

## Witches World V2

### Chapter 5

Harry's thoughts began to clear as he woke from a deep, restful sleep. His eyes fluttered open, and he waited for a moment as his blurry vision cleared. He groaned and lifted his arms above his head, stretching his entire body. Looking at the spot next to him, he found a disheveled twist of blanket, sheet, and pillow from the older, Slytherin girl that had stayed with him the previous night. Pansy had been trying to "hog" all of his time and attention, and the older girls didn't take kindly to that. The seventh-year who he was with had left early, as he knew she would. She needed to wake up extra early to finish a fifteen-inch essay that was due that morning.

Yawning loudly, Harry let his arms drop down back to the bed. Looking at the clock, he saw that he still had twenty minutes before he needed to get up and get ready. He was about to close his eyes for a quick nap when someone began knocking on his bedroom door. Harry groaned and called out, "Come in!" in a sleepy, gravelly voice. The door opened slowly, and Daphne Greengrass poked her head through the gap. Harry saw the uncertain look on her beautiful face when she saw him still in bed.

"Are you sure?" she asked, still not fully entering the room. Harry rolled his eyes.

"Yes! Come on it," he said, amused by her antics as she stepped in and closed the door behind her. She walked over to him slowly while wearing a bathrobe. This wasn't out of the ordinary. Most girls hung around their Common Rooms in the morning wearing bathrobes or whatever they slept in. Although, when Harry was spending his week in their House, they tended to dress just a tad sexier. Daphne reached into the oversized pocket of her bathrobe and pulled out an empty, crystal flask. She pulled the stopper out which made a hollow-sounding thunk. Harry knew what it was, of course.

"Madam Pomfrey asked me to collect your ... donation this morning ... Is that okay?" she asked nervously. Harry smiled at the cute girl and nodded.

"Sure," he said in his sleepy voice. "Come over here." He patted the bed.

Daphne blushed deeply as she crawled onto his bed. As she did, he could see that she was wearing a pair of very fluffy, light-purple socks. "Cute socks," Harry said with a teasing expression. Daphne looked down at her feet and blushed beet-red.

"Sorry ... I forgot that I was wearing them. My feet get cold at night," she quickly explained, reaching down to take them off. Harry grabbed and held onto her hand, keeping her from removing them.

"You don't need to take them off. You look cute in them," he complimented her. Daphne was still blushing hard.

"I-I do?" she asked, unsure if he was teasing or not.

"Mhmm," he hummed in a low voice. He noticed that while she was wearing her bathrobe, her hair was nice and brushed and her face was done up with a very light smattering of makeup. It looked as though she was trying to appear as though she had just woken up. Either way, Harry didn't mind. He'd seen her come down from her dorm with no makeup and her hair a mess. She still looked quite sexy. Now, with a little makeup, she looked even sexier. Harry smiled softly at her. "Will you help me? ... Collect my donation, that is," he clarified himself for her. Daphne suddenly looked very shy. Her behavior was far from the teasing vixen that he had witnessed in Diagon Alley that day. Harry wasn't sure which version of her that he liked more.

"I'll do anything you want," she answered shakily. It was an answer he loved to hear. Harry smiled and beckoned her forward. Daphne put down the flask and stood up on her knees. Waddling forward, she stopped right in front of Harry who had also sat up.

Daphne was so nervous that she feared that she might actually faint. She was already kicking herself for forgetting to take off those stupid, fluffy socks that she loved to wear to bed. She was very grateful that Harry was so easy-going and gracious. Still, she feared that he might think that she was still too childish for anything serious. She needed to remove that thought from his head immediately, she thought as she knelt before him. When he undid the belt of her robe, opened it up, and let it fall from her nude body, the look on his face told her that he definitely wasn't thinking of her as childish. That instantly made her feel a hundred times better. Harry leaned in and placed his hands on her body. Her skin instantly goosebumped as his fingertips caressed her sides and danced over the gentle curves of her growing hips. Harry leaned in, and Daphne's heart beat loudly in her chest as his lips came closer. When they nearly brushed against hers, she closed her eyes, waiting for the kiss. When it finally came, it wasn't on her lips. Instead, his lips found her jawline. The first soft kiss nearly made her cum while his fingers began exploring the soft skin of her lower belly.

His lips traced her jawline, making Daphne gasp and shudder. His fingers tickled her belly button, and her body jumped uncontrollably. Harry's lips moved down to her slender neck. "Are you ticklish?" he asked. All Daphne could do was nod as he kissed and nipped at her neck. Harry then eased her body down so that she was lying flat on her back. His lips left her neck but not her body. Daphne's entire body was tingling pleasantly as his lips descended her chest and circled one of her nipples. One of his hands was gently massaging one of her breasts while his other hand was stroking the inside of her thigh. Daphne's legs were open slightly, filling the room with her womanly scent.

