Night Moves

Summary

After the Death Eater attack at the Quidditch world cup sends Harry into an overworked panic trying to get stronger, Hermione resorts to desperate measures to get him to relax. Namely, secret nightly visits where she worships his cock every night to help him let off some steam, but Harry's not quite as sleepy as he lets on, and Hermione is in for a while slew of surprises to come. Commission for Lord of Bones.
The day that Hermione found Harry studying in the middle of the summer, she knew something was very, very wrong.

She'd watched him for days after the Quidditch World Cup, holed up in some corner of the Burrow where he could find some quiet, nose buried into a book. The fluidity with which he crammed himself into any corner he could find to isolate himself with a book reminded Hermione unsettlingly of how she would often read, but there was something much more distressing about how Harry was doing it. He wasn't getting lost in imaginative worlds, he was getting lost in his own worries and burdens. When he wasn't reading, he was out in the yard, practicing wand form and firing spells off into the sky just to get his timing on them down. He asked the twins to attack him with their homemade blasting caps and fireworks so that he could shoot them out of the sky, and the way in which he brushed off their concern when one of the caps went awry and singed his arm left her with the certainty that Harry was in immense forms of trouble.

There was no easy way to say it to Harry, so Hermione went for the direct route as she sat down beside him one afternoon. Harry sat cross-legged on the mattress tossed onto the floor, and she took her place beside him, giving a weary sigh of, "I'm worried about you."

"You don't have to be," he said, distant in ways so obvious and transparent that she almost wanted to hit him. He didn't look up from his book toward her, in the way that she had always done to him and Ron in turn, and she never realized just how it looked until she was on the other end of it for once. "I'm fine, it's everything else we should worry about."

"This is about what happened at the world cup isn't it?" she asked, placing a hand onto his shoulder and trying to remind him of her existence a little bit, unsure what else she could possibly have done for him. "Harry, we can't--"

"They were Death Eaters, Hermione. Death Eaters sending a message to the rest of the wizard world that they're back, and that we should be afraid. But I refuse to be afraid of them."

Hermione could hear the way his voice shook a little bit, and she couldn't exactly say that she blamed him, all things considered, but that didn't mean she didn't still worry about him deeply. "You're not a soldier," she said softly, placing her head down onto his shoulder instead of her hand, and this finally got some response out of Harry, as he tilted his head against hers in turn. "And you're going to burn yourself out like this. Please Harry, I'm worried about you, won't you slow down? Or at least find some way to work out your stress."

"There's no time," Harry said, hand slipping down her side reassuringly, hoping to shake her worries from her. He didn't intend to slow down in the least; he couldn't, with the threat of Death Eaters coming back, with the possibilities of what would come in the future if this was their way of making an entrance and announcing their grand return. "School starts back in a couple weeks, and I'll have to split my attention when it does, so I need to do as much work as I can while I have the free time." He held her tight against him, and for a moment took his eyes off the page to look at her. "I know you're worried about me, and I'm glad to know I have a friend who cares about me like that, but I'm okay, really. I have to do this. I'm probably going to be a target somehow, and I need to know how to protect myself."

Hermione nodded slowly, but not because she agreed Harry was going to be fine. She just knew she'd have to find some other way to help him out instead. "I trust you," she said, a blatant lie as she appreciated his warmth for a second before pulling away from him, mind already hard at work.
thinking up ways to go about this in some way that would be successful while still not taking any risks when it came to him realizing that she didn't in fact believe he was fine in the least.

At first, Hermione tried to help Harry out with subtle little tugs in the right direction, asking him to go for a little bit of sightseeing with her, or down to Ottery St. Catchpole to see if there was anything nice in the local shops. It failed miserably. Giving him a massage came next, trying to work the stress and tension out of his shoulders while he read, but he insisted he couldn't focus on what he was reading when she was doing that. Then came just straight-up snuggling against him, lying on her side against his back as he sat upright and buried in a book, which was fine insofar as he didn't seem to push her away, but it did bring about a new problem in the form of lying against him for sometimes an hour at a time, feeling the tension that never left him, and feeling a tension of her own building up within herself of certain urges when it came to Harry.

There was no lack of perspective on Hermione's part. The way that she worried about Harry most definitely found its roots in her feelings for him, and she hadn't ever really tried to fight those feelings, but lying next to him was sparking those things up in levels that found her a little bit shocked, and she eventually had to pull away for fear she may act on impulse and make a move on him. So she pulled away from him, wordlessly rolled off of the bed and away from him, and Harry didn't seem to react much as she did so, letting her hurry off in a panic and her cheeks burned and feelings for Harry flared up hotter than trusted herself to face.

Her mind raced with all sorts of things, worried feelings about what would have most definitely been a problem, but at the same time, she couldn't control her burgeoning imagination and the way it spread out, digging through her mind and filling it with all sorts of thoughts, lurid images that make her chest tighten and more chaste, sappy images that left her cheeks and forehead burning in the very places where she imagined sleepy morning kisses. She couldn't shake these imaginings, which made it so much worse when the realization hit her, something so lurid and intense that she nearly flopped down onto the floor of the Weasleys' hallay with embarrassment.

The best way to de-stress Harry was just to fuck it right out of him.

Harry must have been just as pent up as Hermione was, and what better way to ease his tensions than with her body? It was a thought that Hermione should have hated for how ludicrous it was, for how impossible the entire thought was, but the more she thought about it, the more it made perfect sense to her. He wasn't getting any from anyone else, and it was something she could keep going even when they got back to school without too much trouble. The more she dwelled on the idea, the better it sounded, which didn't make her feel much better about any of this. But the fact remained that she had no other options in front of her, no matter how long she thought about the topic.

So when she hit the mattress laid down on Ginny's floor, her mind found itself hard at work trying to think up a plan. A plan she told herself that she wasn't doing for her own selfish purposes or her attraction to Harry. This was most definitely for his sake and his sake only, she swore.

With his mind being so closed off and any attempts to pull his attention from the books failing miserably, she assumed that trying the direct approach was a wash without even having to be shot down first. But in truth, she would have been so nervous to actually try to say anything direct to Harry that she wasn't too upset by that, hamstrung by her own shyness and embarrassment. She needed to somehow do it without having to confess her feelings, as insurmountable a task as that seemed. Which left only one idea in mind, and it was perhaps the most embarrassing prospect of this entire plan.

She'd have to do it when he was sleeping.

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It took a few more days for Hermione to muster up the courage to do this, unable to believe that this was actually what she was doing as she snuck in the dead of the night into Ron's room, not worried at all about her redheaded friend waking up due to the fact he slept like a rock. No, she was much more worried about Harry finding her as she slowly and silently opened the door, closing it once she was on the other end and hoping the old, ramshackle house's floors didn't creak too much as she drew closer to where Harry lay on the mattress on the floor, blankets loose over his lower body, kicked down amid the heat of the summer night. Without a shirt on, his toned chest was exposed, a strong and sturdy midsection and defined abs leaving her biting her lip as she pondered the fact that she was undoubtedly the nerdy bookworm with a crush on the school sports star, for all of the embarrassment that followed as she settled down onto his mattress.

Pulling his blanket off entirely let her look at his boxers and the outline against them, which lit her eyes up before she had even gotten his underwear off, urging her to press onward and see what she was missing with an intense curiosity. Carefully, she tugged his boxers down, and she could not believe what she was exposing as she pulled them down his strong legs, soon enough face-to-face with something that she had to struggle to keep from gasping in the face of; Harry's cock was absolutely massive. Even completely flaccid, it was larger than most men would have been at the peak of hardness, and beneath the soft cock lay a pair of balls so large and full that they could have seeded every witch in Hogwarts in one go. It was fair to say that no matter how many nights Hermione had thought about Harry, and there had been a great many, she had never before imagined he could ever have been so hung.

Kneeling down on the mattress and biting her lip, Hermione felt a little bit nervous, clad in flannel pajamas that clung tightly to a buxom body she always undersold the appeal of in her own self-doubts. And those doubts turned from her own attractiveness now to her own ability to deal with any of what she was about to do, whatever boldness and courage she'd come in here with shattered by the awe of what she was looking at. There was nothing easy about what she was now facing down and expected to do, and there was more than a little bit of doubt urging her to turn tail, to pull his boxers back up his legs and run away. But she had come to far, and sucking down a sharp breath, she knew she didn't have a choice.

Hermione leaned down and gave a small kiss to the very tip of his cock.

Immediately, she recoiled back in worry as Harry's dick twitched and slowly began to harden, filling rapidly with blood as she drew back. Her eyes couldn't stay off of it as she watched it rise up, fighting against gravity's pull as it stood proud and massive, swelling even larger before her eyes, inch after inch of length and girth leaving her filled with an intense mixture of disbelief, fear, awe, and lust that left her head spinning as Harry's cock grew to life before her eyes. It was almost impossible to believe what she was looking at, but in her disbelief she felt an intense pull dragging her closer in, and soon enough she found herself leaning in again closer, staring at the rock hard cock standing so intimidatingly tall in front of her that she didn't even know what to do next.

"I hope I don't wake you up," Hermione whispered, her warm, moist breath rushing against the base of his cock, making it twitch before her eyes. Pre-cum trickled down from his head, but he remained otherwise mostly unmoved, remaining still in his sleep, and Hermione decided it was probably safe enough to lean forward and give him another kiss, this time onto the very base of his mammoth cock. Her soft lips pressed into the firm, throbbing flesh, and then she slowly trailed her tongue upward, dragging it slowly along the shaft from the base up to its distant tip, clearing over a foot of cock flesh in the process, until she could get another kiss against his tip. It provided her a sense of shocking scale for just how massive Harry's penis truly was, and she still had absolutely zero idea how she was going to handle any of this, but couldn't wait to find out.

But as intimidating as it was, and it was terrifying enough for her to have absolutely no idea what she
was going to do about all of this, the excitement that tingled across her body like fire left her certain she couldn't stop now. Her love for Harry turned to lust as she began to kiss her way back down his cock, peppering it with affectionate little pecks as she tried to feel the situation out. "Please forgive me for this," she whined, realizing that she had in fact not come here for Harry's sake anywhere near as much as she'd tried to tell herself. It was readily apparent now as kisses turned to tiny little cat-like licks. This was all too well for herself.

