

Harry's Clinic For Troubled Witches

Part 1

With one knee crossed over the other, her leg nervously bounced as she balanced the recent copy of Witch Weekly on it. A hand with perfectly manicured nails flipped the page even though the reader hadn't actually read it. Needless to say, Fleur Weasley's head was somewhere else.

In fact, it was focused on what was going on in the room just beyond the door that she and every other witch in the waiting room kept taking not-so-subtle peeks at. She was also thinking about the man in charge of it all ... her friend, Harry Potter.

How he had found out was a mystery, though if Fleur had to guess, she would say that Hermione probably confessed while drunk. Hermione didn't drink often, but when she did, she liked to talk. Harry was her best friend and greatest confidant. There were very few secrets that Hermione didn't tell him. So when his best friend confessed a deep and troubling secret to him, of course, Harry Potter would be the one to try and fix it. He was the greatest hero in recent memory, after all, Fleur thought fondly. Fleur only hoped that it was true.

The secret that every witch kept was their inability to have an orgasm. While the secret wasn't earth-shattering by any means, it would destroy the egos of quite a few men out there. Angry and embarrassed men who could wield magic were a dangerous combination. It would probably even ruin more than a few marriages ... possibly even her own. So the females did what they thought was best. They kept it a secret while trying to figure out a way to fix the problem. For hundreds of years, women have tried. They tried everything. Potions, sex toys, and anything else that you could imagine. One desperate witch even tried a dildo in the shape of a Thestral penis. How she got the mold for it, Fleur didn't even want to know. That girl had always been a little looney if she was honest.

So when Harry Potter of all people claimed to have fixed the problem, women were skeptical at first. It was only after Hermione and Ginny had explained that they had been "cured" did other women actually start believing. After that, word spread like wildfire in the female community. It had been hard keeping the excitement from reaching the men's ears. That was when Harry had come up with a brilliant idea. He created a clinic for women only. The cover story was that it helped to treat "female problems". Any time men heard that phrase, they usually asked no further questions on the subject. Because of this, women now had a cover story and their men didn't want to know any details about it. It was perfect.

Unfortunately, the treatment wasn't perfect. Harry explained that they would need to come back every two or three months for another round of treatment. Fleur wasn't going to complain though. The benefits far outweighed any of the negatives. Suddenly, the door opened, and Harry Potter walked into the waiting room.

"Fleur," he called out, checking his clipboard. Fleur smiled and stood up nervously. She straightened her cute, little summer dress and walked up to him. "Come on back here, and we'll get you set up," he told her kindly.

"Merci, 'Arry," she thanked him and followed him into the back. Her heart began to beat faster as she entered the treatment room and saw a medical chair with leg stirrups. Harry placed his clipboard on a nearby table and turned to her. Now that they were alone, he no longer had to be professional. He pulled her in for a hug, which she happily returned. They kissed each other's cheeks in the typical French fashion.

"How have you been? I haven't seen you in a couple of weeks! Work has kept me busy," he said.

"I 'ave been good. I've been very eager to try the new treatment," she told him, wringing her hands.

"I have to warn you ... the treatment will be embarrassing and very sexual," he raised an eyebrow. Pink tinged her cheeks as she nodded. That much was obvious to her.

"I am ready to do what it takes," she straightened her back confidently. Harry nodded.

"From my extensive study, I have discovered that magical females actually have three g-spots. So one would think that they should feel even more pleasure than muggle women. Unfortunately, the g-spots are hidden in areas that aren't reachable by normal means. Not only that, but witches have fewer nerve-endings in their vaginas than non-magical women. Because of this, magical women will usually find it impossible to reach climax," Harry explained to her. Fleur raised her perfect eyebrow. She definitely didn't know any of this.

"To fix the nerve-ending problem, I have created a special lubricant that will intensify any pleasure you feel to extremely high levels. It only works with pleasurable feelings though. You don't have to worry about heightened levels of pain." Fleur nodded. That was good to know.

"The main issue, however, is the g-spot problem. There is no way to reach them under normal circumstances. Fortunately, I have devised a way to fix that," he told her and pulled out what looked like a sex toy, only different. Instead of a normal-shaped dildo, the long, rubber tube was oddly shaped. Some areas had one-inch bumps sticking out, while others looked like a bunch of grapes. Her eyes immediately widened. Harry chuckled.

"I know it looks frightening, but don't worry, it won't hurt you. I'm going to use this, along with a special oil to make your g-spots swollen. The oil will keep them swollen while also keeping them numb to any pain. After that, any normal-sized penis, if used alongside the lubricant, will bring you pleasure like you've never felt," he told her confidently. Fleur was blushing up a storm by then. All she could do was nod. "Let's get you ready," he said.

Fleur didn't know what was to come next, but when Harry walked behind her and lowered the straps of her dress, she made a good guess. The loose, airy dress easily slipped off of her gorgeous body. Harry picked up her dress and placed it on the table next to his clipboard. Fleur was trembling while standing there in her bra, panties, and high-heels. She bit her lower lip when she felt him touch the clasp of her bra. Instantly, the back strap came undone, loosening the front. Harry touched her soft, delicate shoulders and slid his hands down her arms, taking her bra straps with them. As her bra was tossed aside, she stood there with pink cheeks while her perfectly rounded breasts were hanging out in the open. The coolness of the room along with the naughtiness of the situation was making her galleon-sized, pink nipples hard.

