

Witches World V2

Chapter 4

Harry grunted as he stowed his heavy trunk in the overhead compartment. He then helped Susan and Hannah with theirs. "Whew!" he said tiredly, wiping the sweat from his forehead. The morning was hot, but thankfully, the train compartments were nice and cool.

"Thanks, Harry!" Hannah chirped.

"Yeah, thanks!" Susan added as she pulled Hannah from the compartment. They were going to meet with some of their friends that they hadn't seen all summer. Harry didn't mind at all. It gave him the opportunity to walk the train and see what was going on.

Excited chatter filled the train as girls showed off their new clothes, makeup, and all the other things they had acquired over the course of the summer. Harry was stopped at least a dozen times before he reached the next train car. Batted eyelashes, hugs, and even a few kisses were laid upon him. Needless to say, he was excited for the upcoming year. As he passed by one compartment, he spotted Luna Lovegood sitting alone wearing a strange pair of glasses that were made out of cardboard. He slid the door open and entered. As he did, she lowered the magazine she was reading, upside down mind you, and looked at him. She blinked a few times which made her look a bit like an owl. "Hello, Harry Potter," she said happily.

"Hello, Luna Lovegood," Harry replied in kind. "Can I come in?"

"Of course!" she chirped, patting the space next to her. "Sit here."

Harry sat down next to the strange blonde girl. He had met her a few times, and she always had something strange to say. Before he could respond to her, she pulled the weird, paper glasses from her face and tossed her magazine onto the bench seat on the other side of her. She then began gathering her hair into a ponytail. "You alright there, Luna?" Harry asked, confused by her behavior.

"Mhmm," she hummed as she twisted a scrunchie around her hair. Just then, the door opened, and Ginny Weasley walked in without her trunk. She took one look at Harry and blushed deeply. Like Luna, he had only met Ginny a few times, and she had been quite shy every time they spoke.

"Hi, Harry," she said shyly, her face turning pink. Harry smiled kindly at her.

"Hey, Ginny," he said. "How was your summer?"

"It was ..." she began but stopped when Luna slid off of the seat and onto the floor of the compartment. "Luna ... What are you doing?" she asked, confused.

“Harry came in here for a blowjob,” she stated as a matter of fact. “I’m going to give him one,” she said as she reached up and began messing with the button of his trousers.

“I did?” Harry wondered, and Luna nodded.

“Yes,” was all she said.

“But ...” Ginny sputtered as she watched her friend grunt as she tried to pull his trousers down.

“Mum said now that Harry is old enough for sex, there was going to be more Wrackspurts than normal buzzing around ... and she was right!” Luna called out as she reached up and began swatting invisible creatures that were supposedly buzzing around Harry’s head.

“But what does that have to do with ...?” Ginny asked but was cut off.

“Mum also said that a blowjob a day keeps the Wrackspurts away. She said that I should offer my services. Harry was too shy to ask himself, but I know what he was thinking,” Luna explained, going back to his trousers. She let out a cute grunt and pulled his trousers down to his knees. She worked them down until they were around his ankles.

Ginny’s eyes grew to the size of dinner plates when Harry’s cock sprang out. All girls were given classes on the opposite sex upon entering Hogwarts, so Ginny had seen plenty of pictures of the male anatomy. Still, this was the first time seeing a penis in real life, and better yet, it was up close and personal. Her lips parted slightly in shock, and her cheeks began to heat up. Ginny couldn’t take her eyes away from it. It was long and hard, and just looking at it made her wet. Almost instantly, she began squirming as she stood there watching. She gasped as Luna grabbed it with her small hand and began examining it. She looked it up and down and even lifted it up to look at his balls.

“You have a beautiful penis!” Luna complimented him while her hand started stroking his cock. Ginny was incredibly embarrassed just witnessing her friend’s strange behavior. She covered her face with her hands and groaned.

Harry found the whole thing amusing. Luna’s handjob was pretty good, and it definitely felt good when she started kissing her way up and down his shaft. It felt very good when her lips touched the tip, and her little tongue snaked out and licked the pre-cum off of him. Meanwhile, Ginny just stood there, embarrassed by the whole situation. He tried his best not to chuckle. Luna then looked back at Ginny.

