

Naughty Apprentice

“Ohuaah... huah-ouuh-houah!” Rowan moaned loudly as Alvin’s cock explored her tight pussy. As he rubbed her hips and fed his length into the dusky woman, the wizard felt her walls shivering around his cock. His lover’s exposed breasts swayed enthusiastically while her juices continued pouring out down his cock and throbbing balls.

She had missed his cock intensely during their time apart over the summer. Even though they’d managed to meet up a few times, both of them had counted down the days till they could be reunited at the castle and enjoy a proper ‘reunion’. Rowan’s wetness showered Alvin’s warm legs and the ground beneath them as they made love in the darkness of the night. She could hardly control her moans as well; Alvin’s cock simply felt too good.

“Alvin, I’m cumming... I missed your cock so bad and now I can hardly breathe!” The lovely girl squealed out as her glasses bounced on the bridge of her nose. Alvin’s hands wove around her body and squeezed and played with her shaking nipples while he continued slotting every inch inside the girl’s delicious cunny. Rowan’s dark hair fluttered, and her head shifted as her body’s lust rose to higher and higher levels. Her thoughts were a dizzy mess, but a few thoughts rang out above the rest.

“Rowan, let me turn around. I want to see you, as you love me...” The sexy girl with a head for all things Hogwarts managed to whimper out.

The two magic users shifted and Alvin gently lowered Rowan’s half-naked body onto his thick hard-on. Her eyes quaked and her dark-brown nipples felt like they were on fire as her man’s crown started rubbing and drumming as deep as possible within her sex. She loved seeing his focused look as he turned her body into a roaring fire of emotional bliss. She imagined how one day, the two wouldn’t be separated for their summers. The girl who was constantly shivering and breathing heavily felt a moment of sadness, knowing she would miss fucking like rabbits beneath the stars in the castle courtyard.

Rowan would have been surprised by her thoughts. Generally, he was always surprised when they fucked outside, where they could be found. Once upon a time, Alvin never would have thought Rowan could act like she was no, oozing out arousal while wrapping her arms around him like iron clamps to make sure he remained close while exploring her squishy tightness. When she got close to cumming, Rowan’s hands began gingerly rubbing his shoulders and cheek with great affection while the heat of his cock continued knocking all thoughts from her mind. The intensity of the pleasure grows and Rowan struggles to keep her eyes from opening. Her fingers tighten on Alvin’s shoulders, as do the walls of her passage. When they contracted around his big juicy member, the witch began losing it, and she didn’t mind the abandoning of her wits at all.

“Alvin... Ohouah-huah-huaauh... It feels so good. I’m close again... aginuaah-ohuah... Yes!” The flaming inferno of bliss lanced through Rowan’s flesh. Rowan’s entire body tensed up when she came, then her arms and legs spasmed like she was under the control of some sort of charm. Happy little moans and sighs bounced off her lips as she felt her lover’s hot, thick cum spilling out inside her. no matter how many times she felt it, her body couldn’t get enough of being filled up by the wizard’s seed. Sometimes, she imagined feeling sparks of magical essence when Alvin creampie’d her as if his very power echoed out through his sperm.

“Rowan... I love you...”

"I love you too, Alvin..." She cried out as she stayed perfectly in place on top of his lap, relishing the incredibly intimate expression filling out the deepest point in her body. Their naked bodies rubbed together and then the two collapsed onto their sides. The young lovers kissed until both of them could not move any longer. Their lips continued moving as they snogged, and it was quite some time before they remembered that if they were not careful, they'd be late and get in big trouble.

"I'll see you tonight," Rowan said after washing up with a cleaning spell and donning her robes once again. Alvin watched her wave goodbye and then he quickly put on his own Ravenclaw apparel.

Later on, Alvin walked through the stone corridors of the castle. He was thinking of what a future would look like with Rowan. He loved her more than anything else but thinking about the two of them in some home with children, well... it left him feeling rather odd. The smart wizard imagined that it would be natural for him to feel the same way about a family with Rowan as he felt when he thought about Rowan. Eventually, he realized that something was holding him back. Something important.

'The truth is that I cannot think about a future with Rowan until I complete my goal...'

