

The Witches World

Chapter 9

In a hidden nook in one of the many corridors of Hogwarts, Harry Potter was leaning against the wall with his head tilted back in pleasure. His hand was resting on the bobbing head of Angelina Johnson as she took him down her throat like a pro. Her pretty face was bumping into his lower belly as she sucked him like her life depended on it.

“Holy shit, Angie! Your mouth is fantastic,” Harry groaned as the tip of her tongue tickled the underside of his head. She hummed around his cock and took him back down her throat. Harry wrapped his hand around her long hair and made a ponytail with it. Angelina smiled in appreciation and bobbed her head faster. “I can’t last much longer,” Harry told her desperately, his breath hitching as his balls churned. Reaching up, she cupped his low hanging testicles and gently massaged them. She felt them crinkle in her palm and knew what was coming next. She pulled back enough that only his head remained in her mouth. Her other hand grabbed him around the base, and she quickly stroked him, trying to coax a heavy load from him. Hearing him grunt and feeling his body shudder, she was prepared when a thick spurt of cum filled her mouth. She drank it down as she milked him with her hand. Spurt after spurt filled her greedy mouth as she sucked him dry. Angelina knew that she should probably collect his load as a valuable potion ingredient, but she was too caught up in the action. Her plump lips kept him inside of her mouth until he had been milked dry. She let his cock go, but not before licking the complete underside of it. Lifting his cock up, she even kissed his balls. He loved it when his girls worshipped his cock. Harry was breathing heavily as Angelina kissed his cheek, fixed herself up, and scampered off to her next class. Realizing that he was probably late, Harry buttoned his trousers and ran off as well.

After lunch, the Headmistress caught him before he made it to class.

“Mr. Potter, I need a word with you. I’ll inform your teacher that you won’t be making it today,” she told him, placing a hand on his back and leading him to the stairs.

“What’s wrong, Professor? I hope that I’m not in any trouble,” he said, looking at her with some concern.

“Nothing like that. We just have some more tests that need to be run,” she smiled at his annoyed look. She wanted to chuckle but felt like it would be too unprofessional. Harry had always disliked these tests. Even as a small boy, he would much rather run around and play than sit there and let someone poke and prod him. She couldn’t blame him. She would be just as annoyed if she were in his place. Together they went to the Hospital Wing to see Madam Pomfrey, who would be supervising this round of tests. Once in the Hospital Wing, Harry already knew what to do. Seeing a hospital gown already laid out, he grabbed it and walked to the changing area. Stripping down, he put the gown on and went back into the infirmary. Sitting on one of the many beds, he waited for them to start.

These tests were one of the few things that he disliked about his situation. Most of the negatives could be worked around, but not these. He understood why they had to happen, and even agreed with the reasons. That didn't make undergoing them any more pleasant. Soon, Madam Pomfrey was coming at him with a needle. He sighed and offered his arm. He didn't like giving blood at all but knew complaining would fix nothing about the situation. For the next hour, Harry sat there undergoing what felt like "Alien Experimentation" as they asked him questions and took samples of various bodily fluids. Madam Pomfrey gave him a very thorough health check to make sure that he was physically fine. Health checks were something that he had lived with for his entire life. He received them twice monthly. They couldn't risk anything happening to him. Unsurprisingly, he came back with a clean bill of health.

"Okay, Mr. Potter. Now it's time to measure your penis. You know what to do," Madam Pomfrey said, standing back as Harry dropped his gown. His soft penis was on display to both her and the Headmistress. Walking up to him, she reached down and gripped his cock. Giving it a few experimental strokes, she watched as it began to harden. Faster her hand moved until she coaxed it to full hardness. Quickly grabbing a tape measure, she held it up to his cock.

"Mmm, seven point three inches," she said out loud while McGonagall wrote down the measurements. Next, Madam Pomfrey wrapped the tape measure around his cock to measure the thickness. Again she called out the number and McGonagall wrote it down. She measured the size of his testicles, and even stroked him to completion, taking his semen as a sample to test. Harry huffed when he was told to put his clothes back on. At least now that he was older, he at least got a "happy ending" out of it. Harry left the Hospital Wing and walked around a bit. He was always grumpy after these tests, and he thought that it was better if he didn't talk to anyone while annoyed. He wasn't going to any classes for the rest of the day, and if anyone had anything to say about it, he would tell them to pound sand. It was later that Harry made it back to the Common Room. He smiled as Lavender Brown was one of the first to make it back after the day's classes had ended.

"Hey, Harry! I'm ...," she was cut off by Harry taking her by the hand and leading her up the stairs to his room. When the door was shut behind them, he turned to look at her. Her pretty face was blushing as he stripped himself of his clothing. The best way to fight off annoyance was to do something that made you happy. Fucking made Harry very happy. Harry sat down on his bed and grabbed her by the hips. Pulling her between his legs, he slid his hands up the back of her silky smooth thighs. Lavender placed her hands on his shoulders as he cupped her bum, squeezing the firm flesh of her cheeks. His fingertips slid between her cheeks, and he felt the g-string that she was wearing.

