

Witches World V2

Chapter 8

When McGonagall asked him for a favor, of course, Harry readily agreed. Attempting to impregnate an adult woman wasn't anything new for him. However, he wasn't expecting that woman to be the famous Quidditch star, Gwenog Jones. Gwen, as she asked him to call her, was a good-looking woman with dark hair and tanned skin. There were some fading bruises on her back and arms from the battles she faced as a Beater on the Harpies. The one thing he immediately noticed was that she didn't act nearly as feminine as the other girls he had been with. She knew what she wanted and demanded it from him, and her stamina was incredible.

"Yesss," she hissed. "Right there. Hit that spot harder!" she gasped as Harry drove his cock into her from behind. Gwen was throwing her ass back, basically fucking herself on his cock. Her skin was soft and smooth, and her pussy was very tight, so he wasn't complaining about being used as a sex toy. Harry held onto her slim waist and slammed his hips into her ass. She had a firm ass and wide hips, and both rippled from the impact of their fucking. Harry wet the pad of his thumb on his tongue and placed it on her exposed asshole. He slowly massaged her hole, making the woman moan even louder. A woman of her fame usually got what they wanted, so Harry imagined that she likely had somewhat steady access to the few men in the country, but even so, those instances were probably few and far between. There just weren't enough men to constantly satisfy all the horny women in the country. As such, Gwen would take every opportunity to live out her sexual fantasies.

"Faster!" she demanded with a high-pitched squeal. "Fill me with cum!" she choked out.

"You're already overflowing!" Harry cried out as she gnashed his teeth together. Her pussy was so tight that it was practically strangling his poor cock. Her sheer tightness had already made him cum three times. He could see the cum dripping down the insides of her thighs.

"I don't care! Cum in me again!" she squeaked as he pounded her g-spot. He could feel her insides contracting around him, massaging his shaft in a way that made it impossible not to cum. Harry thrust even faster, and it wasn't long before he was pumping her full of cum once again. Gwen cried out as she spasmed under the force of her orgasm. Thrust after thrust, he filled her to the brim. Once his balls were empty, he pulled out and flopped back onto the bed, breathing heavily. Gwen wasn't done. She instantly crawled between his legs and sucked any remaining cum from his cock. She spent ten minutes licking and sucking him until his cock was sparkling clean. "Again," she moaned as she mounted him. Harry groaned, and all he could do was lay back and enjoy the ride.

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"What's wrong?" Hermione asked as she entered his room in Gryffindor Tower. It was the day after returning from his trip, and Harry was still in bed.

“Long night,” he winced as he tried to move in bed. “I think my hips are bruised.”

Hermione came over to his bedside and pulled the blanket down. By then, she wasn't shy about seeing him naked. Her eyes lowered to his crotch.

“They do look a bit discolored,” she told him, examining his body closely.

“There's a tub of bruise remover on the table,” Harry said, pointing at it. “Can you hand it to me?” Hermione nodded and grabbed the tub of balm. Harry was about to open it when Hermione interjected.

“Can I do it for you?” she asked him. Harry smiled and handed her the tub. Hermione crawled on the bed and sat down next to him. She opened it up and looked inside. “It's pink,” she stated.

“Yeah, but it goes on clear,” he explained.

“How much should I use?” she asked him, holding the tub to her nose and taking a sniff.

“About the same as if you're putting on sunblock.”

“Okay,” she said and scooped some onto her hand. She set the tub down and began massaging the pink goo into his hips. Harry groaned from the soreness. That Gwenog Jones was a beast in bed, Harry thought as Hermione tended to him.

“So who did this to you?” she wondered as she stared at his cock. He couldn't help but become hard from the sensation of her soft hands rubbing his skin.

“Gwenog Jones,” he simply answered. Hermione looked confused.

“I've never heard of her. Is she a student?” Harry shook his head.

“She's a professional Quidditch player. She's been trying to have a baby with no luck. McGonagall asked me to give it a shot. That's why I was gone all day yesterday,” Harry explained as Hermione scooped more of the bruise remover into her hand.

“She did a real number on you,” she said in a disapproving tone.

“Yeah ... She went a bit overboard.”

“I guess it's only natural. I mean ... Girls get so little time with boys that they have to take advantage when they can,” she said. Harry thought that she sounded a little sad. He reached out and placed his hand on her bare knee. He then slid his hand up her thigh and under her skirt. Hermione shuddered as he stroked her smooth skin.

“You won’t have to worry about that. By the time I’m done, you’ll have at least a dozen of my children running around,” he teased her. Hermione’s face blushed deep red.

