

## Witches World V2

### Chapter 7

Hermione's pussy was soaking wet when Harry began laying kisses down her belly. Her small hands gripped the blankets roughly as he kissed all around her belly button. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly to match the pace of her heavy breathing. Letting go of the blankets, she reached up and began caressing her breasts. She had already orgasmed once, and she was eager to experience another. Her fingers tickled her nipples, and she marveled at their hardness. She pinched one and gasped from the sensation. Hermione then pinched and pulled on both of them at the same time. A moan left her soft lips just as Harry's kisses crept lower down her body.

His face was now practically pressed against the front of her panties. There was no doubt that he could smell the heavy scent of her arousal, she knew. Hermione turned her head to hide the embarrassment that she was feeling. Her cheeks were bright red, and she bit her lower lip cutely. However, her embarrassment was misplaced. Harry didn't seem to mind one bit. His hands were gliding across the smooth skin of her thighs while he dug in and kissed the wet spot on the crotch of her panties. Hermione gasped loudly, and her small body jerked from the sudden jolt of pleasure. Harry then removed his face from that area and lifted her legs, keeping them together the entire time. He slowly removed one of her socks and tossed it away. The other quickly met the same fate. Holding onto her ankles tightly, he lowered her feet.

She quickly turned her head to look at him. The soft soles of her feet never left the front of his torso. She could feel the muscles of his chest and stomach as her feet neared his raging erection. With an erotic look in his eyes, he let one of her feet brush softly over his throbbing cock. Hermione let out a muffled squeak as she came again. The crotch of her panties was now so wet that the thin material clung to her pussy lips like a second skin. Harry's hands slid from her ankles up to her calves. Her poor body bucked and jolted from the pleasure, especially when Harry's fingers began tickling the backside of her knees. Hermione had lost her mind by that point. She needed to feel more. She needed one thing. She used her foot to pin his cock against his belly, and she rubbed him up and down. Harry looked down at her with a knowing smile.

"It's always the quiet ones," he said with a bit of amusement. Hermione was too far into her sexual daze to care about his teasing. However, she was partially snapped out of it when he grabbed the waistband of her panties and tugged them down her legs. He flung the wet material to the opposite side of the room. She wouldn't be needing them again that night. Harry placed his hands on her knees and pushed her legs apart. For the first time in her life, someone was seeing her body splayed out and ready to be taken. Her pussy lips were smooth and hairless, and they looked incredibly tight. Barely any of her inner lips were poking out from between her outer lips. Harry could see that her clit was swollen from arousal. Her mound wasn't very pussy, but the skin looked abnormally smooth. There wasn't even the slightest amount of stubble. Harry knew that she must have used a hair removal cream very recently, possibly that morning.

Harry would make sure to reward the time and effort that she apparently put into making their first time as pleasant as possible.

The smell of wet pussy increased dramatically as he pulled her panties off and spread her legs. Harry's hands found her inner thighs, and he slowly slid them from her knees, up until he was nearly gripping her hips. Harry could feel her body quivering. He was unsure if it was from nerves or her body's need for stimulation. Her big, brown eyes were wide open as she stared at him, wondering what he had in store for her. His thumb moved up and down her slit, and he could feel her wet heat. Using both thumbs, he pulled her lips apart, revealing her pink, glistening hole. He turned his attention back to her, and he saw a wild look in her eyes. It was a desperate look of need that he was very used to seeing in his various bedroom partners. He wasn't going to leave her waiting. Harry moved into position and settled between her parted legs. He lifted one leg and rested it on his shoulder while the other leg was pinned against the bed. Taking himself in one hand, he rubbed the spongy head of his cock against her hard, throbbing clit. Hermione shuddered and arched her back, her eyes fluttering. Not wasting another second, he lined himself up and thrust into her slowly but steadily. She let out a soft cry of pain as she was properly stretched for the first time.

