

The Witches World

Chapter 7

Harry woke up in a bed which was strange because he remembered being in Potions class. The back of his head felt sore, so he reached back and touched the offending spot. He winced from the tenderness of it.

“Be happy that it’s not worse,” came the voice of the Matron of the Hospital Wing, Madam Pomfrey. Harry knew the school Healer to be a no-nonsense kind of woman. She wasn’t mean or anything, she just didn’t like it when kids were stupid.

“What happened?” Harry asked, playing with the bump on the back of his noggin. His hand was slapped away by Madam Pomfrey.

“It appears that you were careless with your potion-making. Thanks to you, there’s now a thick coating of gelatinous goo that has stuck to the ceiling of the Potions Lab and hardened into something that even a hammer and chisel cannot break through,” came another voice entering the fray. Madam Pomfrey rubbed something that stung on the back of his head making him close his eyes and hiss.

“It wasn’t my fault, Professor McGonagall,” Harry said, blinking the pain from his face.

“Oh, and why not, pray tell?” McGonagall asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Because Lavender Brown got me all worked up before classes. Then I had to sit there all day thinking about her, and then Daphne Greengrass got me even more worked up during Potions class and distracted me,” Harry answered. “If you wish to punish them, I fully support it. Damn Tempresses!” Madam Pomfrey snorted in response.

“I take it that you are blameless in this whole affair?” McGonagall smiled.

“Of course, Professor! I’m an innocent victim. If you prefer, I can punish them,” Harry added naughtily.

“And just how would you do that?” she asked, crossing her arms underneath her bosom.

“I’m thinking something involving a paddle and their bare bottoms,” Harry said, licking his lips at the thought. McGonagall rolled her eyes.

“Well, I’m not here to chastise you, nor am I here to punish them. Though, I do hope that you will be more careful in the future. Please try to keep your mind on your studies, Mr. Potter,” McGonagall said sternly, making Harry gulp and nod his head.

“Good. Now, the reason that I am here is to offer you a chance to earn a bit of gold. I don’t know if you’re aware of this or not, but sometimes women will offer gold or other valuable objects for the chance to get impregnated by a male. If you were to accept, then Hogwarts would get a piece of the pie, so to speak,” the Headmistress told him. Harry had never heard of this before. She could clearly see the confusion on his face and explained further.

“Narcissa Black wants to have a child. She’s getting to the age where she’ll need to have one now, or risk health problems for her and the baby if she decided to wait. Obviously, she can’t force anyone to help her have a child, but she can offer gold. As you are still a ward of the school, a fee would be required along with any payment that you require. She has offered you either twenty thousand galleons or a beach house in Southern France,” McGonagall explained to him.

“So she wants to have a baby with me, and she’ll give me gold or a house in exchange?” Harry asked, wondering if he heard correctly.

“That is essentially correct, Mr. Potter. She has chosen you as the donor,” she told him. “Narcissa always liked them young,” she added under her breath. She handed Harry a folder that had pictures of the beach house. It looked incredible! It wasn’t huge or anything, but it was very well taken care of. It had five rooms with five baths, a fancy kitchen, and even quarters for House-Elves.

“What would you do, Professor?” Harry asked, wanting to hear her opinion on the subject. Harry knew that she would give it to him straight.

“If I were you, I would agree. Twenty thousand galleons are nothing to sneeze at. Personally, I would take the beach house though,” she added. Harry nodded, thinking the same thing. Harry knew how the whole baby thing worked. He wouldn’t be expected to “be a father” to any child that he fathered. Some women may not even want him in the picture at all. Every woman knew that it was his duty to have as many children as possible, and there was no way that he could have a relationship with all of them. Eventually, Harry did want to be a real father though. That was still years away. In the meantime, he could do his duty and get a beautiful beach house out of it. Maybe this summer he, Susan, Tonks, Andromeda, and Amelia could go for a visit. He would love to see them all in bikinis. Harry smiled stupidly at the thought.

McGonagall saw the look on his face and rolled her eyes. “From the look on your face, I can see that you’ve made a decision.”

