and squeezed, drawing another involuntary gasp. The girls began to fall into a rhythm of taking turns, trading places, and never once letting up on the relentless pace.

Harry lost track of time. The heat, the friction, and the clamor of female voices all blended into a haze of lustful sensations. His cock throbbed dangerously, and he knew he wouldn't last long, but the girls seemed delighted by this. They urged each other on, laughing and egging one another with sporting taunts. "Come on, Harry, show us what you've got!" Alicia called out as she ground herself against the back of Harry's head. "You can cum in my mouth if you want," Padma chimed in, and her eyes were alight with mischief as she pumped his shaft in both hands, then lapped up the fresh beads of precum with a greedy flick of her tongue. Katie took his cock between her lips and bobbed her head aggressively, refusing to be bested by any of the others.

Every time Harry teetered on the edge, the girls sensed it and slowed their pace, prolonging his torment. Their control was ruthless. Even Lavender, who had only been watching and stroking her pussy, now tugged insistently at his balls, rolling them with expert pressure. "You're not allowed to cum until we say so," she teased, licking her lips. "That's the rule!" The others cackled in delight, then doubled their efforts.

After what felt like an eternity, Angelina propped herself upright. She was still panting but eager for more. She crawled across the top of the couch, settled into Harry's lap, and her caramel thighs locked around his waist. She yanked his cock free from Katie's mouth, then lined it up with her dripping entrance. "My turn," she declared, and with a single drop of her hips, she impaled herself. She let out a deep moan and started rocking her hips in slow, grinding circles. The sensation nearly made Harry throw his head back and moan. The back of his head mashed harder into Alicia's wet pussy, and she gasped in delight. The smell of Alicia's soaked pussy surrounded him. He gripped Angelina's hips, but she smacked his hands away. "I'm in charge," she giggled, then rolled her hips even harder.

The other girls crowded around, not content to merely watch. Katie pinned Harry's arm to the couch, straddling his bicep with her thighs. She leaned forward and offered her breasts to his mouth, and he took the invitation, sucking a nipple between his lips. Katie shivered, stroked his hair, and moaned out encouragements. Alicia slid further down and pressed her tits against the back of his neck, enveloping him in warmth and softness. Parvati and Padma, suddenly free of their earlier duties, began to make out passionately between his knees. Their hands never stopped caressing Harry's thighs, stroking his shaft when Angelina lifted off, and otherwise finding creative ways to keep him on the edge.

Lavender's patience was finally at its limit, and she pounced onto the couch, pushed Alicia away, and mounted Harry's face. Her pussy was bare, smooth, and already glistening with arousal. She ground herself against his mouth with reckless abandon, and her hands tightly clutched his hair. "Suck on it," she demanded, rubbing her swollen clit against his lips. Harry sucked on the stiff bead, and Lavender squealed and bucked her hips.

The scene devolved into chaos. Every girl was involved, and every part of Harry's body was attended to by eager hands and mouths. They switched partners, swapped positions, and shrieked with laughter at every new innovation. At some point, Parvati and Padma managed to

wedge themselves side-by-side atop his lap, forming a sandwich with Harry's cock trapped between their naked pussies. They bounced up and down in alternating rhythm, smearing themselves with the copious fluids leaking from them. Katie and Alicia took turns riding his face and lap, while Angelina orchestrated the entire affair like a conductor. Her commands were breathy, urgent, and punctuated with obscene encouragements. "That's it, Harry, fuck us all. Don't you dare stop for a second!"

It was a marathon of obscenities. Harry's mind was trapped in a haze of pleasure. All he could sense was the warm, wet heat of a mouth, the squeeze of a slick pussy, and the weight of a girl's ass pressing down on him. All he could do was give himself up to the onslaught. At one point, he burst, and the girls erupted with shrieks and cheers as hot jets of cum spattered across Parvati's back, Padma's chest, and then Katie's outstretched tongue. They laughed, cleaned up the mess, and passed him around like a prized sweet. Each girl took a taste and then dove back in for more.

Eventually, the pace slowed as the girls grew tired. The girls draped themselves across the couch and each other, sated, giggling, and basking in the afterglow of so many orgasms. Angelina curled up at Harry's side with her cheek resting on his chest. Lavender was sprawled across his legs, idly drawing patterns on his thigh with her fingertip. Katie and Alicia were entwined together at his feet. Parvati and Padma reclined against the couch arm with heads together, whispering and giggling whenever Harry caught their eye. They were already planning to get him alone. They wanted him all to themselves.

It was then that the common room door creaked open. Two figures slipped inside, and their entrance was almost unnoticed by the pile of naked bodies on the couch. Daphne and Hermione entered, and the moment the door clicked shut behind them, both girls froze. They were instantly hit in the face by the thick musk of sex and the unmistakable sight of a very naked Harry surrounded by six equally naked girls, all of whom looked like they'd just run a marathon.

Daphne rolled her eyes. "Of course," she muttered. Her voice was heavy with sarcasm and annoyance. She and Hermione had been planning to have a go with Harry as soon as they were done in the library. "We can't leave you alone for a single moment, can we?"

Hermione covered her mouth with both hands and giggled, but her eyes were wide and hungry. They darted around the scene with fascination. "Honestly, Harry," she managed. "What on earth did you do to them?"

Harry tried to sit up, but was held down by the dead weight of Lavender and Angelina. "It's a long story," he replied, grinning sheepishly. "I'll tell you once they let me go."

Daphne snorted and asserted her own dominance over the other girls. "Come along, Harry. You need a shower," she told him, cutely scrunching up her nose at the heavy smell of so many wet pussies. "I'll even wash your back."

Hermione nodded happily, eager to join in on their showery fun. Harry chuckled and stood up, not caring that he was still completely nude in the common room. Harry joined his two friends and left his clothes and six satisfied women behind.