

Witch, Please!

By Anna Pulley

The Cauldron Room at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry is empty again. Well, except for the green slime, and the cauldrons. Without which, it would simply be called The Room.

Professor Minerva McGonagall crawls out of a cauldron, as gracefully as a tall, septuagenarian witch crawling out of a cauldron can. She wears a tartan-patterned emerald robe and the look of smug satisfaction that can only come from being a self-proclaimed “cat person.”

“This place is a mess,” she says to no one, shaking her head disapprovingly. She continues to stare icily into the bubbling slime for some time (could be 30 seconds, could be 30 years. Time really flies when you’re a disapproving witch.)

As she stares, another witch crawls out of a nearby cauldron. It’s Elphaba, or if you’re not a big fan of musicals, the Wicked Witch of the West. She wears a ripped black bodice and an ironic candy-corn necklace, which should really clash with her green skin, but somehow doesn’t.

Minerva licks her lips in approval, and also because she really likes candy corn. She knows it’s cliché, but there’s something about those sugary traffic cones that really gets her motor running. She makes a mental note to bring this up in therapy next week.

“Really, Minerva,” Elphaba grunts. “Of all the places to have a witch orgy, *this* is what you pick?”

Minerva transfigures herself into a silver-haired tabby, scratches Elphaba once across the cheek, licks her own anus, and then turns herself back into human form.

“I thought it classic,” she says dismissively. “Besides, Dumbledore’s sex island is booked through the fall.” She pinches Elphaba’s shapely derriere as she passes by on her way to set up the organic cheese table, and moans into her ear: “I like my women like I like my hair—tight buns.”

At this, Elphaba’s nipples harden, as if Minerva herself had conjured the response with a Nipple Hardening spell. She leans forward to try to kiss her but how could you with those wide-brim witch hats? You could not.

“Who else is coming?” Elphaba asks.

“You are,” Minerva winks.

Elphaba trembles, trying to stem the tide of warmth rushing to her lady matrix before continuing her train of thought. "What about Sabrina the Teenage Witch? Joan of Arc?"

"Joan? Ha! Like she'd ever come out of the broom closet."

"What about that gal from Narnia who was crushed by a lion? The Green Witch."

"Mm, you would like her, wouldn't you, darling? Your own doppelbanger." Minerva drops her voice and tosses her witch hat into the sky, where it hovers mid-air, because, magic. Distracted by Minerva's floating-hat move, Elphaba barely notices that a pair of small, perky breasts are now pressed into her back, and a deft hand is snaking its way into her Playtex 18 Hour bra. She does notice, however, the moistness that has begun to spread throughout her grandest canyon.

Elphaba turns to find Shannon Doherty giving her the reach-around.

"I'm here for the bitch orgy!" she exclaims and air-kisses Minerva's floating hat.

Minerva rolls her eyes. "It's *witch*. A witch orgy. If you're looking for bitches try the Gossip Girl dungeon next door."

Startled, Doherty lets go of Elphaba's heavy breast, and the nipple she was casually rolling between her thumb and forefinger.

Minerva ceases to pay her any mind, instead going about her preparation, laying out sex toys, Nimbus 2000s, gloves, and a dusty box of dental dams no one ever touches.

As the night gets nighter, witches begin making their way out of cauldrons and into the fray. Minerva smiles fiendishly at the parade of flesh now before her. To the left, she sees Luna Lovegood, who has conjured an extra hand so she can fist the three witches from Macbeth at the same time. Near the back wall, she sees Glenda the Good giving Glenda-the-Good-Head to Willow from *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, as Tara's ghost hovers nearby, haunting them while singing a ballad. She also notices, and can never unsee, Melisandre from *Game of Thrones* auto-erotically asphyxiating herself in a corner. To the right, Minerva nods approvingly at the welcoming committee, which is at that moment handing out gluten-free, cruelty-free, vegan macaroons.

Out of the tumult, two cauldrons shoot a double rainbow between them and Hermione Granger appears. "Sorry I'm late, guys. Ron needed help with his homework," she winks. "And by homework, I mean I was pegging him." She casts a sly smile at Minerva, whose lady flower swells like it had been hit with a Stinging Jinx.

"Hermione," she says, trying to remain composed. "Are you even 18?"

“In which dimension?” she sexy-sneers, adding, “Time’s not the only thing I can turn.” She throws her head back and laughs. Without waiting for Minerva’s response, she grabs two macaroons wedged betwixt one witch’s bountiful cleavage, takes another girl by her hair, kisses her deeply, then swan dives headfirst into a pile of writhing girls, where Minerva loses sight of her.

