

## The Witches World

### Chapter 8

Narcissa closed her eyes tightly and bit down on the bedsheets as she was speared from behind. She grunted and moaned as her backdoor was stretched further than it had ever been. Her back was arched, and her ass was lifted as high as she could as her young lover's cock pummeled her asshole into submission. Her eyes watered from the pain and pleasure of getting bugged by the young man. It had been so long since she was taken anally that she had completely forgotten how naughty the sensation was. Her insides felt so incredibly full every time that he penetrated her, and every time he pulled out, she would mewl in protest. Eyes fluttering, her body trembled as he picked up speed. His hips were striking her shapely bottom with such force that it made her cheeks and thick thighs ripple.

Harry leaned forward and kissed her shoulder. "You're such a naughty girl, aren't you, Cissy?" he teased as he reached under her and brushed against her wet slit, then tickled her clit with his fingers that were lubed up with her own arousal. Narcissa opened her mouth to speak, but only a chattering sound came out. Harry kissed in between her shoulder blades, his fingers rubbing her hard clit. "I know that you're naughty. I can feel you clench my cock every time I sink into you," he groaned, her asshole squeezing his cock again. One thing that he had learned during his weekend with the blonde cougar, it was that Narcissa loved dirty talk.

"Ahhhhhh!" she squeaked, her body falling flat onto the mattress. Harry continued to fuck her all the way down. Now his hand was pinned between her and the bed. He pinched and rolled her clit as his lubed cock violated her puckered hole. He was slamming into her as her body thrashed and spasmed, her legs kicking as her pussy squirted on his fingers. Still, he thrust in long, deep strokes, penetrating her as deeply as he could. Her incoherent wails of pleasure increased in volume when his fingers pinched her clit then began vibrating.

Narcissa had never felt such pleasure. Her mouth was open as she screamed into the pillow, drool dripping down onto the soft fabric. Her body was being jerked this way and that as he used her for his own pleasure. The things that he was doing to her clit was incredible. Her pussy was so wet that she was ready to explode again. Her weekend with him had been magnificent. It had been confirmed just that morning that she was indeed carrying his child. To celebrate, they had been fucking nearly nonstop since. He had taken her in every way possible. Now he was about to claim her ass as she felt him shudder. She cried out and wailed into the pillow as he pinched her throbbing clit and penetrated her as deeply as he could. He grunted and moaned out in relief as she felt her bowels fill with his warm, potent seed. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as she came on his hand. She just laid there letting him seed her as she came over and over. Not so secretly, she was over the moon about her pregnancy. Secretly, she hoped that he wanted to be in the baby's life. Not for the child's sake, but for her own. Selfishly speaking, she wanted easy access to him for her own pleasure. She wanted him there so she could tempt him into bed. From the way that he continuously pawed at her all weekend, she didn't think that he would mind.

There was a problem though. News of her pregnancy was sure to get out into the public. She would be surprised if it wasn't already. Many women her age would be contacting him to give them a child now that it was confirmed that his seed was potent. She needed to think of a way to get an edge over these other whores. She would think on it. In the meantime, she would send him periodic updates about her pregnancy, and perhaps offer him a night that he wouldn't be able to resist. She giggled as Harry rolled her over and sucked on her nipples.

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Harry walked down the hall with a spring in his step. He had just spent the weekend fucking the gorgeous cougar, Narcissa Black. At the moment, he didn't have much to complain about. As he entered Gryffindor Tower, he was bombarded with sexy females wishing him a happy return. It took awhile talking to them all, but eventually, he retired as it was getting late and they had classes in the morning. As he passed Hermione, he told her, "Meet me in my room in five minutes. Leave your panties behind." Hermione blushed fiercely but quickly scampered off in the direction of the girls' dorm rooms. Harry entered his room and got ready for bed. He washed his face and brushed his teeth. Removing his clothes, he laid on top of his bed and stroked himself to full hardness. All he had to do was think about Hermione's taste and scent, and her cute body, and he was instantly hard. He looked up as the door opened. Hermione walked in, pink-cheeked and wearing a long, thick nightgown. Stopping at the foot of his bed, she blushed harder and pulled it off of her shoulders. He watched as her nude body was revealed to him once more. Harry beckoned her forward, and she crawled onto the bed and over to him. He kept his eyes on her small, perky breasts and they hung down and jiggled as she moved over to him. When she was next to him, he grabbed her and flipped her over onto her back, earning a surprised squeal from her. He leaned down and kissed her lips.