Until he found his brother, Alvin had a quest that he could not walk away from him, no matter his personal feelings. It had been hard keeping faith for several months because there hadn't been any new solid clues to Jacob's current location. Part of Alvin hoped that there would be no more Cursed Vaults, but if there were none, then what had happened to his brother? Alvin did not know, but he knew that he couldn't give up on Jacob, or the search.

Later on, Alvin trained with Madam Rakepick after earning himself a place as her assistant. Naturally, he cared very little whenever she addressed him as such for two reasons. First, his skills and knowledge easily surpassed all of the other candidates who had tried out. Secondly, Rakepick's manner of investigating the cursed vaults was anything but smart. She'd literally blurted out how she was there at Hogwarts at the beginning of the school year. Sure, the wizard had learned that a group of people helping you out was better than going at it alone, but he also believed that basically opening up the door for every student at the institution to get involved (despite her brusque warning) was not the right way to handle things.

But all of his thoughts and concerns about Rakepick didn't stop him from accepting the job when she offered. Alvin had to admit that she was more experienced in some ways, and she wasn't hard on the eyes. There was a woman, a lass with golden-red hair and a body that had seared itself into his mind the moment he laid eyes on her.

'She probably usually gets all kinds of help from men feeling the same as I am. Which means I shouldn't underestimate her. Hell, it's possible I already am. All of that bluster and talk could simply be a kind of misdirection. After all, she must be serious about the vaults if she stopped working a lucrative job as the Head curse-breaker at Gringotts.

Even though he didn't trust her and grew quite annoyed whenever she acted arrogant or pandering toward him, he had to admit, he liked Patricia Rakepick. Part of him argued that he liked how she'd given him lessons in both Shield and Blasting Charms and that was the end of it, but Alvin had to admit that he enjoyed her company and her physical beauty. It was half the reason that after a particularly grueling training session, he joined her on a trip to Hogsmeade. Traveling to the village with a teacher

was yet another rule that Alvin was breaking, but Patricia assuaged any fears of getting in trouble with Dumbledore by reminding Alvin that she'd been put in charge of ending the threat of the cursed vaults.

"Dumbledore may not look kindly on your interpretation of the rules, Patricia,"

She laughed boisterously at him in between cups of Butterbeer. "And you would be the first one to worry about what Albus Dumbledore wants. Wouldn't you Alvin?"

She had him there. Dumbledore may be powerful and wise, but in Alvin's experience, the headmaster had hardly done enough to aide Alvin in his search for his brother, or the Cursed Vaults themselves. Once again, he found himself enamored with the older redhead. This made Alvin all the more interested when Rakepick suggested they didn't rush back to the Castle.

"Where exactly are we going?"

"Someplace where you and I can have a private... chat," Patricia declared with a sly smile. "And you can tell me all you know about the Cursed Vaults,"

Alvin laughed aloud and didn't notice Patricia pulling out her wand. She quickly did several flourishes with her utensil, casting several charms and protective wards to make sure that she and her 'assistant' would have all the privacy she wished. She didn't like being disturbed, and if anyone was doing eavesdropping, she preferred it to be her.

"Why the blazes would I tell you that? I mean... not that there is anything to tell..." His words trailed off when Alvin's eyes landed back on the teacher he'd come with. Patricia Rakepick stood naked in front of him, her fiery locks falling over her shoulders, but not able to cover up her shapely breasts. Even though he stayed very busy with Rowan, Merula, and others, his libido started barking like a Cerberus dog and Alvin found himself at loss for words. Momentarily at best.

"Ah, so this is your strategy? Seduction?" He did his best to sound hardly interested, even though his cock was already becoming both hard and very interested. 'I haven't fucked a teacher yet. What am I saying? She's just trying to get me under her spell. I won't let her win...'

Despite his best efforts, his shoes seemed to weigh as heavy as bricks. The only steps they took were closer towards the naked witch and her exposed, glistening vaginal lips. 'She's been looking forward to this. Of course, she has, this was her big trap all along,'

"Haha. It appears to be working pretty well so far. And while I wouldn't mind seducing you, I do want us to be on... equal grounds, Alvin. You're a very impressive young wizard. I'd hate to get on your bad side..." Patricia said before waving her wand and casting a whisper of a spell. Her sharp blue eyes grew when she saw Alvin's rope pull up and his pants on zip. An incredible cock dropped out and she licked her lips, noting just how large it was, even before it was fully erect.

