

Witches World V2

Chapter 3

"You know, Harry," Amelia said, smiling at her young ward. "You're going to have to start hanging out with some other girls now that you've turned thirteen," she told him, pressing her big, oily breasts together as Harry thrust between them. She was on her back with Harry straddling her upper belly. His hips were thrusting in a constant motion, and every second, the head of his cock would burst out from between her cleavage. Amelia stuck her tongue out and licked the head before it slipped back in.

"I hang out with lots of other girls," Harry countered her argument. "There's Hannah ... and I went to the Patil twins' birthday party last month ... and then I ate lunch with Penelope Clearwater the other day! I was in Diagon Alley, and she was on her lunch break from the Ministry," he said, moaning as she squeezed his cock tighter. "See?"

Amelia rolled her eyes. "You're going to have to do better than that. Practically every girl at Hogwarts is going to want to spend some time with you."

"I'll be back at Hogwarts in like a month," Harry responded as he pulled his cock from between her pillowy tits. Amelia was surprised that he moved up and thrust his cock into her mouth. She gagged as he hit the back of her throat. His hips thrust forward until his belly was touching her nose. Back and forth he thrust, fucking her face until cum began flooding her throat. Harry reached behind and squeezed her tit hard while loud, wet GLUCK! GLUCK! GLUCK! sounds came from her throat. Harry threw his head back and gasped as she sucked him dry. He pulled it from her mouth and stroked his cock, shooting the last few small spurts of cum into her hair. Amelia moaned in delight as she sucked on his dangling sack while he seeded her hair.

Harry was becoming more determined and confident regarding his sexual advances, Amelia thought to herself as she lapped at his balls with her wet tongue. When it came to her body, he was taking what he wanted, which was the ultimate goal after all. He was doing the same with Susan and was beginning to do so with Hannah. However, that was because he was already comfortable with them. He needed experience with girls that he didn't know as well. Unlike the girls, boys didn't get Sorted upon entering Hogwarts. They tried it a long time ago, but it only bred jealousy and anger when only one House had near-constant access to the boy. Because of that, Harry spent his time going from House to House. Amelia knew that he made plenty of friends in each House, but some girls were just a tad too shy and rarely interacted with him. The Greengrass daughter was one such girl. Her mother Alana Greengrass had been complaining about Daphne not getting as much time with him as other girls. Of course, she failed to mention that Daphne was a bit on the shy side and didn't often approach him, instead waiting for him to come up to her. Other more confident girls would quickly capture his attention, leaving Daphne with none. Daphne was a very beautiful girl, and the Greengrass women had a history of producing healthy children. The UCP (The United Council for Procreation) wanted Daphne to spend more time with him, knowing that she would eventually produce healthy children. The

UCP requested that Alana do her best to make that happen, and a request from the UCP was akin to a command more than anything else. Amelia, of course, was a high-ranking member of the UCP, so she wasn't surprised to hear that Alana had enrolled Daphne in seduction classes to help overcome her shyness. Amelia hoped that it would work.

Amelia swirled her tongue around his sack and gave it one last suck before he pulled it away. He pulled back, and his damp cock dragged across her face and lips. She had to stop herself from capturing it between her lips again. "I hear that Daphne Greengrass is a lovely girl ..."

Amelia said, tossing it out there. Harry rolled off of her with a grunt and laid flat on his back. She didn't look at him but could hear his heavy breathing.

"I saw her at the clothes store the other day when Susan and Hannah were shopping," he stated. That perked her right up.

"Oh?" she asked, trying not to sound too intrigued.

"Yeah," he answered while stretching his back and groaning. He sighed and collapsed back onto the bed. "I'll see if she wants to hang out some this year." Amelia hid her smile.

"Now that you're allowed to go on Hogsmeade Weekends, maybe you can take her?" she said, rolling over and throwing her legs across his lap. She could feel his cock getting hard against her inner thigh while her hard nipples pressed against his chest.

"Yeah, that would be nice," he said, slightly distracted by her breasts. Before he could say anything else, she was rolled onto her back, and her nipple was in his mouth. Her eyes fluttered, and she mewled in pleasure as his tongue tickled her crinkled tip. A squeak left her mouth when he playfully pinched the hard nub between his teeth and tugged. Her back arched, and she gasped. Without another word, she found herself with her legs splayed apart and Harry frantically thrusting between them.