Opposite her, Harry was in heaven. Her tight lips hugged him in a way that brought a maximum amount of pleasure to him. Her tunnel was slick with wetness and as hot as a furnace. Being inside of her was utterly brilliant, he thought.

"Bloody hell!" he cried out as he sank even deeper. Her pussy was only getting tighter and tighter. "You feel amazing!" he complimented her. One hand was gently caressing the leg that was draped over his shoulder. Harry loved playing with girls' soft, smooth legs. It was an activity that he would never grow tired of. Hermione was unaware if he was talking about her leg or being inside of her. However, she simply blushed and thanked him.

"You're welcome," he groaned as he bottomed out. Now fully inside of her, he waited for a couple of minutes to let her get used to it. Hermione continued to look him in the eyes, and though her breathing had slowed slightly, she was still breathing deeply. Harry reached down and brushed his fingertips across her smooth mound. As he did, her body squeezed his cock even tighter. Harry let his thumb hang low, and he used it to flick her clit. Hermione squeaked in surprise and bucked wildly. Her insides constricted around him, forcing him to moan and pull back. He pulled back until only the head was in before he pushed forward again. Hermione cried out while he moaned. He could feel the exact shape of her body as he plunged deeply, hitting her g-spot and then her cervix. Liking the effect that it had on her body, he pressed his thumb harder against her clit and began rubbing it in a circular pattern.

## **Witches World V2**

As soon as Harry's thumb began massaging her clit, Hermione's eyes rolled into the back of her head. Her back bowed so much that nearly her entire body was arching above the mattress. Her beautiful breasts were jiggling and bouncing while her fingernails were clawing at the blanket

underneath her. Her mouth was open in a near-silent scream as her silken tunnel closed around him, massaging and milking his cock for all it was worth. She was very glad to hear a deep moan escape his mouth as he fucked her with deep, steady thrusts. His hand suddenly gripped her other leg, and she now found herself with both legs up in the air, bound tightly at the ankles by his hands. Her pussy became even tighter which added to her pleasure. Harry's pleasure must have intensified as well because she saw beads of sweat forming on his forehead while his breathing became labored.

Her pussy had never been so wet, she thought as the wet, suction sounds became louder every time his cock battered the wall of her cervix. She could also feel the wetness dripping down from her pussy and lubricating her puckered hole. Hermione suddenly wondered if he would be claiming that hole as well that night. Her face burned with embarrassment. Of course, if he wanted to take her that way, it was her responsibility to turn around, spread her cheeks apart, and offer it to him. Every girl in school was well aware that being with Harry was pretty much their only route to having a child.

Witches who were childless were looked down upon and often seen as second-class citizens. Of course, some witches like Madam Bones couldn't have children for one reason or another. They were usually spared the condemnation that other childless women would have to suffer through. Childless women were seen as the bottom of the barrel ... too ugly or unpleasant to draw the eye of one of the few males in society. As outcasts, they were usually given the crappiest jobs that society had to offer. Hermione didn't like the way they were treated, but there was nothing she could do about that. One thing was for certain, she did not want to end up spreading dragon dung across a hundred-acre field for a handful of galleons a month. Thankfully, she already had a huge advantage. Harry seemed to like her, and she was going to do anything to keep it that way. Hermione closed her eyes and squeezed her muscles as hard as she could. Harry moaned loudly and folded her body in half. Her feet were suddenly pinned above her head as Harry emptied his balls into her. The sensation was strange, she thought, but very pleasant. She could feel her walls constricting as if to squeeze every last drop out of him. Her mind was a bit of a haze, but at some point, he must have finished because he let her body unfold. She could feel the warm cum dripping from her freshly-fucked pussy.

Harry dropped down next to her and cupped her breast. His fingers were flicking over her hard nub, sending tingles down her spine. Hermione turned to look at him just in time for his lips to meet hers in a passionate kiss. Her mouth opened, inviting his tongue in. It was an invitation that he eagerly accepted. She then felt something hard touching her leg. She reached down and discovered that he was still fully hard. When his kiss deepened and his hand squeezed her breast, she knew that she was in for a long night.