"Mrrmmm... Getting so hard in front of a teacher. Ravenclaw might lose a lot of points tonight," Patricia said before she noticed Alvin walking right up to her and placing his hand on her own. He chewed his lips, looking over her incredible body and feeling his cock twinge with even more lust. With each moment, aggressive whispers flowed through Alvin, much as they did whenever he was about to fuck Merula. He'd found that some witches had very high opinions about themselves, and nothing revealed their true... nature... like a hard-dicking.

“Expelliamrus!” Alvin said and watched with satisfaction as Patricia’s wand flew from the hand he was holding and clattered to the ground.

The redheaded member of the staff scoffed at him. ‘This young buck really thinks I couldn’t handle him without my wand in hand?’ Her confidence dipped slightly when Alvin turned her around with a quick turn and bent her up against a nearby tree. The rough bark felt like such a strange texture compared to the hard and uncompromising grip of Alvin’s hand on hers. Naturally, she wanted to feel even more of his flesh against hers.

“I think it’s my duty as a good student to punish a slutty teacher who thinks she’s the best at anything,”

That made Patricia laugh again, at least until she felt the thick, hard, and deliciously hot texture of Alvin’s cock wedging itself in between her legs. His hand came next, slapping her inner thigh and forcing her legs open while his other hand kept a grip on her wand hand.

“Punish away, Alvin. You’re not the first cocky wizard who bit off more than he could chew-ouha! By the Eye of Osiris!” Patricia moaned out as her red locks shivered and fell in front of her face as Alvin’s thick penis split her petals apart.

Patricia couldn’t believe how good it felt having her vaginal walls hollowed out by Alvin’s enormous cock. He wasn’t like some clumsy oaf either, the wizard knew how to use his cock, and use it well. After dominating her while they both stood, Alvin ended up yanking her off the bark and then tossing her onto the ground. The emptiness that came when his cock ‘plurped’ out of her pussy left Patricia consumed with a painful ache. Fortunately, Alvin settled in behind her, gave her ass a spank, and then gripped her hips to pull her ass back while he shoved his cock deep down into her slit once more.

“Fuchuaaak!” She couldn’t believe just how driven the young man was. He never appeared this wild before, and he still had a focused air about him, but the intense movement of his hips that caused his cock to constantly ring her bell betrayed the strength that lay dormant within him.

In a way, he reminded Patricia a lot of herself, a take-charge attitude that didn’t leave for compromise. That driven nature was worth its weight in galleons right now as it seemingly gave him the drive to hammer his cock into a teacher’s honey-soaked pussy with reckless abandon. As incredible as the pleasure felt, Patricia couldn’t allow herself to be defeated so quickly.

‘I must not let him see me as some shivering, mewling wench to be claimed like a Veela slut!’ After adjusting her hips to the tempo of Alvin’s thrusts, she managed to run her hand up and pull her red hair back over her shoulders. Then she glanced back and steeled herself to speak... in between her hurried and fractured panting.

“I can see why every girl in your class seems to have your name on their tongues,”

“Perhaps they’ve witnessed my brilliance on occasion,”

“Or perhaps they want to see what your tongue can do. To... nuraah... to start with... Lucky for you, I was never a patient girl. I was always too hungry... ouha... ah-huah... for appetizers...”

Alvin grinned and continued serving up a nice and juicy main course for Patricia. The hammer strokes of the wizard spelled her doom. She could hardly think of anything clever to say when nearly every thought was consumed by remembering to breathe while her sticky juices continued lathering up Alvin’s girthy

length, making it that much easier for his crown to strike against the entrance to her quivering depths. When his thrusts turned particularly ferocious, Patricia ended up reaching back and flicking her fingers on her clit to help loosen her tight and gushing pussy, in a vain hope to stand against the tide of Alvin's powerful penetrations.