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Harry whistled loudly and cheered as Puddlemere scored another goal. 'That lead Chaser is something else,' Harry told himself as he watched her go for the Quaffle again. His hand was suddenly taken. He looked to the side and saw Narcissa Black smiling at him. She placed his hand on her thigh.

Narcissa was always giving him gifts and taking him places. Harry wasn't about to complain, of course, but now that he was older, he wondered what she hoped to get out of it. For the moment, he put that from his mind. Her thigh was warm and smooth, and he could feel her skin goosebump as his fingertips caressed her. His eyes were still glued to the game, but he could feel her moving his hand even higher. He felt the fabric of her skirt tickle the top of his hand as it slipped underneath. They didn't need to worry about anyone watching them. Narcissa could more than afford the finer things in life. One such thing was the private room that they currently

found themselves in. Luxurious and climate-controlled, they sat and watched from behind a large, floor-to-ceiling window that ran the length of the room. There was no way a woman of Narcissa's caliber would ever attend a Quidditch match in the summer heat. Even though Harry preferred to sit outside with the rest of the cheering and booing rabble, he had to admit that the thick leather seats and cold, dry air were nice.

Unlike the temperature of the room, Narcissa's body was radiating heat. The further his hand crept up her leg, the warmer it became. When the side of his hand touched the crotch of her panties, the air around her pussy was very hot. Looking up at her beautiful face, he could see that her cheeks were slightly pink. She seemed pleased, especially when he began rubbing her covered slit. Her panties were so tight that he could feel the exact shape of her pussy, not that he needed to. He had licked her to completion many times and knew exactly what her pussy looked like. He could picture her pale skin and plump, hairless lips. In his mind, he could see the light pink skin of her inner lips as they glistened with wetness. He could smell her heady scent as he thought about all the times she pulled his face tightly against her cumming pussy.

He continued watching the game until it ended only an hour later. During that time, Narcissa was becoming needier and needier. She squirmed in her chair and rubbed her panty-covered pussy against his fingers. Now that the game was over, she looked ready to pounce, and that was exactly what she did. Harry grunted as she straddled his lap and kissed him wildly. His hands gripped her thighs tightly, and the sexy blonde began grinding herself against his crotch. The more her hips moved, the higher his hands went until her skirt was flipped up, and he was squeezing her tight ass. Narcissa moaned into his mouth and broke the kiss, sucking on his bottom lip until she let it go with a snap. "You're coming home with me," she demanded with a wild look in her eyes. Her face was flushed, and her chest was heaving. "I've already arranged it with Amelia," she added. Harry's cock was throbbing as she continued to roll her wide hips. All he could do was simply nod in agreement.

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Harry was pushed onto the bed, and he squirmed backward, away from the lioness that was stalking him. Narcissa's hair was down, flowing over her shoulders as she crawled toward her prey. Harry was nude and fully hard, and his eyes were locked on her big, swinging breasts as she came closer, also completely nude. As she came within striking distance, her hand snapped out and captured his cock. Up and down her hand moved slowly, and she stopped moving forward. Instead, she looked at him with a teasing smile. She held his cock firmly in her palm and with her other hand, ran the pad of her index finger up and down the underside of his shaft. When she reached the bottom of his head, she took even more time to play with it. Harry was becoming needy, and under her tender mercies, he squirmed uncontrollably.

"Mmm," Narcissa hummed naughtily while tickling the little flap of skin underneath his head. "It looks like someone is in desperate need of some pussy. Is that right, Harry? Do you need to fuck me?" she asked in an amused voice. She was laying flat on her belly with her face close enough to touch his cock. She then popped her hips and stuck her ass up in the air while

keeping her chest to the bed. Harry gasped as she shook her ass and made her thick cheeks clap. He could actually hear them clapping for him.

