

Magically Marvelous

Chapter 9

Harry grunted as he pulled the stone from his hand before tossing it in a metal bowl. The loud, metallic clank was followed by the irritating sound of it sliding around inside the bowl. The sound made his skin crawl. He massaged the palm of his hand with his thumb, trying to rub away some of the discomfort. It always irritated the skin whenever he removed that damned stone.

He looked around his new lab and smiled. New high-tech machines were arriving daily ever since he cut his deal with Tony. The deal was simple. Tony would supply him with a lab that wasn't his home along with plenty of high-tech toys to play with, and in return, Tony could come and experiment with his magic. He could test it and take readings ... whatever he wanted. There were already sensors that were collecting data on various energy spikes and background radiation and sending them straight to Tony in LA. Tony had gone back to the west coast for the time being but was already hinting about moving to New York. He wanted a change in scenery after drastically upending his company by banning the creation of weapons of war. Harry didn't care. That was his life, and he could do whatever he wanted with it.

He looked over to the side when a robotic arm pulled a test tube filled with liquid from a burner and moved it over to a centrifuge. The centrifuge then began spinning and would continue to do so for the next twenty minutes. In the middle of the lab was a holographic projection of a datasheet of different plant and animal parts along with their magical properties that Harry had already discovered. All of the data was being stored on his own private server. Of course, Harry wasn't dumb enough to store sensitive information on there. There was little doubt that Tony likely had full access to anything stored on the servers. Anything important he wrote down in his handwritten journal. He hadn't made much progress yet, but he was hopeful.

Harry would have never been able to afford even a fraction of the equipment in his new lab unless he decided to go criminal. The lab itself was situated outside of NYC just in case he had a bit of an accident. Dealing with raw magic could be dangerous at times. Even outside of the city, a lab of that size would still cost more than Harry had made since arriving in this reality. That was the reason why he made a deal with Tony. The pros far outweighed the cons. He could deal with the annoying billionaire if it meant furthering his knowledge of how his magic worked. Getting up, he walked to the back room. Stopping in front of a glass door, he punched in a numbered code on the lit-up number pad that was displayed on the glass itself. The door immediately slid open. That room was where Harry stored his magic-infused substances. Going to the back of that room, he placed his palm on a screen which quickly scanned his finger and palm prints. The clank of a heavy bolt unlocking told Harry that he was free to enter the next door. Going down the stairs, he came to a blank concrete wall. Everyone who came here would be instantly stopped by the unyielding wall ... everyone except Harry that is. Just like when he was a kid, he continued walking and slipped right through, only this time, the Hogwarts Express

wasn't waiting for him on the other side. Had anyone else tried that, they would have slammed right into a solid wall, unless they were touching Harry of course.

The portal led Harry to the lowest section of the lab which he had dug out down to bedrock. A large, bowl-shaped depression had been cut into the bedrock by Harry before he added hundreds of Runes to the entire area. Such a thing should have taken him days of stone-carving, but thankfully, one of the first pieces of equipment that Harry had requested was a slightly modified laser engraver so that he could quickly carve Runes into stone, metal, or any other substance he wanted. With the engraver, he was done after twelve hours of semi-hard work.

The depression was a much larger version of the Magical Sink that Harry had at his house. Every day, he would come here and expel his excess magic into the Sink where it would be safely stored. In truth, it was a win-win situation. He got to release the wild magic that was causing his unwanted change while putting it to good use. The Sink kept most of his magic within, but some would inevitably leak out, causing his skin to tingle when he came close to it. It wasn't easy to see the magic within. The best he could describe it was like seeing heat waves above the road on a brutally hot day, only his were very light blue in color. All around the edge of the Sink, Harry had set up a series of metal baskets similar to those used to deep fry food. The mesh was made with very thin holes, and the metal handles were long and bent at a ninety-degree angle which made them easy to grab as they were resting on the floor. Each one was temporarily labeled with the ingredient, the date, and the time it was placed in. Harry bent down and grabbed the one labeled Wild Mint that had been soaking in his magic for over twenty-four hours. He carried it over to a lab table and dumped the mint on a large, metal tray. After removing the label, Harry then placed that basket aside to be washed later. He didn't want to cross-contaminate any of his samples. Grabbing a new basket, he dropped in dozens of empty shells from the Common Atlantic Slippersnail. He labeled the basket and put it into the pit. At this point, everything was trial by error. Harry couldn't wait until more of his requested equipment finally came and he could use it to build even better magical items.