"Wait... Oouha-fuahk! Alvin... Hrrahua... Hard... You're going so hard. Take it easy,"

"It's not possible with your slutty pussy sucking me in. It can't get enough of my cock, Madam Rakepick,"

"Nurah... that... Gnurrah... That's not true... at... alluha-huaah..." Patricia lied as her hair continued clinging to her sweaty neck while her breasts swayed up and down with pitched ferocity. All of her usual poise and finesse, some of the skills she'd worked on over a life-time all seemed to be crashing down.

'I must be careful. If he keeps making me feel so good. I'll end up saying something really bad,'

Despite that knowledge, she couldn't stop herself from enjoying the overwhelming assault of Alvin's cock burrowing right up against the entrance to her womb. Her efforts to reclaim the momentum of the matchup by thrusting her hips back to perhaps roll them over so she could ride him did have some results, if only temporary. She rode the handsome wizard's cock, digging her nails into his ankles as she bounced her hips up and down, engulfing every inch into her pussy. What started as a good idea, turned out to be a piss-poor concept, however. She'd forgotten that Alvin still had his wand, while she was defenseless.

With a few words, Patricia found herself spun around with her arms locked over her head. This left her tits completely exposed to Alvin's free hand. His fingers played all over her sensitive nipples, pulling and teasing the erect nub, but it was his wand once again that posed the true danger. With a simple modified levitation spell, Alvin ended up being able to control the rate of Patricia's hips as she fell, meaning that when he desired it, he could make her body rise and fall so rapidly, her attempt at control was absolutely obliterated.

In no time, Patricia's smug features had turned overly feminine and sloppy. She could hardly keep her tongue in her mouth and her pussy had become a hot, mess that only served to hug and milk the massive cock drilling up into her savory tunnel. Her blue eyes became overwhelmed and threatened to roll up as Alvin continued pistoning his iron-hard cock all over her trembling walls.

"Alvin... Cummming! You must stop this... or I'll break... I'm really serious... I just can't... oh no... Alvinuaah-huah-ouha!" Patricia Rakepick cried out while enjoying her most tumultuous orgasm yet. The fires of joy snacked out from her core and slapped her brand silly, leaving her as little more than a spasming, shivering wreck. Soon enough, the sensation of boiling fire changed, turning into a liquid form as she felt a river of cum flooding out in her deepest point.

Alvin groaned out loudly as he enjoyed the tender and sticky wetness that coated Patricia's spasming orifice. The way that her pussy milked him, even after he poured a fresh, hot load of cum up into her cunny was unreal and he had to wipe a bit of sweat from his brow from the grueling act. After standing up and fixing his robes, he knew it had all been worth it. Even though Patricia had obviously had some designs in mind to get information out of him, all she ended up getting out of him was a big load of cum.

He dispelled the magical restraining spell keeping her hands up and then turned to walk away. He said nothing else by way of goodbyes, but something told him, this would not be the last time that the redheaded curse-breaker tried to get the better of him.

Days later, Alvin and Merula were taking a page from Patricia's spellbook and were spying on her. The curse-breaker had gone round the castle for days, talking and questioning every ghost in the castle that the pair knew, and some that they'd never heard of. Patricia had just finished a conversation with Nearly Headless Nick, who turned out to be the fourth ghost to have knowledge of something most foul.

A fourth Cursed Vault existed, and it was apparently hidden in a portrait, which itself was hidden in Hogwarts. Once they were safely away and able to act casually, Alvin leaned up against a wall of the corridor and let his head slump back for a moment so he could collect his thoughts. Merula stood next to him, looking quite beleaguered by what they'd just learned.

"So, there is another one. Guess we should have figured it out. Vault in a portrait, portrait in the last vault..."

Alvin hardly heard her. 'My journey is not over. And there is a chance that Jacob is still out there' Eventually, he looked back over to Merula. He was surprised to see her looking quite glum by the announcement. When she caught him looking at her, she glanced away and moved off the wall.

"Well, at least by now you pretty much know what to do, Alvin,"

"Heh. Does that mean you're leaving me to handle it on my own?"

She punched him in the shoulder and then ended up regretting it when he laughed and pulled her in for a kiss. Seeing Merula blush like a girl having her first crush never got old.

"Of course not. Someone has to make sure you don't screw it up..." With that, the two headed off to start digging around. With a bit of luck, they would find the newest vault and get one step closer to finding Alvin's missing brother.