“Yes, Ma’am. I want the beach house,” Harry stated clearly. The Headmistress nodded.

“Excellent! I’ll arrange for you and Narcissa to spend the weekend together here at the castle. I’ll arrange for the payment once the deed is done,” McGonagall said, taking the folder back and putting it away.

“By the way, how much does the school get?” Harry wondered. McGonagall smirked.

“Five thousand, Mr. Potter. And the school thanks you,” she smiled.

“It will be my pleasure,” Harry added lewdly, thinking about the sexy older woman. He’d seen Narcissa Black many times at various Ministry functions. She was a good-looking woman.

“I’m sure that it will,” McGonagall snorted. “Now, I believe that Poppy will allow you to go if you promise to be more careful in the future.”

“I promise,” Harry quickly responded. Madam Pomfrey wasn’t a woman that he wanted to get on her bad side. The Healer nodded.

“Good. Then you may go,” Madam Pomfrey said, and Harry and McGonagall exited the Hospital Wing.

“I’ll send you a message with the details on Friday morning, Mr. Potter,” she said, walking the opposite way as him.

“Alright. Thanks, Professor!” Harry called out as he quickly made his way back to the dorm. Once he entered the warm Common Room, he was surrounded by females checking him for injuries and asking him if he was okay. He spent the next half hour assuring them that he was indeed fine and dandy. When they had calmed down, Harry slipped out of the room and made his way to his dorm. Going up to his bed, he flopped down on it and stretched. He was getting a bit tired. He had been unconscious for only a few hours, but somehow, that took a lot out of him. Harry heard the door open and saw that Hermione had crept in. She came up and sat on his bed next to him. She was fidgeting a bit and not saying anything. Harry didn’t know what she was doing. The next thing that he knew, she undid his trousers, pulled them down so that his hard cock sprang up, and then she got down on her knees between his parted thighs. Harry smiled widely as he flopped back on the bed and enjoyed the privilege of being him.

After Dinner, Harry went back to his dorm room and got ready for bed. He was only slightly surprised to see Hermione naked in his bed. It seemed that now that she was no longer a virgin, she didn’t want to go without sex for any long period of time. It was an attitude that Harry could completely understand. He spent the next few hours exploring every crack and crevice on her young, supple body.

The Witches World

The week passed slower than Harry would have liked. He was itching to get his chance with the sexy, older woman. Harry had always been a sucker for women older than him. His first crush was Andromeda Black. It was a shame that she and her sister Narcissa weren’t on the best terms. Harry could have spent his childhood around both gorgeous women. Eventually, the week ended and it was Friday afternoon. Harry only had another hour to finish getting ready and

meet McGonagall at the place that she indicated on her note. Apparently, there were rooms in the castle for just such occasions. Both he and Narcissa would be spending the entire weekend in a private suite. Even if he did get her pregnant right away, the rest of the weekend was still hers. She paid for it, so she would use it. No woman in her right mind would turn down sex with a living, breathing male.

Harry stood in front of the mirror looking at his reflection. He looked the same as always. His hair was damp and still messy as hell. He raised his arm and sniffed his armpits. He cringed. 'Definitely need some deodorant,' he thought, rolling some on. He finished getting ready then met the Headmistress on the seventh floor, close to her office. She led him to the sixth floor where a fancy looking door was waiting for him. She said goodbye and left him to his devices. Harry's heart was beating faster than normal, but he gathered his courage and opened the door.

There stood Narcissa Black, as gorgeous as ever. Her long blonde hair fell down her shoulders in loose curls. Her plump lips held a cute smile, and her eyes were big and lovely, colored in a deep blue. She was wearing a shimmery, silver robe that stopped mid-thigh. It gave off only a hint of cleavage, but it was enough to harden Harry's cock. "Mr. Potter, welcome."

Harry blushed and replied, "You can call me Harry, Narcissa. There's no need for us to be formal. We're in private after all." There were times for formality, but this certainly wasn't one of them. She softly laughed.