Down to his balls she trailed next, and her tongue dragged a little more boldly along his plump sac, before she moved to his strong thighs for more kisses, passionate as she began to shift from a woman absolutely clueless and terrified of what was before her to a woman boldly willing to learn on the fly how to worship the magnificent monster of a cock in front of her. Her love for Harry took a surprisingly lurid turn, but not an entirely crass or physical one, as she sought to give everything around Harry's midsection as much attention and adoration as she could, from cock worship to kissing his abs, which was what she did next as she leaned forward and gave each individually defined muscle a long, appreciative kiss.

Hermione was a virgin. Not that it mattered much here, because even if she had been with a boy before she was absolutely clueless as to what she could have gained from those encounters that she could apply to what was in front of her; she knew anatomy, knew how endowed the average man was, and that Harry more than doubled that number. His cock was too big for her to be any better off if she had done something with another boy, and there was something almost reassuring about knowing his size would have equalized anything she'd ever done; no matter what, she was in over her head here, and nothing could have prepared her.

But it also meant that she wasn't just learning all of her firsts with a bigger dick than she thought physically possible, it meant she was learning all of her firsts with Harry. And that was worth being in so deep over her head that she was honestly not sure how there were even instincts to act on as she licked down from his belly back to his cock, tongue slithering its way back up his shaft as she went. Something was guiding her, and she had no idea what it was, but her surrender to it was an eager one, driven by something within her that she trusted, urging her forward with all of the boldness that she didn't have in the face of what was in front of her.

Her lips wrapped around his cock, softly embracing the very tip and sucking on the head, tasting the salty pre-cum that had leaked out from her faint little teases. Her hands settled down lower, squeezing his muscular thighs and then slowly running up to grasp his chest before drifting back down. It helped steady herself for what was to come: the eager and brazen worship of Harry's cock. She had no idea how she was going to pull this off, but the lust bubbling up within her was the most potent substitute for courage she could have ever found, pushed into this whether she was sure of herself or not.

Confident that she wouldn't wake Harry, Hermione took her time with his cock, certain that all she really needed was practice and patience. Given time, she wanted to take all of his shaft down, but she could start out slowly and work her way there first, a secret nighttime helper who could come and empty his swollen balls each night, learning to handle his monstrous cock a little more with each visit. It was a solid idea, and she was absolutely ready to see it through as she took the better half of an inch or so into her mouth. Already she knew just how formidable his cock was, fat enough for her mouth to be open wide as she stared up his athletic, muscular body toward his face. He looked so serene in his sleep, and she hoped that nights would become the time where he could truly relax and unwind as she tended to the unconscious wizard and made sure that he was being looked after.

Another half inch down, and Hermione wished she had the courage to not have to hide in the shadows to do this. She whimpered around his cock as her hips drew back up a little, only to press a bit further on the next forward motion. In theory, she understood how a blowjob worked, but in
practice she was utterly out of her depth, none of the practical knowledge doing many favours for her as she felt everything out on a whim, but as much as having her mouth open this wide was a challenge, it was a challenge she knew would only strengthen her resolve for the future, hone her talents and give her a more capable future in worshiping his cock. It kept her focus forward and her attention lit up as she went at him, moaning steadily around his cock.

Hermione's fingers continued to drift along Harry's lower body, constantly caressing and squeezing, holding adoringly to him, longingly giving him all of the love and affection she wished she had the courage to give him when he was awake. Occasionally, she'd give his balls a fondle or a soft little stroke to the base of his cock, which served only to remind her now matter how much of his shaft passed her lips steadily as she went onward, she hadn't even begun. There was so much cock yet to be sucked, so much that she would have to coach her body into taking, but she was devoted to this task, to helping Harry out whether he wanted it or not. Someone had to look after him, and if he wouldn't, then it would be down to her. It was a job she took gladly.

She'd managed about a quarter of his cock into her mouth, which maybe three inches and change if she were to guess, by the time she had him down as much as she could take into her mouth, stretched out around his massive cock. And that was where she focused, giving him a slow and adoring cocksucking as she lay there on her stomach, eyes never leaving his body as she caressed him and made sure that he was given in his slumber the affection that he never had in the day. She wondered what he was dreaming about as he lay there, looking so serene and happy--a rare sight in the past week. Hermione hoped he dreamt of her, of a Hermione strong and bold enough to admit her feelings, who hadn't held back for these years on her feelings and who could already more than easily handle his ample cock.

He came without warning, an obvious side-effect of sucking off the sleeping wizard, and she had no idea that the sudden jerking and throbbing her mouth were of that nature until it was too late. Until his cum was splashing against the back of her throat, making her cough as it spilled down her throat and into her mouth. She pulled back in a panic as more splashed against her face and her bushy brown hair, and she shook as the cum continued onward, giving her a massive facial and making a bigger mess still, his thighs and belly covered in spunk as she watched his cock erupt. It was so much, his virile shaft unloading a massive load, but seeing his huge balls, she had no doubt that it wasn't anywhere near as much as he had.

But then, Harry began to stir, and Hermione gasped, rushing away in a hurry as she scrambled for the door, quickly seeing herself out with much less worry about if she was making noise or not than she'd made on her way in as she quickly removed herself from the room entirely, ending up with her back to the other end of the door as she stood in the hallway, a cummy mess panting heavily as she closed her eyes, glad she'd made it out, unsure if Harry was waking up or what he'd make of the mess he would be when he awoke, but at least off the hook.

"I wish I knew how to tell you," she said wistfully, taking a moment to reflect on what she'd done before heading off to wash up and get some sleep. Or, more accurately, to fingerfuck herself into exhaustion.

Hermione was back the next night, with Harry having not said anything or even seeming off in the least throughout the day. She didn't know how, given that he must have woken up with his boxers down around his ankles and cum absolutely everywhere, but she didn't question it, just waited for her chance to return. This time, the topmost buttons on her flannel pajama top were open, and she hadn't put on a bra beneath it, exposing some of her ample cleavage as she once more knelt down between Harry's legs and peeled away his blanket and his underwear. She felt bolder this time, feeling a little naughtier and exposing herself just a little bit to him.
"I wish I had the confidence to wear lower cut tops around you. Maybe if I dressed a little less conservatively, you’d notice me. You seem to like girls with curves and the confidence to flaunt them. I've seen the way you look at Lavender, and at Susan, and... Ugh, even at Daphne. But I'm right here, and I wish you'd see." She sighed, closing her eyes as she ran her hands along Harry's thighs, pushing those worries out of her mind as she leaned down and began to once more kiss all over Harry's stomach, adoring his abs as a form of loving foreplay that helped keep her focused and on task as she got Harry ready. "I don't even know why I'm talking like this. Maybe it's because you're asleep, and I'm not as much of a coward about spilling my heart when you can't hear me."

But he could hear her. Harry had acted very normal throughout the day, but when he woke up in the aftermath of Hermione's coughing with his cock out and cum all over himself, he knew something had gone on, that someone in The Burrow had snuck in to suck his cock, and Hermione had been acting weird all day. With only one thing to do about it, Harry lay there that night, pretending to fall asleep and waiting with curiosity to see if they would return, to shocking results. The struggle was on now, with Harry wanting to feel what she was going to do, curious what Hermione would show him on the assumption he wasn't actually awake. He may not have been as nervous as she was, but the fact that she was showing him things that she never would have if she knew he was awake meant that if he really wanted to feel out the depths of what Hermione felt, he had to keep the charade up for a while longer.

Slowly, Hermione's licking and touching and kissing made his cock swell up, hardening until it stood just as proudly as it had the night before, at which point she licked her way down between his abs, drifting along one thigh and down it, then slipping up the other one on its way to his heavy balls and then finally up along the underside of his cock. So much motion all too quickly left Harry struggling not to make a sound as he felt himself wide awake this time for Hermione to lavish him, and he knew he couldn't reveal himself quite yet.

But as her lips wrapped around the head of his cock and pushed downward, it was impossible not to groan. A soft noise of approval didn't actually out him, and Hermione continued onward as she let her hands settle once more onto his thighs as she stared down at him, and she began to suck his cock, a little more confident this time than she had been the night before. Hermione had no idea how she had avoided any problems, but it emboldened her on her next visit, and she was now certain this plan was going to work out just fine for her as she took his cock down, steadily bobbing her head and accepting more of him past her lips. It was a slow process, with the ground she made being considerable given the absolute girth of Harry's cock but still not adding up to much on the whole given just how much cock there was. But she was insistent, and the hot, wet embrace of her eager mouth provided an excitedly conscious Harry with far more pleasure than he was ready for.

Hermione would work on breaking ground, letting fractions of inches push into her mouth as she coached herself further down, pulling back on occasion so that she could licking her way down his back, moaning against his cock as she nuzzled her cheek against the mammoth member, occasionally drifting down to kiss his balls. "I hope that helping to empty these is making you feel better," she said softly. "I know I can't make you slow down, but the least I can do is try to work on helping you ease up, and maybe this is working."

Harry wished he could say something as Hermione seemed ready to bare her soul for him on the assumption he was sleeping, but he could always try to do something while pretending to be asleep. With a groan, he squirmed a little bit, hands moving about before drifting toward Hermione, fingers entangling themselves into her messy brown locks and holding affectionately and loosely onto her. He could feel Hermione stiffen in worry against him, but as he lay there unmoving after touching her, she began to steady.

She nuzzled into his hands a little bit, purring happily as she felt him hold her. "Maybe deep down,
you feel the same way," she said, kissing her way back up his cock and taking him once more down into her mouth. So far, everything was going so well, with a seemingly out cold Harry not stirring too much, and even when he did, it was to give her a certain touch that she couldn't help but adore. "Maybe you dream about me worshiping your cock. I can at least wish you did."

Taking him into her mouth again, Hermione pushed forward more boldly, urged on by the passive presence of his fingers in her hair. It gave her an oddly comfortable sensation, one of adoring submission. It wasn't much to work with, but there was something about the way he held her that made her want to perform better, and she took it deeper as a result, boldly pressing forward with renewed vigor as she took his cock down. Soon enough, she was working six fat inches past her lips, no idea how she could do it but very well aware that there was still a little more than half of his cock not past her lips as she worked to get him off. Back and forth her head bobbed, and her eagerness left Harry even more frustrated as he savoured the way she sucked him off, the adoration that left him struggling not to writhe in delight. Much as Hermione had to learn how to take him, Harry knew he'd have to learn how not to tip off that he knew his cock was being taken, but he was determined to make it. This was too good to ruin.