“Oh! Sorry, Ginny. Do you want to give him a blowjob as well? We can do it together if you want,” Luna said, running her tongue from the base, all the way up to the head. Ginny looked as though she wanted to die from embarrassment when Luna angled his cock toward her, silently

asking if she wanted a lick. This time, Harry really did chuckle. "Well ... If you're sure then ..."
Luna said before she started sucking on the head.

It was clear that Luna was a beginner. She had almost no skill at all. Even so, her tongue was wet and warm, and it felt good to have her lips around him.

Ginny couldn't believe that Luna would just pull his pants down and take it into her mouth like it was completely normal. To be fair, Luna was far from normal, even on her best days. She suddenly felt like a coward compared to her little, blonde friend. Then she remembered a conversation that she had with her mother a few weeks ago.

"I don't know ... I just get all shy when he's around," Ginny explained how she acted around Harry Potter to her mother.

"That's fine for now, but sooner rather than later, you're going to have to fight through it," her mother told her. "Harry Potter is pretty much it for you for the foreseeable future. Not only you but every other girl around your age range as well. There are so few boys that if you don't take advantage of your situation, you may never be with one. I guarantee that all the other girls' mothers are telling them the same thing. The Ministry and school will do their best to spread him around equally, but you have to do your part as well."

"My part?" Ginny asked, confused. Her mother nodded while swishing her wand around the kitchen. A kitchen knife lifted up and began chopping vegetables while a wooden spoon flew out of a drawer and began stirring a bubbling pot of soup.

"You have to make yourself available to him. He'll have his choice of any girl he wants. Hell, he'll have his choice of fully grown women as well. You're a pretty girl, and you'll only grow prettier. Harry will be more than happy to have you in his bed. It's your job to make sure that he knows that you're willing."

Ginny's cheeks burned bright red, and her face felt hot. All of this talk about beds and making her body available had her feeling very embarrassed. However, she could understand what her mother was trying to tell her. It wouldn't be good for her to be so shy around him. He might think that she didn't like him, and if he thought that, then he might pass her over for another girl. Ginny promised herself that she would try and work on it.

Recalling the conversation, Ginny sat down next to him while Luna started gagging. Luna quickly pulled off of his cock, and Ginny saw that it was covered in her spit. Luna's hand stroked him and rubbed the saliva into his skin. "Sorry, Harry. I think I need more practice," Luna said, before sucking on him again. She didn't take him as deep this time, however.

"That's okay, Luna. Practice makes perfect, you know," Harry said kindly. Luna looked at him with grateful eyes and began sucking on him harder.

“Umm ... Is there anything I can do to help?” Ginny asked with a shaky voice. Harry turned his head and looked at her. Ginny’s face flushed even harder.

“Help?” he asked, and Ginny nodded. A sudden look of lust crossed his handsome face, and Ginny’s heart began to beat even faster.

“You can touch yourself,” he told her.

“You mean m-masturbate? Right here?” Ginny stuttered slightly. Again, she remembered the conversation, and she closed her eyes for a moment. Pulling herself together, she let out a shaky breath.

“Anything for you, Harry,” she was able to get out without sounding like a complete idiot.

Ginny didn’t know exactly what he wanted. Did he want her to get completely naked? Just to be safe, she reached underneath her skirt and pulled her panties down. She kicked them off and flipped her skirt up. His eyes were staring at her crotch, and Ginny had never been so embarrassed. Nervously, she opened her legs a bit and placed her hand between them. As her fingers touched her hot lips, they immediately became coated in her wetness. A shuddered breath left her lips as her eyes widened. She had touched herself before, obviously, but it had never felt half as good as it did now. Was it better just because Harry was watching her, she asked herself. Ginny heard a slurping sound as Luna pulled his cock from between her lips.

“Open them wider, Ginny,” Luna softly demanded. “Harry wants to see you.”

