

Hogwarts Adventure

Chapter 23

Lavender's heart was hammering in her chest as Harry manhandled her through the door of the Leaky Cauldron's coziest room. He kicked the door closed so hard the picture on the wall rattled, then spun her around so she landed on the mattress. Her golden hair fanned out, and Harry eyed up her smooth, bare legs. She barely had time to giggle before he pounced.

Instead of crawling onto the bed like a normal bloke, Harry gripped her ankles and dragged her to the edge, so her ass teetered over the mattress. Her knees fell open in an unladylike manner toward the ceiling. The cold air hit her sopping-wet pussy, and Lavender shivered from both chilliness and arousal. Seeing her shiver, Harry flicked his wand at the fireplace, and a roaring fire sprang to life, instantly warming the small room. The skirt of her dress was already bunched up around her hips, but Harry was greedy. He pulled at it anyway, stretching the strappy fabric until it threatened to tear. He palmed her thighs and shoved them even wider, and his eyes locked onto the pink, glistening slit between her legs with pure hunger.

"Harry," she gasped. She was mortified by how needy she sounded, but also delighted. Harry was the only guy she knew who could give her what she both wanted and needed. He bent forward, nudged her legs over his shoulders, and pressed his mouth to her inner thigh. Lavender whimpered, and her toes curled in her ridiculous high heels as he licked a slow, erotic line from her knee up to the slick crease of her thigh. Harry grinned against her skin when he heard her moan. He then did it again, leaving a wet trail that made her skin tingle. The suspense was torture. He was so close, but he refused to let her have it.

She tried to reach for his hair, but her arms were pinned under her own legs. She squirmed, and the motion let her feel just how wet she was. Her own juices were all over her thighs, and Harry seemed to notice, because he shamelessly licked it up. The bastard was enjoying making her ache for it. He ran his hands up and down her calves like he was appreciating the shape of them, and the way his fingertips brushed the backs of her knees made her pussy clench.

Then, finally, he buried his face in her pussy and licked her cunt like it was his favorite flavor of ice cream. Lavender could only arch her back and moan because it felt so fucking good. Harry was not gentle or polite. He sucked her clit into his mouth and tongued it with quick, relentless strokes that made her eyes roll back. She was embarrassingly loud, but it was the Leaky Cauldron, not the Hogwarts library, and besides, she'd always liked the idea of people hearing her pleasure. Harry didn't stop. He just kept going, gripping her thighs, spreading her open, and eating her out like a man possessed.

She was already shaking as her orgasm built way too fast, but Harry slipped two fingers inside her and curled them. Lights flashed brightly behind her eyes. Lavender screamed in pleasure as the first wave hit her, and her hips bucked involuntarily against Harry's face. He didn't let up for

a second. He just held her down and fucked her with his fingers. His tongue didn't slow until she was a whimpering, shuddering mess, clutching the sheets so hard her hands went numb.

She felt her vision blur at the edges as the pleasure peaked. Harry was ruthless, and she loved him for it. He only let go when she collapsed backward with her thighs trembling around his head. She couldn't speak. She could barely breathe, but she managed to glance down and see him licking her cream off his lips, like a proper degenerate.

With a wicked smirk, Harry stood up, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and kissed her slowly and deeply, so she could taste herself on his tongue. "I can tell how much you've missed me," he cheekily stated, and Lavender, still breathless and dazed, could only laugh.

Harry pushed her legs up a little higher, manhandling her into a position that he liked. He didn't even bother getting undressed. He just unzipped his jeans, pushed them down, and pressed the leaking tip of his cock to her entrance. She was way too sensitive, and when he slid the head in, Lavender nearly came again from the stretch alone.

"Bloody hell, you're tight," Harry growled, and the words made the heat spike through her whole body. He thrust slowly for the first few strokes, letting her adjust, but Lavender was greedy, needy, and desperate, and she rocked her hips to take more of him in. Harry gripped her thighs and slammed into her, and the sound of their bodies smacking together was loud and obscene in the little room.

She met his thrusts with wild, urgent movements, causing her hair to fly and her tits to bounce with every motion. Harry leaned over her, grabbed her wrists, pinned them to the bed above her head, and started to fuck her with deep, hard thrusts that made her heart stutter. She loved feeling helpless, open, and used just for his pleasure. She loved the way her body responded, the wet slap of his balls against her ass, and the way his cock hit all the right spots inside her.

With her legs up in the air, Harry unclasped her heels and let them drop to the floor, leaving her small feet bare. Just then, Harry angled his thrusts and hit her g-spot, making her toes curl and her back arch. It only took a few more thrusts until she was creaming his cock. Lavender let out a pleased howl, and her pussy clamped down with a crushing grip. Harry moaned in response, loving how her pussy fluttered around his aching shaft. Harry pulled out of her, and Lavender whimpered from the loss.

Harry quickly got undressed. He pulled his shirt off over his head, then kicked off his trainers, socks, and finally shucked his jeans in one impatient tug. Every time he revealed more skin, Lavender's eyes widened, and her cheeks flushed a deeper pink. Her eyes were glued to his body. Harry was quite fit, but what really made her pulse pound was the thick cock jutting from his body. It was already glistening and slick from her own wetness.