Harry didn't know how he managed not to lose it when he came, but all he did was fidget a little bit as his cock erupted once more into Hermione's mouth, completely without warning. But this time, she was slightly more prepared for the inbound flood of cum, and didn't inhale a bunch down as she struggled to keep her mouth in place, feeling it flood with cum as she struggled to swallow it down, shamelessly letting semen and drool gush past her lips and down his shaft as she held herself in place through all of it, gladly drinking down every drop of his cum that she could handle, and that was when things took a turn for the unexpected.

Hermione came.

She had no idea how, save for the idea that her mind had been so stimulated by the act of cock worship that somehow she was thrown over the edge and so utterly taken that she lost herself, moaning around the cock in absolute shock as her trembling pussy hit a trembling peak without even the slightest bit of genital stimulation. Her body shivered and twisted about, almost convulsing as she felt an absolutely hands-free orgasm like she could never have imagined before, the most potent thrill of her life, and it took her so powerfully that she simply could not handle it. Only the fact that she didn't want to wake the boys up with her moans kept her in place, although the muffled sounds vibrated through Harry's cock with such ferocity that it nearly pushed him over the edge again.

Only once Hermione was absolutely sure it was done did she pull back, still trembling as she looked up at Harry with cum dripping down her chin. She started to say something a few times, but she couldn't think of anything, eventually just pulling back and leaving him be, both of them now more frustrated and needy than ever after the bittersweet note it had ended on, and yet they could not have been more excited for the next night.

The nightly visits drew onward in an unbroken string, Hermione never missing a night as she snuck into Ron's room, thankful for the Weasley family's tendencies to sleep like a sack of bricks. Each night she arrived, growing steadily more eager and skillful, taking more of Harry's cock down visit by visit until finally she was able to slow, patiently throat his entire cock. Even when she had over a foot down her gullet she was never frantic or brutal on herself, always gentle and loving as she took her sweet time with his dick, worshiping it with a care and affection that she felt he deserved amid all of the chaos of his life. In the process of it, she came to become an incredibly talented cocksucker, almost addicted to the taste of Harry's cock and his cum, of which she almost never wasted a drop anymore. But not only would she handle him, she'd go for multiple rounds, having discovered happily that his cock simply would not go down no matter how many times she sucked him off, his balls never fully drained by the time she was done with him.
When she was done, she'd rest her head down on his belly, using his abs almost like a pillow as she lay there in a light sleep. She'd learned long ago how to mentally set herself to wake up, a talent she picked up so she could rise early on the weekends and spend her days reading. Now, it was used to snuggle up against Harry and get some sleep, able to come to just in time to leave with ten or so minutes to spare before anyone else in the house would arise.

Harry stayed awake through all of them, growing talented at acting like he was asleep even as Hermione lavished his cock with increasingly talented affection. He handled it all well, and grew used to falling happily asleep with Hermione's head at his stomach, never awake when she left but liking it better that way, because it meant he didn't have to see her go; the only good thing about seeing Hermione walk away from him was seeing her round ass bounce with each step, and it wasn't worth the desire to call out to her and ask her to come back. Falling asleep blissful and with his fingers still running through her hair was the best way to fall asleep by far.

But the real changes were deeper than just how much cock Hermione could take past her lips. Hermione had slipped away one afternoon, saying she needed to go grab something from the city, and came back with some clothes, which Harry thought little of until she appeared in his room that night wearing a sleek, sexy nightgown that left very little to the imagination. Or at least would have, if the sight of the gorgeous Hermione sucking his cock was ever something he could watch and enjoy. At least his ears were treated to the filthy ramblings of a girl who was absolutely smitten with him and sinking further into depravity with each visit.

"I hope you don't think I'm dirty for cumming from sucking you off," she said, proving herself dirty for other reasons as she peppered his ball sac with a flurry of kisses. "I'm a good girl, Harry. I'm just trying to love you, and to help you. You're working yourself too hard, and someone has to take care of you. That doesn't make me a naughty girl, does it?"

But even by the very next night, she was singing a different tune. "Your upper body is so strong, and those hands are so big... Mm, I wonder if you ever caught me, if you'd spank me for being a filthy little slut. Punish me for being so addicted to sneaking into your room to suck you off every night. I think I'd enjoy that, feeling you touch me and acknowledge me, making me submit to you. You'd still want me to spend all night worshiping your cock, but you'd lock eyes with me, tell me just how naughty I am, turn me into the perfect little whore for you." The words were so quiet, low and rumbling with a huskiness that made Harry's cock throb against her face as she nuzzled into it before taking him right down her throat.

"My pussy is yours if you want it, you know. All you ever have to do is ask, and I'll learn to take you all the way into my pussy just like I've taught my mouth. You can gentle with me, if you want to, or you can make me into your personal little sex toy. Tease me and turn me into your begging, cock addicted pet before you brutally fuck me senseless. Reshape my tight little pussy to fit around your huge cock forever, and make sure nobody else can ever have me." The words felt too natural for Hermione, too real. She had never been like this before, but somehow being there and servicing Harry in the dark of the night like this was awakening more vulgar sides of her, intense urges and a twisted sense of absolute glee that carried through everything she did. It wasn't something she could control, it just came out; she was becoming sluttier just by doing this.

And Harry was to blame for all of it. The little groans of approval, the way his cock throbbed as she spoke such utter filth, and the way he snuck in little touches and grabs... Even seemingly asleep, Harry had a dominant presence over Hermione, one that she was eagerly and innately coming to submit to as she revered his shaft and sought to pleasure him. It all added up to something powerful, and she was losing herself gladly to the mess of endless excitement that so brutally seized her and carried her away.

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The first night back at Hogwarts was like any other night for Hermione, whose robe was drawn tight over her full, curvaceous form. The halls were empty by the time she left the fourth year girls' dorm, coming down the enchanted stairway until she was at the fourth year boys' dorm instead. Sneaking had become something she was all too good at, and was certain nobody was following her as she walked into the room, closing the door behind her and stepping forward.

Harry slept peacefully in his bed. At least, he seemed to; Harry wondered if she would be coming back again even though school had started. He had been desperate for it, having grown so used to the nightly treatments that if she hadn't, he probably would have revealed his knowledge of what she'd done this whole time, unable to give up the nightly debauchery he lay there and passively took. But he had no reason to worry as he lay there, still and feigning deep sleep as Hermione's gentle footfalls were barely audible against the carpet.

"I'm not wearing anything under my robe," Hermione confessed, letting it fall open as she climbed onto the bed. "I know you won't be able to see, but I thought you'd like to know. I don't want to risk Lavender or Parvati seeing it and asking questions, so I think from now on, I'm going to slip in here with only my robe on. I'd like to think you would appreciate that, if you could see it." The familiar motion of pulling Harry's cock out had become something she was used to. It was all like it had been before, just in a proper bed instead of a mattress on the floor; nothing too unreasonable.

But a soft, amused voice sighed from behind asked in a way that shattered everything sensible and reasonable Hermione had been braced for, "What sort of questions would we ask?"

Squeaking in panic, Hermione turned her head back, knowing the voice and knowing exactly what she had just been caught doing. Standing by the bed stood Lavender and Parvati. Hermione hadn't been nearly as stealthy as she assumed, and now her roommates were staring at her, and at Harry's half-flaccid monster of a cock.

But at the realization that they had company, Harry nearly slapped Hermione's chin with how quickly he got hard.
Chapter 2

Hermione didn't have words. Were there even words for this? She had been caught in the most compromising position she had ever been put into, sitting in the Gryffindor boys' dormitory with Harry's cock out, actively tempting fate by being glad that she had not been caught by the two girls who now stood at the foot of the bed, smirking and very much having caught here. This was not a good look in the least. Were they here to tease her? Here to join in? There wasn't much of a good way for this to end, and she looked nervously up at the two of them, attempting to stammer out some kind of excuse or justification for this, even if she had absolutely no idea what to say or where to begin.

But neither of them particularly cared much about that, too busy staring in awe at Harry. Had he hit a growth spurt over the summer? It was only as Harry lay there in nothing but a pair of boxers that had been pulled down that the girls were suddenly aware of the fact that Harry was handsome and muscular enough to deserve having caught their eye long before now. And that was to say nothing about the massive cock standing proudly upright, so large that their cheeks lit up in surprise as they looked at it. They were so distracted ogling Harry that the way Hermione froze and broke down in her attempt to respond to this sensibly.

"You know," Parvati said, breath heavy as the mere sight of Harry's cock did amazing things to her. "We never really had a chance to thank Harry for everything he's done for the school. He's a real hero, isn't he?" She chewed her lips, staring down excitedly at it before looking over to Lavender.

"He really is. And maybe, as proud Gryffindor witches, it's our duty and our honour to help make sure the hero of our house is well looked after." She slowly steps out of her frilly see-through nightie, as Parvati does away with her soft cotton pajama pants, and the girls slowly circle around the sides of the bed.

"E-exactly," Hermione said, still stuttering a little bit as the surprise of their eagerness to please and the utter lack of judgment in fact made things even better in for her, as she had the sudden opportunity before her to not make a massive embarrassment of herself. "Harry has done so much, and I wanted to make sure he never has to go wanting, but he's too proud and heroic to ever stop what he's doing, and I need to deal with his needs at night so that he won't complain."

"What a noble sacrifice," Lavender gasped.

"That's so romantic." Parvati leaned forward a little bit and watched as Hermione turned slowly back toward the cock. "You've been doing this for a while?"

"Since a week after the World Cup," Hermione said, laying a kiss down on to the tip of his cock. "And I have every intention of continuing to do it for as long as I have to. And I guess now that you've found me, the three of us will be working together to help him out."