Luna didn’t even wait for her to answer. She just grabbed one of Ginny’s legs and pulled it over Harry’s lap. Her legs were now splayed wide open, and there was no doubt that Harry could see her damp pussy. Ginny’s heart was thundering in her chest as Harry placed a hand on her inner thigh. She realized that he was holding her leg open so that she wouldn’t cover herself. Even if he was, it still felt really good when he began caressing her soft, smooth skin. Her trembling hand moved down over her mound which was sparsely covered with very fine hair. She never thought in a million years that she would be doing something sexual with Harry Potter this year. She thought maybe next year if she was really lucky. Because of this, she hadn’t waxed her pussy to make it nice and smooth. She was, however, extremely grateful that she had had the foresight to wax her legs the night before. Her fingers slid through the thin patch of pubic hair and over her hot, wet lips. Moving one finger back and forth along the length, Ginny moaned and began squirming in her seat. Harry’s hand was climbing ever higher, and it added to the pleasure that she was feeling. She let one of her fingers slip between her lips. Her insides were burning hot, she discovered. Harry’s hand quickly joined hers.

When his fingers touched her clit, Ginny’s back arched, and lights flashed behind her eyes as she experienced her first true orgasm. “Oh, fuck!” Ginny cried out. Her mother would be displeased if she had heard her choice of words, but Ginny didn’t care. “Harry!” she squeaked as he flicked her clit once again. Harry’s hand then pushed hers out of the way.

Ginny found herself sitting there on the seat with her legs spread wide apart. Harry's fingers were fully exploring her naked sex. 'If only mum could see me now,' Ginny thought with a giggly internal voice. She knew that she would be proud. Just as his fingers parted her virgin lips, she heard him moan while Luna loudly gulped down his offering.

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With his side adventure done with, Harry continued down the train saying hi to all his friends. It was over an hour later that he came to the last car. In one of the last compartments, he looked through the window and saw Hermione Granger sitting there reading alone. Harry invited himself in, and Hermione looked up from her book.

"Hey, Hermione!" Harry called out, happy to see her. He had spent a bit of time with her over the last year, and he found her amusing. Hermione smiled shyly as the pale skin of her cheeks was suddenly brushed with a dusting of pink. Harry quickly noticed something. "You got your teeth shrunken," he said, rushing over and sitting next to her.

Hermione blushed deeply and nodded. "Yeah ... the Ministry sent a Healer to my house and fixed them right there on the spot. All it took was a wave of her wand. If I had known that it would be that easy, then I would have scoured the library looking for the spell. However, my parents are dentists, and they can get kind of weird about mixing magic and teeth. They would prefer if I did it the proper way, you know ... no magic, that is ..." Hermione suddenly started rambling. That was one thing he noticed about her. She could be very shy but then suddenly turn into a chatterbox at the drop of a hat.

"Well, they look good. You have a pretty smile," he told her, and she became shy once again. After asking her a question about the upcoming curriculum, she began chatting up a storm.

Harry stayed with her the rest of the way. When they pulled into Hogsmeade Station, they put on their robes and exited the train together. The night air was crisp, and Hermione shivered as they climbed into the carriage. "It's a bit nippy tonight. Isn't it?" Harry said, rubbing his arms. Hermione shivered again and nodded.

He scooted in closer and wrapped an arm around her. Though she was embarrassed by the physical contact with him, Hermione scooted closer as well and leaned against him. His warmth felt good on such a chilly night. When the carriage pulled up to the school, Hermione was hesitant to break away from him. Harry seemed to notice.

"Don't worry. I promise we can hang out whenever I'm with the Gryffindors again," he told her, not knowing which House he would be starting with. Hermione nodded silently, and he squeezed her with his arm. She broke free and stepped out of the carriage. Aurora Sinistra was waiting to greet them as they walked up. The dark-skinned beauty was the school's Deputy Headmistress and Head of Slytherin.

“Miss Granger ... Mr. Potter, welcome,” she smiled at them. They both smiled back.

“It’s good to be back, Professor!” Hermione chirped happily.

“It sure is,” Harry told her, subtly checking her out. Unfortunately, the robe she was wearing wasn’t very tight, and it snapped in the harsh, night air.

