

After Party

As he ran a comb through his messy, black hair, Harry Potter thought about what had recently occurred. By some insane miracle, he had just taken down Voldemort for good. Things were kind of a blur, but that didn't matter to him. The only thing that mattered was the fact that Voldemort would no longer be coming after him. He would no longer kill innocent people and destroy families as he had done with Harry's. It had only been the night before and already most of his followers were rounded up and locked away in the cells of the Ministry awaiting trial. He would make sure these didn't get off by bribery or claiming the Imperius excuse. Once people had heard about what had happened, celebrations sprang up on every street corner. Everyone was dancing and singing and enjoying themselves. Alcohol was flowing like water, and people laughed and cried and hugged each other in rejoicing. That was great and all, but it wasn't exactly a party. That was what Harry was getting ready for. He had been invited to the biggest party ever in the wizarding world. Of course, Harry himself was the guest of honor.

Harry didn't know what was going to happen at the party in question, but he guessed the normal stuff. The only real parties he had ever been to were the parties after a Quidditch victory. Since they happened at school, they didn't get too out of hand. This was to be the first "adult" party that he would attend. He imagined drinking, smoking, dancing, and whatever else was going to happen. He was fine with it all. Everyone deserved to let go for once and enjoy the freedom they now had. Harry didn't know who was actually throwing the party. He had received a Portkey from a trusted source and was told when it would go off. The party was being kept hush-hush. If he had to guess, he'd say it was because if it was common knowledge, then everyone and their mothers would want to attend. He didn't feel bad about that though. He was absolutely certain that a hundred more parties were going on, and anyone that wanted to have fun would be able to find one. Harry frowned into the mirror. His hair was just as messy as ever, refusing to stay down ... even when wet. Harry shook his head. No use being annoyed at something that will likely never change.

He continued to get ready. He changed his clothes and put on the set that Hermione and Ginny had picked out for him. He wasn't the most stylishly inclined, but thankfully he had some female friends that knew how to pick clothes. Once dressed, he looked at the clock. He still had an hour before the Portkey would go off. He was told to make sure to eat since there would likely be a lot of drinking and only snacks would be available. He went to the kitchen of Grimmauld Place and unwrapped a sandwich that Mrs. Weasley had prepared for him. Kreacher was probably sleeping, the Black family elf was getting old. Harry devoured the delicious sandwich and waited for the Portkey. Once it was time, Harry made sure to hold onto the Portkey until it finally went off. Lights flashed as the wind blasted his twirling body. He was being held by his navel as he was spun rapidly. He was just beginning to feel sick when he was dropped on his butt. He heard a giggle. He looked up and saw Ginny looking down at him. She reached out and gave him a hand to his feet.

“Ugg ... if I find out who told me to eat before taking a Portkey, I’m going to kill them,” Harry winced, rubbing his belly. Thankfully the sick feeling was quickly going away. Ginny rolled her eyes.

“Quit being a baby and come on,” she grabbed his hand and led him around the corner and into a back alley. Harry looked around.

“Are we in Hogsmeade?” he asked.

“Yeah. We’re on the outskirts though. The party is in that abandoned building you can see when standing in front of Zonko’s,” Ginny told him. Harry nodded, knowing which building that she was talking about. “There’s a secret entrance at the end of this alley. Everyone would know that something’s up if we all went in through the front.”

“Makes sense. Where’s Hermione and Ron?” Harry asked, he couldn’t see any sign of anyone else.

“The three of us came together. They’re already inside. Ron went straight for the snack cart,” Ginny snorted. “I said that I would wait out here for you.”

“Well, thanks for that. I’d never find the party otherwise,” he said, walking along the dark and grimy alley between two old buildings with Ginny at his side.

“No problem. We were told where to go. Ron was supposed to pass along the information, but he forgot.”

After another minute or two, they came across what looked to be the door to a storm shelter. Ginny opened it up and went down the rickety, old stairs. Harry followed. The stairs led them to an old tunnel with red brick lining the walls. The tunnel wasn’t very long, not even close to the length of the ones from Hogwarts to Hogsmeade, and in these, at least they could completely stand up. Another few minutes later and Harry and Ginny were pushing open an old metal door to the party beyond. Instantly, loud music slammed into his eardrums making him momentarily wince. He rubbed his ear as Ginny pulled him further in. The warehouse was dark and musty smelling but was flashing with bright white strobes of light. Already people were dancing crazily on the makeshift dance floor. Most were covered in what looked like body paint that glowed with the dark purple blacklight that was emanating from someplace unknown. One girl was dancing wildly, her entire body covered in paint. He saw her breasts bouncing out of control, and Harry looked closer. She was naked from the waist up! Her chest was covered in paint so that he couldn’t see her nipples properly. He was pulled out of his thoughts by a tap on the shoulder. He turned to see Ginny looking for him.

“Lavender Brown,” she answered his unasked question. “She already slutting it up,” Ginny snorted, pulling him along. He finally met up with Hermione and Ron. Ron was stuffing his gob like always and Hermione was enthusiastically chatting about one thing or another, bopping to

the loud percussive music. Soon they were chatting and laughing with different people, and Harry was sneakily pulled away by Parvati Patil. They were off in a hidden corner behind a large metal container of some kind.

