

The Masseur

Chapter 13

Harry moaned as Hermione leaned down and kissed him deeply. Placing her dainty hands on his pecs, she pushed herself back into position and continued rolling her wide, lovely hips. He grunted, grabbing her hips and squeezing them tightly. Suddenly he had a faceful of blonde hair as Gabrielle leaned forward. His vision was filled with her gorgeous face.

“She certainly knows ‘ow to use ‘er ‘ips, no?” Gabrielle asked in her cute, French-accented voice. The back of Harry’s head was resting on her smooth, creamy thighs as she sat there on the bed watching them fuck. Her hands were idly playing with his messy, black hair.

“Mmm, yeah!” he gasped as Hermione giggled and bounced on him a few times. Harry tilted his head back and looked at his young, Veela lover. She looked as beautiful as ever. Her smile always lit up the room. On this day, she looked particularly ravishing. Probably because she was fully nude, and her perky breasts were right above his line of sight. Gabby just giggled along with Hermione and leaned further down and pecked him on the lips. Suddenly his head was rustled and he cried out, “Hey!” as Gabby got off the bed.

“Sorry, ‘Arry, but I need to finish the paperwork before your next appointment arrives,” Gabrielle said as she scampered around the room in her naked state. Harry kept his eyes on her flouncing form, enjoying the way her body swayed and the way her breasts bounced. When Hermione’s very wet pussy squeezed his cock, his attention was pulled back to her. She just smirked as she ground her hips on his lap and arched her back, presenting her fantastic breasts to him. Harry couldn’t help himself. He reached up and cupped those perfect mounds as she wiggled her hips so wonderfully. His hands gently caressed her bouncing breasts. He reveled in the sensation of her soft skin as he explored every inch of them. He heard her gasp when each of his fingers grazed her hard, crinkled nipples. Feeling her tighten on him, he smiled and continued to explore her body.

The Masseur

Daphne Greengrass was in a slight panic as she raced around her lavishly decorated bedroom. She was looking for the new tube of lipstick that she had bought. It was the perfect color for her complexion. Finally spotting it underneath a silk scarf, she sighed and picked it up. Sitting down in front of her vanity, she fluffed her perfectly styled hair and began applying her lipstick. She didn’t know why she was in such a tizzy. Well, she did know ... she just didn’t want to admit it to herself. The truth was that she was nervous and anxious to see Harry Potter again. It hadn’t been that long since their last session, but to her, it felt like forever. If she closed her eyes, she could still feel the way he caressed her body, and how his lips felt. Her nipples were getting hard just thinking about it. She had resisted the temptation to go back for a second visit, but now the urge was too strong to ignore. She resisted for so long because she knew what would happen if she went back. If she returned, she would offer herself to him completely. There was no denying

it. Many nights she stayed awake thinking about the sensation of his raw magic coursing through her body and coaxing such powerful orgasms from her. She desperately wanted to experience that again.

“Daphne! Are you in there?” came a voice as her bedroom door opened.

Daphne jumped in fright, being pulled from her daydreams. Seeing her younger sister walk through the doorway, she placed a hand on her rapidly rising and falling chest.

“Astoria! You scared the shit out of me,” Daphne complained. Astoria just giggled.

“Sorry,” she apologized, though it was really just to be polite. Astoria saw how put together that her sister was and raised a perfectly manicured eyebrow. “I guess that you’ve gotten over your fear and decided to go visit Potter again?”

Daphne blushed and didn’t dignify her question with a response. She heard Astoria giggle again, and she blushed even further.

“I told you that you shouldn’t wait so long. Merlin, he’s an amazing fuck,” Astoria said, looking up and daydreaming about being pounded by Harry Potter. She was a repeat customer of his. While she enjoyed the massages, she actually went for the orgasms. Harry could coax them out of her like no one else. The fact that she was fucking her husband’s rival was the icing on the cake. Talking with her sister reminded her that it had been more than a week since her last appointment. She made a mental note to floo call his office and set one up.