“You’ll be starting the year with Slytherin, Mr. Potter. You’ll be using the same room as last year,” Sinistra told him, looking him over. Harry nodded.

“Thanks, Professor,” he said as he walked past. As they stepped in, Hermione sighed in relief. The Entrance Hall was nice and warm. They walked to the Great Hall with Hermione excitedly chattering away. When they entered for the Welcoming Feast, Hermione and he said their temporary goodbyes as he walked to the Slytherin table.

As he walked up to the table, girls dressed in black robes which were trimmed in green and silver turned their heads toward him. Harry smiled and waved at them. They began chatting excitedly as some smiled and waved back. Harry made his way toward the middle of the table.

“Harry!” a familiar voice rang out, loud and clear. “Over here!”

He spotted Pansy waving at him and walked over to her. “Milly! Scoot over,” she whispered to her friend, Millicent Bulstrode. Milly scooted one chair over as did Pansy. She then patted the empty space between her and Daphne. Harry plopped his butt down and turned to Pansy.

“How was your summer?” he asked her. Pansy smiled, and her eyes sparkled in the candlelight.

“It was good. Mum and I went on holiday to the mainland for a few weeks. Then I took some classes to get ready for this year,” she told him with a sly smile on her face.

“Oh? Tutoring?” he wondered. Milly giggled on her other side.

“Something like that. I’ll show you later,” Pansy whispered to him. Harry quickly put it from his mind and turned to the beauty sitting on his other side. Daphne looked back at him as he turned in her direction.

“It’s good to see you again, Daph,” he quietly told her.

“You as well, Harry,” she said with pink cheeks.

Pansy demanded most of his attention during the feast. McGonagall went over the normal stuff about new rules and Quidditch. When they were done eating, Harry was escorted by a group of girls to the dungeons where the Slytherin Common Room was located. Harry had a private

room in all four Houses. He would spend a week in each one before moving to the next. As the door shut behind him, Harry located his trunk which was at the foot of the large bed. Harry opened it up and removed his toiletries and pajamas. He then went to the bathroom to brush his teeth. As he was pulling on his pajama bottoms, he heard someone confidently knocking on the door. Not bothering to put his top on, Harry opened the door and saw Pansy standing there with a smile on her face. Her eyes immediately lowered, and he could see that she was checking out his shirtless form. Harry cleared his throat, and her head tilted up to look him in the eyes.

“Can I come in?” she suddenly asked. Harry stepped aside.

“Sure.”

Pansy came in and looked around the room. It was just as she remembered it. “You know, Harry ... Now that we’re both of age, there’s no reason to beat around the bush anymore,” she told him. Harry arched an eyebrow.

“There isn’t?” Pansy shook her head.

“It’s obvious that we both want it,” Pansy stated, unbuttoning her blouse. Harry watched as one button after the other was undone. As she undid them, the front of her shirt opened up more and more, and Harry could see that she was wearing a white bra.

“Obvious?” Harry asked as Pansy slipped the blouse from her shoulders. She nodded as she reached back. Harry saw her bra go slack before she let it fall from her arms. Her breasts were now exposed to him. It wasn’t the first time he had seen her topless. In fact, he had seen her naked several times. Pansy wasn’t exactly the shy type. However, it was the first time he had seen her since her body really began to blossom. Her formerly flat chest was now covered by a pair of large, A-cup breasts. Pansy seemed quite proud of them. She made no move to cover them at all. She obviously wanted him to stare at them. Her pink nipples were already stiff, crinkled, and ready to be sucked on.

“Well ... If it’s obvious then ...” Harry smirked and slid his forearm under her ass. He lifted her up, causing her to squeal in excitement. Her legs wrapped around his waist as he brought one of her small breasts to his mouth. Pansy threw her head back and moaned as his lips wrapped around the hard, little pebble. Harry sucked hard on it while his hands cupped her small but shapely ass. He lifted her body higher, kissing down her belly until his tongue tickled her belly button. Pansy squeaked in pleasure and squirmed wildly in his hands. Not wanting to drop her, he laid her down on his bed. Her shoes and socks went flying before he unbuttoned her skirt. Grabbing the waistband at the hips, he worked it down her thighs and off of her legs. Pansy was now on his bed wearing only a pair of white, cotton panties. There was a wet patch on the crotch, and she did little to hide it from his gaze. She stared him in the eyes and reached out with her leg. Pansy then began massaging the bulge in his pajama bottoms with her bare foot.

