

The Man in Charge

Chapter 4

Later that night, Harry was interrupted by the sound of a sharp knock on his flat's front door. He set down his book and stretched before walking the short distance to the door. Through the peephole, he caught sight of the distorted images of Hermione and Ginny Weasley. Hermione had barely waited before she knocked again, this time with more urgency. He opened the door and put on his best, roguish smile.

Hermione stood in the entryway, clutching her bag to her stomach. She wore a cropped halter top that showed off her midriff, and the neckline was more than deep enough to reveal the high, shadowy slopes of her breasts and the deep cleavage between them. The top clung to every luscious curve. Her skirt was a tiny pleated number in navy, and it was seductively short. It barely covered the bottom curve of her ass and was nowhere near long enough to hide the tops of her thighs. Her legs, still perfectly smooth and shimmering with lotion, trembled with a visible effort to keep her knees together.

Next to Hermione stood Ginny Weasley. She was shorter than Hermione by a few centimeters, but her body radiated athletic confidence. Ginny's blue jeans looked painted on, and the seams threatened to split across her thighs and ass if she so much as bent over. Her t-shirt was white and fitted, hugging her well-endowed chest like a glove. Her nipples, hardened from the cold, poked against the white fabric. She wore her ginger hair in a loose ponytail. Her arms were crossed, but her blue eyes were fixed on Harry.

Hermione's face was bright pink. "Good evening, Harry," she said. "We're ... here, as you asked." Hermione had confessed that she had told Ginny about their relationship. Of course, Harry didn't care if Ginny knew that Hermione was his toy. Hermione mentioned that Ginny wanted to meet him, and Harry asked her to bring the redhead over.

Harry leaned against the doorframe and grinned. He did not need to look Hermione over, but he did anyway, dragging his gaze slowly from the soles of her little shoes and up the long, exposed skin of her legs. His eyes reached the shadow at the hem of her skirt, and finally, they moved to the valley between her tits. "You look lovely," he said.

Hermione's blush deepened. "Thank you," she shyly replied.

He turned to Ginny, who was pretending to examine her shoes. "And you must be Ginny. You're even more beautiful than I imagined," he flirtily stated and stuck out a hand. Ginny reached out and took it. Her palm was small and soft.

Hermione fidgeted, "I told you he was a flirt."

Harry chuckled, and, instead of releasing Ginny's hand, he raised it to his lips and kissed the back of it. He lingered, and his lips brushed her knuckles. He watched as the flush raced from her neck to her ears.

Ginny snorted, but she didn't pull her hand away. "You're even more of a cheeky bastard than I imagined." Harry couldn't help but chuckle.

Hermione let her eyes linger on Harry's naked torso. He wore only a pair of gray boxer briefs, and his abs and chest were on full display. His hair was still slightly damp from the shower he had just taken. Ginny's eyes drifted down. She did not bother to hide her appraisal as she stared at the bulge of his crotch. "Not bad," she said. Her voice sounded a bit husky.

Harry stepped aside and waved them in. "Come in, then. Don't let all the heat out."

Hermione hurried inside and set her bag on the entry bench. Ginny followed close behind. Once the door clicked shut, the temperature change hit them. The flat was warm, cozy, and smelled pleasantly of incense. The main room was filled with rare books, artifacts, and all the necessities a bachelor could ever want. There was a tray already set with three mugs, a steaming pot of tea, and a stack of biscuits. Harry's robe hung on the back of a chair.

Hermione moved to the couch and sat with her legs squeezed together and her skirt bunched high. Ginny took a seat next to her and crossed one leg over the other. Harry took his own seat between them, lounging so his knees brushed Ginny's thigh. He poured tea into the mugs and passed one to each girl.

Hermione held her mug with both hands, soaking in the warmth and comfort. Ginny daintily sipped hers. She set her mug down after only a single sip and clasped her hands tight in her lap. She turned to Harry, her eyes bright with excitement and barely contained nervousness.

"This is so surreal," she breathed. "It's like meeting a real celebrity, you know." She reached up, tucked a strand of her red hair behind her ear, then glanced from Hermione to Harry and back again. "I always told Hermione you were the bravest bloke I'd ever heard of. What you did last month ... with the Death Eaters ... everyone's still talking about it. The Aurors said you took on six at once. By yourself!"

