

The Masseur

Chapter 14

“Are you sure that this stuff works as well as you say?” Harry asked, looking at the glass bottle in his hand. Inside the bottle held a semi-thick liquid colored in light pink. Pulling out the stopper, he held it up to his nose and took a whiff. It smelled wonderful, like a mixture of Gabrielle and Hermione. He smiled at the thought. It seemed that that part of the new oil worked as advertised. It held the same properties as Amortentia, at least when it came to smell. The shady-looking character that Harry was talking to reiterated what he had said before.

“I told you, yes. It’s similar to the last version of the oil that I made for you. It’s just upgraded,” the man looked around, not wanting to get spotted. Harry rolled his eyes. While the man was selling potions without a license, the fine he would receive wasn’t very high. The man was just being paranoid and jumpy as always. Harry put the bottle back in the box with the rest of them. Holding out his hand, the man gave him the recipe.

“I don’t need to tell you what will happen if you sell the recipe to anyone else,” Harry threatened. The man shook his head rapidly.

“I know the drill,” the man quickly said. “Don’t worry about that. Just owl me when you need another order.”

Harry wasn’t the best when it came to potion brewing, so he decided to leave it in the hands of the professionals. The man before him may look like a ragged vagabond, but he was a brilliant Potion Master. He had better be for the amount of gold that he charged.

“Assume that I’ll need another order in two weeks. I’ll owl if I need it sooner,” Harry said, hefting the heavy box into his arms. The man quickly nodded then scampered around the corner and out of sight. Shaking his head, Harry apparated back to his house. Appearing in the designated spot, he moved over to his office and stored the massage oils in his cabinet. Removing one, he smiled wickedly and decided to test it out. Taking it with him upstairs, he went into his bedroom and stopped short at what he saw. His cock was instantly rock-hard from the sight before him. Both Gabrielle and Hermione were completely nude and scissoring each other in the middle of the bed. Both had their heads tilted back as they moaned out in pleasure. His eyes drifted down to the area where they were connected. His eyes feasted on the sight of their very wet pussies rubbing against each other. Hermione’s lovely body arched as she presented her gorgeous tits to Gabrielle. The little Veela’s hand snaked out and gripped the round, perky breast, and Hermione moaned sexily as Gabrielle rubbed and massaged it. Her thumb drew circles in the light pink flesh of Hermione’s areolas, and Harry watched the bookworm shudder when Gabby’s thumb flicked her hardened nub.

“Good afternoon, girls,” Harry smiled and sat down on a nearby chair to watch them. In his mind, there was no need to interrupt just yet. They were doing fine on their own.

“ ‘Arry!” Gabby squealed happily, though he didn’t know if that squeal was because of her excitement at seeing him, or from the pleasure of having her pussy stimulated.

“Harry ... oh, god! You’re home,” Hermione lustfully choked out, her body quivering from sexual gratification. If anything, her actions became even sexier. Perhaps she was trying to give him a better show.

“Indeed I am, love,” Harry said, happily. He got up and walked over to her. Leaning down, he kissed her sweetly, and she moaned into his mouth. He broke the kiss, and knowing that Gabrielle would pout if she didn’t get one, he kissed her as well.

“Did everything go well?” Gabby asked while gasping in satisfaction. Both of Hermione’s hands found their way to the Veela’s chest. Harry stared as her hands kneaded the beautiful, pale flesh of Gabrielle’s breasts, and extracted a sexy moan from his girlfriend.

“As good as it could be,” he answered, holding up a bottle of the light pink massage oil. “He said that it’s even better than the last one. Want to test it?” Harry smiled naughtily.

“Let me finish with ‘ermione, then all three of us can test it out,” she said as she threw her head back and moaned loudly. Harry just chuckled.

“No need to rush, love. Let’s just test it now,” he said, pulling out the stopper and pouring a healthy amount between their grinding pussies. The moment that the new massage oil hit their mashed-together pussies, their eyes widened to the size of dinner plates. Both girls quivered soundlessly for a second then screamed in pleasure as they both violently squirted on each other’s pussies. As Harry was leaning in to see, the jets of pussy juice slammed into each other and splashed straight up into Harry’s face.