“Harry!” she cried out in embarrassment, slapping his thigh.

“OWW!” he yelped. His groin was still very tender.

“Oh my gosh! I’m sorry!” she apologized and rubbed his thigh. Harry good-humoredly chuckled.

“It’s okay. I’m just a bit sore down there,” he honestly told her. “But I think you still deserve a reward for taking good care of me,” he said. Harry scooted further down the bed until the back of his head was flat against the mattress. “Take your panties off and sit on my face,” he instructed.

Hermione was still blushing madly, but she seemed very eager to follow his instructions. She angled her body so that she was able to slide her panties down her thighs and pull them off of her sock-covered feet. She let them fall to the bed as she threw her leg over his chest and crawled on her knees until she was hovering over him. The skirt blocked out some of the light, but he could still see her hairless slit through the shadows. He could see it even better as she began lowering herself. When her pussy touched his chin, she slid it further up his face until she found his lips. His tongue snaked out and licked her. His hands were caressing the backs of her thighs as her small body trembled with desire. With her skirt over his head, her aroused scent was trapped in and making his head swim. Hermione began grinding herself against his mouth as he massaged her folds with his tongue. Her slight whimpers of pleasure quickly turned into moans. At some point, she dragged her clit down to his lips and squealed as he sucked on the hard bead. It didn’t take long before she was cumming on his face.

Rolling off of him, she lay on the bed beside him with her legs spread apart. Her skirt had ridden up, and Harry could see her wet, quivering pussy. He reached between her legs and stroked her damp slit while she came down from her orgasm. “Thanks, Harry,” she shuddered. She then looked down at his hard, throbbing cock and pointed at it. “Can I suck it for you?” she suddenly asked.

“Just be gentle,” he told her. Hermione smiled beautifully and crawled between his open legs. She took him in her hand and gently began stroking it. Seeing that she wasn’t hurting him, she leaned down and licked the tip. Harry’s cock jumped in her hand, and she couldn’t help but giggle. She then pressed the flat of her tongue against the bottom of his head and started slithering her tongue all around it. Harry’s head dropped down to the bed, and he moaned. Harry closed his eyes and relaxed when she began sucking on the head like a lollipop. Hermione was really getting into it, laying soft kisses up and down the length of his shaft. She even sucked on his sack while her hand slowly beat him off. Harry reached out and gently stroked her hair, making her moan around him.

“You’re getting really good at that,” he complimented her efforts. This only made her suck on him harder and faster. Harry moaned while she bobbed her head, taking him down her throat. Focusing solely on the pleasure that she was bringing him, he felt his balls begin to tighten.

“Here it comes,” he groaned out, giving her a fair warning. Hermione pulled up until her lips were wrapped around the head. Her hand stroked him until Harry lifted his hips and began to cum. He could hear Hermione drinking down his cum as she pumped the cum straight from his balls. After sucking him dry, she pulled off of his cock and looked at him, her hand still wrapped around his length.

“Was that good?” she asked as her hand moved down to fondle his balls.

“Brilliant,” he replied. Hermione blushed and lay down next to him, cuddling into his side.

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Harry enjoyed wandering around the castle when classes weren’t in session. Frankly, Harry wasn’t sure why he even needed to go to class. It wasn’t like he needed the education for a future job. Everything was catered to him, and it would continue to be in the future. His job was to produce as many children as humanly possible. Sure, Harry loved learning new spells and such, but he could learn that on his own. He supposed that the women in charge wanted to give him the same experiences that the girls had. That was nice and all, but he could do without the boring History of Magic lectures that droned on for an hour.

He was walking down a stretch of empty corridor, brushing his fingers across the wall as he walked. He came upon a tapestry of a witch that was stuck halfway through an attempt at Self-Transfiguration. Her nose was a pig snout, and she had a curly tail sticking out of her bottom. Harry snorted at the funny picture and smacked it with his hand. It was then that he discovered that there was an opening behind the tapestry. He eagerly pulled it aside and found a secret passage. Harry had discovered several hidden passages, stairways, and tunnels throughout the school. Curious, he slipped behind the textile and held up his wand. “Lumos,” he called out, and the tip of his wand ignited with radiant light.