Harry shot her a crooked smile and shrugged, deliberately playing it down. "It wasn't all that heroic," he modestly stated. "They got the drop on me. Once you've been hit by a few Unforgivables, you learn to take down your enemies hard and fast."

Hermione gasped, but Ginny's breathing grew heavier. She was clearly thrilled. "That's exactly what I mean! Most people would break down and run if they were outnumbered like that, but you just kept fighting. The Prophet made it sound like you are the next coming of Merlin." She leaned forward, and her voice dropped to a sensual tone. "You're kind of my hero," she admitted, the words tumbling out faster than she meant.

Harry let the compliment hang in the air, then shifted his weight just enough for his thigh to rub against Ginny's. Her breath hitched, and she let it happen. Harry noticed her face was growing pinker by the second.

"Thank you," he said. With a wicked glint, he added, "But you didn't come here to talk about the Prophet, did you?"

Ginny's flush deepened, but she didn't look away. "I guess I wanted to meet the real Harry Potter," she said. "Hermione told me you're ... different." She shot her friend a look, but Hermione was fidgeting with her skirt and staring down at her tea.

"Oh, he's different, alright," Hermione said softly, not looking up. Her face was growing hot as she thought about Harry ordering her into so many sexual positions. Of course, Hermione had dutifully obeyed and was roundly fucked as a reward for her obedience.

Harry reached over and placed a hand on Hermione's bare knee, and his fingers spread out so that his thumb brushed up her inner thigh. He squeezed her silky flesh and drew slow, gentle patterns on the delicate skin above her knee. Hermione sucked in a sharp breath and bit her lip. Her legs closed tight together to keep the smell of her wet pussy from wafting into the room.

Ginny's eyes tracked the movement of his hand instantly. Her breath hitched, and for a second she forgot to play it cool. It was one thing to imagine Harry Potter as a flirt, but to see him so casually playing with Hermione's thighs. He was doing it right here in front of her, for heaven's sake! The man had no shame, and it sent an aroused jolt through Ginny's own body. Her knees pressed together, hiding her own state of arousal. She glanced at Harry's face, and then looked back at his hand as it slid higher. His fingers reached just below the hem of Hermione's miniskirt.

Harry grinned wider, noticing Ginny's arousal in the way she stared, open-mouthed and unblinking. He shifted his hand slightly, letting his fingertips graze the sensitive skin at the edge of Hermione's panties. Hermione shuddered and let out a cute gasp.

"Is this the Harry you wanted to meet?" Harry asked, his voice low and teasing.

Ginny swallowed, and her voice suddenly sounded small. "I ... yeah. I think so." The room suddenly felt extra hot to Ginny. "You really do just take what you want, don't you?"

"Sometimes," Harry replied, never breaking eye contact. "But only if they want it to be taken." Ginny's cheeks went bright red, but she didn't flinch. Her eyes darted to Hermione, who was flushed and breathing shallowly, her body trembling under Harry's touch.

Hermione tilted her head back and let out a quiet, involuntary whimper as Harry's hand slid a little further up, his fingers disappearing beneath the fabric of her skirt. Ginny could see the

movement under the fabric and could practically feel the sexual tension radiating from her friend. The sight made Ginny feel almost unbearably hot, and she uncrossed, then recrossed her legs, trying to subtly relieve the pressure building between them.

Harry finally slipped his hand away from Hermione's thigh, leaving her panting and pressed into the couch. Harry then turned back to Ginny. "I'm glad you came over," he said. "I like being around people who aren't afraid of a bit of excitement."

Ginny let out a shaky laugh and shook her head. "You're going to be nothing but trouble."

He chuckled, unrepentant. "That's what they keep telling me."

Hermione was still shivering. Her skirt was bunched high on her thighs, but she hardly noticed the exposure. Her eyes were glassy, and her breathing was ragged. Ginny put a hand on Hermione's arm. "Are you okay?" she asked. Hermione looked seconds away from either passing out or squirting all over the room.

Hermione nodded, and her answer was a breathless, "Yes."