"Very well, Harry. My, my ... you certainly are a scrumptious piece of meat, aren't you?" She walked around and studied him, like a tigress waiting to devour him. Harry gulped. "But I'm going to need to see more. I have very high standards after all," she added, smirking as she reached down and began unbuttoning his trousers. His face was red as she lowered them, his cock springing forth and bouncing happily. It was as hard as it had ever been.

Her warm hand reached down and gripped him, giving a deep stroke and making him shudder. "Mmm, yes. I think that this will do," she smiled, letting him go and turning her back on him. He watched the sexiness of her walk as her hips swayed back and forth. As she was about to reach the large, comfortable bed, she dropped her robe and exposed her nude backside. He was in shock as she crawled on the bed on all fours, parted her knees, arched her back and stuck her ass up in the air, then reached under herself and spread her puffy, hairless lips with two fingers. As she wiggled her ass, he took that as an invitation to join her. His clothing went flying in every direction as he stripped naked as fast as humanly possible. Once nude, he joined her on the bed. Crawling up behind her, he took a moment to study her backside.

Her cheeks were thick and rounded, held together by wide hips that were made for childbirth. Her wet pussy was perfect looking with plump lips that hid her lovely pink insides. He blushed as he got into position ... her insides weren't hidden to him. She had herself open to his gaze, and now she was open to his cock. Harry placed the tip at her entrance and slid inside. A shuddering moan escaped his lips as he went balls deep on her, easily bottoming out due to her incredible wetness.

“Oh! Merlin, help me,” she cried out, finally being fucked after many years of going without. His thick cock stretched her out in ways that she hadn’t felt in years. She bit down on the silk bed sheets as he began thrusting. It was only the beginning and already her pussy was making lewd noises. The wet squelching and schlicking of their rutting were turning her on as much as the act of fucking itself. Not only that, but she was turned on by the fact that he was so young. She was old enough to be his mother, and here she was, bent over like a cheap whore and getting pile-driven from behind. The warm room became filled with the scent of her arousal as he reshaped her insides, making sure that she was a perfect fit for him and him alone. Narcissa’s body trembled as an orgasm got closer and closer. Her hands were gripping the sheets tightly, and Harry continued to pick up speed. His pelvis was slapping against her bare bottom making wonderful ripples in the meat of her fat ass.

“Does my cock feel good, Narcissa?” Harry’s courage grew as he got deeper into the pleasure zone. She only squealed when the tip of his spongy head battered against her G-spot. “Well?” he asked again louder. When she didn’t answer, he lifted his hand and brought it down hard.

SMACK!

Narcissa’s eyes went wide as she squealed, her pussy clamping down on his thrusting cock, and she sprayed her pussy juice all over his stomach. She couldn’t believe that he had the nerve to spank her perfectly shaped buttocks!

SMACK!

“Answer me,” he said in a sing-song voice. He spanked her again, and finally, she answered.

“Yes! I enjoy it! I love being used like a whore!” she admitted, cumming on his cock. With every powerful thrust, her pussy would explode in juices, spraying him, the bed, and even the walls across the room. Such was the force of her ejaculation. Her body trembled and thrashed around. He even had to hold her around her midsection to keep her from hurting herself. Unfortunately for her, this gave the bastard the perfect opportunity to squeeze and grope her big, bouncy tits. Narcissa opened her mouth, but only a pathetic squeak came out. Harry pinched and rolled her hard, sensitive nipples as he brutally fucked her doggy-style. Finally, she ran out of fluids and the squirting stopped, but she had already drenched everything around her. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she became dizzy as he continued to fuck her. “Please,” she squealed out, and Harry took mercy on her.

He grabbed her butt cheeks and squeezed them hard enough to leave a mark, making her cry out in pain and pleasure as he pumped her full of cum. He thrust hard, going as deep as possible and spurting his potent seed inside of her. Harry spasmed from the pleasure as he coated her innards with his gooey, white seed. Looking down, he saw that Narcissa was shivering uncontrollably. He smiled. If only she knew that this was just the beginning of a very long weekend.