Lavender bit her lip and squirmed on the edge of the bed. Her thighs pressed together to try and relieve the ache building inside her. She looked up at Harry's face, saw his cocky smirk, and

then looked back down, staring at his cock like it was the only thing in the room that mattered. Oh, how she wanted to taste him.

Harry must have read her mind, because he took her by the chin and tilted her face up so she had to meet his gaze. He smirked cheekily. "Eyes up here, Lav."

Lavender giggled and tossed her hair, but she didn't look away from him. "You have no idea how much I missed you. Fingering myself isn't the same as the real thing."

Harry laughed amusedly. "Yeah? Let's see if you remember how to use that pretty mouth of yours."

He helped her up from the bed, and before she could even catch her balance, he was dragging her dress down her shoulders. The fabric was already bunched at her hips from their earlier fun, and with one sharp tug, he pulled the whole thing off in one smooth go. In the process, Lavender's tits bounced free. Her big, jiggy tits bounced and swayed, and the cool air instantly hardened her big pink nipples. They were perfect, round, and perky, with just enough natural sway. If there was a standard for awesome boobs, Lavender's would be in the Hogwarts curriculum.

Harry groaned openly. "Fucking hell, Lav. Those are the best tits in all of Hogwarts." He cupped both of them in his hands, jiggling them lightly and flicking the tips of her nipples with his thumbs. Lavender whimpered, enjoying the attention.

"You really like them?" she teased, arching her back to push her tits into his hands.

Harry leaned in and bit one nipple. It wasn't hard enough to hurt, but just enough to make her squeal and dig her fingers into his scalp. "They're brilliant," he said. "Now get on your knees."

She dropped instantly, and her knees softly hit the threadbare rug. Harry stepped closer and put his cock right in front of her lips. Pre-cum already beaded at the tip, and Lavender licked it up with a slow, teasing lap of her tongue. She looked up at him with wide, innocent eyes. She fluttered her long, black lashes like she was the world's sweetest angel. Then she grinned wickedly and took him into her mouth with one hand wrapped around the base.

Harry threaded his fingers into her hair and guided her pace. Lavender's lips were full and warm, and her tongue swirled around the head of his cock. He groaned and thrust gently, letting her get used to his size. It had been a while since she had his cock in her mouth, but Lavender had always been a fast learner, and soon she was taking him deeper with each bob of her head. Her hands stroked what her mouth couldn't reach, and she cupped and massaged his balls with the other hand. Every wet, sloppy GLUCK GLUCK GLUCK made Harry's whole body tense.

He looked down at her and smiled. "You're such a good cock-sucker, Lavender. Did you practice while I was gone?"

She pulled off with a pop, grinned, and wiped her mouth. "Mhmm. I wanted to impress you the next time we were together. I got to the point where I could fit half a cucumber down my throat," she said, then dove back down, taking him even deeper. She gagged just a little, but didn't stop. She drooled all over his cock and her own chin. Harry fucked her mouth a bit harder, driving her nose into his pelvis, and Lavender moaned around his shaft, loving every second of it.

When he was close, Harry yanked her head back gently by the hair, making her gasp for air. "Get up on the bed. Stick your ass up in the air," he ordered in a voice that was thick with lust.

Lavender scrambled onto the mattress and lifted her bare ass in the air. Her big tits dangled down onto the sheets. She was panting, and her heart was beating so hard she thought she might pass out, but she was desperate to see what Harry would do next.

Harry reached for his wand, and Lavender's heart thudded in anticipation. He pointed it at himself, and a silvery, clear gel spurted from the tip, landing in a thick stripe down the length of his cock. The sight sent a fresh thrill through Lavender, and she wondered if he'd practiced the wandwork just for this very purpose. Harry wrapped his fist around his cock and smeared the lube along his shaft, giving it a few pointed, deliberate strokes for show. When he caught her eyes, she could tell he meant business. He lined the wand up with her ass and muttered a lubrication spell, causing a cool, tingling sensation to glide over her hole and down between her cheeks. Then he trailed his hand down her ass, circling her pussy and brushing across her clit as he rubbed it in. The sensations were incredible, and Lavender shuddered.

"Does that feel good?" he asked as he toyed with her clit, and she nodded dumbly, unable to find her voice.

He pressed the tip of his finger against her ass and pushed. The slickness of her hole made it easy, but it was still intense. Lavender whined, both from the sudden intrusion and because she needed so much more. Harry grinned and kept going, working his finger inside while his other hand massaged her clit. The dual sensation was almost too much, and she found herself drooling onto the sheets. Her ass rose to meet his touch every time his finger withdrew.

Harry took his time, adding more lube and gently stretching her. He would sometimes pause to just stroke her thighs or tickle the sensitive skin at the base of her spine. Each new stroke of his finger was accompanied by an appreciative hum. He was enjoying this as much as she was, and she could feel his cock bobbing against her inner thigh. When she looked back over her shoulder, she saw him staring with a look of ownership and awe, like he'd just uncovered a treasure he hadn't known existed.