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It was late at night at Harry's house and he was messing with a penny, trying to create a duplication enchantment. He didn't want to duplicate the money per se, he just wanted to get the enchantment to work, and the penny was something he had in his pocket. He waved his hand at it and only three extra pennies burst out. Picking one up, he saw that it was twisted and misshapen. Not only that, but the designs were missing. Sighing, he tossed it on the table. Clearly, it would take more time to sort out. Harry suddenly heard his front door unlock. Placing his hand on his hidden gun just in case, he calmed when Natasha walked through the door.

He hadn't seen the redheaded beauty since she attacked him with her lips. In she walked with her wide hips swaying slightly with every confident step. Like most times, she was wearing tight jeans and a t-shirt. "Hey Harry," she smiled.

“Hey Natasha,” Harry greeted her back. “Long time no see,” he teased her.

“You aren’t mad at me, are you?” she asked, teasing. Harry could tell that she wasn’t actually teasing. She was definitely trying to see if he was peeved or annoyed at her.

“I’m not a horny high school boy, Nat. I don’t need you to stroke my ego, and I’m way too old to be sitting at home asking myself if a girl really likes me. Besides, I assumed that you were sent on an emergency mission,” Harry told her.

Natasha smiled. She was glad that he wasn’t acting like they were suddenly a couple. That was a worry when Fury called later that night and sent her on a mission. She had been looking forward to talking with him after their little moment, but sadly that had had to wait. “You’re right. I was sent on a mission,” she told him as Harry stood up and led her to the couch where they both sat down.

“Any place good?” he asked. Natasha shook her head.

“Michigan. There were reports that a metahuman might be out there. Turned out to be false, or at least I could find no evidence. It’s possible that they left and covered their tracks really well,” she told him. After a moment of silence, she continued.

“Harry ... How would you feel about coming to a certain arrangement with me?” she suddenly asked him, not wanting to beat around the bush. Harry raised his eyebrows, and she continued. He sat there listening to her explain her wants and desires.

“So basically a friend’s with benefits type of deal?” he asked, wanting to make sure he had understood correctly. Nat nodded.

“Yes. It’s obviously impossible to have a real relationship with anyone when you’re in our line of work. However, I’m still a woman and I do get lonely. It would be nice to have someone around who understands me ... someone who can take care of my needs ... someone who knows my body ...” she said huskily, beginning to squirm. While on her mission, her thoughts often drifted to the way his hands made her feel. It had been a torturous week for her. Now that she was here by his side, she didn’t want to miss another opportunity. While her mind was drifting, her body was acting. She leaned in and kissed him passionately. When her mind caught up with her lips, she decided to just go with it. “So do you agree?” she asked, breathing heavily after breaking the kiss.

“I agree,” Harry said, grabbing her body and pulling her on top of him. Natasha gasped as she was forced to straddle him. Not passing up the chance, she leaned back in and kissed him again. Her eyes fluttered as his hands moved from her slim waist down to her shapely backside. He squeezed her cheeks hard as he moved her hips back and forth. She could barely feel his erection through their multiple layers of thick clothing, and she wanted to rectify that immediately.

“Let’s go into the bedroom,” she gasped into his mouth. Harry stood up, holding her by her ass. Natasha wrapped her strong legs around his waist while he sucked at the delicate skin of her neck. When her back touched his soft bed, she instantly sat up and began undoing the buttons of his jeans. Harry took off his shirt just as Natasha began working them down his hips. Impatiently, she gave a mighty tug and pulled down his jeans and boxers at the same time. Her face immediately flushed at what sprang forth. At face level was by far the biggest penis that she had ever seen. It was monstrous and obscene. She could feel the heat radiating off of the beast. Fighting the urge to nuzzle it with her cheek, she instantly reached out with a shaky hand and let her fingers graze over his soft skin. The moment she touched it, it jerked which made her jump slightly.