By now, Harry had become all too used to keeping himself still and silent, not opening his eyes any wider than the barest possible amount on occasion and generally just doing his best to act like he was deep in his slumber. But that had been done in light of one girl sucking his cock, not all three of his year's house girls swarming his bed. It was impossible not to sneak peeks at Lavender and Parvati as they both stripped down eagerly, the contrasts between the pair of best friends utterly captivating to him. Lavender was buxom, maybe as busty and curvy as Hermione was--he couldn't exactly take a close look or compare--with blonde hair falling about her shoulders and leaving her looking like an angle. Then there was Parvati, gorgeously lean and fit, her liteness made all the better by a pair of small but very perky breasts and what he was sure would be a firm and cute ass if he ever got the
chance to see it.

But he couldn't look for long, and quickly closed his eyes back, groaning and rolling his head a little bit so that he wouldn't risk looking too much or giving away the fact that he was more excited than he could believe. Having Hermione sucking his cock 'in his sleep' made him feel like the luckiest man in the world, but having all three of them in his room and staring at his cock was something else entirely, a grand sort of excitement that bubbled fiercely up within him with a potent, heady sort of excitement.

"How do you even handle a cock that big?" Parvati asked in amazement, climbing onto the bed and coming in low as she stared up the magnificent shaft. The length was amazing, but even more shocking to her was the girth of it and she had no idea how Hermione could possibly have handled such a meaty shaft.

"It took a lot of practice, but now I have it down," Hermione said, fingers wrapping around the base as she came down from the bottom and licked her way up from base to tip, intent on showing the girls exactly what she could do. Her lips opened wide and she started to sink down his cock, lips eagerly wrapping around tightly as she showed off what she could do with Harry's cock. She didn't want to brag about it or come off like she was incredibly gifted to a degree that would feel like she was trying to impress them, but with her two roommates both staring at her with a cock in her mouth it was impossible not to feel a little too excited by it and more worked up than she could exactly help but be. There was something so exhilarating about where she was, the thrill of being able to work his cock down and to be watched as she did it.

The voyeuristic excitement that came from watching Hermione suck Harry down left Parvati biting her lip and Lavender's hands rubbing along the outsides of her thighs nervously, trying so hard not to get too worked up and carried away even as she watched Hermione at work. She was so steady and eager, utterly unwavering as she went further and further down, and they knew that she was getting deep enough to have him in her throat now, but still she took the fat cock down without trouble, and they could barely believe their eyes. Hermione had seemed so innocent before so soft and gentle, but now her hand was running up and down the length of Harry's cock as she slowly, savouringly worshiped him in his sleep, and she did so with an experience and willingness that they couldn't keep their gaze off of.

"That's impressive, but can you take it all the way down?" Lavender asked, and something awestruck in her voice told Hermione that she wasn't challenging her, she genuinely wanted to know.

It was with great pride and an eager delight that Hermione eased her way up Harry's cock, planting a kiss onto his thick head before putting both her hands up into the air and saying, "Watch this." She then proceeded to very slowly and patiently sink down, accepting his girth into her mouth, his length steadily down her throat, inch after inch of throbbing cock sinking down as the other two watched in awe at her abilities and her eagerness to please Harry, until finally she was down at the base planting a sloppy, clumsy kiss around the very bottom of his cock as twelve whole inches of it sank down her gullet.

So excited now that she couldn't help but show off a little more, Hermione stayed there a moment longer, loving the attention on her before she slowly pulled her way back up his cock, letting it slip out as drool leaked from her spread lips. She tried for nonchalance as she let the cock slip out of her mouth, but there was no chance of her coming off as completely nonchalant as she looked up at them. "And that is what I've learned all summer."

Parvati slowly eased her way forward on the bed, unable to resist joining. "Keep going," she said,
reaching a hand up and running her fingers through Hermione's messy hair, guiding her back toward the cock. "I want to help, but I also want to watch you work. It's so amazing, and I see lots of other places Harry needs some love." She laid some kisses onto his thighs and licked her way over to his balls, giving each of the heavy, plump orbs a peck first, moaning as she indulged in the closeness and warmth of Harry's body, the temptation to just give in and start worshiping him just like Hermione was. Slow and sensual, taking advantage of his slumber to explore his body and her own appetites in the process.

With a low purr, Hermione nodded, gladly accepting the fingers through her hair as she leaned in and began to lick and kiss at Harry's cock head again, letting out little moans as she started to work at him, hands reaching back toward the cock and stroking it slowly up and down, running along the admirable and quite fearsome length, showing that it didn't intimidate her in the least, especially not with a thick coating of saliva on top of it to keep her happy, proving that she had conquered Harry's monstrously large cock, that the Boy Who Lived being hung as a horse was no obstacle in her way.

It was interesting to work at his cock with Parvati kissing his balls underneath. She had given them a little bit of attention in the past but focused primarily on the reverence of his cock, even though they were surely sensitive enough to give Harry plenty of wonderful sensations all their own. Sensations she hoped that could be provided instead by Parvati for the time being. Hermione may have been bold and practiced enough to handle throating his cock, but the other two seemed worried about even opening their mouths that wide, and she had no trouble with focusing on his cock by herself. There seemed a good chance they would not want to leave it at just one night, and she looked forward to the possibility of teaching them how to suck Harry off. The thought did more for her than it really had any right to.

Lavender chewed her bottom lip as she watched Parvati join Hermione in revering Harry's monstrously large endowment. She would have gladly taken a place down beside them and joined, but her eyes fell on other things, on sleeping Harry lying there with his glasses off and his mouth open. Something in her couldn't help but wonder what reflexes a sleeping Harry possessed, unable to keep from running her hands along the curves of her ample, gorgeous breasts as she wondered. Climbing onto the bed, she smiled as she brought one of the massive tits up to his cheek, snuggling up to hi and teasing hi with it as she climbed up onto his leg a little bit.

Harry could not believe his luck, and the fact that he had to lie there pretending to sleep as one of the best pairs of tits in his year was shoved into his face was an absolute tragedy, albeit one that he wasn't totally helpless in the face of. There were many opportunities before him to still find a solution. His lips caught one of her perky pink nipples, wrapping slowly around it and feigning certain slumbering reflexes as he began to suck eagerly at the hardened nub. "Ngh, fuck," Lavender whined, biting her lip as she felt him start to suck on her breast. "He's sucking." She spoke lowly, struggling to muffle the little mewls of delight as she ran her fingers through his hair.

"You're going to wake him up," Hermione whispered. Mostly, she was just jealous of the fact that Lavender had been the one to get her breast sucked on first, and that she hadn't thought of it before, but as Lavender began to stroke his hair and drag her bare pussy along his thigh, the blonde was certainly taking risks that were in no way necessary and were pushing how heavy a sleeper Harry was in some very profound sorts of ways.

But Lavender continued on, and reluctantly Hermione went back to sucking on Harry's cock and savouring the sight of him sucking on any breast at all for a moment before closing her eyes and resuming the steady slurping down of his shaft, working her lips down the length of it as she started to properly suck him off, no more shallow teasing. She wanted to work him over well, to make sure that he enjoyed this threefold attention as much as possible. She hoped that on some level, the sleeping wizard could tell they were lavishing hi with affection and that he was enjoying this greatly,
having no idea he was struggling not to tip off that this was all a grand act and that he was awake and loving every amazing second of this.

Parvati grew bolder as she licked Harry's balls, kissing and sucking at his heavy, swollen sac. Her little moans were kept low as she focused forward, doing her best to keep him happy as she savoured the heady, intoxicating thrill of just how wrong this was. Harry was asleep and vulnerable, and three girls were breaking into his room to share him all together this was absolutely ridiculous, and it should not have felt as good as it did, but her pussy ached and left her thighs soaked as she worked his nuts over, and as long as she had that to savour, she felt like everything odd about this could be overlooked and embraced.

Then there was Lavender, struggling not to moan as her nipple was gently bit at it and sucked on, discovering just how sensitive they truly were as a sleeping Harry had his way with one. It left her groaning and breathing heavily, rubbing her pussy along his strong thigh as she worked quicker at him, drawing steadily toward release and unable to stop herself as she shivered and struggled against everything happening to her, until finally it was too much to take and a powerful orgasm seized her. She threw her head back and very nearly lost control over herself as she shivered and twisted, the climax burning hotly through her.

Feeling Lavender cum atop him and leak her sticky nectar down his leg set Harry off, and he too had to struggle to remain quiet, thankfully helped by the breast he was sucking on, as his cock erupted. Hermione knew the warning signs, and was so excited to show the girls the massive loads he fired off. She pulled back as his cum already started to splash down her throat, savouring everything about the way it settled in her stomach as she drew back, letting the rest fire off into her mouth, the cock twitching as she accepted it all in until her cheeks were bulging with his spunk. She pulled back up to show everyone, closing her mouth as quickly as she could as only a minimum of cum slipped out and trickled down the cock, and she turned her attention toward Parvati.

But the slender girl wasn't down at his balls anymore, and she was making her way right for Hermione's lips, the bookworm powerless to stop her and not the least bit wanting to as a hand grabbed her hair again and pulled her into a kiss. Parvati greedily licked along Hermione's lips, begging entrance as she sought to taste Harry's pearly white cum, and Hermione gladly swapped a mouthful of the salty, potent, thick seed past her lips, taking the reigns of the kiss as she dominate her petite roomate's mouth as she let her taste all of it. Lavender whined as she watched on, scrambling to get some of the cum too, and to kiss the girls with whom she was now about to spend her fourth year rooming with, and whom she had never been so worked up to kiss until right that moment.

The unbroken chain of Hermione's visits continued on with Lavender and Parvati also faithfully making it every night, none of them ever missing a day as weeks drew onward. It was slow at first, exploratory as the girls felt out what they were doing, learning how to suck on Harry's monstrous cock. They both managed to pick it up faster than Hermione, who whispered advice into their ears, kissing them and stroking their hair as she helped guide them into learning how to worship Harry's cock just as well as she could.