“Yes!” he gasped as she kissed the tip of his cock. Pushing herself up, she straddled his waist while her fingers moved in circles over her clit. This time she didn’t even tease him. She lined herself up and dropped down on his cock, taking him in fully. Harry squeezed her thighs and moaned deeply, thrusting his hips upward. Looking at her from below, Narcissa looked more like the Goddess of Love than a human woman. Her face was twisted in pleasure, and her back was arched. Her long, blonde hair of loose curls cascaded over her shoulders and down her chest. Her hips rolled, and her hair momentarily moved aside, showing him her light pink nipples whose tips were sticking straight out, as hard as rocks. Harry had never seen the woman without makeup, and that day was no exception. Her eyes were smoky and her lips, soft and pink. Her peaches and cream skin was smooth and blemish-free. When she leaned down and kissed him, Harry brushed her hair back over her shoulders to expose her breasts fully to him. As his fingers accidentally brushed against her hard nipples, Harry felt her silky walls tighten and squeeze. Narcissa wiggled her hips, making his cock ache with need. Breaking the kiss, she placed her hands on his chest and pushed herself into a sitting position.

Starting off with a slow roll of her hips, she began sliding her hips back and forth slowly. Again, she arched her back, and Harry’s hands found her large, perky tits. He gently played with the soft skin of the bottom of her breasts. Narcissa’s gasps and mewls of pleasure made his own pleasure that much better. Falling forward, she caught herself by placing her hands on each side of his head. Her tits dangled down so that the hard tips of her nipples were grazing his face. “How does my pussy feel?” she asked him as her hips began to move faster. Harry captured a nipple in his mouth, but she pulled her tit back until he was forced to let it go. “Well?” she asked again, using her inner muscles to clench tightly around him.

“Brilliant!” Harry choked out as she started bouncing on his cock. That must have been the correct answer because only a second later, she lowered herself again and placed her nipple against his lips. Harry eagerly took it into his mouth. He sucked hard on the little bead and massaged the tip with his tongue. Her skin tasted as sweet as she smelled. Narcissa suddenly stopped, and Harry was just about to ask why the hell she stopped when she lifted up and spun her body around so that she was facing away from him. Now Harry had a clear view of her ass cheeks being smooshed by his hips. He felt her hands grip his shins, and her body began moving again.

As her body lifted up, Harry shuddered when he saw his damp cock emerging from her tight pussy. Her lips were pink with arousal and were wrapped tightly around him. She lifted up slowly until only the head was still in. Then, she dropped down a little faster. The wet suction sounds and the smell of her arousal-soaked pussy was making him a bit lightheaded. Harry reached out and caressed her fleshy hips. He was fighting every urge in his body to start fucking her like a caveman. When she pulled up again, he could see that his cock was smeared with her white cream. When she dropped back down, her pussy felt slicker than before. Unable to control himself, he gripped the flesh of her hips and squeezed while groaning and thrusting his hips up.

Narcissa giggled like a schoolgirl. "Are you enjoying yourself?" he heard her tinkling voice that was filled with amusement. Harry could barely get more than a grunt to leave his mouth. 'Maybe I really am turning into a caveman,' he thought just before Narcissa leaned forward and began bouncing her ass on him.

Her luxurious room filled with the sounds of her wet flesh smacking against his. Harry's hands touched, gripped, and caressed every inch of her perfect skin that he could reach while she devoured his throbbing cock. He could feel his balls getting heavy, but he didn't want to end this so soon. At that moment, he wanted to remain in that position for eternity. Morning, noon, and night, he would have Narcissa's ass brutally colliding with his hips. He would have his cock massaged by her pulsating walls of wet silk. While his mind was spinning, he didn't notice that Narcissa was beginning to breathe heavily. He didn't notice that her tight pussy was fluttering around him, nor did he notice when she reached down to rub her own clit. Harry tried to hold on, but it was no use. Narcissa was just too damn sexy for her own good. To his surprise, however, it was she who came first.

A loud, feminine squeal left her lips as she lifted up. Harry barely had time to look before a jet of pussy juice sprayed from her cunt and drenched his chest. On instinct, he reached out and rubbed her clit which only made the situation worse for her. Her body bucked wildly while pussy juice continued to squirt from between her legs. He was drenched along with her bed, her floor, and parts of her walls. Harry knew that her room would smell like sex for weeks. Her ass was trembling, and the pair of lips pressed tightly together between her smooth thighs were quivering. The sight of her beautiful body sent him over the edge. Harry pounced forward and captured her hips. He thrust into her fully and hit her g-spot along the way. Narcissa threw her head back and wailed in pleasure as her pussy clamped down on him. Harry thrust into her a few more times when he felt his balls begin to churn. "Narcissa!" he called out, his hands gripping her ass tightly.