## **Witches World V2**

The following morning, Harry was hanging out in the Gryffindor Common Room and was surrounded by girls as Lavender and Parvati were off in a corner hammering Hermione with questions. Ever so often, they would all look over at him and burst into giggles. Hermione's

cheeks were pink with embarrassment, but she also looked quite pleased about how things turned out. Harry had little doubt that her two roommates would be looking to jump into bed with him. Harry had no problem with that. While a bit ditzy, Lavender had a nice set of tits and a thick ass, and Parvati had a very sexy exotic look about her. He found her light brown skin very appealing, and he couldn't wait to place kisses all over her body.

"So, Harry?" he heard Angelina ask. She was sitting next to him on one of the many comfy love seats in the common room, although, sitting next to him isn't exactly what he would call it. She was practically in his lap. Her leg and hip were pressed right up against his, and she was leaning into him. Her Quidditch teammate, Katie Bell was sitting on his other side, and though she wasn't as brazen as Angelina, she was still happily crowding his personal space. Angelina took his hand and placed it on her thigh. Her short skirt was riding up her thighs, giving him a perfect view of her soft, smooth skin. Harry took the opportunity to squeeze her upper leg possessively before caressing the length of her thigh. As his hand neared her panties, he could feel the heat radiating from between her legs. Harry looked around and saw several Gryffindor girls glaring at her. For her part, Angelina seemed to enjoy being the subject of so much feminine ire.

"Yeah, Angelina?" he asked as he tickled her inner thigh. He felt her body jump, and that made him smile cheekily. Beside him, Katie was using her time being physically close to him to play with his thigh. Her hand would "accidentally" touch his crotch ever so often. With every accident, her touches were becoming more like gropes. During the last one, she outright grabbed his semi-erect penis through his trousers. Harry kept his mouth shut about it, and that seemed to egg her on further.

"How come you've never come to one of my Quidditch practices?" she pretended to pout as she forced his hand higher. His fingers were now touching the damp material of her panties. It was obvious what she wanted, so Harry complied by cupping the crotch of her panties. He could feel the shape of her pussy through the thin material. He pressed his fingers against her covered clitoris and began massaging it. A shuddered breath left her lips, and her legs opened a little bit wider.

"I was never invited," he said in a cheeky manner. Katie giggled and continued to rub the crotch of his trousers. Harry was now fully hard from her tender ministrations.

"Well then, I officially invite you," Katie said with a cute smile. Katie Bell was a very pretty girl with a thick mane of blonde hair that hung down her back in very loose curls. She wasn't very tall, but she had handful-sized breasts and wide hips that Harry would be happy to squeeze. Her smile was quite pretty, and she had a little button nose. Her eyes were large and were colored a pale gray-blue. Like Angelina, the skirt of her school uniform was a tad shorter than it was supposed to be. Harry didn't mind one bit.

"And after practice, I'd be happy to give you a tour of the Gryffindor Changing Room," Angelina jumped in. Her pussy was smoldering and soaking wet. Harry was surprised that the entire room

couldn't smell how wet she was. Unbeknownst to him, many of the girls actually *did* know how wet she was.

'I'd be able to smell the bitch from Hogsmeade,' one seventh-year girl looked at Angelina with contempt.

'Angie is such a whore!' her friend and fellow Chaser, Alicia Spinnet, thought as she sat there watching, angry that there wasn't room for her on that loveseat. 'She better go shower before breakfast ... She's stinking up the entire room!' she shook her head.

Angelina, of course, didn't care at all. Her legs opened wider, inviting him to shove his hand completely down the front of her panties. She'd let him finger-fuck her right then and there.