"Still wearing teeny tiny panties for me?" he teased the bubbly blonde earning a blush from her. He chuckled at the sight of her pink cheeks, his hands still mauling her tight ass. "How about we get those panties off and really have some fun?" he said, not waiting for her to answer. He gripped the waistband and pulled them down. He watched as her light purple panties appeared from under her incredibly short school robe and were pulled halfway down her thighs. Leaving

them there, Harry groped her sexy ass while his other hand lifted up the front of her robe. The scent of her arousal hit him like a ton of bricks as her bald, wet pussy was presented to him. He thought that her pussy was lovely. Her mound looked perfectly smooth and soft while her plump, hairless lips hung below. His hand snaked its way up the inside of her thigh until he reached her lips. Gently he stroked the damp flesh making the blonde shiver in excitement. Using his fingers, he stroked her moist folds while rubbing her engorged clit with his thumb. Lavender trembled and ran her fingers through his hair.

“Harry ... oh ... that feels really good,” she gasped as he placed more pressure on her clit. Leaning in, he kissed her belly and around her hips, enjoying the curves of her lovely body. His eyes fluttered the more her heady scent filled his nostrils, and he moaned into her belly button. Grabbing her ass, he spun her around and tossed her on the bed. Lavender squealed out as she bounced on the comfortable mattress. Before she could right herself, her foot was grabbed, and she watched as Harry removed her shoe. He then moved to her other foot and removed that shoe as well. With a hungry look in his eyes that made Lavender gulp, he leaned down and began unbuttoning her robe. Once he had reached the last button, he flipped the material open exposing her nude body. Lavender blushed profusely as she watched him examine her. The only parts of her body that weren't exposed were the parts that were covered by her ankle socks. She shivered as he placed his hands on her hips and slid them up her slim waist and over her ribs. As his hands reached her underarms, he lifted her and pushed her further back on the bed. Now that she was right in the middle of the bed, he removed the school robe that was hanging off of her body.

Lavender tried hard to hide the blush constantly forming on her cheeks. She couldn't help it though. She liked being manhandled, and she liked when he was rough with her. To prove her point, she happily squealed when he flipped her and lifted her ass into the air.

“Wow! Your pussy is really wet, Lav,” Harry sounded amazed as he used a finger to tickle her drenched slit. Lavender hid her face in shame as she felt beads of her arousal roll down the insides of her thighs. She squeaked when her bottom was suddenly softly bitten, then kissed better. Harry's hands were squeezing and groping her cheeks while he kissed and nipped at her soft skin. Lewdly, he buried his face between her cheeks and rubbed his face back and forth. Lavender was so embarrassed but was still turned on by the perverted action. She was sure that his face stunk of her pussy juice. She bit her lower lip when she felt him spread her cheeks apart, then gasped like a whore when he licked her from clit to asshole.

Harry stared at Lavender's exposed areas as he kept her cheeks apart. Her pussy was of course sexy as hell. Her plump lips were pushed together tightly making for a very sexy view. A tiny bit of her light pink inner lips was poking out from the pale skin of her outer lips. That was enough to make his cock as hard as a rock. It was, however, her perfect asshole that truly drove him mad with desire. Her puckered hole was only a few shades darker than the rest of her pale skin. Obviously, it was yet to be touched by another man and looked tighter than he could imagine. Experimentally, he used the tip of his finger to toy with the rim and even poked her directly on the hole. He watched fascinated as her asshole puckered any time that his finger

came close to it. Unable to control his perverse desires, his hands gripped the front of her creamy, white thighs and pulled her to him. His tongue came in contact with her puckered hole making her gasp out in surprise.

Lavender looked over her shoulder at him in shock. She couldn't believe that he would do something so naughty. She watched amazed as his face pressed against her and licked her for all that he was worth. Her chest rose and fell rapidly as her breathing increased. She couldn't keep herself from slightly wiggling her backside as she felt his tongue rim her crinkled hole. Every so often, her body would spasm from the naughty sensation of his tongue on her.

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned when he pinched her clit and suddenly felt vibrations that sent such wonderful pleasure straight to her pussy. She gripped the bed tightly as her pussy leaked juices down her thighs. Her body bucked as he pinched and pulled her poor, abused clit. Finally, he pinched and rolled her hard clit as he stuck his tongue directly inside of her asshole. Lavender squealed and came as her pussy squirted against his neck and chest. His tongue still wiggled inside of her as he slowly ramped down his clit-play until she was able to collapse on the bed. Tiredly looking back, she saw him getting into position while stroking his large, hard cock. Lavender bit her lip and prepared for a long night.