

# Harry Potter 3

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In the bustling lanes of old Delhi, where the scent of jasmine from the neighborhood temple mingled with the constant hum of scooters and aunties calling out for chai, the Sharma family lived in a sprawling joint household that had stood for three generations. It was one of those typical Indian families where everyone knew everyone's business, yet no one ever really talked about the undercurrents that simmered beneath the surface. Rohan was twenty-four, the quiet son of the eldest Sharma brother, working as a software engineer who preferred the glow of his laptop to the chaos of family dinners. And then there was Priya—his paternal cousin, twenty-two, daughter of his father's younger brother. She had always been the lively one, the girl who lit up every room with her easy laugh and the way her dupatta would slip just a little when she helped in the kitchen.

They had grown up together in this house, sharing the same courtyard for Diwali fireworks and the same rooftop for stolen glances at the stars. But Priya wasn't the skinny girl from their childhood anymore. She had filled out into a woman with a body that turned heads without trying—soft curves that spoke of quiet confidence, hips that swayed gently when she walked across the marble floor, and a medium bosom that pressed softly against the thin cotton of her kurtis on humid summer evenings. Her skin was the color of warm caramel, and her long black hair always carried the faint, intoxicating scent of her coconut shampoo mixed with something sweeter, like vanilla from the body lotion she used.

It started innocently enough, or at least that's what Rohan told himself at first. The family had gathered for a big wedding in the house—relatives spilling out of every room, laughter echoing off the walls late into the night. Rohan had woken up thirsty around two in the morning and padded barefoot toward the common bathroom on the first floor, the one everyone used when the guest rooms were full. The door was slightly ajar, steam curling out like a secret. He pushed it open without thinking, and there she was.

Priya stood under the shower, completely naked, water cascading down her body in glistening rivulets. Her curvy figure was on full display—the gentle swell of her medium breasts with dark nipples hardened by the cool spray, the soft dip of her waist flaring into wide hips, and the dark triangle between her thighs. She had one hand in her hair, lathering it with that coconut shampoo, and the rich, creamy scent of it hit Rohan like a wave, warm and tropical, wrapping around him in the humid air. It wasn't just the sight; it was that smell—familiar from years of her passing by him in the hallway, but now it mixed with the steam and her own natural musk, making his heart slam against his ribs.

Their eyes locked. For a split second, the world narrowed to just the two of them. Priya's dark brown eyes widened, but instead of screaming or covering herself, she smiled—a slow, shy little curve of her lips that made her cheeks flush pink. Rohan froze, rooted to the spot, his gaze trailing helplessly over her wet skin, the way droplets clung to the underside of her breasts before sliding down her stomach. She was beautiful, so achingly beautiful, and in that moment, something deep inside him stirred for the first time. A crush he'd never named before bloomed into raw, electric attraction. Heat flooded his face—and lower.

Priya's smile faltered into a shy bite of her lower lip. She turned slightly, one arm instinctively crossing over her chest, but it only accentuated the soft fullness there. "Rohan bhaiya..." she whispered, her voice barely audible over the water.

He stumbled back, muttering a choked "Sorry—God, I'm so sorry," and yanked the door shut. His hands were shaking as he leaned against the wall outside, breathing hard. That image burned into his mind: her wet curves, that smile, the way she hadn't looked away. The smell of her shampoo lingered in his nostrils, making him hard despite the guilt twisting in his gut. She was his cousin. His paternal cousin. They'd played together as kids. But the feelings that flooded him now were anything but innocent.

The awkwardness that followed was thick enough to cut with a knife. For the next few days, they avoided each other in the crowded house—stolen glances across the dinner table, quick looks

away when their eyes met. But one evening, after the wedding guests had left and the house had quieted, Priya cornered him on the rooftop while he was pretending to check the water tank. "Rohan," she said softly, her voice carrying that familiar lilt. She was wearing a simple salwar kameez, the dupatta draped loosely, but he could still picture her without it. "About the other night... I'm not mad. It was an accident."

He rubbed the back of his neck, face burning. "I shouldn't have... I mean, I saw you and I just stood there like an idiot. You're... you're my cousin. I'm really sorry, Priya."

She stepped closer, close enough that he caught another whiff of that coconut shampoo in her damp hair. Her eyes searched his. "Do you think I have a nice figure?" The question came out hesitant, almost vulnerable, her fingers twisting the edge of her dupatta. "I've always felt a bit... curvy. Too much in some places."