Gabby and Hermione were seeing stars as their pussies contracted and fluttered. Their bodies were bucking and thrashing about, adding pleasure to the situation since their clits were constantly being rubbed together. They cried out for minutes before the pleasure began to taper off. Finally, they broke apart, both breathing heavily. They looked over to Harry and burst into uncontrolled giggles. Harry was completely drenched and had pussy juice dripping off of his face and hair.

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Harry rubbed the towel through his wet, messy hair as Hermione wrapped her arms around his waist from behind. Gabby wrapped hers around him from the front. Gabby kissed his lips while Hermione kissed the side of his neck. “Sorry, ‘Arry,” Gabby giggled. She laughed and squirmed out of his grip when he tickled her ribs. Turning around, he wrapped his arms around Hermione’s waist and lifted her up. He kissed her deeply then set her back down.

“So I take it that the oil is a winner?” Harry asked, putting on his work clothes. Looking in the mirror, he ran a comb through his untameable, black hair.

“It’s absolutely incredible,” Hermione gushed at the qualities of the oil. “Your clients are going to love it,” she said with a far-off look in her eyes. Harry chuckled at his girlfriend.

“Don’t worry, love. We’ll give it a proper test tonight. In the meantime, the list of ingredients and the brewing instructions are in the pocket of my jeans. You can analyze it if you want,” Harry told her.

Hermione squealed in happiness. Kissing him on the cheek, she scampered over to his wadded-up jeans and dug through the pockets. Pulling out the list and a few galleons, she tossed the galleons into a bowl on Gabby’s vanity and ran off to her study area so she could study the oil. Shaking his head, he turned to his other lover. Gabby was in the mirror now, fluffing and fixing her flawless blonde hair. “Who’s my afternoon appointment?” Harry asked.

“Nymphadora,” Gabby said, putting some lip gloss on. Harry rolled his eyes at her. Gabby thought that the name “Nymphadora” was a beautiful name. He had told her not to let Tonks hear her say that. “You still ‘ave a little more than an hour. Go eat, mon amour. I made you a sandwich,” she told him. She giggled when he moved her long, flowing hair out of the way and kissed the back of her neck.

“Thanks, love,” he said, going into the kitchen to get his food.

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Tonks was having a particularly stressful day. Instead of getting to go out on patrol and hopefully take down some criminal scum, she was forced to catch up on paperwork that she had put off doing. Knowing in advance that she would have to spend the next ten hours sitting on an uncomfortable chair doing work that she hated, she called up Gabrielle and booked another session with Harry. Her cheeks flamed immediately upon thinking about the last time. She hadn’t been back since, mostly due to embarrassment, but that didn’t mean that she didn’t think about it. How could she not? The pleasure was intense. Often, she laid in bed at night and touched herself while thinking about Harry’s hands on her body. She winced and stretched her aching back. Once again, she praised her brilliance for thinking ahead and making an appointment. She was going to need it.

It wasn’t much longer until she was in Harry’s changing room taking off her clothes and replacing them with a towel. She had made sure that her body was completely hairless. Metamorph powers were good for that, but sometimes she lost control and her body would revert. She didn’t want to suddenly sprout hair like a wild beast. Using a hair removal cream worked wonders for that. Taking a deep breath to calm her rapid breathing, she gathered her courage and left the changing room to meet him.

“Hey, Tonks,” Harry smiled.

“Hi, Harry,” she replied shyly. Her heart was still hammering in her chest. He placed a hand on her lower back and led her to the table. Before she was allowed to lay down, Harry grabbed the towel and unwrapped it from her body. Her cheeks reddened as he looked her up and down. She knew that she shouldn’t be too embarrassed. He had seen everything before, after all. Now nude, he helped her get face down onto the table. As she laid there, she could feel his eyes on her body. She didn’t want to admit that it made her tingle in very naughty ways.

“It says on your chart that you have stress pains around your neck, shoulders, and back. Is that correct?” he asked, putting her chart away.