"I'm going to have so much fun with you," he said while pulling his fingers out with a wet pop. He leaned down and sucked on her inner butt cheek, making Lavender squeal. "Are you ready for more?" he asked while stroking his long cock and showing her just how hard he was.

Lavender's heart nearly burst at the sight, and she wanted to milk it and make him lose control. She arched her back, presenting her ass even more. She then let her head drop to the mattress, putting every curve and inch of skin on display for him. "Please, Harry," she breathed roughly. "Please fuck me."

He didn't tease her further. He lined up the head of his cock with her asshole and pressed in slowly, letting her hole stretch around him. Lavender gasped at the burn and the fullness. The way Harry's cock pushed inside her made her clit throb and pussy spasm, and the friction sent shivers all through her body. He moved gently, letting her adjust, but the minute she started rocking her hips back to meet him, Harry gripped her waist and drove in deeper.

The pressure and fullness was overwhelming, but she loved it. Every thrust made her see stars and gasp like a whore. Harry's cock was long and thick, and every inch of it felt like it was tailored to ruin her for anyone else. She couldn't keep from moaning, and the sounds grew in volume with every thrust.

"Your ass is so tight," Harry groaned. "God, Lavender, you're squeezing the life out of me."

She would have answered but her brain had practically been fried, and all she could do was ride the waves of pleasure and cling to the blankets with both hands. She felt him start to pick up speed, and the new angle made the head of his cock slam against a spot inside her that made her knees nearly buckle. His balls thudded against her pussy with every slap, sending vibrations through her clit, which was now as hard and swollen as it had ever been.

Harry slid a hand between her legs and started rolling her clit with his fingers. He flicked and squeezed it just the way she liked. The wet squelch of lube and skin was joined by the relentless slap of his hips and her own whorish cries. She could feel her orgasm building again, and her body was desperate to cum. When Harry pinched her clit and gave it a little tug, Lavender shrieked, and her whole body convulsed as a sudden, violent orgasm ripped through her. Her pussy contracted in time with her shuddering gasps, and she squirted messily all over the bed. Her juices mixed with the lube and ran down her thighs.

Harry didn't slow down. If anything, he pounded her harder, using the added slickness to fuck her even deeper. She came again less than a minute later, and her body betrayed her with a second, even more powerful squirt that soaked the sheets and left her gasping for air. Harry's desperate grunts filled her ears, and she realized in a fog of bliss that he was close. The thought of Harry losing control and cumming inside her made something deep in her belly twist with excitement.

"I'm going to fill you up," he panted. "Would you like that, Lav? Would you like me to fill up your tight, little asshole?"

She whimpered and nodded frantically, and Harry forcefully gripped her hips. He pulled her back onto his cock and buried himself inside her to the hilt. Lavender felt him twitch, and then the hot

flood of his seed filled her ass. The overwhelming sensation sent her into one last, thundering orgasm. She trembled and cried out as Harry fucked every last drop into her. Every thrust of his cock was followed by a massive squirt of pussy juice.

When he finally pulled out, she collapsed onto the bed, and her face pressed into the wet, ruined sheets. Her whole body felt numb, but in the best possible way. She was panting, spent, and still twitching with little aftershocks of pleasure. She could feel Harry's cum leaking from her ass and running down her thigh, and the filthy, used feeling made her shudder with satisfaction.

Harry ran his hand over her wide hip and bent down to kiss the small of her back. "How was that?" he teasingly asked.

She managed a shaky laugh and rolled over to face him. "That was ... Merlin, Harry, that was incredible."

He flopped next to her on the bed and pulled her into his arms. "Yeah ... It was pretty brilliant," he told her. Lavender kissed him sweetly and looked at him with complete devotion.

They lay together for a while with Lavender's body sprawled across Harry's chest. The room was filled with the lingering smell of sex, but it felt cozy, like a little den built just for the two of them.

Lavender fingers traced idle patterns across Harry's chest. "So, where do we go from here?" she asked. Her voice was soft but full of mischief. "I mean, we still have the rest of the day."

Harry grinned and nuzzled her neck. He playfully nipped her skin, and Lavender giggled. "Oh, I plan on making the most of it. But first, let's clean you up." He reached for his wand, cast a quick cleaning charm, and watched with satisfaction as the sheets and their bodies were magically restored to pristine condition. Lavender giggled, but she didn't protest when Harry rolled her back onto her stomach and started massaging her sore muscles. His touch was amazing, and she melted under the attention.

She felt him press a kiss to her shoulder, and his hand snaked between her legs. "Do you want more?" he teasingly asked. His fingers were already exploring her body again. She gasped loudly when his fingertips parted her slick folds. They moved up and down the length of her slit and teased her entrance.

Lavender could only moan in response, but the answer was obvious. She blushed when he chuckled amusedly, but she squealed when he flipped her onto her back, folded her body in half, and immediately began fucking her like a caveman gone wild. Lavender couldn't wait to tell Parvati about this. She could already see the jealousy in her friend's eyes. However, all thoughts of Parvati instantly left her mind when Harry angled his thrusts and pounded her g-spot. She correctly guessed that she wouldn't be making it to the family business today.