

## The Witches World

### Chapter 6

Harry grunted and raised his hips in pleasure as Aurora Sinistra's tight pussy squeezed the everloving fuck out of his cock. The sensation was so heavenly that he almost couldn't take it.

"Holy fucking shit!" Harry groaned out as his Astronomy professor rolled her wide hips. He slid his hands from her silky smooth thighs up to her hips, squeezing them tight. Aurora collapsed down onto him, her sweaty, naked chest mashed up against his as she claimed his lips in a quick kiss. Her hips continued to bounce on him even when he wrapped his arms around her back and held her close.

"You shouldn't use such language," she moaned into his ear. "It isn't appropriate." Harry could feel her rock-hard nipples grazing his chest as her body slid against him. His hands gripped her fat ass cheeks, and he squeezed them while pulling them apart, making her gasp as the sudden cool air hit her asshole. Her plump lips found his neck, and she began to suck, marking him with her lovebites. She shuddered as her pussy clamped on him, but she was able to hold off and continue their fucking. She was pleasantly surprised at the level of his endurance. They had been going at it for more than half an hour straight, and he still wasn't tiring out. She needed to play dirty. Smirking, she gently bit down on his Adam's apple and squeezed her pussy muscles as hard as she could while bouncing on him as fast as possible. She giggled when he shuddered violently and nearly bucked her off. "Can you feel that Harry?" she nibbled on his neck. "Can you feel how slippery your cock is?" She rolled her hips making Harry grip her ass tightly. "Do you know why you're so slippery, love?" She leaned up and kissed him. "It's because you made me cream all over your big cock," she moaned and sat up.

Aurora placed her palms on his pecs and began to urgently slide her hips back and forth. In Harry's less than humble opinion, she looked fucking fantastic from below. As her body moved erotically against his, her breasts bounced and jiggled, and when she arched her back, she proudly displayed them to him. Unable to help himself, he reached up and squeezed both of her glorious tits. He loved the way that they felt in his hand. They were heavier than he had thought as he groped and played with them. He used his fingers to tickle her nipples and trace the circumference of her areolas, causing her to tremble in pleasure. It seemed that she really enjoyed having her nipples toyed with. Every time he squeezed, pinched, or pulled on them, her pussy would tighten. Harry was the one smirking now. He brought the pads of his thumbs to his mouth and coated them in saliva, then pressed them against her hardened nubs and began moving them in circles.

Aurora shuddered at the sensation of his fingers toying with her nipples. However, when his thumbs began vibrating, she nearly jumped right off of his lap in surprised pleasure. Her thunderous squeal hurt his ears slightly as her pussy clamped down on his cock. Her sexy body was trembling and spasming as she tried desperately to keep riding him. Her hands were pressing roughly against his chest as she leaned forward. Harry watched her eyes flutter and

roll into the back of her head as her pussy drenched his lap. Breathing heavily, she collapsed on top of him, her pussy still fluttering around his cock. Harry, however, wasn't done. He wrapped his arms around her slim waist and began to furiously thrust into her. She was shrieking against his shoulder as a puddle of drool formed and started to roll down his chest. She was mewling and pawing at him, trying to get him to stop, or finish, or anything really. Her pussy was too sensitive! She tried to push away when his vibrating finger began to circle her virgin asshole, but it was no use. The bastard wasn't going to stop until he sated his desires. Squelching sounds emanating from her pussy were drowned out by the pleased bellows coming from her open maw as her pussy was being reshaped to fit his thrusting cock. Desperate for it to be over, she squeezed her pussy muscles as tight as she could as spasmed when he began to fill her with his valuable seed. Gaining her strength, she rolled off of him and grabbed another jar. Holding it underneath his head, she stroked him as he spurted his seed into the glass jar. Harry wanted to glare at her for not letting him finish inside of her but was unable to because of the wonderful handjob that was making him feel so good. With one last deep stroke, she milked every last drop from him. He held his cock up to her lips, and she kissed the tip before cleaning him off.

She moaned as she sucked her juices and girl cum from his hard dick, her hand fondling his low-hanging ball sack. She took him all the way to the base before pulling off and letting go with a pop. She stood up and caught her breath. "We need to shower and dress. We have class in an hour, and I can't be late," she told him as he pressed against her from behind. She rolled her eyes as she felt his cock harden against her fine ass. Reaching back, she took hold of his erection. "Come on. I'll give you a hand job in the shower. I'll even let you soap up my tits." She giggled when he cheered. Sometimes she forgot how young that he was.

After their shower, Harry was making his way back to the dormitory to grab his books before heading down to breakfast. He wouldn't have time to eat a full meal, but he should be able to grab something.

