

Harry the Head Boy

Chapter 8

Harry threw his head back and moaned loudly as Fleur used her pussy muscles to squeeze his cock. Swinging his hand, he gave her ass a hard slap causing her to squeal. Fleur was holding onto his legs as she furiously rode him in the reverse cowgirl position. From his angle, Harry had a perfect view of her being penetrated repeatedly. Every time that his hard cock emerged from her wet cunt, it was streaked in her white cream. Her cream made her pussy even more slick than normal and added to the pleasure that he was feeling. Another slap on her lovely ass had her moaning. Leaning forward, Fleur slid almost all the way up his cock until only the head was still inside. Harry reached out and spread her cheeks apart. He got a good look at her pale, tight asshole right before she lowered herself and took him to the hilt.

“Your pussy is so good, Fleur,” Harry cried out, already feeling his balls beginning to churn. Sitting up, he grabbed her around the belly and pulled her on top of him. Laying down, he brought her with him, earning him a squeak in surprise. Holding her tightly, he turned her onto her side and began thrusting hard into her. Fleur’s eyes fluttered as Harry lifted one of her legs up and pounded into her from behind. “Keep your leg like that,” Harry told her.

Doing what she was told, she kept her leg spread as Harry’s fingers felt around her wet pussy. His cock was stretching her tight lips so wide that she was surprised that it didn’t hurt. She guessed that a weekend of almost non-stop fucking was enough to stretch her to fit him perfectly. She blushed at the thought that her pussy was sculpted to fit his cock alone. She put this out of her mind when his fingers found her throbbing, engorged clit.

“ ‘Arry!” she cried out as her back arched. Her little, pink clit was so sensitive that she nearly came the moment that he touched it.

Harry buried his face in her hair and inhaled her scent. Fleur always smelled incredible. He didn’t know if it was her shampoo, her perfume, or just the natural scent that Veela gave off. Moving his head down a bit, he kissed and nipped at the tender skin of her long, elegant neck. Fleur tilted her head so that he could kiss the entire length, which he was more than happy to do.

Fleur’s body trembled as his spongy cockhead repeatedly bumped into her cervix causing her toes to curl. His fingers were sliding back and forth over her hard clit, further driving her close to pleased insanity. Her nipples were harder than they had ever been as her arched back thrust her tits out in the open air. One of Harry’s hands crept up her body and cupped her jiggling breast. When he captured her hard pebble between his fingers, Fleur squealed and clamped down on his cock. Crying out while shuddering violently, she could feel the fluids furiously leaking out of her cumming pussy. Letting out a choked moan for him to show mercy, the brute continued to fuck her ferociously. He was slamming into her with long, hard thrusts that had her pussy convulsing over his member.

Thankfully, he was at his end, and he quickly pulled out. Straddling her, he pointed his cock at her chest as he stroked it vigorously. Fleur watched, breathing heavily as his thick goo spurted out of the tip and painted her perfect tits. Pushing them together, he continued to shoot ropes of thick, sticky cum all over them. Fleur moaned and jiggled each one up and down in the opposite direction. She felt his cum slip into her cleavage as she rubbed her tits together. Pinching and rolling her nipples, Fleur shuddered happily as her cumming pussy began to calm down.

“C’etait magnifique!” she gasped softly, breathing heavily while her cum-covered tits rose and fell gently. Harry grabbed his wand off the nightstand and waved it in her direction. Instantly, her chest was cleaned of his seed, which she was grateful for. It was beginning to get cold. “Merci!” she giggled, rolling over to him and kissing his cheek. Snuggling at his side, he wrapped his arm around her as she threw a bare leg over him. They kissed deeply for a moment before breaking it.

“I have to go shortly,” Harry told her with more than a little sadness. It was wonderful to see Fleur again, especially since she became his fuck toy. Fleur nodded her head.

“As do I,” she told him. “I ‘ave obligations that I must attend to,” she explained. “ ‘Opefully I will return in a few weeks, mon amour,” she placated him, kissing him again.

“Remember that you must visit France this summer. Gabrielle wants you to claim ‘er virginity,” Fleur giggled. “She will attempt to claim you for ‘erself, but I ‘ave no interest in letting you go,” Fleur told him, crawling between his legs and taking him deep into her mouth. Harry groaned happily. He was more than a bit excited to get her sister into bed as well. Now, if only there was a way to get her mother in on this then he’d really be cooking, he thought perversely.

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Harry sighed happily as he tossed his bag on his own bed. As much as he loved spending time with Fleur, he wished that they could have done so in his own bed. He stretched before flopping back onto the mattress. Not getting a lot of sleep during the weekend, he became drowsy and slipped into unconsciousness.

Harry wasn’t sure how long he was asleep, but he was woken up by Hermione.

“Harry! Welcome back,” she said happily. “I’ve missed you,” she squealed, jumping onto him and hugging him tightly.