Ginny smirked, feeling braver now. "It looks like he's got you wrapped around his finger." Then, after a momentary pause, she whispered, "I'm jealous, honestly."

"Don't be," Hermione managed. "You're right ... He's nothing but trouble." However, her words betrayed the thrill she felt.

Harry watched the two of them, thoroughly entertained. "There's no reason you both can't have a little fun," he said, and with that, he offered them the plate of biscuits without ever breaking eye contact with Ginny.

Ginny took a biscuit and braced herself for whatever was going to happen. She could already tell the night would get far more interesting.

The Man in Charge

Harry was kneeling on the bed, his hand gripping Hermione's hair as he pounded into her from behind. Her face was pressed into the duvet, her body flushed and trembling, and her hips drove back to meet every thrust. The slap of their skin filled the room, punctuated by the wet sounds of Hermione's cunt milking Harry's cock. Her skirt was pushed high over her hips, and her shirt was wadded up on the floor. She was braced on her elbows to keep her from completely collapsing under the force of his relentless rhythm. Harry's abs flexed, sweat glistening on his torso, and his face was twisted in pleasure.

With one hand, he gripped Hermione's hip, and with the other, he pressed his thumb into the valley of her ass and felt the tight, quivering hole between her pillowy cheeks. He rubbed it in

slow, taunting circles, smearing her pussy juice over the delicate skin. Hermione moaned, her back arched, and her knees spread wider, as if inviting him deeper.

Harry glanced over to the side of the room, where Ginny sat in a black leather chair. She'd been watching from the beginning, sitting on the edge of the cushion with her knees pressed tightly together. Her breathing was shallow and rapid, and her face was flushed a deep red. Her eyes never left the sight of her friend's body getting jackhammered into the mattress. She looked both incredibly embarrassed to be witnessing it and completely unable to tear her gaze away.

Harry met Ginny's eyes, grinned, and slowed his thrusts to a grinding, teasing motion that made Hermione whimper desperately. He never broke eye contact with Ginny as he pressed his thumb harder against Hermione's tight asshole, watching the way Ginny's whole body tensed at the sight. Ginny's hands trembled as she gripped her thighs.

"You like watching this, don't you?" Harry said, his voice low and rough. "I can practically smell your wet pussy from here."

Ginny swallowed hard, and her lips parted. "I ..." she started, but her voice vanished in her throat.

Harry leaned forward, more for Ginny's benefit than Hermione's. He spread Hermione's cheeks apart with both hands, showing off the way his cock pistoned in and out of her. The juices soaked his length and ran down Hermione's thighs. He pressed his thumb against Hermione's asshole again, and Hermione choked out a cry of pleasure. Her whole body shuddered.

"Come here, Ginny," Harry said. "Take your jeans off and show me what you're wearing underneath."

Ginny stared at him, her knuckles white on the arms of the chair. For a second, Harry thought she might refuse, but then she inhaled shakily and stood. She kicked off her trainers, peeled off her socks, and unbuttoned her jeans. Her hands shook as she shimmied them down her legs, revealing pale, shapely thighs. She wore simple, pink cotton panties underneath. They were nothing fancy, but the fabric clung to the cleft of her cunt, and the crotch of her panties was already wet and dark.

Hermione, with her face mashed sideways on the bed, lifted her head and managed a throaty, desperate moan as she watched Ginny undress. "He wants to see you," Hermione panted. "Go on, Gin."

Ginny's hands hovered at the waistband of her panties, but she hesitated. Instead of removing them, she hooked her thumbs beneath and pulled them upwards, outlining the shape of her pussy lips beneath the cotton. The outline was unmistakable. The puffy, triangular mound was pressed so tight that the fabric threatened to disappear into her slit. Her breathing was ragged, and her eyes were locked on Harry's while she waited for further instructions.

Harry growled his approval. "Sit back down. Spread your legs for me."

Ginny complied at once, dropping back into the chair and draping her legs over each armrest. She spread them so wide that the crotch of her panties pulled into her, rode up, and exposed the wet, glistening lips at either side. Harry could see the faint shimmer of her juices on her inner thighs. Ginny's face was burning, but she didn't try to hide.