Rohan's throat went dry. He looked at her—really looked—and the truth spilled out before he could stop it. "You're perfect, Priya. Beautiful. I couldn't stop looking because... because you're stunning." A beat of silence. Then she smiled again, that same shy smile from the shower, and rose on her tiptoes to press a quick, soft kiss to his cheek. Her lips were warm, lingering just a second longer than they should have. "Thank you," she whispered. "That means a lot." The kiss sealed something between them. The awkwardness didn't vanish—it transformed. It became a secret thread pulling them closer.

From that night on, their bond shifted in ways no one else in the family noticed. They started sharing late-night conversations on the rooftop, huddled under the same blanket when the Delhi winter bit cold. She'd talk about her college stresses, her dreams of traveling; he'd open up about feeling stuck in his job. Hugs that used to be quick and familial grew longer, tighter—her curvy body pressing against his chest, her head tucked under his chin, the soft swell of her breasts brushing him innocently at first. They'd watch movies together in his room, door cracked just enough for propriety, her legs draped over his lap during the romantic scenes. Cuddles turned into something more charged: his hand resting on the curve of her hip, her fingers tracing lazy circles on his arm.

The naughty conversations started small. "You know," she'd tease one night during a Bollywood film, eyes sparkling, "that hero reminds me of you. All brooding and intense." Then bolder: "Do you ever think about the shower thing? Because I do... sometimes." Eye contact became loaded—across the family dining table, her gaze holding his a beat too long, a secret smile playing on her lips. Secret kisses followed, stolen in the storeroom behind sacks of rice or on the back stairs when everyone was asleep. Quick presses of lips at first, then deeper, her tongue brushing his shyly, her breath hitching as his hands settled on her waist, feeling the warmth of her skin through her clothes.

The sexual tension built like a storm. Rohan would catch himself inhaling deeply when she passed by, that coconut shampoo now a trigger that made his pulse race. Priya would bite her lip when their hands brushed, her cheeks flushing. They both knew it was wrong—cousins, same family, same bloodline in the eyes of society—but the pull was stronger than reason.

The breaking point came during the family trek to Himachal. It was supposed to be a bonding trip—uncles, aunts, cousins all piling into two SUVs for a week in the mountains near Manali. Fresh air, pine forests, and the kind of isolation that made secrets feel safe. Priya and Rohan ended up sharing a small tent one night after a long day of hiking. The others had gone to the village bonfire; the two of them claimed exhaustion and stayed behind.

The air was crisp and cold, but inside the tent, with the lantern casting a golden glow, it felt intimate. They sat close on the sleeping bags, sharing a thermos of hot chocolate. Priya's hair was loose, still carrying that faint coconut scent from her morning wash. "Rohan," she said softly, her voice trembling just a little, "I can't stop thinking about you. About us. This... whatever this is." He cupped her face, thumb brushing her cheek. "Me neither. You're all I see, Priya. Even when I know we shouldn't."

Their lips met then—not a secret peck, but a deep, hungry kiss. Years of tension poured out: her hands fisting in his shirt, pulling him closer; his fingers sliding into her hair, tilting her head back so he could kiss her throat. She moaned softly against his mouth, a sound that went straight to his groin.

Clothes came off slowly, reverently. He peeled her fleece hoodie over her head, revealing the simple black bra that cupped her medium breasts like an offering. When he unhooked it, they spilled free—soft, full, nipples already tight and begging. He kissed them, sucking one into his mouth, tongue swirling as she arched with a gasp, her fingers threading through his hair. "Rohan... oh god," she whispered, voice husky.

Her hands explored him too, tracing the hard planes of his chest, then lower, palming the bulge in his jeans before unzipping him. She stroked him slowly, her touch tentative but eager, feeling him throb in her palm. "You're so hard for me," she breathed, eyes dark with desire.

He laid her back on the sleeping bag, kissing down her curvy body—over the soft swell of her belly, the flare of her hips. When he reached her thighs, he parted them gently, inhaling the sweet, musky scent of her arousal mixed with that coconut shampoo. His tongue found her, licking slow circles around her clit, then dipping inside her wet heat. Priya writhed, hips bucking, soft cries filling the tent. "Please... don't stop," she begged, her fingers gripping his shoulders as she came hard, thighs trembling around his head, her juices coating his tongue in a sweet, salty rush.

She pulled him up then, eyes locked on his— just like that shower moment, but now full of raw need. "I want you inside me," she whispered, guiding him to her entrance. He pushed in slowly, inch by inch, groaning at how tight and hot she was, her walls clenching around him like velvet. Priya gasped, nails digging into his back, legs wrapping around his waist. "You feel so good... so deep." They moved together in a rhythm that felt ancient and new all at once—slow at first, savoring every slide, every thrust that made her breasts bounce softly between them. He cupped one, thumb flicking the nipple as he drove deeper, hitting that spot inside her that made her moan his name like a prayer. The tent filled with the sounds of skin on skin, her wet heat sucking him in, his balls slapping gently against her ass with every thrust.