The dark corridor lit up, and Harry started walking. The passage went on for quite a while. There were twists and turns that should have been impossible given the layout of the castle. However, with magic, anything was possible. He came to a point where there was a smooth, stone slope heading downward. Harry didn’t think twice. He sat down at the edge and let his legs dangle over the side. He then slid forward with his butt and cried out with joy as he began sliding into the unknown. He held on tightly to his wand while trying to avoid hitting the walls. His body began to pick up speed with every second that passed. He was beginning to think that his journey might not ever end. Harry really began to panic when he could see that the end of the tunnel was blocked off. He yelped loudly, instinctively covering his face with his arms for any amount of protection that he could muster.

Much to his surprise and relief, he passed through the wall as if it wasn't even there. He felt his bottom hit the stone floor, and he slid across it, spinning until his back connected with the opposite wall. He heard two high-pitched squeaks of fright, and he uncovered his eyes to see Padma Patil and Cho Chang standing there with towels wrapped around their otherwise naked bodies. Harry blinked a few times in confusion. "Harry?" they asked, equally confused. Harry stood up.

"Where am I?" he asked, looking around.

"In the Ravenclaw dorms. How did you get here? Are you alright?" Cho asked, checking him over for injuries.

"I went down a secret passage that I just discovered. I guess it spat me out here," he told them. He then checked his body over by patting it down. "I think I'm okay," he said. His adrenaline was still flowing.

"Come with us. We need to make sure," Cho suddenly said, grabbing his hand. He noticed that Padma was blushing hard, but she went with them nonetheless. Cho pulled him down the hall and into one of the dorm rooms. She led him over to a four-poster bed and sat him down.

"Is this your room?" he asked her. Cho nodded. "Then how come you were showering somewhere else?" As far as he knew, every dorm room had its own toilets and showers.

"We were having a shower together," Padma finally spoke. He looked at her, and she blushed even harder.

"Oh," was all he could say. Sometimes he forgot that girls enjoyed spending some quality alone time together. He then felt someone pulling at his shoes. He looked over and saw Cho tugging them off.

"You should get comfortable," she smiled cutely. After pulling his socks off, she then began unbuttoning his trousers. "Padma ... His shirt," she said. Padma sat behind him and reached around. Her nervous fingers began unbuttoning his shirt. He could hear her shaky breathing next to his ear.

"You don't mind if we examine your body? I'm just worried that you hurt yourself. You hit that wall pretty hard," Cho asked as she tugged his trousers down over his hips.

"No, I don't mind," Harry told her. It was obvious what she wanted, and Harry wasn't opposed.

She pulled the trousers from his legs while Padma finally got his shirt off. Now only in his boxers, Cho leaned forward and placed her hand against his chest. She pushed, sending Harry's top half backward until he was resting the back of his head on Padma's thighs. Cho looked incredibly sexy as she pulled off his boxers, leaving him nude. Just looking at her sultry

expression had his cock at half-mast. Cho was a very beautiful girl. She had long, black hair that looked silky to the touch. Her big, slanted eyes gave her an exotic look that really turned him on. Her nose was small and cute, and she had a great smile. His cock began inflating even further when she placed her hands on his thighs and began gently caressing them. Her eyes were locked on his cock as she stared unapologetically. "Everything looks good from here," she giggled.

"I don't know," Harry smiled knowingly. "I think I may have strained something."

"Oh?" she asked, raising one of her manicured eyebrows. "Where?"

"Right here," he answered, reaching down and gripping his cock. He slowly began stroking it while staring at her lovely face. Cho smiled at him and moved his hand away.

"You poor boy. Let me kiss it and make it better," she giggled as she leaned over. Harry closed his eyes while she began kissing the length of his erection. He gasped when he felt the tip of her tongue wiggle against the head. This only made her giggle harder. Above him, Padma's breathing was becoming labored, and he could feel her squirming underneath the back of his head. Cho dragged her tongue up the entire length of his shaft, making his eyes flutter. When she started moving, Harry opened his eyes. She looked at him and blushed prettily. Grabbing the front of her towel, she pulled it from her body, exposing herself. Her skin looked very soft and smooth. His eyes lowered to the area between her legs. She only had a small strip of short-cropped hair covering her mound. Cho crawled on top of him and trapped his cock against his belly. Her smooth lips hugged the bottom of his shaft, and she slowly began grinding against him. Harry moaned loudly.

Tilting his head back, he saw Padma looking down at him. Though she looked embarrassed, he could clearly see the lust in her eyes. He reached up and took hold of her fluffy towel. He gave it a tug, exposing her body to him. Padma was quite beautiful, Harry thought. As with Cho, she had an exotic look with her light brown skin and dark hair and eyes. Her breasts weren't big ... only a handful at the most. Her small nipples were dark and were topped with hard, crinkled tips that were waiting to be sucked. Harry slid his hands over them and gave them a squeeze. Padma gasped as her fingers played with his messy hair. By then, Cho was driving her hips back and forth, painting this cock with her wetness. Her long, thick hair was bouncing over her delicate shoulders, and her B-cup breasts were jiggling in a wonderful way.