“Oof!” he grunted as her weight landed on his midsection. Harry smiled saucily and slid his hands underneath her skirt. They glided over the soft, smooth skin of her ass. Feeling that she was wearing a thong, he took hold of it and moved it to the side. As his hand slid up and down her skin, he could feel it goosebump under his tender machination. Her mewls and gasps were music to his ears as his finger brushed over her damp pussy and asshole.

“Harry!” she gasped. “We can’t do that right now,” she exclaimed as her body shuddered. He was now running his finger in circles around the rim of her asshole. She could feel her tight hole getting slippery as he rubbed her arousal into it.

“Why not?” Harry asked, adding pressure to his finger before the tip slid inside of her. He could feel her warm breath sliding over the skin of his neck as she breathed deeply.

“Dinner!” she squeaked, puckering her hole tightly.

“Damn,” Harry muttered. He had forgotten about dinner. He was hungry too. Kissing Hermione, he lifted her skirt and gave her naughty bottom a hard slap. Sitting up, he brought her with him.

“Fine. Let’s go,” he said, annoyed that his sexy activities were cut short.

Dinner was the normal affair that it always was. Friends chatted as they gorged themselves on delicious food that the House Elves of Hogwarts prepared. Harry and Hermione were chatting about things that happened during their separation. Harry told her about Fleur, and Hermione said that she had spent some time with Ginny. Suddenly, he felt someone messing with his trousers underneath the table. The sudden activity made him jump. Luckily, no one but Hermione had seen his odd behavior. When he subtly looked under the table, he saw Ginny’s pretty face smiling at him with her finger to her lovely lips telling him to keep quiet. Harry straightened back up with a red face. He didn’t know how she had gotten underneath the table without anyone seeing, but that was neither here nor there. The important thing was that she was pulling his trousers down until finally, his huge, hard cock sprang out, and she captured it in her soft hand.

Thankfully, Harry and Hermione were at the end of the Gryffindor table where far fewer students sat. Hermione looked as well to see what was going on. She straightened back up with a huff, looking at Harry who just shrugged. Hermione heard his soft groan and knew that Ginny had taken him in her mouth. She could hear the soft fapping of his skin as she worked his cock with her hand.

From the sudden naughtiness that was going on and from Harry’s manhandling of her earlier, Hermione was very, very horny. She tried crossing her legs to blunt the tingling that she was feeling, but that didn’t help. Next, she attempted to rub her thighs together so that maybe she could subtly find a bit of sexual relief. All it did was make her hornier. Looking around and seeing that no one was looking their way, Hermione gathered her courage and took his hand.

Harry was breathing heavily as Ginny bobbed her head on his cock, taking him partway down her throat. As she sucked him in, her hand would slide down his saliva-covered member, and when she pulled back, her hand would follow. Harry was doing a fairly good job of keeping his moans from escaping as the sexy redhead expertly sucked him off. When her hand cupped his balls, he found it even more difficult. Suddenly, Hermione took his hand and slid it up her skirt.

Looking over to her, he could see that her cheeks were a bit pink and that the lower half of her school robe was opened. As his hand was pressed snugly against her damp panties, Hermione shuddered and began subtly rubbing herself against it, smearing her essence all over him. She gave him such a needy look that he immediately wanted to please her in every way possible. Unfortunately, there were hundreds of teachers and students near them so he couldn't go all out. Still, he stuffed his hand down the front of her white, cotton panties and began toying with her tight, little pussy.

Ginny was trying to take him as deep as possible but only ended up gagging. She still needed more practice to become a top-notch cocksucker, and she hoped that Harry would continue being her test subject. She tried to keep the sounds of her moaning and slurping to a minimum so that no one found out what was going on underneath the table. Letting his wet cock slip from between her plump lips, she continued to stroke him as quickly as possible while leaning down and sucking his bloated sack into her mouth.

A severe shudder racked her beautiful body as Harry's fingers found her damp clit. She was so horny that her clit had expanded in size, which only added to the pleasure that she was feeling. Hermione gripped the table hard as his fingers slid back and forth over the hardened nub before dipping back into her wet depths to gather more of her fluids. She was biting her lip so hard that she was surprised that she hadn't drawn blood yet. Every time that his finger brushed her clit, a spike of intense pleasure coursed through her body and made her spasm. She was so worked up that the next time that happened, she clamped a hand over her mouth and held in a squeal. Her thighs mashed together, trapping his hand between her legs. Her pussy was gushing out fluids that drenched his hand.

At the same time, Harry groaned and let loose a flood of cum that he had been holding in. Ginny tried her best to drink it all down, but eventually, she aimed his cock away and stroked him as she massaged his balls. The rest of his cum spurted onto the ground and made a large puddle of his sticky goo. Ginny waved her wand and did the best Disillusionment Charm that she was able to, which was only basic at best. Still, it was good enough for her to slip from under the table and sit next to Harry. She removed the Charm when no one was looking.

Harry sighed happily after emptying his balls. Now, however, he had two horny girls that desperately wanted to join him in bed that night. Harry smiled perversely as he came up with a suitable arrangement.