She shrugs and makes her way past the processing pit, where a group of naked witches are massaging each other with fire while discussing the minor works of Stevie Nicks.

When Minerva notices Dolores Umbridge, however, she stops dead in her tracks. “Who invited that prissy conservative rumpface?” She wonders silently, and then aloud. Dolores, Minerva’s arch nemesis, whom she had hate-masturbated to earlier that morning, seems to sense Minerva’s shame-lust, and shimmies toward her perkily, with the confidence of an overflowing toilet and the grace of a constipated muppet.

“You,” she spits.

“You,” Minerva spits back, a fleck of her saliva landing squarely on Dolores’s mustache, which she does not wipe away, but licks off with her tongue, savoring it.

Their faces are a millimeter away from each other now, the barely simmering rage turning slowly, agonizingly into a savage passion that cannot be contained by anything sold at the Container Store. Then, as if compelled by netherworldly forces, Minerva unleashes a Bedazzling Hex and watches as Dolores’s fluffy pink cardigan falls from her body like a sack of potatoes, which would have been weird, except that Dolores had stitched potatoes into the lining, for sex purposes.

Minerva grabs a hold of Dolores’s pearl necklace, tightening the string at her throat, and pulls her close. Expecting a kiss, Dolores opens her mouth softly in anticipation, only to be startled as Minerva flips her around expertly, like a professional quesadilla maker, and bends her over a cauldron.

With a snap of her fingers, Minerva’s wand materializes, a fir and dragon heartstring, nine and a half inches, stiff. Protruding from its handle is a short, hooked nose, vibrating clit-windmill, and double-piston lube shooter. It’s like a one-man band, or a really thoughtful rhinoceros. At the sight of Minerva’s omnipotent sex wand, Dolores gasps, a mix of fear, surprise, and utter respect mingling on her priggish face.

Seeing the fear in Dolores’s eyes, Minerva whisper-moans: “How do you think Neville *Longbottom* and Cornelius *Fudge* got their names, darling?” She lifts Dolores’s stiff pleated skirt and traces the wand delicately across her pink behind. Her skin ripples and springs to attention like a Pokémon Go player who has found her first PokéStop.

Elsewhere, and although there are no doors, a doorbell rings. The girls from The Craft look up from their gangbang as Neve Campbell shouts excitedly, "Praise Manon, pizza's here!" and runs sloppily toward the delivery boy.

To her surprise, she finds Harry Potter standing there, holding several pizzas, enough to accommodate all the womyn-loving wo'moons' dietary restrictions and allergies, and sweating furiously under his orange smock. With a shy glance at the bountiful sea of girl flesh before him, he moves the pizzas southward in order to to hide his average-sized boner.

"Well look who's here," coos Neve, tracing a finger down his pale, hairless chest. She leans forward, breathes huskily into Harry's ear, causing the hairs on his neck to prickle, and says, "You know, Harry, I've been thinking..."

"Yes?" he says, remembering all the nights he has prepared for this moment, alone with only his fantasies and a vibrating Nimbus to keep him company."

"You should really tell your boss to compost all these used pizza boxes. It's bad for the earth's carbon footprint," she says earnestly, then slams the door in his face, so that she may return to the sex game she was playing—light as a feather, stiff as a hairy gourd.

As pizza is dispersed in a calm and egalitarian manner, all eyes return to Minerva and Dolores, who is still bent over, her skirt now up over her head to muffle the sound of her shrill chihuahua-esque cries. Minerva's grabs her by her hair, her deft wand plunging in and out of Dolores's clam cave as if her name were not Minerva McGonagall, but Throbin Hood, Prince of Beaves. The flower of her secret opens to Minerva as she gasps and writhes, and Minerva's wand is swallowed completely inside Dolores's steamy lobster pot.

Minerva smiles softly as she pounds Dolores's rear into a lusty pulp, making her stout frame shake as she brings her to the verge of the little death.

"Merlin's beard! I'm close!" Dolores cries, knuckles white as she grips the edge of the cauldron. Just as she is on the brink of climax, Minerva ceases all movement completely.

"Oh, please, don't stop," Dolores begs, arching her rear higher in the air.

But Minerva doesn't falter. She takes a step back even, delighted in this sweet revenge. She has dreamed of this moment ever since that sociopathic flesh pancake took her position as headmistress of Hogwarts. Minerva surveys the scene before her slowly, the pinkened flesh and pitiful moans escaping Dolores's facehole, and says:

"Remember darling, if you should find yourself in need of a helping hand, you can conjure one yourself." She laughs haughtily and cannonballs into a pile of naked, eager witches nearby, who embrace her as the goddess that she is.