Parvati loved being taught by Hermione, finding her a wonderful teacher, although any lessons probably would have been improved with low, rumbling, sultry whispers into her ear. "Worship his cock, Lavender. It's so hard for you, and I bet it's just throbbing against the lining of your throat right now. It's begging you to take it down further. And you don't want to let Harry down, do you? Forget about your limitations, forget about how much your body is telling you to take it slow go further. Let what your mind wants you to do take control of your body, get into a depth of pure lust and reverence so far that you'll cum just from sucking his cock." Hermione had shown off her ability to get off from throating Harry before, and it amazed both of them, left them with something to strive to accomplish themselves, to prove they could and also to find out if she wasn't somehow cheating
Sinking further down, Parvati pushed herself, doing her best to try and test her limits as Lavender watched, slowly rubbing her pussy to the idle delights before her eyes. They had gone back and forth, swapping off after each load Harry blew down their throats as they put a Saturday night toward teasing him out, certain he would be sleeping in and that they could get away with going as late as they had to if it meant getting it done. Inch after inch pushed the Indian girl to her limits, but she refused to bend, eyes shut tightly as she sank deeper and deeper down, so close to his base, so close to beating Lavender to the punch and getting his cock all the way down.

Up and down her head bobbed slowly, and something within her finally just clicked, her mind finding its groove as everything suddenly became focused solely on Harry, tapping into a mindset where she found herself overcoming the least few inches easily, shoving down and throating the entire foot of cock as her eyes opened wide. Harry's cock throbbed harder than ever within the warm, slick confines, and a sudden spew of cum flooded down her gullet. But she was excited for it, moaning around his spasming shaft as everything came together for her like never before, and she went from simply licking after his cock to craving it on a level so intense that the cum filling her stomach felt like a reward. But more than just a reward, it felt like all she needed, her eyes rolled back as a sudden swell of sensation took her, and before a shocked Lavender and an absolutely proud Hermione, Parvati came, bucking and twisting about as she leaked all over the bed and her thighs.

"That is not fair at all," Lavender pouted, watching as Parvati pulled up from Harry's cock, drool and spunk spilling back down onto his lap as she watched Parvati not only beat her down, but beat her to whatever bizarrely zen sluttery was involved in orgasming from giving a blowjob. "Move over, I'm going at this until I get it."

Hermione gladly threaded her fingers through Lavender's hair next, and the sultry whispers sent a shiver up her spine. "I'll make you a deal. If you can throat his cock all the way down and cum hands-free, then I'll eat you out tomorrow after dinner. But if not, you're going to be making it up to me with that tongue instead."

It only took one more round for that encouragement to give Lavender the push she needed.

Parvati was the first to realize that Harry ate pussy in his sleep. It was such a scandalous realization to discover; Parvati taking a big risk when she sat backwards on top of Harry's head and wiggled her perfect bottom in his face tauntingly. By then, they had been at this for weeks, so decadent and bold that the courage pushing them forward had them taking risks, although this was a surprisingly ballsy risk, and both Lavender and Hermione, who had been taking turns passing Harry's cock back and forth to suck on, were left staring in awe, much the way that Lavender had been stared at when she started rubbing on Harry's thigh and shoving her tits in his face.

But it worked. Harry not only didn't wake up as Parvati's slick, needy pussy pressed against his lips, so soaking wet that it leaked down into his mouth, but he even started to lick up along her pussy, lapping slowly at her tender folds as they trembled against his touch. It was the boldest Harry had been, taking as big a risk as the girls feared Parvati was as his tongue slithered its way up into her pussy. He couldn't deny what was offered up to him, and he took the risk fully aware of the idea that he was straining the idea he was asleep through all of this, but at least kept from doing what he wanted to do, which was to grab Parvati's perky ass, push his face up, and utterly devour her snatch. He just gave idle licks along her pussy, hoping that she would carry most of the work by grinding up against him.

And she did. Parvati moaned, head rolling back as she rocked back and forth along his mouth, her
hips rolling with a seductive grace as she bit her lip and looked at her friends. "I think we've found something new," she purred, loving the sensation of his tongue lapping slowly at her folds. It wasn't much, which she excused with Harry probably being deep into his sleep and just guided by some sort of instinct that seemed utterly beyond her but which she could hardly complain about as it worked its exciting magic against her core. "Ngh, not bad at this for someone who's asleep, either." Her hand gripped his chest tightly, pressing against his muscular frame as she worked steadily back and forth, absolutely adoring the oral lavishing she felt.

Lavender and Hermione both leaned down, licking idly at his cock, fingers interlocked to stroke his base, but their eyes were front and center, staring at Parvati grinding along Harry's face, her puffy brown labia lapped steadily at, the sight of her loving the sensation. It was so hot to watch, and they were getting worked up watching it, envious and smoldering with a need that bubbled aggressively up within them as they couldn't help but watch every last second of it, wanting to be on top of Harry's tongue, wanting to be right there and exploring her further. The possibilities opening up before them were vast; as much as the three of them adored worshiping his cock all night long, the chance to receive pleasure from Harry in turn seemed like an amazing revelation that shook up everything about the mess they had gotten themselves into.

Parvati's free hand ran up and down her body, excitedly fondling herself as she squeezed Harry's chest tightly. "How is he this heavy a sleeper?" she groaned, amazed as even she was fully aware of the fact that she was taking a risk that should have backfired. But it worked out so well, inexplicably panning out and letting her feel the searing delight of Harry's tongue at her pussy. It was so much, an 'active' sort of direct pleasure straight from Harry to drive her up the wall, make her twist happily about as she felt herself inch closer and closer to an inevitable and incredible end.

The steady balance of eating out Parvati as thoroughly as he felt she deserved against trying to keep what he was really doing under wraps proved harder than Harry could have believed, and the two tongues lapping at his cock certainly offered little help up to him, but he did his best, trying to inch her closer to release while holding himself back from the urge to just throw himself at pleasing her. But he'd come so far already, held back for weeks of nightly visits and cock worship, pumping sometimes a dozen loads a night into the throats and onto the faces of the beautiful Gryffindors seeking to adore him, and this didn't seem like the right time at all to ruin it all by revealing himself. He held it together just fine, letting the friction of Parvati bucking atop his face do most of the magic as he leaned back and let him go at her eager and hard, the needy desperation twisting wildly about her and driving her wild and closer to relief.

Lavender scrambled forward to kiss Parvati, able to tell that she wasn't going to be able to take it, and her lips just barely caught her in time to muffle the cries of delight soaring up from her as she twisted hotly about. The orgasm tore its way through Parvati, her excited, shuddering form leaving her to twist and shiver as she lost herself utterly to the pleasure of being eaten out by the sleeping wizard. She clung to Lavender, so shameless, so needy, and worst of all for the other two girls, so utterly unwilling to pull off of his face yet.

Lavender loved giving Harry titfucks. She had the chest to do it, and why not? Hermione hadn't given one to Harry until she had already done so, another little push in the right direction of getting just a little more depraved, a little more excited. The rotation of things they could all do to Harry continued to swell up in number as she wrapped her tits around his cock, which stood high and proud out of her ample cleavage as she rocked her tits up and down, adoring Harry with the loving up and down of her breasts. She liked to toy with her nipples as she worked, pleasuring herself a little bit as she went at Harry, but it had become routine for something even more exciting to happen instead.

Parvati and Hermione each took one of Lavender's breasts, holding it steadily and rocking it up and
down, never perfectly in sync but always close enough. As they did so, they sucked on her hardened nipples, adoring the perky, pale breasts of the smiling blonde as they gave her some adoration in turn, one of those little things that helped push them closer together. Hermione knew she was an even match for Lavender in the bustiness department and was just glad to have a pair of perky tits she could pay some loving attention to, while Parvati hardly minded her own modest set when two stacked girls had perfectly good nipples in need of sucking.

Leaning her head down, Lavender excitedly sucked on the head of Harry's cock, giving a shallow and sloppy blowjob to him as she let the girls do most of the hard work of moving her breasts once they took the reigns of things. She loved it best this way, because her pleasing Harry became the center of attention, able to indulge in the ways that she too hungered for him as he worked her lovingly over. It was a treat whenever she had the chance to revere Harry while the other two revered her in turn, pushing the fun they had together further into the playful and 'friendly' in ways that were probably maybe a bit more heavily than most friends tended to engage in.

When Harry came, Lavender pulled her head back and warned the girls to get away from her tits, and they all did, knowing what was coming as Harry's cock erupted, and with her head way back out of the way, the cum landed back down onto her breasts, leaving thick milky white streaks, strands, and pools all over her fair skin, which Hermione and Parvati gladly leaned back in for, cleaning them up excitedly as they licked her clean and left her ready for more.

Given Harry's endless stamina, the girls liked to measure who the best cocksucker was by how many times they could get him off in a half hour, each taking turns using only their mouths to work him over and draw as many loads of cum as they could from his massive, seemingly bottomless balls. They went hard and fast at one another, the competition always fierce as they worked themselves up almost too easily into a frenzy of pure, exhilarating madness to get him off as quickly as they could, sloppy deepthroats and reckless strategies meant to induce as much reaction as they could muster.

It wasn't the sensual, patient worship of Harry's cock that this had begun as, but Hermione didn't mind too much about the ways they got carried away and sometimes they had prolonged bursts of drooling, throatfucking for their own enjoyment. Especially since, with the eyes so focused on her as she took his cock down deep and steadily slurped down yet another load of cum, she found herself climaxing as well, pressing tight against the bed as she lost herself utterly to the mad pleasures of being in this strange position of subservience to a sleepy wizard whose dominance was oddly felt, and the other girls couldn't help but agree. Even when his fingers weren't tangling into her hair as he slumbered, there was something about the way he lay there and the effect his monstrous cock had on them that just left them eager to submit and worship.

Even to the point where now, proud and upstanding witches were deepthroating his cock while he slept like a trio of eager, desperate tarts, sitting there naked, Lavender and Parvati both toying with themselves while they watched Hermione go. There was a certain kinship that came from this, each day they spent learning and making love with Harry and one another, competing but also licking each other clean and being supportive as could be, that brought the three of them closer. Hermione never thought she would have become such close friends with her roommates, both of whom had always seemed just a little too different from her for anything to really click or bond over, but Harry's cock had united them in very profound ways.

There was always a different winner every night, although the races had very close; the winner usually only took it by a single point, owing to the deft cocksucking talent the three of them had developed, and there was no resentment when won over another, the point being that they had enjoyed themselves enough in the process for it all to be very much worth whatever followed. Without any stakes to draw any real focus, it was just a matter of having fun, and of enjoying their company, knowing that the next night would bring a new winner.
Not that it didn't feel damn good to win, as Hermione pulled sharply up from Harry's cock, which twitched and erupted suddenly with a huge throb, spewing cum all over her smiling face as she looked back and forth between the girls, milking it with feverish strokes as she accepted the facial proudly. "Pay up," she said, and without hesitation, both of them immediately leaned in to begin licking her face clean of Harry's spunk, all too glad to play cleanup duty when his seed was involved. Hermione knew she'd probably be there tomorrow cleaning one of them up, but for now, she'd take that delight.