After a few minutes, Daphne was able to kick Astoria out of her room so that she could continue getting ready. Standing in front of her elegant full-length mirror, she dropped her silk robe and exposed her nude form. Daphne allowed her eyes to travel the extent of her body. Her toenails were painted. Her legs were as smooth as ever. She had even made sure to have her pubic hair removed that very morning so that it would be as smooth as possible for him. Thankfully, no one was around to see her blush. She had never put in this much effort for a boy. Males groveled at her feet, not the other way around. There was something about Potter, however. Whatever it was made her feel desperate to be noticed by him. She wanted him to want her. She wanted him to desire her and long to touch her. Her shaky hand slid down her slim belly and brushed over her damp petals. Daphne saw herself gasp in the mirror as her fingers brushed her hard clit. Her pussy was incredibly smooth, and it was just for him. She shook her chest and watched her perfect C-cup breasts sway sensually. Nodding in satisfaction, she went to her closet to choose an appropriate outfit.

The Masseur

Harry was lying on his back with a very naked Hermione Granger face down on his chest. Her head rose and fell with his deep, steady breaths. He ran his hands down her warm, smooth back and over her cute, little bum. It was almost impossible for him to keep his hands off of his

girls. Hermione nuzzled his chest then kissed him over his heart. "I think that it's time for you to get ready," she said, her voice muffled by his flesh. Harry groaned, not wanting to get up. "Daphne will be here soon, and you need to shower, love. You stink of sex," she giggled. Harry tickled her ribs and laughed when she squealed loudly. She smacked his chest and rolled off of him, wrapping herself in the blanket and closing her eyes. Hermione liked to have small naps after sex. Harry kissed the top of her bushy head and got out of bed. He quickly hopped into the shower and cleansed himself of their fluids, then got out and dried himself off. Putting on his normal work attire, he went down and spoke to Gabrielle who was manning the office.

"How long before she arrives?" he asked, leaning down to kiss her. Sitting at her desk, Gabrielle happily returned his kiss.

"Around five minutes. I better make myself scarce," she told him, standing up and kissing him one last time before going upstairs. Harry watched her walk away. He was captivated by the feminine way that her hips swayed. Shaking his head to clear his thoughts, he sat down and waited for Daphne. It wasn't long before the fireplace burst into green flames and the gorgeous Daphne Greengrass elegantly stepped out. Smiling, Harry walked up to greet her and waved his wand. Seeing that he had vanished the soot and ash from her, Daphne smiled back and greeted him.

"Potter," she said as they kissed cheeks.

"Daphne," he replied. "You look absolutely stunning," Harry complimented her appearance making her blush a bit. "How about you go get ready, love?" he said, placing his strong hand on the small of her back.

Daphne's heart began to beat wildly as his hand cupped her lower back. It was resting on the very top of her shapely rear. A few inches lower and he'd be squeezing her ass. He led her to the changing room, and before she went in, he pulled her back. Suddenly, she was pressed against his wide chest with his hands squeezing her hips. She looked up at him with bright, shining eyes. "Let me know if you need any help in there," he teased as he squeezed her hips pointedly. Daphne gulped as her cheeks turned pink. She quickly nodded and escaped into the room.

Daphne sat down on the bench and tried to calm her erratic breathing. She inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly. After a moment, she was as calm as she was going to get. Becoming excited that she was about to spend time with Harry, she quickly stripped off her clothing. 'At least he called me stunning,' she thought as she removed her carefully picked outfit. It was nice to know that someone appreciated the effort that she put in. Her bra and panties were removed since she wouldn't be needing them. At first, she thought about leaving them on so Harry could remove them. He seemed to enjoy it last time. She certainly did. In the end, she wanted Harry as fast as possible.

Leaving the changing room with a towel wrapped around her lovely form, she stopped dead. Harry was right in front of her naked as the day he was born. Her eyes lowered to his very long cock which he was stroking. Her heartbeat began to quicken, but she gathered her courage and dropped her towel. Slowly she walked up to him and took him in hand. She smiled when she heard him gasp. Long, deep strokes had him shuddering as he turned to putty in her hand. His hands weren't idle either. They slid up her ribs and over her glorious tits. Harry grabbed both of her nipples between fingers and began tweaking them. Daphne shuddered as well from the wonderful sensation. The beautiful, black-haired goddess gasped loudly when he mercilessly lifted her breasts up by her nipples and let them go. Her hand gripped his cock tightly as her breasts bounced back into place. Her nipples were aching, and her pussy was dribbling down her thighs. He reached down and scooped up some of her arousal that was sliding down her leg with the tip of his finger. Holding it up to her lips, she blushed as she sucked his finger clean of her juices.

