

Hogwarts Adventure

Chapter 21

Molly Weasley had spent the last half hour bustling around the kitchen, busying herself with the trivialities of housework in a desperate effort to ignore the anxious flutter in her chest. She refused to admit she was nervous about Harry being in her house. What an absurd notion, she scolded herself. He was just a nice, young man who needed looking after, no different than her own. Still, what he was packing in his trousers ... just the thought of it had her pussy feeling extra sensitive. More than once, she had to stop what she was doing and rub herself to help with the desperate ache between her legs.

She risked a glance toward the stairs and considered calling up for Ginny, who, as usual, was late to come down for breakfast. Instead, Molly decided she'd simply check on her herself. She wiped her hands on a dishtowel and ascended the rickety staircase. As she passed by the twins' room, she paused, wary of any sign of mischief, but all was silent. Molly pressed on, and her heart gave an odd little skip at the prospect of seeing Harry again.

She reached Ginny's bedroom door and stopped. Ginny was always so private, and with a new guest in the house, she'd likely be even more self-conscious. Molly pushed the door open, intending to be as brief as possible. It was something she'd done a thousand times before. However, she was wholly unprepared for what greeted her.

The first thing she noticed was the smell. A thick, musky scent hung in the air, unmistakable to any woman who'd ever lain with a man. Molly's cheeks flushed instantly, and she faltered, half-turning to leave before curiosity overrode her embarrassment.

The scene unfolded as Molly looked at the bed. Ginny lay sprawled on her back at the center of her small, sunlit bed, utterly exposed. Her coppery hair fanned out wildly against the pillow, and her legs were spread wide, any pretense of modesty abandoned. Harry loomed above her, completely naked, and his back was corded with muscle and damp with sweat. One of his arms curled protectively around the base of Ginny's neck, and his fingers were tangled in her hair. His other hand was clamped firmly to Ginny's hip, holding her in place as he drove his cock between her parted thighs with an intensity that made Molly's knees wobble.

Ginny's lovely face was twisted in pleasure. Her unseeing eyes fluttered, and every breath was a shallow gasp. Her mouth was frozen in an ecstatic O, and every time Harry thrust into her, Ginny squeaked out a helpless noise that sounded nothing like her normal voice. The wet, obscene squelching of her pussy filled the room, and for a dizzying moment, Molly thought she might faint.

She told herself she should leave. This was, after all, an unforgivable breach of trust. She knew she ought to leave and close the door behind her, but instead, Molly hovered frozen in the doorway, her own body betraying her as heat crept up her neck and pooled in her belly.

Harry's eyes snapped up, meeting hers with a knowing smile. For a moment, Molly panicked, certain she'd be met with outrage or, worse, disgust at her intrusion. But Harry only grinned wider, utterly unashamed. He didn't falter or even slow down. Instead, he bent his head and nibbled at Ginny's earlobe, whispering something that made Ginny giggle and then gasp again as Harry redoubled his efforts.

"Hey, Molly," Harry greeted her in a breathless but cheerful voice, as if nothing at all were amiss. He rocked his hips forward, and Ginny's body jerked with the force of it. "I hope you don't mind. Ginny and I were just ... getting to know one another."

Molly's tongue felt thick and useless in her mouth. "I ... I was just ..." she managed, her voice trembling. She tore her gaze away from the spot where Harry's cock disappeared into Ginny's tight pussy and instead focused on a Quidditch poster hanging on the wall near the bed. It didn't help at all. The sound, scent, and sheer eroticism of it were overwhelming.

Harry let out a wicked laugh, then turned back to Ginny, who was too lost in sensation to notice Molly standing there. He pounded into her harder, and each thrust was followed by a sloppy, wet squelch of Ginny's pussy. "We've become very close, as you can see," Harry said, looking back at Molly with a glint in his eye.

Molly's hands flew to her face, but the gap between her fingers was wide enough to let the scene play out in front of her. She couldn't look away. Somehow, she'd always thought her first time would be something slower, gentler, and almost sacred. This was raw, desperate, and animalistic, and Ginny looked happier and more alive than Molly had ever seen her.

Harry's words snapped Molly back to reality. She realized she was still standing there, gaping like a fool. She tried to muster some dignity. "Well, I ... I was only hoping you two would become acquainted ... but I didn't expect ..." she stammered. Her cheeks were red, and her knees were pressed tightly together.