Hermione reached back blindly, trying to grab Harry's hip and pull him deeper. "Please," she begged, her voice muffled by the bedding. "Harder, Harry, please ..."

Harry obliged and slammed into her with renewed force, but his eyes never left Ginny, who was now unconsciously grinding her ass into the leather seat. "You're so fucking hot," Harry grunted at Ginny. "I want to see more of you."

Ginny squeezed her thighs together, then let them fall open again. Without being asked, she slipped a hand down and pressed it against her panty-clad pussy, rubbing herself through the soaked fabric. A shudder ran through her, and her back arched.

Hermione was babbling now, and the words were barely coherent. "Please, please, please ..."

Harry reached around, pinched Hermione's clit between two fingers, and rolled it hard while he continued to fuck her. With his other hand, he gestured at Ginny. "Take your panties off," he said. "And touch yourself."

Ginny obeyed instantly. She hooked her fingers into the waistband and slid the panties down her legs, baring herself completely. Her pussy was shaved smooth, her lips were plump and glossy with arousal, and a bead of clear fluid dripped down to the seat of the chair. Ginny spread her lips with two fingers and began massaging her swollen clit.

Harry groaned at the sight. "Good girl," he said. "Just like that."

Ginny's eyes went glassy, and her focus flickered between Harry's face and the place where his cock pounded into Hermione. She started to tentatively move her hips before her movements got bolder, and soon, she was fucking her own fingers in time with the rhythm of Harry's thrusts. The wet sounds from the chair nearly matched the ones from the bed.

Hermione reached her own climax first. She screamed into the pillow, and her whole body convulsed as Harry's cock battered her g-spot. She shook so hard it looked like her limbs would give way. Only Harry's grip on her hips kept her from collapsing. Harry watched Ginny as she watched Hermione cum, and he could see the hunger in Ginny's expression.

The sight of Ginny so exposed and horny while touching herself was almost enough to send Harry over the edge. He smirked at the redhead as she lost all sense of control. Her body shook, and Harry could see her round, perky tits jiggling wildly under her tight shirt.

Ginny trembled, and her fingers moved faster. "I ... I want ..." she gasped, but couldn't finish the sentence. Instead, she whimpered loudly and ground her slick pussy all over the palm of her hand.

Harry grinned wider, fucking Hermione even while her sloppy, wet pussy desperately tried to choke his cock, but his attention never left Ginny's swollen, dripping cunt. Ginny's legs were spread wide, her thighs were trembling, and as her orgasm built, she let out a high-pitched whine.

"That's it, Ginny. Let me see you cum."

Ginny's back arched violently, and her head was thrown back against the chair as she came. Her whole body shook with the intensity of it. Her hand didn't stop moving, and her fingers danced over her clit as she rode out every spasm. She looked utterly wrecked and flushed as her body continued to spasm uncontrollably. She kept her legs spread as she came down from the high, letting Harry see every twitch of her pussy.

Harry shuddered, finally losing control. He gripped Hermione's hips and slammed home, emptying himself inside her with a deep moan. Hermione whimpered loudly as her pussy began to overflow with hot, sticky cum. Only once he'd finished did he let go, collapsing forward and burying his face in Hermione's neck. She squeaked as her pussy continued to milk him, and her body was spent and shaking. Hermione mewled and smiled as Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and held her tight. She gasped as Harry thrust his hips a few more times, making sure to seed her with every last drop.

Ginny sat there with her legs still open, breathing hard. Her hands were limp in her lap. She looked at Harry with wide eyes and managed a shaky smile. "Bloody hell," she said. She couldn't believe what had just transpired.

Harry laughed and slowly pulled out of Hermione. She whined cutely as his shaft slid across her tight, silky walls. "I'm glad you both enjoyed the show," he said, his voice thick with exhaustion. Ginny walked over and joined them on the bed. Harry caressed her smooth, sexy thigh.

Hermione rolled onto her side, reached for Ginny's hand, and squeezed it tight. Ginny squeezed back, grinning through her blush. "I have to get back to the Burrow soon, but next time ...," Ginny said. "... I want a turn on the bed."

Harry smirked and gently brushed his fingers over her hard, throbbing clit. "We'll see if you can handle it." Ginny just blushed, and Harry knew she'd be back.