"I'm going to rub some of this lubricant on you. The more aroused you get, the better the treatment will be. Fleur nodded while thinking that everything she was doing was for her husband's benefit. Harry placed his hands on her hips and turned her toward him.

Harry loved the way her lovely tits jiggled slightly when he turned her around. They were more than a handful ... much more in fact. Being a good judge of cup sizes, he guessed that they were right around the D-cup range. Her nipples looked incredible to him. They were very light pink and were already hard and crinkled. Her skin was a porcelain color and was flawlessly perfect. Even the scent of her body was incredible.

Fleur gasped when he poured a liberal amount of the lubricant all over her tits. Not given the chance to rub it in herself, she just stood there while Harry's hands groped and rubbed her bare breasts. She shivered as his fingers slid over her oiled-up nipples one by one. He looked her eye to eye as he pinched each of her nipples and gave them a slight tug. Fleur saw her nipples stretching away from the pale skin of her breasts.

"How does this feel?" he asked. "Do you feel any pleasure? Are they sensitive?" he asked, rolling her hardened nubs between his fingers.

"I can feel the effects of the lubricant!" she gasped as her legs shook. "I 'ave never felt such a sensation before!" she declared while Harry flicked his fingers repeatedly over the tips. When her body twitched, Harry decided to continue with the treatment.

"Excellent!" he said happily. "Have a seat on the chair, Fleur," he ordered her. Fleur sat down on the chair and waited while Harry wrote down some notes on his clipboard. "Sorry for making you wait, but detailed notes in your chart will help me treat you properly in the future," Harry explained.

"I don't mind, 'Arry," she told him, still trying to calm her beating heart. What she had just felt was amazing. It had felt better than anything she had ever experienced. If Harry could make her feel even better, then she was all for it. She would do anything he requested or ordered. Hermione did say to follow his every command, after all. Once done, Harry walked up to her and grabbed her ankles. He spun her body until she was laying back. He lifted up her legs, and she helped him by placing them in the stirrups. Harry removed her heels before grabbing the

waistband of her damp panties. Fleur blushed like crazy as her friend pulled her panties down her legs and off her small, dainty feet. She blushed even harder when he put her legs back in the stirrups. Now she was completely open to him.

The moment Harry saw her legs open up, and her perfect, little pussy was revealed, his cock nearly burst through the front of his trousers. Pulling a lever on the magical chair, the stirrups clamped shut and moved apart, spreading her legs even wider, and straps erupted from the sides to secure her wrists. Fleur squeaked in surprise.

"Don't worry, Fleur. The treatment can get a bit intense. You have to be held down or you might accidentally hurt yourself," Harry explained to her.

Breathing heavily, she replied, "Alright, 'Arry."

Fleur's eyes nearly bugged out when more of the lubricant was poured over her entire pussy. Almost immediately, the tingling began. Suddenly, she felt Harry's fingers gliding over her burning hot skin, rubbing the oil into her pussy. A loud squeal left her mouth as his fingers brushed over her sensitive clit. Harry placed his hand over her wonderfully smooth mound and eagerly rubbed his thumb back and forth over her rapidly swelling clit. She was chittering and mewling from the sensation and didn't even notice when the tip of his medical toy began burrowing its way between her plump and hairless lips. When she finally did notice, she opened her mouth just as the first knob hit one of her hidden g-spots.

"Ohhhhh!" she cried out in her feminine voice. "'Arry! What are you doing to me?!" she whined pathetically. She had never felt anything like it. Somehow, her back arched and her toes curled while something incredible was happening deep in her belly. Her breath was coming out fast and ragged as her body started to squirm. The deeper the toy went, the better it felt.

"I'm about to stimulate all three of your g-spots at the same time," he told her. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"I don't know if ... " Suddenly, Harry hit the button on the dildo. Her back arched violently, and she screamed at the top of her lungs when the toy began to vibrate and spin at the same time. If that wasn't bad enough, Harry was sliding it in and out of her dripping wet pussy.

"How does it feel, Fleur?" he asked while he pumped the dildo repeatedly into her. His thumb continued to play with her throbbing clit the whole time.

"Incroyable!" she screamed.

Fleur was vaguely aware that Harry was caressing her smooth body, but at that moment, she didn't care. In fact, she wanted more. She never wanted that feeling to end. She had no idea that her pussy could get that wet. She never knew that her scent could be so strong. Her body was bucking and thrashing about while her friend fucked her with the amazing piece of rubber.

Out of nowhere, her body went slack and she passed out. When she awakened, her pussy was shooting jets of crystal clear liquid all over Harry and the surrounding room. The bindings on her legs and wrists retracted, and Harry quickly scooped her up in his arms. She never stopped thrashing while he carried her to the next room. Pussy juice continued to squirt from her orgasming pussy. Her first ever orgasm, she suddenly realized. Her eyes wouldn't stop blinking, and she tried to speak, but only dumb sounds left her mouth. Harry laid her on a very soft bed, and she opened her legs. Her pussy was too sensitive.

She watched Harry pull off his Healer's robe and expose his massive, veiny erection. He wrapped his hand around the thick monster and began stroking it while looking her up and down. "It's time to test if the treatment worked," he told her, grabbing her by the thighs and pulling her into position. Fleur squealed as her body was pulled to him, and his cock touched her contracting pussy.

"Arry!" Fleur moaned and whined as he rubbed the head of his cock up and down her sloppy wet pussy lips. Her legs were wide open with Harry resting between them. He placed the head inside of her.

"Are you ready?" he asked. Fleur eagerly nodded and screamed when he tested her new and improved body for the first time.