Harry smiled at her, and his eyes were practically twinkling. "We're getting along famously."

Ginny let out a high-pitched, shivering squeal as she came, and her whole body arched off the mattress. Harry followed with a deep, throaty groan, and he ground into her with a final, brutal thrust. Even after he filled her, he kept moving, determined to wring every last drop of pleasure from the act.

Molly had never seen anything like it, not even in her youth. She could feel her own body responding. Wetness seeped down her pussy, and there was a throb in her clit that refused to be ignored. She hated herself for betraying Arthur with her naughty thoughts, but she also didn't. Something buried deep inside her was thrilled at the filth and the freedom of it all.

She must have made some sound, because Harry looked at her again and shot her a cocky grin. "I hope you and I become just as close," he said, and punctuated his statement with another thrust into Ginny. The words hit Molly in the core, shocking her with their brazenness.

A thick drop of arousal slid down Molly's inner thigh. She stifled a moan and tried desperately to regain control. "T-That would be lovely, dear," she managed to say, her voice squeakier than she'd intended. She fled the room, slamming the door behind her and pressing her hot face to the cool wall of the hallway.

Molly took a moment to catch her breath as her heart hammered in her chest. She could hear the faint, rhythmic squeaking of the bed behind Ginny's door, and she pressed her thighs together to quell the ache that had ignited between her legs.

She stumbled down the hallway, barely remembering her original errand. Her feet carried her to her own bedroom, where she shut the door quickly and leaned against it, trying to steady herself.

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The sun was beginning to set beyond the orchard, casting everything in golden light and dark shadows. Harry and Ron zipped between the gnarled branches, each astride a battered broom. They laughed and shouted, chasing each other through loops and feints, and never once touching the ground in their makeshift Quidditch pitch.

Every so often, Harry would catch a glint of movement from the crooked old house on the hill. Ginny was standing in front of her open window. At first, she just watched with a worshipful gaze, her eyes tracking Harry's every movement. But as he swooped closer, she grew bolder. She leaned out, and with a naughty grin, she lifted the hem of her shirt and flashed her perfect tits to Harry. The first time she did it, he almost crashed into a tree. The second time, she yanked the shirt over her head entirely, letting her coppery hair tumble over her naked shoulders. Ginny took it further by shaking her chest from side to side, making them flop and bounce around. Her rosy nipples were incredibly stiff from the cold, but she didn't seem to mind.

Then, as Harry made his final pass, Ginny hiked her shorts down, baring her smooth, hairless mound to him. She locked eyes with Harry, grinning, and ran her fingers slowly along her slit. Harry grinned and nearly lost his grip on the broomstick. Ron, oblivious to everything, didn't notice any of it.

After another fifteen minutes of back-and-forth, Ron's stomach finally overpowered his competitive spirit. "Oi, I'm starving!" he yelled, already banking toward the house. "First one to the kitchen gets the last treacle tart!"

"That's cheating!" Harry called after him, but Ron was already out of earshot, his broomstick wobbling dangerously as he dove for the back door. The orchard fell silent, and Harry coasted to

the ground. His boots squelched in the damp soil, and he shouldered his broom while glancing up at Ginny's now-empty window. He smirked, shook his head, and started off toward the row of knobbly trees that led back to the Burrow.

He had only made it halfway to the fence when he spotted Molly weaving between the trunks, her arms wrapped tight around her body as if to chase away the cold. She wore a dress so thin and summery that it clung to her every curve. The neckline plunged low and barely contained her heavy, pendulous tits. Her ginger curls were dancing in the wind, and the skirt of her dress whipped feverishly around her thighs, exposing flashes of her ample ass and, beneath it, the inviting pink of her hairless cunt.

Molly paused when she saw Harry, and she graced him with a warm, inviting smile. "Oh! Harry, dear," she called, stepping out from behind a tree and smoothing her dress against her hips. "You gave me a scare, popping up like that. What are you still doing out here?"

Harry leaned his broom against the trunk and sauntered over, his eyes never leaving her body. "I'm just out getting a bit of fresh air. Someone's got to keep the orchard safe from mischief makers." He let his eyes roam openly over the curve of her tits, and Molly's smile widened as she caught him looking.