"I can't wait until I'm big and pregnant with your baby," Cho moaned as she ground her clit against the bottom of his head. "You'll have a baby with me ... right, Harry?" she asked, pressing down on him even harder as she thrust her hips back and forth. Harry would have given her anything she wanted at that moment.

"Yes," he moaned as Cho giggled and lifted her hips. She grabbed his cock and placed the tip at her entrance. She slowly eased her hips down until he was completely inside of her. Her insides were burning hot, and her slick walls felt heavenly.

“That’s good to know,” she smiled and leaned forward. Harry tilted his head back again just in time to see Cho begin to furiously make out with Padma. Their lips danced together perfectly, and he knew that this wasn’t the first time that they had kissed. Padma’s tongue slipped from her mouth, and Cho eagerly tickled it with hers. He could feel her pussy tightening around him from the pleasure of kissing Padma. Cho’s breasts were hanging down, and Harry couldn’t help but lean up and take one of her hard nipples into his mouth. He sucked on it hard, tickling the tip with his tongue. Cho’s hips started to move, and he could feel how tight she was. The girls broke their kiss, and she pulled her nipple from his mouth.

Cho’s hands were massaging her breasts as she began rolling her hips. Harry lifted his hips and moaned, trying to go even deeper. Padma was leaned over, rubbing his chest and stomach while watching her friend ride him. Cho finally let out a deep moan.

“He feels so good, Paddy,” she shuddered while squeezing him with her pussy. “It’s way better than those toys we use,” she admitted. Cho leaned forward and rested her palms against his pecs. Her hips began bouncing, and a clapping sound filled the room. Harry’s hands were over his head, feeling every inch of Padma’s smooth skin that he could reach. He then felt Cho’s pussy clamp down hard on him, and she squealed loudly. Her body began to tremble, causing her tits to shake. A few bucks of her small body later, she rolled off of him and looked at her friend.

“Your turn,” she said in a shaky voice.

“I’ve never done this with a boy before, Harry,” Padma admitted as Harry lifted his head so she could get up.

“That’s okay. You can go slow,” he promised as she moved toward his hips. She was about to mount him in the same way that Cho had, but Harry stopped her. “Turn around and face the other way,” he told her. Padma blushed but did as he instructed. With her ass facing him, she straddled his lap and gripped his shins tightly. Cho had gotten up and helped Padma by taking Harry’s cock and placing it against her slit. Cho ran the head of his cock up and down Padma’s slit, making the girl gasp in pleasure. She then stuffed the head into Padma’s entrance and grabbed the girl’s hips. She moved her hands up to Padma’s waist and helped ease her down. Padma whimpered from being properly stretched for the first time. Once he was fully inside of her, she rested for a moment to get used to his size. Then, after her moment of inactivity, she slowly lifted up until only the head was still in her. Slowly dropping her ass, he watched as her pussy engulfed his full length. It amazed him the way her tiny pussy stretched around him. As she lifted back up, her pussy lips were pulling away from her body as they desperately clung to him. Dropping back down, he could hear the sound of her wet pussy sliding against his shaft. He squeezed Padma’s cheeks and spread them apart. Cho giggled and stuck her finger in her mouth. She then took her wet finger and began rubbing it against Padma’s puckered asshole. Padma squealed loudly as her pussy squeezed him.

It wasn't long before Padma stopped being shy and insecure. With more confidence, she bounced her ass harder and harder. Harry stared at her pussy being stuffed while Cho played with her naughty hole. "She's starting to cream," Cho happily called out, pointing to the smears of white cream that were streaking his cock. Cho then leaned in and began licking all over his cock. She moaned as his cock slid across her tongue. He didn't expect her to then move up to Padma's ass. Her little, pink tongue snaked out and wiggled against Padma's tight asshole. That was all it took for the poor girl. Her already virgin-tight pussy nearly choked his cock as she straightened up and cried out. Harry's head bumped her cervix just as he released. He grabbed Padma around the middle and held her shaking body as he filled her with cum. Of course, he took the opportunity to squeeze and grope her naked tits as she squealed in delight. After a moment of this, she collapsed forward, freeing his cock for Cho who knelt and sucked him clean. Harry was very glad that he had found that secret passage.