“Yeah. From sitting at a desk for too long,” she moaned as Harry poured a very soothing oil onto her shoulders and upper back. Soon she was mewling and chattering from the pleasure of his deep tissue massage. It hurt in a really good way, she thought. She enjoyed the way that his hands would glide over her oily body. His thumbs were working the muscles on the back of her neck when she saw the front of his trousers bulge. Unthinking, she reached out and grabbed the bulge. When Harry didn’t comment, she worked his pants down enough that his extremely large penis sprung forth. Gasping at the size, her shaky hand reached out and gripped the magnificent pole. Slowly her hand worked it until it was as hard as a rock. Harry moved his body in a way that left his cock close to her face. Taking the chance, she leaned in and kissed the tip. Hearing him moan, she decided to take things further. Popping the head into her mouth, she began sucking him to the best of her abilities. As a metamorph, her abilities were incredible. She loosened her throat muscles and was able to take him all the way down with ease. As her face bumped into his lower belly, Harry’s hand slid down the length of her back and between her shapely buttocks. Tonks gasped around his cock when she felt his fingers toy with her dripping slit. His fingers would travel from her puckered hole, all the way down to her hardened clit. Her body shuddered violently when his oily fingers encircled her engorged clit. Using her powers, she made her clit even bigger to give herself the opportunity for more pleasure.

Bobbing her head, she grunted and moaned while fucking his large cock with her mouth. Her hand came up and gripped the base of his member. In tandem, her mouth and hand worked his cock in a way that had him shaking with satisfaction. Adding in her other hand, she massaged his balls gently. Holding the large testicles in her hand, she used her thumb to softly rub them and attempt to coax out a large load. Her eyes fluttered when she felt him pinch and roll her extra-large clit between his fingers. Her body had already been relieved of stress, but now she wanted more. She wanted satisfaction. Pulling her mouth from his cock, she rolled onto her back and spread her thighs wide. Blushing fiercely, she reached down and used two fingers to open her pussy lips to him. Showing off her pink insides, it was obvious to him what she wanted. Harry smiled and said, “I’ve got just the thing that I’ve wanted to try out.”

He went and collected a bottle of the new oil. Walking back to the table, he placed it down and grabbed her by her spread thighs. She squeaked as he spun her body until her lower half was hanging off of the table. Grabbing the bottle, he poured a generous amount on her pussy.

Instantly, Tonks shivered and moaned like a back-alley whore. Whatever it was that he had poured on her felt like liquid arousal. Her pussy and clit were tingling wildly. She saw him rub some on his cock, and then he poured some on her nipples. Arching her back, she cried out in pleasure as he put the bottle aside. He placed his thumb on her clit before spearing her with a single powerful thrust.

“Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!” she kept crying out with every thrust of his fat cock. Harry’s lubed-up thumb danced over her hard clit as her thighs squeezed his hips tightly. Looking down, Harry saw his cock disappear inside of her before reappearing covered in her juices. Her pussy was sloppy wet. The loud, perverse squelching could be heard throughout the room as could the clapping of their bodies colliding.

“Holy shit!” Harry shuddered as her pussy tightened around his girth. Grabbing her legs, he threw them over his shoulders as he began power-fucking the horny metamorph. Tonks was shuddering and spasming as her pussy clenched his thrusting cock. Her hands gripped her flopping breasts, and her fingers toyed with her oiled nipples. She could feel the juices escaping her stuffed cunt as she coated his cock in her girl cum. Locking her ankles around the back of his neck, her pussy clamped down as hard as it ever had as she sprayed her juices everywhere from the sudden and violent orgasm that just hit her. Her tight body thrashed as the colors in her hair rapidly changed. Her pussy sloshed as it contracted around this penetrating cock.

Harry couldn’t hold back even if he wanted. Her pussy was so fantastic that he came right there on the spot. Throwing his head back, he spilled his seed deep inside of her. He could feel her cunt milking the cum from his cock as he slammed his hips forward and injected his cum as deep as it could go. He watched as her body twitched and spasmed fiercely as she laid there. Harry was breathing heavily while he stood there with his cock still inside of her. Tonks was sexily mewling while rubbing his chest with her bare foot.

Tonks was ready to pass out when Harry said, “Looks like you’ve still got ten minutes left. How about a quickie before you go?” She wasn’t given time to decline before he had her flipped over with her shapely ass high up in the air. Pinching her clit had her yelling out, and her pussy spraying as he shoved his fat cock deep inside of her. As her body was jerked forward, she wondered if she could somehow convince him to make these types of meetings more of a regular thing. She could think about it anymore, however. Not when her pussy exploded and sent girl cum spraying in every direction.