“It’s not going to bite,” she heard him tease. Her face turned pink with embarrassment. She was the deadly Black Widow. No situation was too big for her. She was never in over her head. Exhaling deeply to calm down, she continued to softly caress his straining cock. Her fingertips tickled his big, bloated sack before moving up, tracing his length from underneath. She looked up when Harry placed his hand on the back of her neck. Thinking that he would pull her head down, she was instead surprised when he used his fingers to softly play with her soft skin. Suddenly, a magnificent sensation of pure pleasure traveled down her spine. Every time his fingers moved against her neck, every sensual area of her body would pulse with desire and need. Natasha could feel her insides contracting and fluttering. Her body wanted him desperately. This time there was no one around to keep her from her prize. Looking up at him with wild desperation, she shuddered when he started playing with the soft, little hairs on the back of her neck. Her nipples grew harder than they ever had before ... so hard that they began to hurt as they pressed against the inside of her bra. Natasha couldn’t wait any longer.

Leaning her head in, she stuck her tongue out and pressed the entire thing against the underside of his shaft. Moving her head up, she licked his entire length, coating it in her saliva. When her mouth touched the underside of his head, she wiggled her tongue around it, tickling his cock. Hearing him moan actually brought her a surprising amount of pleasure. Another pulse of power entered her body through his fingers, making her insides contract. Pressing her lips to his skin, she began to kiss, lick, and suck on every inch of his throbbing manhood.

Harry saw the need in her eyes. After Hermione had suggested that he actually practice mixing his two sources of power, he threw himself into it. It was a long and difficult process to not only mix his powers but to focus them in a way that resembled the magic that he was used to. Once he accomplished that, he found that he could sometimes manipulate his magic to do things even if he didn’t know how it was supposed to be done. Causing pleasure with his magic was one such example. Harry didn’t know how the body was able to feel pleasure. He knew how to cause it, but not how it was created within the body. Even so, his magic took it upon itself to do the work for him. When he discovered what his magic could do to the female body, he jumped into that particular research with great exuberance. Letting the sparks of magic jump from his fingertips and dance down Natasha’s lovely skin, he felt her tremble violently while her tongue explored his cock. It wasn’t long before the signs of her first orgasm had made themselves

known. Her body began spasming, and she squeezed his shaft tightly while letting out a cute, little whine.

Harry reached down and grabbed the hem of her t-shirt. Giving it a tug, Natasha lifted her arms up and allowed the material to be pulled from her torso. First, her toned belly was exposed, then her buxom breasts which were encased in a black, satin bra. Looking down, Harry stared momentarily at the vast amount of cleavage being produced from her porcelain chest. Harry placed his hand on her cleavage and pushed her body down on the bed.

Now at his tender mercies, Natasha lay there while he pulled her shoes from her feet. Her sock quickly followed, leaving her small feet bare. He then leaned over her, giving her a quick kiss which she was hoping to turn into something longer and deeper. Her tongue entered his mouth while her legs wrapped around his waist. She used her leg strength to pull him down so that he was pinning her body to the bed. As she wiggled her hips around, she moaned into his mouth while trying to devour his tongue. Pushing himself up, Harry looked down at her flushed face and heaving chest. Letting his fingers caress the soft skin of her breasts, he slowly lowered them down her body and over her smooth belly. He felt her body buck slightly when his fingers tickled her belly button before going lower. When he reached the button of her jeans, he eagerly popped it open. Grabbing the waistband of her jeans, he tugged them down over her wide hips as she helped him by squirming out of them. As her matching black panties were exposed, Harry was hit in the face with the scent of her arousal. Immediately, his cock strained and he had to fight the urge to fuck her right then and there. Her legs lifted high into the air, and Harry worked the jeans off of her.

Natasha bit her lower lip sexily as Harry's hands slid down her legs, caressing her perfectly smooth skin. She watched him stand up and step out of his jeans, his long, thick cock bouncing proudly as it protruded outward. Wanting to entice him further, she sat up and reached behind her back. Unclasping her bra, she let fall off of her shoulders before pulling it completely from her body. Laying back, she gave him her best "come and fuck me" face that she could muster while sexily playing with her big breasts. Her nipples were hard and aching as her fingers brushed over them. She saw his eyes linger on her little nubs and her light pink areolas. Pinching them, she pulled on them hard enough to slightly hurt. She gasped and arched her back before letting go of them. That must have snapped him out of his daze. Before she could react, his hands had gripped the waistband of her panties and started to pull them down. As she did when he removed her jeans, Natasha lifted her legs up in the air, keeping them closed to tease him.