"You said that you'll do anything ... correct?" she heard him ask as he lightly pinched her nipple between his front teeth and pulled. Daphne cried out. It hurt a little, but it also felt good, she thought as he let her nipple go. He then gave it a soft kiss to make it feel better. Her eyes fluttered when his hand moved higher up her thigh.

“Yes,” she breathed out heavily. “Anything.”

Harry smiled against her nipple and sucked it back into his mouth. He felt her body squirm underneath him, and her thighs closed while his hand was still between them. “Spread your legs,” he told her. “I want to taste you.”

Daphne’s belly fluttered when she heard those words. Like most girls her age, she was self-conscious about ... “down there” as she normally called it when talking to her mother. What if he didn’t like the way it looked or the scent of her body? She had asked her mother about these things but all she said was to not worry about it. Why shouldn’t she worry about it, Daphne had wondered. It was a perfectly valid fear. She snapped out of her thoughts when she felt Harry’s lips traveling lower and lower. “Oh! That’s ... Okay,” was the only stupid thing that she could get out when Harry began tickling her hairless mound with the tip of his tongue. His hands found her slim waist, and he held her firmly as he kissed her lower. Daphne shakily opened her legs wider, giving him better access to her womanhood. She turned her head to the side and let out a loud gasp when he placed soft kisses all around her burning-hot pussy.

“Mmm, Daph ... Your pussy smells so good,” she heard him say as he kissed her clit. Daphne squealed and grabbed a handful of his messy, black hair. Her body bucked, and she mashed her clit against his lips.

“It does?” she asked, her voice cracking. ‘Well, that was fucking embarrassing,’ she chastised herself for sounding like someone barely going through puberty.

“Mhmm,” she heard him answer just before his tongue touched her asshole. Daphne yelped, not expecting his tongue to be touching her there. Her mother never warned her about such things! Flipping her over, Harry gripped her cheeks and spread them apart. Daphne had never felt so exposed. Again, the tip of his tongue tickled the skin around her little hole, sending pleasant tingles up and down her spine. Instead of licking her hole again, he buried his face right into her backside. Daphne hid her face against the bed as Harry licked every inch of her naked pussy that his tongue could reach. She felt it wiggling against her clit, which felt heavenly to her. ‘He’s sticking it inside of me!’ she squealed in her head as his tongue slipped between her lips.

Knowing what to expect and experiencing it firsthand were two completely different things, Daphne quickly discovered as she wiggled her bare backside against his face. She was mewling and gripping the bed tightly as Harry licked and slurped the juices from her soaking wet pussy. “My clit!” she begged, trying to press it against his lips. Harry chuckled at her actions.

“You want me to suck it?” he asked, and Daphne nodded in response, not trusting her voice to answer. When his lips wrapped around her hard, little nub, Daphne arched her back and squealed like a pig. Fat beads of arousal were dripping down the insides of her thighs, making his room smell of her wet pussy. Daphne couldn’t believe how naughty Harry was acting. There wasn’t an inch of pussy and ass that he wasn’t licking. He even licked the trails of wetness off of her thighs. At some point, Daphne found herself on her back again. Harry gripped her legs

behind her knees and pushed her legs forward until her body was folded in half. Her naked pussy and ass were sticking up in the air, and Harry wasted no time in sticking his tongue in her ass.

“Harry!” she cried out, feeling overwhelmed by the naughtiness of the situation. “That’s obscene!” Harry responded by laughing merrily. He then stuck his tongue back in where she felt it wiggle. The sensation was beyond words, Daphne thought as her toes curled. Unfortunately, it didn’t last long. Soon after, Harry was hovering over her with the head of his cock rubbing against the length of her damp slit. With her knees pinned beside her ears, Daphne was looking at him with wild eyes as he lined up and took her virginity with a single thrust. Daphne was very grateful that she, like most girls, had practiced with dildos before their first time, because Harry sunk in deep and stretched her wide. She squealed in pain and pleasure as her silky walls stretched wide around him. She could feel it sinking deeper and deeper until it finally hit some spot that made her gasp and spasm.

“Oh, you like that spot?” Harry asked her. Daphne blushed deeply and didn’t answer. She was too embarrassed. Harry didn’t need to hear her answer, however. He just began thrusting while keeping that exact angle.