"DON'T PULL OUT!" she practically screamed. Her pussy seemed to agree. Her walls slammed down on him, choking his shaft. He wasn't sure if he could pull out even if he wanted. Her snug, wet heat was mind-blowing, and it immediately set him off. Her pussy let loose another round of ejaculation the moment a drop of his cum touched her insides. Her juices violently squirted from her orgasming body. With their bodies tightly pressed together, the juices had nowhere else to go but up and out in every direction. Harry thrust again, spurting his cum deep inside of her while her juices continued to spray from her pussy. Over and over he jackhammered forward, injecting his seed into the woman who was so obviously desperate for it. When Narcissa finally collapsed forward and rolled over, he got a good look at her.

Harry was soaked, as was Narcissa. Her normally gorgeous, blonde hair was a complete mess. Her makeup was smudged, and when she blew air from her lips, drops of her own arousal flew off. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly, making her sweaty tits look even better than before. Her legs were open, and he could see a glob of cum beginning to leak from her swollen, pink pussy. Her legs suddenly snapped together, and she crossed her thighs as though trying to keep every last drop inside of her. Harry couldn't take his eyes off of her. Her light pink nipples

were harder than he had ever seen. Her pubis mons was puffier than he remembered, and her clit was pink and erect. Harry couldn't stop his hand from touching her. He slid his fingers up her smooth thighs and over her hairless mound. He then brushed her clit which made her squeak and flinch.

"It feels too good!" she gasped while her body spasmed slightly. Harry dropped down and lay beside her, his hands gently playing with her soft breasts. Narcissa turned and kissed him softly at first, then quickly deepening it. Harry's tongue wrestled with hers for a few moments of postcoital bliss. She eventually broke the kiss and sleepily yawned. It wasn't very late, but she was clearly knackered. Harry was used to fucking Amelia, who had great stamina and kept herself in battle condition. Narcissa was a wealthy woman who barely lifted a finger when it came to manual labor. As such, she couldn't go five rounds a night with Harry. Before long, she was gently snoring as she hugged him to her warm, curvy body.

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It was just before mid-day when Harry Floo'ed back to Bones Manor. He stepped through the emerald flames and was immediately met by Susan who ran over and hugged him. Harry laughed when she kissed his cheek and accidentally tickled him with the tip of her small nose. He heard her sniff. "Eww!"

"What?" he asked, confused.

"You smell all sweaty and gross!" she said, taking a step back. She plugged her nose and waved an airy hand in front of her face. Harry could tell that even though he probably *did* smell bad, she was playing it up just to tease him.

"Sweaty and gross?" he asked, lifting his arms and sniffing his armpits. "I don't think so. C'mere ... Sniff again to make sure!" Harry teased and ran after her with his arms in the air. Susan squealed in disgust and ran away.

Harry caught her around the waist soon after, being much faster than the small redhead. Susan was breathing heavily as his arms tightened around her waist. Harry began sucking on the side of her neck while she tilted her head to the side. "Mmmm ..." Susan moaned as he nipped at her soft skin. "You really *do* smell, you know," she added.

"Probably," Harry replied. "I didn't have a chance to take a shower this morning. Narcissa was very demanding," he explained. Susan giggled.

"Well then, go take one now!" she complained even though she didn't try to get away from him.

"How about we take one together?" he asked as his hands slid under the front of her t-shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra. Susan bit her bottom lip, and she rubbed her bottom against his hardening cock. Harry already knew her answer.

A few minutes later, Harry was soaping up her naked tits from behind. One hand slid over her large C-cups while the other crept down her slim belly and disappeared between her legs. A loud moan echoed through the large house, though no one was home to hear it. Harry smiled as Susan ground herself against his fingers while he pawed at her wet, naked tits. September first was creeping ever closer, and he would miss the Manor while they were gone.