Harry watched as the wet crotch of her panties clung tightly to her equally wet lips before finally snapping free. Obviously, it was the first time seeing her most private area. In his opinion, it was just as sexy as the rest of her body. Her two plump lips were puffy with arousal and completely hairless. Her smooth skin was shiny with her wetness, and Harry breathed in her heady scent. Her inner lips just slightly poked out from between her thicker outer lips that were being pressed tightly together by her closed thighs. Below her damp slit was her smallest hole. A drop of arousal dripped from her slit and rolled down onto her crinkled hole, making it just as wet as her

other one. Harry finally pulled her black panties from her feet and tossed them aside. Natasha opened her legs while still in the air and spread them wide. Harry's eyes locked onto her exposed pussy. As her legs opened wider, her hairless lips were forced open a bit, showing off more of her light pink insides that were drenched in her juices. Natasha reached down and placed her fingers on her clit. She started moving her hand in a circular pattern rubbing her clit and pussy at the same time. Harry was fascinated by the way the skin of her pussy moved around with the movements of her hand. Natasha then used two fingers to spread her lips open. Harry had never received a more obvious invitation. It was an invitation that he wasn't going to pass up. As Harry settled into position between her parted legs, Natasha draped her leg over his shoulder. Smiling cheekily at her, Harry brushed his fingers over the incredibly sensitive skin behind her knee and hit her with a powerful dose of his magic.

Natasha's mind suddenly froze and her body locked up. From the point of contact, the most wonderful pleasure ever imaginable spread out in every direction. From the top of her head to her toes, Natasha was bathed in his powers. Back arching and toes curling, she let out a shriek of pleasure as lights flashed behind her eyes. Her bare breasts flopped and bounced wildly as a jet of girl cum squirted from her cumming pussy. Harry was sprayed in the chest before her body thrashed and twisted.

She couldn't believe what she was feeling. She couldn't focus on anything other than the way her body tingled in the most pleasurable way possible. Turning on her side, she tried to sit up but was unable to. Her body wouldn't respond. "H-Harry! What did you ..." she tried to ask but squealed again as another pulse of pleasure raced through her body. She could vaguely feel Harry rubbing her clit, rolling it between his fingers as her eyes twitched and fluttered. The pleasure was too much. Rolling onto her stomach to get away from his wandering fingers, she thrust her ass up in the air while her pussy was still squirting pussy juice all over the place. She tried to beg Harry to let her rest when his hands began caressing the soft skin of her bare back, but no words left her lips. Thankfully, he seemed to know what she wanted. Still spasming out of control, she squeaked and squealed as his hands explored her hips before moving over her waist. They slid up her sides and cupped her breasts from underneath. Natasha choked out some noises, but even she couldn't tell what she meant to say. She closed her eyes and breathed deeply as her newest lover rubbed her aching nipples. She could feel his large cock resting between her thick cheeks. When he felt that her orgasm had tapered off enough, he took his cock in hand and began sliding it up and down her soaking-wet slit.

Biting down on the pillow, Natasha gripped the bedsheets tightly, knowing what was to come. Sure enough, he penetrated her with one, confident push. She could feel his girth rubbing against the walls of her insides as it traveled inch after inch. When the head hit her g-spot, Natasha cried out again as her orgasm flared up once more. Her pussy instantly clamped down around him. Had she been able to think of anything other than the pleasure she was receiving, she would have been embarrassed that her pussy was already milking his cock after the first thrust. She was Natasha Romanoff, the Black Widow, and here she was drooling into his pillow as her asscheeks were brutally clapped from behind. His cock hit depths never before reached. Every time his cock battered against her cervix, she would let out a pathetic grunt of pleasure.

Suddenly, her head was getting light. She tried to blink it away, but couldn't. After another thrust, Natasha screamed into the pillow. She could feel Harry's hands gliding over her naked skin as her pussy hugged him tightly, trying desperately to coax a thick load of cum from his bloated and swinging sack. She needn't wait long. When the first load of cum seeded her insides, the pleasure that she had been feeling felt as though it were nothing but a joke. Her vision went white as her body jerked and thrashed violently. Her pussy was contracting around him, trying to drain every last drop. Then with one last desperate whine, she passed out for the night.