“OH!” Daphne squeaked, her eyes as wide as saucers as the head of Harry’s cock repeatedly bumped against her special spot. She really wished that her mother had taught her about that particular spot. ‘Maybe she doesn’t know about it,’ she reckoned. She made a mental note to write a letter and ask about it. Her mother, however, did warn her about the strange sounds that she might hear during sex. Especially the sounds that *her* body would make. She warned that they might be embarrassing, but she assured Daphne that Harry wouldn’t mind. Daphne truly hoped that she wasn’t lying, because the wet, squelching, suction sounds coming from her stuffed pussy as it was being fucked were horribly embarrassing to her. Thankfully, it seemed that her mother wasn’t lying. Harry didn’t appear to mind at all. In fact, he seemed to delight in the fact that he was making her feel so good.

“Shit, Daph ... You’re soooo wet!” he moaned as his hips began to move faster. The sounds of her ass being clapped were growing louder and louder with every thrust. Daphne bit her lip before crying out in pleasure. She could feel herself squeezing him as a very strong orgasm was quickly approaching. Harry didn’t slow down or ask how she was doing. He just continued to jackhammer into her sloppy pussy until Daphne finally bucked and nearly knocked him off of her. Her pussy clamped down on him, and Harry moaned in pure pleasure. Her pussy was spasming and contracting as bolts of pure physical gratification raced up and down her body. She was nearly out of it when a sense of warmth began filling her cumming pussy. As she realized that Harry had creampie’d her, she completely forgot why she had gone there in the first place. The empty flask was lying there on the bed, completely forgotten.

**Witches World V2**

'I swear ... these children ...' Headmistress McGonagall repeatedly told herself as she entered the empty Slytherin Common Room. It was nearing the end of the school day, and two of her students had failed to show up in every one of their classes so far. The fact that one of them was Harry Potter, and the other was the beautiful and sexy Daphne Greengrass told her everything that she needed to know. Sure, Daphne was one of the girls who was being encouraged to spend more time with Harry, but that didn't mean that they should be skipping classes to do so. McGonagall went straight for Harry's private room, and when she opened the door without knocking, she was hit full in the face with an overpowering smell of sex. Taking a step in, she saw exactly why the room smelled as it did.

Daphne was on her belly with her ass up in the air. Her eyes were open, but McGonagall wasn't sure if the girl was all there. She seemed to be in some kind of daze. Harry was behind her, still thrusting even though they had been interrupted. From the higher-up angle, the Headmistress could see that Harry currently had his penis buried balls deep in Daphne's ass. Harry's hips moved back, and she could see that his cock and Daphne's ass were nice and lubed. 'At least he's not wrecking the girl's insides,' McGonagall thought. She cleared her throat, causing Harry to look up. He gave her a boyish smile that nearly made her smile back. Thankfully, her years of experience in disciplining children were paying off, and she was able to refrain.

"Hi, Professor!" Harry greeted her happily.

"Harry," she greeted him back before looking at his partner. "Miss Greengrass," she added. Daphne simply grunted with the same blank look on her face. "Is there something wrong with her?" she wondered.

"I think she's had too many orgasms. Let me show you how to wake her up," Harry said eagerly. He then reached down and pinched her swollen clit. When he started rolling it between his fingers, Daphne moaned and began panting. Harry's hips moved faster until Daphne screamed and came again. Her ass was trembling, and her hands tugged at the blankets. Her voice sounded hoarse and ragged. As she came, she heard the sound of a clearing voice. Daphne looked up and was suddenly filled with a sense of dread. McGonagall was staring at her with a displeased look on her aged face. Daphne swallowed loudly.

"Good afternoon, Miss Greengrass. I said good afternoon because I thought that you might be confused about what time of the day it is. You see, you were sent here early in the morning, oh ... eight hours ago to collect Mr. Potter's sample."

McGonagall looked around and found the flask discarded on the ground. Picking it up, she held it up for Daphne to see. "It appears that my judgment was misplaced when I chose you for such an important job." Daphne looked panicked.

"Professor, I ... EEEK!" she cried out as her body spasmed out of control when she was rocked by another analgasm.

“Mr. Potter ... If you would be so kind as to pull out,” McGonagall told him. Harry cheekily gave her a salute and slowly pulled himself from Daphne’s tight ass. Daphne shuddered and squealed as her asshole gripped him tightly. Inch after inch of his lubed-up cock slid out of her stretched ass until it popped free. Daphne rolled onto her side and curled into a ball as her body shook. “Now ... Would you mind explaining yourselves?” she asked, crossing her arms while staring him down.