He suddenly lifted her up by her shapely bottom and Daphne squealed and wrapped her arms around his neck so as to not fall. Her eyes fluttered as his lips peppered her soft, delicate neck with kisses. "Do you want to skip the massage and just have some fun?" he asked huskily into her neck. Quickly agreeing, she nodded her head.

"Yes, please!" she choked out, her pussy was already tingling. Harry carried her over to his desk and grabbed his wand. With a wave, the massage table disappeared and a secret bed popped out of the wall. He tossed his wand back on the desk and carried her to the bed. Gently lowering her down, she didn't let go of him. Instead, she parted her thighs as wide as they could go and wiggled her wet pussy against him.

Harry moaned into her neck as she rubbed herself on him. Moving his lips to her beautiful face, he captured her lips in a heated kiss as he reached between them and placed the head of his cock against her slit. She broke the kiss and groaned loudly. "Oh! Oh, Harry!" she gasped as he slipped inside of her wet tunnel. Harry rested his forehead against hers and closed his eyes. The feeling of being inside of her was incredible. Her wet walls hugged his thick cock so wonderfully that he nearly came on the spot. He could feel her pussy contracting around him. One of his hands slipped behind her and began rubbing her asshole while his other hand groped her breast and rolled her nipple between his fingers. As he kissed her deeply, his hips began to move. He went slowly at first, delighting in her gasps and cute moans into his mouth. Then his hips began to move faster. He allowed magic to funnel through his fingers directly into her ass and nipples while stuffing her full of cock. Daphne's thighs instantly tightened around his hips, but that didn't stop him. His hips were slamming into her crotch, filling the room with lewd, wet sounds of their fucking.

Daphne could hear the squelching and sloshing of her pussy as it was brutally fucked. Her legs were squeezing him tight while trying to find some relief from the insane amount of pleasure that she was feeling. Her pussy was already fluttering around his thrusting cock, and they had just started! His finger was toying with the rim of her puckering hole while his other fingers were pinching and pulling on her sensitive, pink nipple. She was seeing stars as she desperately tried

to hold on. Their tongues danced and rolled around each other as her pussy clamped down on him. Squealing loudly against his lips, her body bucked wildly as her pussy squirted her girl cum around his cock. His hips kept on moving, penetrating her deeply. She cried out as her eyes rolled into the back of her head. Her g-spot was being stimulated while her cervix was being assaulted with every thrust. The very tight contraction of her pussy had him gasping and shuddering as well. He wouldn't be able to hold on much longer. Moving his face down to her perfect breast, he sucked her nipple harshly and used his tongue to lavish attention on the pink, crinkled tip. Daphne cried out again as her pussy continued to milk his cock. Long, deep strokes inside of her quivering pussy finally coaxed a thick load from his balls. He grunted as he filled her with a warm load of his thick spunk. Her body shivered and trembled as he penetrated her deeply, filling every inch of her insides with his cream.

Daphne squealed and cried out as he pumped her full of seed. It was like he was claiming her insides as his. She felt so warm and full as she spasmed in his grasp. Hiding her face in his chest, she kept her legs open for him. Once she had milked him dry, he collapsed next to her. He chuckled and kissed her again. "Let's go again!" he said, suddenly. Her eyes bugged out as he gripped her and rolled them until she was laying on top of him. With a mighty thrust, he was back inside of her soiled pussy. She collapsed on top of him and let him do as he pleased. Over the next hour, she came more times than she did the rest of her life before. Her pussy contracted and sprayed her juices everywhere. He took her in every position that he could, and she loved every second of it. Before she passed out, she wondered if he was open to making a house-call.