“So ... you haven’t said anything about my dress, Harry?” Parvati cutely pouted. She spun around and caused her skirt to flare up, giving him a brief glimpse of her panties. “I bought it special for the occasion. Do you like it?” she asked, batting her big, beautiful eyes. She shimmied her body and slightly lifted the hem of her dress showing off her smooth light brown thighs.

“I think it’s fan-bloody-tastic,” Harry replied, gulping at the sexiness she was putting off. Parvati giggled and kissed him deeply. Caught off guard for a moment, he finally realized what was happening and returned the kiss. Their tongues rolled and danced with one another’s, and Parvati, feeling daring, grabbed his hand and placed it on her ass. She moaned deeply when he squeezed her tight bum, and she gasped when he took things a bit further and slipped his hand underneath her skirt and groped her thong-clad ass. Her hands were all over him, and he gladly returned the favor. One hand slid up her belly and played with her perky tit over the fabric of her dress. His other hand slid into her thong, and his fingers glided between her damp pussy lips. The gorgeous Indian witch shuddered when he explored the length of her wet crevice and purred sexily when he pinched and played with her hard clit.

“Oh fuck, Harry,” she moaned quietly, not wanting to draw attention to themselves. “That feels really good. Please keep touching me there,” she shuddered out, rolling her hips and attempting to ride his hand to completion. In return, Harry dipped his fingers in between her lips and gathered her wetness, then rapidly rubbed his fingers back and forth over her engorged clit, earning him a moan and wild tongue kiss. It was only seconds later that Parvati let out a cute, little squeal and shuddered violently. Her slim, sexy body shook as an orgasm rolled over her. She was hanging onto him for dear life when he was pulled away.

“Hey!” he cried out, annoyed that Ginny had pulled him away from his fun.

“Don’t worry, loverboy. That skank will happily drop her knickers for you anytime you want,” Ginny told him, pulling him along. Harry’s eyes were all over the place. As the whiskey flowed, the inhibitions lowered. Tops were pulled lower and skirts were hiked up as couples danced the night away. At some point in the night, he was pulled onto the dance floor by a somewhat drunk Daphne Greengrass. The girl obviously didn’t want to talk. In truth, their lives were so different that they barely had anything to say. Daphne, however, let her actions do the talking.

The sexy Slytherin spun around until her back was pressed against his front. Slowly she wiggled her sexy body as Harry placed his hands on her slim waist. The dark-haired beauty was wearing a skin-tight white dress that hugged every curve on her glorious body. She was one of the girls that every boy in school drooled over. Harry groaned as her tight, shapely ass rubbed against his trouser-covered crotch. Instantly, his cock was hard, and she didn’t seem to mind one bit. Someone had come up to them and offered them drinks, which they happily took. They both

slammed down double shots of Ogden's Finest and continued to dance. They were both sweating and breathing heavily as Daphne writhed against him, his hands sliding up her flat belly and over her covered breasts. Daphne closed her eyes and chattered at the sensation of having her breasts squeezed by the new Golden Boy. She was a girl who loved power and prestige. By getting close to him, she was ensuring that she was on good terms with him in the future. There was also the fact that she was partying and wanted to have fun, and Harry was certainly making her feel good. She wanted to feel even better. Daphne grabbed his hand and led him to an empty room. Pulling out her wand, she waved it at the door and locked it. Daphne hopped up onto an old table and parted her legs.

Harry gulped loudly when he saw her spread her thighs. Lacking panties, her smooth, hairless lips were exposed to his viewing pleasure. They were puffy and reddened from arousal. In between, Harry could see the damp, light pink folds that he was desperate to enter. His eyes traveled down her long, perfect legs. They were incredibly smooth and looked as soft as butter. They ended with small, dainty feet covered in white high heels. Her hand dipped down and rubbed her clit a few times before spreading her lips with two fingers. With a finger on her other hand, she sexily beckoned him over. His trousers were around his ankles faster than he could say Blibbering Humdinger. Harry stood between her parted thighs with his massive, veiny cock pointed at her delicate, feminine folds. Her hand snaked out and grabbed him by the base. She gave it a few tugs before rubbing the large, spongy head against her weeping slit. They both gasped together at the sensation. Once at the right area, Harry pushed forward and entered the sexy girl for the first time. Daphne shuddered as she took his monster cock. Her arms wrapped around his neck as she buried her face in his shoulder. She gasped and mewled as he slowly began fucking her.

"You're so fucking tight," he gasped out, pistoning deep into the dark beauty.

"You're so fucking big," she countered, squeezing her cunt muscles as her mother had taught her. As a pureblood princess, it was her job to get what she wanted by any means necessary. Sometimes that included using her body. She was taught well by her mother. She smirked into his shoulder when she heard his gasping moan. She squeezed her walls again and earned another. The smirk was wiped from her face when he reached down and pinched her needy clit. Her body shuddered when he rolled the extremely sensitive bundle of nerves. That in combination with his brutal fucking had her pussy clamping down hard on him.

"Ohhhhhhhhh fuck," she squealed as her pussy milked his fat cock.

"I can't hold on," was all he had time to say before spurting a large, hot load into her milking cunt. He continued to piston in and out of her, shooting his seed into her and filling her to the brim. Finally, she squealed and clamped her thighs together, and he knew that their fun was over for the time being. They looked at each other and kissed. Harry hoped that they would do this again in the future, but he didn't know. He did know that his friends were probably looking for him. Harry helped her straighten up, and they kissed one last time. She unlocked the door and exited. Harry exited a moment after, with the biggest, dopey grin on his face.