"I can already smell you," he teased her, kissing her down her supple body. She shivered as he kissed between her breasts and down her tummy. A gasp left her lips when he attacked her belly button with his lips and tongue. Her fingers snaked through his dark, messy hair and pushed his head lower, desperate to feel him pleasure her. Her smooth legs parted as his face dipped between them. Hermione blushed as he took a few moments to savor the situation. He placed featherlight kisses around the junction of where her hips met her pussy. Harry inhaled deeply, loving her wonderful scent.

Hermione Granger was in desperate need of pleasure. Now that she had finally given herself to Harry fully, she was loathed to go even a day without the incredible feeling of sex. Going an entire weekend was torture for the young bookworm. Hermione blushed thinking about what her mother would say. Her mum was a more conservative woman, and despite being beautiful, she still dressed and acted "properly". Hermione was certain that she would have something to say if she could see her daughter now. Seeing as how Hermione was completely nude in bed with a boy, and his face was currently nuzzling her dripping vagina, Hermione imagined that what she had to say wouldn't be good to hear. As he nipped at her lips and kissed her clit, she flopped back onto the large, comfortable bed and ground her pussy against his face, giving him a clear

hint as to what she wanted. Her body writhed, and she moaned as her hands slid up her silky body and cupped her still budding breasts. They were only a handful, but that didn't matter to her ... as long as Harry liked them. From the way that he constantly pawed at them, she knew that he did. She chattered in pleasure as Harry's tongue traveled the length of her wet slit, and her fingers rubbed her hard, crinkled nipples. As his hands slid around to the front of her thighs, and he pulled her roughly against his face, Hermione arched her back in the first orgasm of several that night.

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Harry was sitting in the Headmistress's office listening to her go on about his arrangement with Narcissa. He was munching on his favorite sweets that McGonagall provided. He noticed that almost everyone went out of their way to provide him with his favorite things.

"The Goblins have confirmed that the deed to the French beach house has indeed been signed over to you."

"That's good," Harry said, enjoying the peanut butter and chocolatey goodness. "I'm gonna write to Amelia and try to convince her to take us there over the summer hols," Harry said, popping another bite-sized cup into his mouth. "You can use it as well, Professor. I don't mind," Harry told her, looking up and meeting her gaze. She just chuckled.

"Thank you, Mr. Potter, but believe it or not, I'm not very fond of the ocean," she said, smiling at him. "Now, I have received more than a few requests from other women to provide the same service." Harry thought about it and nodded.

"Could you make a list and write out their names and what they're offering? I think that would make it easier," he asked her, sitting back in his chair.

"I'll see that it's done," she said, writing something down in her notebook. "Also, expect a letter from a woman named Apolline. She's a woman that lives in France and wants you to impregnate her oldest daughter. Fleur, I believe her name is."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Isn't there someone a little closer that could do the job?" He found it strange that they would need to bring in someone from the UK to do the job.

McGonagall shook her head. France has just ended a severe drought of born males. The males in France are either too old for her comfort, or they're too young. The closest to her age hasn't even started school yet," she told him. With that information, he could see why she would contact him.

"What's your opinion on them and the situation?" Harry asked the Headmistress, interested to hear what she had to say.

“The girl, Fleur Delacour has Veela blood in her, which of course makes her stunningly beautiful. I’ve never met her or her mother, but I have heard of them. They are quite rich and are truly nice people. Apolline has donated a small fortune to further research into fixing our ratio problem. I think that they deserve it more than just about anyone,” McGonagall told him, and Harry nodded.

“How old is she?”

“She’s sixteen years old and in her sixth year at Beauxbatons,” she answered. It seemed that Fleur was fairly close to his age. In his opinion, she was still a bit young to be having children. He didn’t know if it was her idea, or if her mother was pushing her into it. He’d like to meet her and find out.

“I think it would be best if we met during the summer since we’re both students. If Apolline has already given so much, I don’t think it would be right to charge her for it. I’d really like to meet her first before making a final decision though. Maybe they can meet me at the beach house this summer!” Harry said excitedly. Madam Bones would have no choice but to say yes, Harry thought happily.

“A fine suggestion, Mr. Potter. I’ll write to Apolline and Amelia and have everything set up.” McGonagall wrote some more stuff in her notebook. Their meeting continued until they had everything sorted. As he was about to go back into Gryffindor Tower, he was suddenly pushed against the wall and kissed deeply. He closed his eyes and kissed her back. Whoever it was had incredibly soft lips. Breaking the kiss, he saw that it was Lavender Brown.

“Don’t forget to invite me up to your room for our “study” session, Harry,” she said, sultrily. She giggled and disappeared into the Tower. Harry entered Gryffindor Tower a moment later sporting the biggest, dopey grin.