Passion built. He flipped her onto her hands and knees, gripping her wide hips as he took her from behind, watching the way her curvy ass jiggled with each powerful stroke. Priya pushed back against him, meeting every thrust, her moans turning into whimpers of pleasure. "Harder, Rohan... fuck me harder," she pleaded, voice breaking.

He did, pounding into her with deep, sensual strokes, one hand reaching around to rub her clit in tight circles. She came again, harder this time—her body shaking, pussy pulsing around him in waves that dragged him over the edge too. He buried himself to the hilt and spilled inside her, hot spurts filling her as they collapsed together, panting, sweaty, utterly spent.

They lay tangled afterward, his fingers tracing lazy patterns on her back, her head on his chest. The mountains whispered outside, but inside the tent, it was just them—two cousins who had crossed every line and found heaven on the other side. "I love you," Priya whispered into the quiet. "Not like family. More."

Rohan kissed her forehead, inhaling that coconut shampoo one more time. "I love you too. We'll figure the rest out... somehow."

Back in Delhi, the secret stayed theirs—stolen moments in the joint family home, quickies in the car after late-night drives, passionate nights when the house slept. The attraction that began with a shower and a smile had become a full-blown, all-consuming love. And in the heart of that crowded Indian household, they carved out their own world, one passionate encounter at a time. A few months had passed since that unforgettable night in the Himachal tent, but the fire between Rohan and Priya only burned hotter, like embers that refused to die under the weight of family routines. Back in the Delhi joint family home, days blurred into the usual chaos—morning chai, office rushes, evening aartis, and endless aunties hovering—but their secret world had grown bolder, more daring. Stolen kisses in the storeroom turned into lingering touches under the dinner table. Quick hugs in the hallway became desperate gropes when no one was looking. The coconut shampoo scent in her hair still hit Rohan like a drug every time she passed by, making him ache with memories of her wet, naked body from that first shower encounter.

They both knew the risks. Paternal cousins in a traditional Sharma household? It was unthinkable. But love—and lust—had rewritten every rule. Priya's curvy figure, those soft medium breasts that bounced so perfectly when she laughed, the way her hips swayed in her salwar kameez... it all drove him wild. And she craved him just as fiercely, whispering late-night confessions on the rooftop about how wet she got just thinking about him.

The next level of their passion exploded during a rare window of freedom. It was the night of a big family wedding across town—uncles, aunts, and cousins all piling into cars for the sangeet function that would stretch till dawn. Rohan and Priya had "conveniently" volunteered to stay back and "guard the house," claiming they had early morning deadlines. By 9 PM, the entire place was empty except for the two of them. The old haveli felt alive with possibility, lights dimmed, fans whirring softly, the faint smell of agarbatti from the puja room lingering in the air.

They didn't waste a second. As soon as the last car horn faded down the lane, Priya locked the main gate and turned to him in the courtyard, her eyes dark with that same shy-yet-bold smile from the shower. She was wearing a simple red kurti that hugged her curves like a second skin, the neckline dipping just enough to tease the swell of her breasts. "Finally alone," she breathed,

stepping into his arms. Their kiss was immediate—deep, hungry, tongues sliding together as his hands roamed down her back, squeezing the soft fullness of her ass. She moaned into his mouth, grinding against the growing hardness in his jeans.

Rohan pulled back just enough to tug her kurti over her head, revealing a lacy black bra that barely contained her. “God, Priya... you’re so fucking beautiful.” He unhooked it slowly, watching her medium breasts spill free, nipples already hard and begging. She blushed but didn’t cover up—instead, she pushed him down onto the big cushioned diwan in the living room, the one they’d watched a hundred family movies on.

Kneeling between his legs, she unzipped him with trembling fingers, her breath warm against his skin. “I’ve been dying to taste you properly,” she whispered, her voice husky. She freed his cock, thick and throbbing, and wrapped her soft hand around the base. Her eyes locked on his as she leaned in, lips parting. The first lick was slow, teasing—from base to tip, swirling around the head where a bead of precum already glistened. Rohan groaned, fingers threading into her long hair, inhaling that coconut shampoo scent that drove him insane. Priya smiled up at him, then took him deeper into her warm, wet mouth. She sucked him with perfect rhythm—hollowing her cheeks, tongue flicking the underside, taking him inch by inch until he hit the back of her throat. The sounds were obscene: wet slurps, her soft gagging moans, his ragged breathing. She bobbed faster, one hand stroking what her mouth couldn’t take, the other cupping his balls gently. “Fuck, Priya... your mouth feels like heaven,” he gasped, hips bucking slightly. She hummed around him, the vibration sending sparks up his spine, saliva dripping down her chin as she worked him with pure devotion.