“Sorry, Professor. Daphne came in to collect my sample, and I guess I got carried away. She tried to convince me to go to class, but I ... well ...” Harry told her, pretending to look sheepish. Daphne hadn’t actually tried to convince him of anything. If anything, she was just as guilty as he was. Still, Harry didn’t want Daphne taking the heat. Any punishment would be much lower if he took the blame.

“You used the excuse of doing her ‘duty’ to give in to your lascivious desires?” McGonagall finished for him. Harry, again, looked sheepish and silently nodded. The Headmistress sighed. “I figured as much. Miss Greengrass?” she called out. Daphne squeaked and sat up, completely forgetting that she was fully nude, except for the pair of fluffy socks that she had on.

“There will be no punishment this time ... But I expect that sample tomorrow morning come hell or high water ... Do you understand?” McGonagall asked, raising an eyebrow in a way that indicated that she meant business. Daphne flushed red and quickly nodded. “And as for you, Harry ... That will be a detention with Professor Sinistra tonight. I expect the school’s toilets will need a good scrubbing. Report to her directly after dinner.”

Harry sighed. “Alright, Professor. Sorry about the trouble.”

When Professor McGonagall left the room, Daphne was looking at Harry with pink cheeks. “Thanks for taking the fall,” she told him shyly. Harry smiled warmly at her.

“It’s no problem,” he said before looking at her with a naughty smile. “You know ... We still have some time before the last class is over.” Daphne looked at him like he was crazy before Harry pounced.

“Harry!” she squealed as his lips captured hers.

## **Witches World V2**

“Nobody knows ... the trouble I’ve seen ...” Harry sang as he scrubbed the toilet bowl with a brush. The floor around the toilet kind of smelled like pee, and he wrinkled his nose. ‘The boys in this school need to learn how to aim properly,’ Harry thought as he stood up. Thankfully, he wasn’t tasked with cleaning the floors. As he stood up, he arched his back and groaned when it popped. He tossed the cleaning brush into the bucket and washed his hands. Leaving the bucket where it was, Harry made his way back to Professor Sinistra’s room. He had spent the last two hours cleaning two dozen toilet bowls. Once he arrived at her room, he knocked and

waited for a reply. The door opened on its own, and he took this as an invitation to enter. He closed the door behind him and walked over to the Astronomy professor who was sitting at her desk and grading some papers. "All done, Professor!" Harry chirped. As annoying as it was to suffer through another detention, he felt that it had been worth it. Besides, it wasn't like this had been the first time that he was given detention. Harry wagered that he might just have the highest detention rate out of anyone in the school. He just couldn't help himself when it came to mischief-making, and McGonagall was certainly correct when she said that she wouldn't be showing any favoritism to him.

"Are you, now?" Sinistra's sexy voice asked from behind a stack of papers. "And have you learned your lesson?" she asked. Her voice was naturally sultry.

"Probably not," he answered honestly, which made her laugh softly. She placed her quill down and stood up.

"At least your honest," she stated and watched as he stretched his back again. "Are you injured?" she asked him, raising an eyebrow. Harry shook his head.

"No, Professor. It's just sore from being hunched over for so long. I'll be fine," Harry responded, twisting his upper half, hoping that his back would pop again.

"You poor boy. Follow me," she told him, beckoning him out of her classroom. He followed her down the corridor a ways before making a turn. They came upon a section of the floor that he rarely, if ever, visited. Professor Sinistra pushed the door open and waited for him to enter. He entered the dark room which was suddenly bathed in a dim light when several oil lamps on the walls magically lit. Looking around, he could see that he was in someone's bedroom. He correctly deduced that this was Sinistra's bedroom. "Take your clothes off and lay facedown on the bed so I can treat your aching muscles," she told him.

Harry immediately did what she said. For his entire life, he had been examined at least once a week to check his health. By this point, he was used to adult women telling him to strip. This was no different. Within a minute, Harry was facedown on her bed. He expected her to start waving her wand like his Healers usually did, but what he wasn't expecting was to feel her warm body straddle his backside. Her hands touched his bare back, and she began massaging his aching muscles. "Oooh!" Harry groaned in pleasure as her thumbs dug into his flesh.

He lay there enjoying his massage until she began rocking her hips back and forth. He was confused until he turned his head and looked. Sinistra was completely nude. Her eyes caught his, and she smiled naughtily. "Don't worry, Harry. I'm going to make your aching body feel soooo good," she moaned and fluttered her eyes. Before he knew it, she had rolled him over and had him pinned down. Harry gulped when he caught the hungry look in her eyes. All he could do was lie there and take it.