"You're hard," she gasped out. Knowing he was hard and feeling the evidence were two completely different things, Pansy had realized as she worked the length of his shaft with her tiny toes.

Harry answered her by pulling his pajamas down and stepping out of them. Pansy gazed open-mouthed at the size and shape of his cock. Her legs closed, and she began rubbing her smooth thighs together. She watched as he took his cock in hand and began stroking it while staring at her slim body. Thinking back to her lessons over the summer, she opened her legs invitingly. The wet patch on her panties became painfully obvious. It seemed that this was the right move for her. Harry suddenly let out a sound similar to a growl, and he practically dove forward. His hands were quick to yank the panties right off of her body, causing her to let out a surprised yelp. Her panties were tossed to the other side of the room just before he pushed her legs open wide. Pansy suddenly felt his tongue lick her from asshole to clit. Her body bucked when his tongue touched her swollen nub. Within seconds, slurping sounds could be heard as he sucked on the damp skin of her pussy. Pansy cried out and arched her back. Her hands slid up her slim belly and over her small breasts. Her nipples felt incredibly sensitive as her fingers toyed with them. She pinched and pulled on them, making her pussy tingle more than it already was.

Her body was suddenly flipped over so that she was on her belly. Harry grabbed her hips and lifted her ass into the air. Though she couldn't see it, she felt kisses all over her cheeks, and she yelped when he lightly bit down on her soft skin. Pussy juice was flowing down the insides of her thighs, and soon his room would smell of her freshly-fucked pussy. The thought brought a thrill to her. When the other Slytherin bitches came calling, they would be forced to smell her wet pussy and know that she had been fucked first. Wanting it badly, she looked over her shoulder and wiggled her naked ass.

"I'm ready," she moaned out, reaching between her legs and spreading her pussy lips apart. She knew that Harry was staring at her pink insides with wonder. It was another thing that she had been taught in her lessons. She felt his fat, domed head touch her hole. All it took was a light push for him to claim her pussy for the first time. Pansy bit down on the blanket as her pussy was stretched, and she was very happy to hear him moan loudly. The thought that her body was causing so much pleasure inflated her already large ego. Her hands clawed at the blanket when he pulled back. She could feel his thick cock rubbing against the silky walls of her wet tunnel. Just the thought alone could make her cum, but the feeling of having him in her was otherworldly. She pressed her face into the bed and squealed as her g-spot was touched for the first time. Her body trembled, and her toes curled as Harry's hips really began moving.

Her ass cheeks were rippling and clapping as Harry pounded her from behind. A slap across her hip made her squeal in pain. She looked back over her shoulder, ready to give him a piece of her mind when his hand collided with her ass again. Pansy cried out as her pussy began gripping his cock tightly. The head was repeatedly bumping into her g-spot, sending bolts of pleasure straight up her spine, and when Harry's thumb touched her virgin asshole, Pansy screamed from the naughty pleasure. Her pussy began milking his fat cock. From what she was

told, his semen was too valuable to be wasted on a creampie, but she quickly thought better. 'Fuck that,' she thought and squeezed her pussy tight.

"Cum inside of me!" she begged and bounced her ass on his cock. Harry groaned and gripped her hips tightly. Pansy pushed back as far as she could go, and then, she felt him release deep inside of her. Pansy chittered and mewled sexily as he seeded her desperate pussy. Harry thrust a few more times, causing her orgasm to extend. When his arousal-slickened cock slipped from her wet depths, Pansy pushed him on his back and took him straight down her throat. Her head was bobbing like a madwoman as she tongue-bathed his cum-coated cock.

Harry didn't complain one bit. He simply placed his hands behind his head and enjoyed the cleaning that he was receiving. He had no doubt that she would dirty it up again within the next few minutes.