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It was Lavender who discovered the delights of dry-humping Harry, although with how constantly wet her pussy was around him, there was little dry about it. She straddled his thighs, pressing her slit up against the underside of his cock, and would slowly grind along it, moaning as she watched in delight at the way that dragging her twat up and down along his cock could get both of them off. It was the sort of pleasure that felt like a wonderful exchange of sensuality, a two-way street of pleasure that never ceased to exhilarate her. Up and down she moved, moaning steadily as she stared down at Harry, while Parvati kissed along his stomach and Hermione rode her face, the blonde and the brunette staring opposite one another, licking their lips as they stared one another down.

"I wish you were awake for this," Lavender moaned. "My hot, slick pussy rubbing up and down your cock. You'd be able to feel how much I want you inside of me, how much I want you to fill me." They made a very straightforward rule that they had all agreed upon for the good of what they were doing; no matter what happened, nobody was to actually get fucked while Harry was asleep. "Being able to grab Hermione's ass and devour her pussy hungrily while I tease you, make you ache for me. Mm, you're asleep, and I can still feel you throbbing against my entrance. It feels so amazing, rubbing my clit up against you like this."

Harry could not have agreed more, loving every solitary second of what they were doing to him as he lay there, struggling to hold together everything that threatened to overwhelm him utterly. The decadence of each increasingly bold night as they indulged in his body, getting almost too complacent and eager with him now, was so much to handle. They wanted more, getting dirtier so much faster than Hermione by herself had as they bounced off one another, fed into the curiosity and desire for experimentation. He got to enjoy more and more, wishing so much that he could be bolder about it, that he could just throw himself at them, pin them down and fuck them into screaming messes leaking his cum one after another. He had the stamina to last all night, knew he could keep them happy, but something just held him back; it was never the right time, never felt like this was the day he should spring the surprise on them. One day, though. It couldn't go on like this forever.

But until then, having Hermione dripping all over his lips as Lavender gushed against his cock and he blew a load all over her stomach was certainly well worth the effort.

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It was the night before the very first task of the Triwizard Tournament, and the girls were all eager to climb into Harry's bed, the bizarre mystery around how he could be champion still leaving the school abuzz, but the girls focused not on the worries and the rumours, instead wanting to make sure that when it came time for Harry to perform, that he was in good spirits and taken care of. Specifically, that his balls were as drained as they could be and that he was in good shape to go out there and focus on whatever followed rather than his hormones.

The approach had become routine for the girls over the months of nightly visits to Harry. First, they each kissed the sleeping wizard in turn, enjoying a taste of Harry before turning around to kiss one another as they pulled his blankets pulled away and tugged his underwear tugged down. Then, lips settled onto the places they knew would get the most reaction out of him. Lavender kissed at his strong, defined stomach while Parvati and Hermione focused on his thighs, adoring them with plenty of kisses and licks to help make his cock rise up, none of them touching him there until it was upright and standing at full mast, eager and ready for him.
Slowly, his cock rose, swelling with blood until it stood proud and upright, throbbing and leaking pre-cum down as it hung in the air, so rigid and aching. Their moans filled the room as the mere presence of his cock started to excite them for the promise of what was to come.

"We wanted to give a little something special to our champion, before he went off tomorrow to win his first challenge," Hermione purred, fingers reaching for Harry's cock as the three of them slowly licked their way up it, Hermione coming in from the underside of it while the other two licked along the sides, all eyes on the sleeping wizard as it was Hermione who first got her lips wrapped tight around the cock.

But as her pretty red lips formed a seal, they were all well aware that something was wrong, and that the smirk across Harry's lips was a little too broad. And that he most definitely should not have been staring down at them with eyes open and full of life, not the least bit of sleepiness across his face.
Harry's smile only grew broader as the three girls' stunned expressions stared up at him in awe, Hermione's mouth agape so much that his cock slipped out of her lips and tapped against her chin, resting there as they tried to find the words to say something, tried to think of what they could have possibly said to make what they were doing even the least bit okay, but they couldn't find words for this. The twisted sexual excitement they'd sought with Harry's body had become too normal to three of them, but they crashed harshly back into reality and sensibility once more as they realized Harry was awake now and all too aware of what they were doing.

Harry rose off of the bed, and the girls realized just how big he was as he towered over them, crossing his arms and staring at them with an expression almost as rigid and stern as the mighty cock hanging there, bobbing with saliva coating it generously. "We're not going to talk about this here," he growled, pushing up his glasses and throwing a robe over his naked, muscular body. He waved his hand, and obediently, all three terrified witches meekly rose off of the bed and led Harry to the girls' dorm room. Because of the skimpy negligees they all wore, Harry could admire the amazing view of all three asses bouncing as he trailed behind them. Hermione and Lavender both had soft, round backsides that jiggled with each step and looked perfect for slapping and making bounce harder, while Parvati's tight, taut ass looked like it would be perfect to sink his grip into and just squeeze.

They walked nervously to the girls' dorm room, the only three girls in the room, which meant they were alone and perfectly secluded; just three girls and the man they had been sucking off and masturbating atop in his sleep for months. Nothing insane about that, surely. Without even realizing, they ended up knelt in front of Harry, a loose, up close circle of the three girls all immediately trying to beg for his forgiveness as his robes fell open. It was hard to know where to put their eyes; his handsome face had a striking gaze going for it, but then there was his toned chest, and further down the cock that remained utterly rigid. They almost didn't realize they were on their knees in the process, just that they were sorry and wanted him to know it.

They spoke over each other, all trying to talk at once, to give their own reasons, and it left the words a jumbled mess for Harry to try and piece together.

"I just wanted to show some house pride for our Gryffindor hero, Harry," Lavender tried to explain. "You've done so well with Quidditch, and now you're one of Hogwarts's champions and even if Cedric is also our guy, you're our guy so much more than him, and it's like any other hunky, athletic, handsome looking..." She almost trailed off to begin drooling as she looked at Harry's cock twitching as she spoke.

Parvati went for something more direct. "You were always so kind to me and it was the easiest way for me to pay you back without really having the courage to say anything. Especially with all of the hard work you do to keep everybody safe. You have spent three years being a hero, Harry, and that won't change any time soon."

An absolute wreck, Hermione could hardly even find the words to say as she found herself busted. "I--I just wanted to do som-something for your own good, Harry. I was--well, you know, the summer was frustrating and you seemed so--the Death Eaters were weighing heavy on your mind and I could--the stress you were under just seemed so--"

Harry put a stop to all of it by resting his cock on Hermione's face and clearing his throat. "I know exactly why you all did it," he said, "And I never asked you to justify yourselves. I've been awake since the first night you did it to me, so I know everything you three said about me. Everything." He
restated it again harsher, delighting in the flush shade of red their faces turned to as he soaked it in. He'd enjoyed so much with them already, felt them do so many things to try and earn his favour and being so utterly filthy for his pleasure, and now he was finally, after what had been over two months since Hermione first threw herself at him. "I'm going to punish all three of you one at a time, and I think since you're the ringleader, you're the one who has to be dealt with first. Girls, sit down and wait your turns."

Hermione hardly had a moment to soak in what was happening before she found herself stripped naked and thrown over Harry's lap. She yelped as he sat on her bad, pulling her over him and caressing her ass. He couldn't help but admire his best friend's plump rear up close, after all the times he'd stared at it in that fluttering short skirt she wore, always unaware that when he was walking behind her, he was doing it to stare at it. Especially when she walked up stairs and it was filling out her panties. Parvati's bottom looked like it could have taken hours of intense pounding, and Lavender's luscious rear looked like it was almost designed to pamper a man's cock, but Hermione's was made to be broken in and trained to please him. As evidenced by the way she rose it up into the air, wiggling her hips almost hypnotically as she pulled his other hand, resting at his side, over to her lips and began to suck on his fingers.

With a happy groan, Harry pushed the strong digits in deeper and said, "Even when I'm punishing you, you can't stop being filthy," as he brought his other hand down in a strong, open slap down onto her ass, making the cheek bounce and jiggle as Hermione yelped around his fingers, responding eagerly to the pain in a way Harry knew was a step in the direction he'd wanted. The hand at her front slowly rocked back and forth, slowly fingerfucking the mouth so eagerly wrapped around his digits as she sought to worship him any way she could, making a bit of a sight of herself in the process, but she just couldn't find it in her to care. She was too busy sucking on the fingers rocking in and out of her mouth, her tongue gladly slithering between them as she relished in the way he'd indulged her urgent request for his hand.

Which suited Harry just fine, as he slapped her other cheek, the sound ringing out just as harshly, her moan just as intense. His body twitched about in excitement as he disciplined her. "I bet you've fantasized about this," he snarled, working his hand back and forth between the cheeks. Long, broad strokes brought his hand down harshly onto her ass back and forth, keeping a steady and relentless pace as he went at her. "Being disciplined by me for being the naughty little slut that you've been acting like in my bed for more than two months now. Being taken over my knee, and knowing all that strength that got your pussy so wet is now working on punishing you."

Hermione whimpered in frustration as he spoke to her, his voice so harsh and leaving her absolutely soaked. Her pussy dripped down onto his lap, his words proving far truer than she could keep from being embarrassed by, given the way that he laid into her. Each slap made her whine as her ass jigged against the palm strike, and she could feel him holding back each slap again and again so that he was always letting each bounce of her plump ass calm down before he went for another one. It was a pace that only left her frustrated as he took his sweet time with her exquisite behind, always left wanting more but knowing he'd mock her for asking for more, only to feel him strike her again when she felt herself hitting the level where her hunger just became too much to handle. It was paradise, and she was getting absolutely soaked in the process.