"Well, aren't you a proper gentleman?" she teased. "I see you boys have been working up quite a sweat." She reached out and touched his cheek with the back of her hand, her fingers lingering just a moment too long. "You're quite roguish when you're flushed like that. Mischievous to the core."

Harry grinned, his confidence bolstered by the attention. "You know, Molly, you're looking rather ..." he let his eyes trail down her cleavage. "... vibrant this evening." Her nipples were rock-hard and poking through the thin fabric of her tight dress.

Molly laughed, and the movement of her body made her breasts bounce invitingly. "You flatterer," she said. Her cheeks reddened, and she took a step closer. "Now, you be careful, standing out here in the wind. You might catch yourself a cold."

Harry took a step closer, and her perfume filled his nose. "I'll keep warm enough ...," he said before adding, "... if you're around." As if on cue, another gust of wind hit, and Molly's dress ballooned up, baring her pussy and entire backside to him.

She yelped and tried to press the fabric down, but Harry's hands were faster. He caught her by the hips and tugged her close, pinning her against his own body. For a moment, they stood there, their eyes locked. Then Molly let her head fall back, exposing her pale throat, and she moaned quietly as Harry's hands kneaded her bare ass.

"Oh my ... Harry!" she gasped, but there was no resistance in her movements. "What if someone ...?"

“There’s no one here but the trees, Molly,” Harry slyly stated. He let his fingers slip between her cheeks, and he quickly found her little, puckered hole. Molly trembled against him, and her hands clutched at his shoulders.

“You’re such a naughty boy,” she whispered, but her voice was breathless and eager. “A true rogue, just as I said.”

Harry pressed his mouth to her ear, nipped her earlobe, and laughed softly. “You don’t know the half of it.”

He slid his hand between her legs, and his fingers found her slit already slick and swollen. Molly cried out, muffling the sound against Harry’s shoulder. She arched into him, her body hungry for his touch, and Harry wasted no time in teasing the sensitive nub of her clit. He rolled it between his fingers until Molly was shaking and sagging with pleasure.

He coaxed her gently to the ground, where the grass was soft and dry. Molly’s dress rode high on her hips, and her breasts heaved with every desperate breath. Harry tugged down her dress, causing her tits to spill out. He took one of her nipples into his mouth, circling it with his tongue, and she whimpered and dug her fingers into his hair. She spread her thighs invitingly, and her pussy was glistening and pink. Wetness was smeared all over her inner thighs.

Harry knelt between her legs and admired the view. He then licked her from asshole to clit, savoring her taste. Molly shuddered, clapped a hand over her mouth to stifle a scream, and bucked her hips against his face.

“Oh, Harry, please ... my clit ... ” she begged, her voice shaking.

He chuckled against her pussy and flicked her clit with his tongue before sliding two fingers inside her, curling them until Molly went rigid beneath him. She came once, then quickly came again, each time gushing more pussy juice onto his fingers and tongue.

When she was nothing but a quivering, satisfied mess, Harry wiped his mouth and climbed up her body, kissing her lips and letting her taste herself on his mouth. She kissed him back hungrily, clutching him tight, and whispered, “You’re even better than I imagined.”

Harry laughed and kissed her again, then trailed his hand down her body and slipped his fingers back inside her pussy. She was even wetter than before, and he delighted in the way she clenched around his hand, desperate for more. Molly cried out, and her pussy began fluttering around his thrusting fingers. Harry pulled out and ordered her onto her hands and knees.

Molly braced her hands in the grass, feeling the cold earth against her palms as she got on all fours. The wind rushed over her exposed backside and made her shiver, but she loved how it made her feel. She felt young and attractive again. The skirt of her dress rode up over her hips

so that her ass and pussy were totally bare, and she could imagine exactly how she looked to Harry. She could feel his eyes on her flushed, quivering cheeks, the glistening slit, and the pink, winking star of her asshole.

Harry knelt behind her and ran both hands over her ass, squeezing and spreading her cheeks until she felt like there was nothing left of her dignity. She looked back over her shoulder and saw the hunger burning in him. His jaw was clenched tightly, and his eyes never left her body. He leaned forward, buried his face between her cheeks, and licked her from her pussy all the way up to her asshole, making Molly's arms nearly collapse under her. She gasped and whimpered, clutching at the grass as Harry drew circles around her tightest hole with his tongue, teasing and taunting her with his mouth. She had never felt so completely at the mercy of another person, and she loved it.