He couldn’t hold back for long. With a guttural groan, he pulled her up before he came, flipping their positions so she was on her back on the diwan. “My turn,” he growled, kissing down her body. He worshipped her breasts first—sucking one nipple hard while pinching the other, making her arch and whimper. Then lower, over the soft curve of her belly, until he reached her salwar. He yanked it down along with her soaked panties, exposing her glistening pussy, pink and swollen with need. The scent of her arousal—sweet, musky, mixed with her lotion—made his mouth water. He spread her thighs wide, admiring the way her curvy hips framed her perfect center, then dove in.

His tongue licked a long, slow stripe from her entrance to her clit, savoring her taste. Priya cried out, hands fisting in his hair as he licked her like a man starved—circling her clit with firm strokes, then dipping inside her tight heat, fucking her with his tongue. He sucked her swollen nub gently, then harder, two fingers sliding into her pussy, curling to hit that spot that made her thighs shake. “Rohan... oh god, yes... right there,” she moaned, hips grinding against his face. Her juices coated his chin as she came hard, body convulsing, a fresh gush flooding his mouth. He didn’t stop, licking her through the orgasm until she was trembling and begging.

But he wasn’t done. He climbed up, straddling her chest, his cock—still slick from her blowjob—nestling between her soft, medium breasts. “I’ve fantasized about this,” he admitted, voice rough. Priya bit her lip, pushing her tits together around him, creating a perfect, warm valley. He started thrusting—slow at first, then faster—titfucking her with deep, sensual strokes. The sight was erotic as hell: her flushed face looking up at him, tongue darting out to lick the head every time it slid toward her mouth, her breasts jiggling with each thrust. The friction was incredible, soft skin against his hardness, her nipples brushing his shaft. “You’re so perfect like this,” he groaned. She moaned encouragement, squeezing tighter, until he was panting, close again.

He pulled back, needing more. Flipping her onto all fours on the diwan, he gripped her wide hips, admiring the way her curvy ass presented itself. No condom—bareback again, just like in the tent, skin on skin, nothing between them. He rubbed his cock along her slick folds, teasing, then pushed in deep in one smooth thrust. Priya gasped loudly, walls clenching around him like velvet heat. “Yes... fill me, Rohan. I love feeling you raw inside me.”

He fucked her hard and deep, the slap of skin echoing in the empty house—risky, thrilling, knowing anyone could knock at any moment. Each thrust made her breasts swing, her moans turning into cries of pleasure. He reached around to rub her clit, pounding into her with that perfect rhythm that hit every sensitive spot. Then he slowed, pulling out almost completely before slamming back in, savoring the way her pussy sucked him back greedily.

They changed positions again—her riding him now, facing away so he could watch her ass bounce as she impaled herself on his cock. Her hands braced on his thighs, she ground down hard, circling her hips in a way that made him see stars. “You’re so deep... I can feel you everywhere,” she panted. Rohan sat up, wrapping his arms around her, one hand kneading a breast, the other between her legs. He thrust up to meet her, their bodies slick with sweat, the coconut scent of her hair mixing with the raw smell of sex filling the room.

The climax built like a tidal wave. He flipped her onto her back again, hooking her legs over his shoulders for maximum depth. Bareback thrusts grew frantic—wet, filthy sounds of her pussy taking every inch. “Come with me, Priya... I want to feel you milk me,” he growled. She shattered first, screaming his name as her orgasm ripped through her, walls pulsing and squeezing him rhythmically. The sensation dragged him over the edge. He buried himself to the hilt and came hard, flooding her with hot, thick spurts, bare and deep, filling her completely as they rode the waves together.

They collapsed in a sweaty, tangled heap on the diwan, hearts pounding, breaths mingling. Priya traced lazy circles on his chest, her body still trembling. “I love you so much,” she whispered, kissing his jaw. “This... us... it’s crazy, but I don’t want it to stop. Ever.”

Rohan held her tighter, inhaling her scent, the afterglow wrapping around them like a blanket. “Neither do I. We’ll keep finding ways—riskier, hotter, whatever it takes. You’re mine, Priya. Cousin or not.”

Outside, the distant sounds of the city hummed on, but inside the quiet house, their secret burned brighter than ever. The adventurous night was just the beginning; there would be more stolen weekends, more hidden spots, more ways to lose themselves in each other while the world slept. In the heart of their traditional joint family, they had carved out a passionate world all their own—one bareback thrust, one moan, one forbidden kiss at a time.

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