"I can feel your pussy dripping all over my lap," Harry added, keeping his pace steady. "So embarrassing; this is a dream come true for you. I never thought the stuck up, rules loving nerd I first met on the train would turn into the kind of filthy witch slut who comes to suck cock while men are sleeping, talks to them and tells them that they wanted to be punished, have them know how naughty she is and wants them to turn her into their perfect little whore. That is what you told me, isn't it?" He pulled his fingers out of her mouth, and moans spilled out from her lips happily, so he slapped her ass again and asked more harshly, "Isn't it?"
"It is!" Hermione cried out, head rolling back as he kept up the attention on her ass. "Nngh, yes, it's all true. I swore to you that night that my pussy was yours, and all you had to do was ask for it. And I mean it, Harry. Please, I'm sorry, I don't mean to be so filthy, but my summer became about worshiping your cock, and even now it's all I can think about some days. But I'm a good girl, I swear it." Although it was hard to admit when her ass cheeks were so sore and yet she was so utterly soaked.

Harry pulled her up off of his lap and sat her down onto him, making her straddle him as he planted his cock between the sore ass cheeks he'd left aching, and his massive cock reached up from the angle he had her in to press into the small of her back, his face buried into her plump tits as he responded with a harsh growl. "If you were a good girl and not a naughty slut, I would have been able to enjoy these all summer long, instead of having to pretend I was asleep." His tongue ran along her amazing tits, licking down from the tops of them along to her nipples, where he bit gently on them and teased them before licking his way back up, leaving saliva streaks all along them. "You would have offered yourself up to me properly, like a normal, good girl would, instead of depriving me of being able to see this beautiful body lying in my bed every night, begging me to come and take it."

Hermione's spine arched as she let out a frustrated whine, rocking back and forth as she rubbed her ass against his cock. "Nngh, I'm sorry Harry. I didn't meant to be so naughty, I promise, but that doesn't make me a bad good. I-I'm still a good girl, I just didn't know how to tell you about my feelings and--ah!"

Harry lifted Hermione then up off of her lap, guiding her like she was nothing. His tongue pressed into her collarbone as he lifted her up, and as he pushed her higher and higher, it ran along her saliva-slick breasts, leaving a trail down her flat, taut tummy, until her legs were up and she realized that Harry was standing up entirely, and she was straddling the shoulders of her strong, hung crush. That he could see the little surprise waiting for her; her puffy, sopping wet cunt was completely bare, save for a single patch of hair in the shape of a thin brown lightning bolt. "Well this is interesting," he notes.

"Nngh, it's for you," she confessed, biting her lip in frustration. "I--I know people wouldn't see it, but if they did, I wanted them to know who I belonged to." Her cheeks burned as she looked away nervously, wondering what Lavender and Parvati were thinking about this, not sure what to make of any of the madness she'd found herself so deeply entrenched in as she shivered nervously against Harry's touch, posed all hot and high atop him as she looked down in worry, weary and not sure what was about to happen but so ready to find out as she whined and twisted happily against his touch.

"That's my girl," Harry said, grabbing hold of her ass and holding her steady as he buried his face in between her thighs and began to hungrily devour her snatch. Hermione was so many different kinds of not ready for it and he could tell that much immediately as he heard her let out a sudden surprised whine of pure excitement. He didn't waste any time in going down on her, eating out the pussy that he had been left to want and be unable to touch all this time. Sure, he'd occasionally had some pussy shoved into his face and been able to take some lazy licks along their smooth, slick twats. But all Harry had wanted to do any time a girl rubbed their pussy lips up against his mouth was grab their ass with both hands and devour them. And now, he finally had that chance, and he wasn't going to let it slip away.

"Oh, Harry!" Hermione yelled, head thrown back in pure delight as she felt him go all out on her, the frantic and hungry devouring of her slick, needy twat hitting her in all the right ways as she at long last felt the pleasure she had been far too long without. "I've thought about this moment for so long, and now that it's here, it's even better than I could have ever hoped." Her fingers tangled into his hair
and clutched his shoulder as she sat atop his powerful body, held up so high she was threatening the
ceiling with her head, and lit up with more pleasure than she could have ever hoped for. His strong,
skilled tongue was more than happy to lap at her puffy folds and push deep into her slick, aching
twat, and she was unable to stay still.

Lavender and Parvati lay on the fringes of it, wide-eyed voyeurs shocked by everything they were
looking at in the best possible ways. They could hardly believe how amazing the sight of Harry
standing upright with Hermione on his shoulders, holding her like he was nothing and eating her out
as. And all while his cock stood rigid and at attention, drooling pre-cum that either of them could
have crawled forward and started to lick up, if not for the awe and terror that this inspired. Harry was
a man possessed, driven by something new and fiery, and as much as they wanted to pleasure this
new, even more fascinating state of the man they'd been worshiping for months, they couldn't help
but be held in place by the awe he inspired. Harry exuded power and dominance as he hoisted
Hermione up and devoured her, and it kept them there, waiting and obedient.

"Oh, Harry, please, more," Hermione whined, head leaning down and watching as he ate her out
vigorously. Hermione was enthralled by the sight of it, as a more active effort to eat her out instead of
just idly teasing her twat was exciting her in all kinds of excited ways. Amid it all was the additional
layer to delight in of seeing his striking green eyes staring up at her with desire. "Nngh, I think
you've wanted this just as bad as I have," she teased, and didn't realize just how foolish an idea that
really was.

"Of course I wanted it," Harry snarled, pulling away from her pussy and staring up at her. "You've
still been a filthy witch this whole time, keeping this sweet pussy away from my lips. You realize, if
you had been honest with me, that I would have had my head between your legs every night. The
perfect drink after a hard day of practicing my magic. I would have snuck under the Weasleys' dinner
table during lunch and eaten you out the whole time in secret, while you had to bury your face down
and savour each mouthful of food to better muffle the little squeaking sounds you'd made as you felt
my tongue deep inside of you." He pushed back in, hotter and fiercer now as he went at her without
hesitation, groaning as he ate her out so utterly that Hermione didn't know what to do with herself.

The whole thing was intoxicating for Hermione, who did her best to hold herself together and failed
utterly, moaning and twisting and letting out the sweetest of noises as Harry's words stoked the
flames within her, winding her up even more as his tongue resumed its aggressive, forceful adoration
of her dripping snatch. He drank her nectar down eagerly as he touched her, as he gave her the
pleasure he'd been waiting for so long to actually give him, all while he 'punished' her. But if this
was what Harry's vengeance looked like, then she would gladly let him punish her again and again,
feeling lit up with so much addictive fire that she had no hope of handling herself, and as she came,
er only problem was the worry that it may all be over now, as she screamed in sudden delight,
cumming hard against his strong tongue. She clung to him, hips bucking wildly as her fingers dug
into his back just to try and keeping herself from falling back, but Harry kept the shifting and heaving
brunette up high as he continued to eat her out through her peak, before finally eased her back down
onto the bed.

As Hermione writhed in the afterglow, Harry stood there, watching her on the bed. She was more
gorgeous than Harry had ever seen her before, with her hair a disheveled mess, her large breasts
rising and falling from Hermione's rapid breaths, her long legs spread out and squirming against the
bed as if her heels were lit up by the friction of it and she was riding to another orgasm again. All
while Harry's frame stood over her, looking enormous as he stood behind the light and Hermione
was left only with a hulking frame looking over her and waiting. It cast a long, dominant shadow
over the buxom brunette as she lay there, slowly reaching her arms open toward him. "Harry," she
whined, "I need your cock so badly. Please, claim my tight little pussy as yours. I should done it
months ago, but... Now is better than nothing, right?"
Harry pulled her up off of the bed and once more hoisted her effortlessly up, but this time he guided her legs around his waist as he gripped her hips and her ass, slamming her down and impaling her atop his cock with a single harsh slam. The cock she had so thoroughly worshiped and come to adore, now buried utterly inside of Hermione, and she was screaming madly, her eyes rolling back as she found herself absolutely gone. The pleasure was overwhelming, but she liked that way, and clung tightly to Harry as her legs tightened around him. "Please," she whined, as she felt him steady his grip on her. Her lips pressed tightly up to his ear, her voice barely more than a hoarse whisper of, "Fuck me."

And Harry did. He fucked her, and he didn't stop. Hard. All of his strength went behind what he did to her as he guided her body up and down his cock, his hips moving in time as he used every bit of strength he could to make sure that each thrust was a powerful one, that his cock was slamming into her with all the mind blowing, earth shattering force he could muster. "You're mine now," he growled, slapping ass again. "Mine and mine alone, for only me to use. Lavender and Parvati are going to be ours, but you belong to me." He wasn't holding back as he made clear his plans, giving a brief look over to the other two girls, who sat there on the bed with their eyes wide, hardly able to believe what they were hearing as he basically declared ownership of them. And he liked the reaction he saw; shocked and confused, sure, but also oddly excited y the prospect.

"Yes, please, I want to be yours," she whined, pressing herself tightly up against him. There was nothing left in Hermione that cared about consequences or sense anymore. She had been Harry's for months now, her secret oral worship sessions having driven her need for him higher and hotter still, and now she was finally receiving everything she'd craved, the true essence of what she'd wanted. She belonged to Harry, and nothing was going to shake her from that.

As he slammed into her, the wet and fleshy noises of sex rose up amid all of Hermione's moans and near incoherent babbling about how strong he was, and it provided a lurid, debaucherous soundtrack that all four girls lavished in. They'd had to be too quiet before, having to avoid waking all of Harry's dorm mates in the process of their nightly visits, and so to be able to cut loose and just listen to the raw, vulgar sounds of sex was itself an incredible treat. To be able to speak and cry out, to not have to hold back on moaning or go slow just for the sake of it. The sounds and sights were so intense that Lavender and Parvati had both begun to toy with themselves, rubbing their pussies as they watched Harry absolutely ravage Hermione before their eyes.

"And if I own a filthy, dirty little witch slut, at least I've picked one with an amazing body." he reached for her plump breasts, squeezing them and snarling, "These big, perky tits are going to look so good wrapped around my cock, aren't they Hermione? Or having them pushed into my face so I can suck on your perky nipples while you ride my cock and all I have to do is lie back and enjoy. And I'm sure they'll look great when I cover them with my cum." Hermione screamed excited affirmations in response to each of his remarks, all too happy to let indulge in everything he was saying as she gave herself to him without question. She felt too good not to. His fingers trained down her waist. "And then there's this nice, tight little waist, and these round, curvy hips. Just perfect for holding onto while I fuck you from behind, and watch this soft, round ass jiggle, isn't it Hermione?" He slapped her ass a few times, the soreness he'd left her with ensuring that she was howling in the twisted kind of pleasure that she couldn't even deny.