"Fuck, Molly," Harry groaned as he pulled away. "I could eat this ass all day."

"You're a brute," she managed to say in a voice choked with desire.

"Guilty as charged," he said, and she could hear the grin in his voice.

Harry unzipped his jeans and fished out his cock, which was so hard and thick that it looked almost angry. Molly nearly fainted when she saw the sheer length of it. He would destroy her with that thing, Molly immediately thought. He stroked it once, letting the head bump against her clit, and Molly whimpered, pushing her hips back to guide him in. He lined himself up and slammed into her pussy all at once, making Molly scream into the mossy ground. He was huge and hot inside her, splitting her open in a way that felt both painful and delicious. Molly's body clenched around him, milking every inch, and her eyes rolled back as she came almost instantly, her entire body shaking from the orgasm.

She had always wanted to love sex, but her husband was like every other man ... worthless and uninterested. Harry, however, was something else. One quick thrust of his cock later, and Molly knew exactly what she had been missing all these years. Harry grabbed her hips and fucked her with reckless, brutal thrusts, driving her face-first into the grass with every stroke. His balls slapped her clit with a wet, obscene sound, and every time he bottomed out in her, Molly saw stars. She started to babble mindless filth. "Oh, yes! Just like that! Seed me, please!"

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Harry reached around to rub her clit with his fingers, making her spasm and buck. "God, look at you," he said, his voice ragged with arousal. "Bent over and dripping, begging to be fucked. What would your precious Arthur say if he saw you like this?"

Molly felt her pussy tighten at the thought, and a sick, guilty thrill raced through her. "He's not half the man you are," she blurted without even thinking. "You fuck me better than he ever did!"

Harry laughed loudly and smacked her ass so hard she yelped. "You love this, don't you? You're just a dirty little slut, Molly. You're out here getting your cunt stuffed while your husband's inside waiting for his dinner."

"Oh god, yes, yes, I am! I'm sorry, I can't help it!" Molly was lost to it now, and her squeals of pleasure were coming faster and faster as Harry pounded her. She felt him spit on her asshole, then press his thumb into it, and her body seized up so violently that she almost blacked out. She came again, her pussy gushed, and her legs shook uncontrollably. There was no hiding it. She was squirting all over Harry's cock. The realization was both humiliating and exhilarating.

Harry groaned and dug his fingers into her thick, fleshy hips, rutting into her faster and harder, until Molly could barely breathe. She was crying out with pleasure, and at that moment, nothing else mattered. "Please," she whimpered. "Please, Harry ... fill me up."

He chuckled and rammed her down onto his cock. His balls beat her clit like a battering ram, and his thumb was still buried in her ass. He could feel her asshole squeezing it, like it was trying to suck on it. "Where do you want it? Your pussy, your mouth, or your ass?" he groaned.

"Pussy, please ... I need it!" She was begging now, and her pride was totally gone.

Harry slammed into her one last time and exploded inside her, flooding her cunt with hot, thick ropes of cum. The sensation sent Molly over the edge again, and she came a third time, her back arching like a cheap whore. Harry slumped over her, pinning her to the grass, and stayed inside her until every last drop had been deposited.

Molly had never felt so full in her entire life. Her cunt dripped with Harry's cum, her asshole still twitched around his thumb, and every inch of her skin felt alive with shame and delight. She collapsed onto her elbows and let out a pathetic whine as her entire body trembled.

Harry withdrew slowly, loving the way her pussy tried to keep him inside. He knelt behind her, spread her cheeks, and watched his seed leak out of her swollen slit. He ran a hand down the curve of her ass, caressing her incredibly soft and smooth skin. Molly's chest heaved with every ragged breath. She was a complete mess. Her hair was tangled with twigs, and her face was smeared with dirt. Her thighs were slick with a mixture of Harry's cum and her drippings, but she had never felt so good in her life.

She looked back over her shoulder and gave Harry a lazy, satisfied smile. "I don't think I'll ever be able to look at the orchard the same way again," she panted. Harry laughed and smacked her ass again, making her fat cheeks ripple in the winter dusk.