"Hey, Harry!" he heard a voice call out. He turned to see Lavender standing there, rolling a long, blonde tress around her dainty finger. Harry smiled at the ditzy blonde. She may not be the brightest bulb around, but she was nice enough, not to mention really fun at a party. At the end of the year party that the girls of Gryffindor had thrown last year, Lavender made it well known that she was willing to give herself to him any time that he wanted. She was all over him that night. It was an enjoyable experience. As she stood there, his eyes lowered, and he checked out what she was offering. Lavender had an incredible pair of legs. That was probably why she wore such short robes. It was smart to play to your advantage and show off your best features. Her legs were long and silky smooth. The creamy pale color looked stunning in contrast to the black knee socks that she was wearing. If he hadn't spent the morning getting his balls drained, then he probably would have taken her upstairs and given her a good, hard fucking. Still, he watched as she gently played with the delicate skin of her thigh with her fingers, and gulped when she "accidentally" lifted the hem of her robes and flashed her teeny tiny pink panties. From the quick look, he saw that she was slightly damp and was rocking a very sexy camel toe. There was also a tiny bump telling him that her clit was engorged and ready to be sucked. Harry cursed the inventor of classes. Very soon he would make time for the bubbly blonde.

“Hey, Lav,” Harry smiled, giving her a hug and pulling her against himself tightly. Lavender giggled girlishly when he buried his face in her neck and inhaled her fruity scent. “How about sometime this week you come up to my room so we can study a bit?” Harry asked. Lavender looked up at him with her big, blue eyes.

“That sounds good. Just let me know when you want me,” she twirled around causing her robes to flare up and showed off her thong-clad ass. Harry was hard, very hard. She looked over her shoulder at him and wiggled her fingers to say bye. Harry huffed in annoyance. Now he was horny and would have to sit through a day of classes before he could find any relief.

Just as suspected, the day dragged on forever, and Harry remained horny through most of it. ‘Stupid Lavender,’ Harry thought as he gave his potion a counterclockwise swirl three times before lowering the flame. He watched as the potion in his cauldron turned from green to an aquamarine color, letting him know that he had done the first steps correctly. He was actually very surprised that he didn’t mess it up. His concentration was shit at the moment. It wasn’t his fault however, it was his table buddy, Daphne Greengrass’ fault. She was sitting opposite him with her sexy, little foot sliding up the leg of his trousers. Most days he would find this kind of cute, but today it was torture. His cock was damn near about to rip through the flimsy fabric of his trousers. Today was not a day to play footsie with him. He wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead as he added five frog’s toes and some ground-up bowtruckles to his potion then turned up the flames. He could feel Daphne’s dainty, little bare foot tickling the skin of his calf muscle. He shuddered when she wiggled her toes against him and rubbed her smooth, delicate sole on him. He looked at the witch in question. She wasn’t looking back at him at all. In fact, she was perfectly content to work on her potion, which by the way, looked better than his. Daphne was one of the best students when it came to potion-making. From what he knew, her family had been in the potion business for at least a couple hundred years.

Due to his horniness, Daphne was looking more beautiful than normal. Her pale skin glistened as the firelight shimmered in the sweat on her face. Her hair was pulled back so as to not get caught in the flames, but that only made her more attractive in his opinion. With nothing to block his view, he studied her slender, delicate neck and cute, little ears. His eyes drank her in as he looked upon her big brown eyes and long, thick eyelashes. Her plump lips were pink and glistening from the lip gloss that she liked to use. Her eyes caught his, and she smiled with a lovely blush gracing her cheeks. She moved her foot even higher until it was almost on his knee. He gulped audibly, and she giggled.

“Harry?” she said sexily.

“Yes, Daphne,” he asked with stars in his eyes, gazing upon her cuteness.

“Your potion is bubbling,” she told him, pulling her foot from his leg. He looked at his potion. The entire cauldron was shaking and rattling. Potion was spilling out of the side, and bubbling dangerously. When he heard someone yell, “She’s gonna blow!” he decided to get the hell out

of there. Daphne had already scampered away to safety, as did everyone else. Harry took a flying leap headfirst over the adjacent table as his cauldron erupted in a volcanic blast of burnt, greasy goo. The table tipped over, and Harry hit the ground hard, even smacking his head.

“Oof!” he grunted as his body slammed into the hard, stone ground. He breathed heavily as his vision swam in his head. He tried to sit up but collapsed back down. He was too dizzy to do anything but lay there. There were people around him, asking him questions, but he was too out of it to answer any of them. All that he could say was, “I really need to get laid,” before falling unconscious.