"I'll be a naughty whore, just for you," she cooed, damn near babbling as she felt his cock hammering into her pussy the whole time. He didn't go all out and brutal with her, everything in control and carefully measured; it was hard and fast, but never lost control, never went too far. And with that massive cock filling her pussy like she could have never imagined she'd be filled, it was all perfect. Her inner walls happily opened up to accommodate his fat dick as it pushed deep, almost reaching the entrance to her womb and leaving her so utterly stuffed full of cock that her eyes rolled back again and she clung to him madly. She didn't know how much more of this she could take.
Harry continued eagerly, "This body is perfect for my pleasure, like you were meant not just for fucking, to be my personal use slut." And it was on that note that she lost herself, his harsh words pushing Hermione over the edge as Harry gladly kept fucking her, groaning as her pussy spasmed around his cock, tightening down and begging for his cum as she fell into total incoherent nonsense, little mumbles of 'not dirty' and 'strong' and 'breed me' spilling out amid all of the moans and whines and aimless syllables that she so noisily made. Hermione had been letting the tension to this build for months and she just couldn't handle anything else.

Back onto the bed she went, but this Harry went with her, snarling as he laid her down onto the bed, pinning her wrists to the mattress as he continued to fuck her raw, staring briefly at the two best friends up against the headboard and touching themselves. He locked eyes with both Lavender and Parvati, giving them not only a preview of the fate that awaited them, but a territorial surge of dominance that kept both of them trembling and eager for their turns with him.

"Cum in me," Hermione whined, drawing the last sound out as she twisted against his touch, but his strong hands were far too easily able to keep her pinned down as he nailed her again, the bed creaking from the force of his hilting thrusts into her slick, needy hole. "Please Harry, I need your cum so badly. I've had it on my face and in my stomach before, but that's not enough. I need it everywhere. Deep into my womb, splattered onto my belly, all over my tits and in my hair, along my back, leaking out of my ass... I want you to give me every drop in those big balls that I love to suck on so much." Hermione felt drunk on pleasure and cock, absolutely gone as she felt the satisfaction burning within her hotter than she could have ever dreamt of.

"You wouldn't have to beg me if you had done the right thing to begin with," Harry continued, slamming forward happily as he pulled up from her body, able to watch as his savage thrusts into her made her plump tits heave. He shook her to her very core, and everything about her body looked so gorgeous when in motion, but none more than her amazing chest. "I could have been fucking you all summer, pounding your tight cunt across every inch of the Burrow when the Weasleys weren't looking. Having your tits in my mouth while I fucked you in the garden, right up against the wall underneath Mrs. Weasley's kitchen window, where if you moaned too much she'd hear you and see us outside. Sneaking into the orchard so you could get down on your knees and give me a titfuck. Sneaking down to the kitchen in the middle of the night so I could lay down face-up on the table and fuck your throat right there where everyone will be eating the next day... So no, you don't get my cum yet. You'll have to earn it."

Hermione whined as the vivid images painted in his mind of completely, unchained depravity that should by all rights have ensued left her feeling like she'd missed so many opportunities, and even worse, so much time. She couldn't contain herself as she was taken, as he vividly painted all of the many ideas of what should have awaited her. "You can have me however you want. Make up for lost time, Harry, please." She needed to make sure that he enjoyed himself, burning up with a certain implacable madness as all she could think about was how much Harry deserved pleasure and relief. "I need to know my body really can pleasure you."

"It can, and it is," Harry said, and once more, Hermione's push over the edge came from words, the madness hitting its peak as she screamed out, thrashing against his touch happily. Her pussy spasmed around his cock, begging him for his cum, but Harry held out, even amid the steady friction keeping up as Harry continued to pound the stacked witch right through her next orgasm without losing himself. For Hermione it was frustration, but for Harry, it was pure bliss, seeing and hearing and especially feeling Hermione cum again and again as he held out, overwhelming her with pleasure after everything that she had done for him. It was addictive.

Breathlessly, Hermione was fucked through her orgasm and beyond, her body growing tired and worn out from the constant and merciless fucking, but how could she complain about feeling so
good? About having such an incredible cock plundering her tight cunt without any hesitation or mercy? She was loving this far too much to stop now, and as Harry pushed fingers up against her lips, she took them in happily, moaning and sucking on them like they were his cock, the same affection and eagerness to serve guiding her attention as she worked on giving Harry everything she could. He deserved it.

The steady pounding of Hermione's slick, dripping hole continued without end, Harry groaning and steadying himself, but his breath raced as he put his strength and energy all to the test. His sexual stamina was hardly in question, given the many, many times he'd often cum in a night when they visited him, but this was special, and he had to take an active role now in claiming her amazing body, which added a lot more to the whole situation, but he was holding his own, keeping his orgasm back as time and again he continued to fuck her, hitting her just right and leaving her mind completely blown by all of the pleasures hitting her. But it was a treatment he wasn't going to keep on forever; just long enough to get his fill, and to make sure Hermione was left breathless and utterly ravished.

"I have spent months fantasizing about fucking you," he snarled. "All three of you. I've had my cock down your throats more times than I could count, but I always wanted your tight pussy stretched out around my cock, and judging by the fact that you're moaning like a bitch in heat, I think you wanted it too. Isn't that right, Hermione?" He didn't pull his hand back to actually let her answer, all-out fingerfucking her mouth now as he worked himself up to a harder, faster pace. She had gotten off enough times now for him to take his, he decided, her body as utterly conquered and ravaged as could be, and he was finally about to give her what she craved. "Do you want my cum, Hermione?"

Fingers could not properly muffle the sounds of excitement that spilled sloppily from Hermione's mouth as she let out the most eager noises of delight she could muster. Hermione was vocal and worked up, and all of that worked up frustration drove her right into the bliss of another orgasm, her eyes rolling back once more as she just hit her absolute peak, done in ways she could not possibly control. She lost herself completely to him, body thrashing as Harry held her down, fingers finally pulling back out of her mouth so he could hold her down and slam into her, groaning and snarling as his cock slammed into her one final time and erupted.

Harry felt relief wash over him as he came. Years of feelings, too. It was catharsis on a level he could hardly bear, giving his all to Hermione as her pussy gripped his cock and begged it for cum. And this time, she got it, his cock erupting within her tight snatch, pumping his massive, pent up load right into her pussy. He'd held back and been at it for so long that Hermione could all the fruits of her labour filling into her utterly. So much so that as Harry kept a distance, they both admired the slight bulge in her belly where she was pumped with cum almost to the brim. She was left a babbling, whimpering mess, now so more than ever as she stared down at what he had left her with, and she really could not have been happier with the feeling of being utterly used for Harry's pleasure.

"I want to be your whore," Hermione whimpered as Harry leaned in to kiss her. It was a breathless, messy kiss, both of them lit up and burning from the lust they had just vented, and as she felt his lips upon her she was happier than she had ever been. Harry was kissing her. Loving her back. His massive cock buried inside of her spent pussy as she felt the gooey warmth of his spunk filling up her womb so utterly that she was a little bit nervous about it, but not nervous enough that she didn't wholeheartedly embrace his touch. She was blissed out, and as he kissed her, she was surprised how gentle it was, removed from all of the snarling, possessive remarks he'd given her earlier. Loving. Everything she'd needed, of course. So much so that as he pulled from her lips and out of her pussy, she couldn't help but whine as she looked down to his cock. It was still utterly rigid, and she couldn't help but happily open up her mouth, still breathing heavy and a little tired as she stuck her tongue out for Harry.

Harry smiled as he climbed onto the bed. "Hermione, you've spent every night for more than two
months worshiping my cock every night. You've swallowed down so much cum and talked about how much you want me to fuck you all night." He patted her on the cheek and smirked. "You were always my whore," he said, lying on the bed with her head aligned with his lap, his fingers running through her now very messy hair as he guided her head up and into his lap properly. "Now clean up my cock before I play with the other sluts I need to break in."

Hermione moaned, happily sinking her head down a bit and wrapping her lips around his cock. She may have been fucked ragged, but that didn't mean she couldn't wash her own juices off of his shaft. She moaned, gladly sucking his shaft down and washing it with her tongue inside of her mouth. It was just like every other night now, a tender, adoring, completely measured blowjob adoring his cock. Although now, her thighs were wet not only with her own juices, but with the trickle of Harry's cum leaking out of her, reminding her he'd claimed her womb as his property. It made her all too happy to give in too, as she worked to lick the new flavour of her own twat off of his cock, her sticky nectar wonderfully flavouring her favorite thing to put into her mouth.

Once she'd sucked him off, she pulled back to clean up the rest of him, licking down his base and purring as she lapped along the last bits of stickiness over his cock. Then down to his balls, where she'd leaked a considerably amount and needed to tidy it up. Then along his strong thighs and his taut core, where her pussy had leaked while he was spanking her, taking the opportunity to kiss and lick each individual ab on the way along before finally Hermione pulled back, eyes soft and her smile wide. She felt more submissive now than ever, cleaning up after her own sloppy cunt and making sure that he was nice and clean for the next girl to hammer. And she felt so happy to have done so. "I love you, Harry," she said gently.

"I love you too, Hermione," he replied, caressing her cheek for a moment before she slumped down exhausted onto the bed. Finally, his eyes turned to Lavender and Parvati. The two other Gryffindor girls lay slumped on the bed, licking their fingers clean as their slick and glistening pussies trembled with the clear, obvious signs of an orgasm they were recovering from. Both whimpering and excited for what was to come, but waiting with bated breath to find out what awaited them, hoping for the same fate that left Hermione a cum-leaking, fuck-addled wreck as she lay on the bed. "Don't think you aren't a pair of filthy witch sluts too," he snarled, shifting back into his dominant, punishing mode once his tender moment with Hermione was over. "You both need to be claimed too. Parvati," he said, and she perked right up at attention, eyes going wide with excitement. "Come over here and play with Hermione while I teach Lavender what her new place is."

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