"I'll show you the shower!" Katie added, her fingers climbing up as she began to work on the button of his trousers. Once she opened them, her fingers dipped into his boxer shorts. Harry wiggled in place when her fingertips found the head of his cock. Not caring that anyone was watching, she stuffed her entire hand down the front of his open trousers and gripped his cock in her small hand. Her fingers wrapped around him, and she slowly began beating him off. Harry's breath hitched as she looked at him with a cute smile.

Across the room, Alicia's eyes nearly bugged out. 'I can't believe Katie ... What a slut!' Even though she was silently outraged, she couldn't take her eyes off the spectacle. She desperately wished that she was in Katie's position, or better yet, Angelina's. Oh, how she wanted to feel Harry's fingers stroking her wet slit and flicking her swollen nub. Maybe he would even pin her down, spread her legs, and suck directly on her ... Alicia let out a cute, little squeak as she experienced a mini orgasm right there in front of her fellow Gryffindors. Several looked at her in confusion. Her pale cheeks burned red with embarrassment.

"So will I," Angelina quickly countered, leaning in and nuzzling his cheek with her nose. She placed a few soft kisses along his jawline, making his cock throb even harder. "I could use a pair of strong hands to help me soap up my big tits. You'd help me ... wouldn't you, Harry?" she asked in a very sultry voice. She then nipped his earlobe with her teeth before she started sucking on it. Harry was having a hard time keeping from blowing his load in his pants.

"Oh, god ... yes," Harry moaned as he pulled the crotch of her panties aside. His fingers slid across the length of her wet slit, making her hips wiggle from the pleasure.

"And I'll soap you up ... You'd like that ... right?" Katie asked, her hand jerking his cock rapidly. Harry was just about to burst when he heard the telltale sound of McGonagall clearing her throat. Harry looked up innocently and saw her looking down at him from over her spectacles.

"Before you begin soaping him up, perhaps you should wait for the school day to end. Wouldn't you say, Miss Bell?" McGonagall asked, looking at the embarrassed girl. Katie squeaked and pulled her hand from inside Harry's trousers. Harry pulled his hand away from Angelina's wet

pussy and let her panties snap back into place. Both girls quickly fixed their clothes, looking very embarrassed as many of the Gryffindor girls giggled at their expense.

“Now I’m afraid that I need to borrow Mr. Potter. I trust that you’ll be able to manage without him,” McGonagall said in her no-nonsense kind of voice. “Mr. Potter ... Come with me,” she ordered. Harry smiled at the embarrassed girls and grabbed his bag. Before leaving through the portrait hole, he looked over his shoulder.

“By the way ... I’d be happy to come see you girls practice,” he told them, his eyes sparkling. The girls of the Common Room burst into giggles again as Harry followed McGonagall out of the room.

## **Witches World V2**

“I’m glad to see you getting along with some of the older girls, Harry,” McGonagall said as they sat down in her office.

“Amelia told me that I have a duty to spend time with every girl possible. Even the ones that I don’t find particularly attractive. I mean I do find Angelina and Katie attractive ... I just mean ...” Harry explained but McGonagall smiled and nodded.

“I understand what you’re saying, and I applaud your maturity. That’s a wonderful attitude to have. I tend to keep an eye on the girls of this school, and I’ve found that some are quite shy. You may have to go above and beyond to help break down their barriers. We are lucky that you are naturally outgoing and socially extroverted.”

Harry nodded. “I’ll do my best. Amelia says that there’s nothing worse than a woman suffering the embarrassment of not bearing a child.”

“Indeed,” McGonagall agreed, nodding her head. “And I’m glad that you’ve broached the subject,” she said. Harry looked at her with confusion. “There’s a woman I know who’s been childless for years. Healers believe that she’s unable to have children. However, she wants to give it one last go before she finally gives up hope. I was hoping that you would be willing to ... umm ... give her a hand, so to speak,” McGonagall said, looking a bit embarrassed.

Harry smiled at his Headmistress. “Of course, Professor. I’d be glad to help!”