

Physical Therapy

Part 1

Emma Granger was sitting in her dining room having a hot cup of tea with her daughter Hermione. While her life was currently a mess, she looked at her daughter with pride. She had grown up into a beautiful woman with a husband and a budding career in the magical world.

"So you haven't spoken to dad recently?" Hermione asked, sipping her tea. Emma munched on her biscuit and shook her head.

"Not since the divorce went final," she replied and took a sip of her own tea. She didn't tell her daughter but she had spiked hers with a shot of rum. Sighing from the warmth that spread through her, she looked at her daughter's scowling face.

"I can't believe that he left you for that chippy secretary of his. She's such an airhead!" Hermione complained. If he was going to cheat on her mother, then he should at least choose someone that was better than her. While the woman was younger, she wasn't all that pretty. In her opinion, Hermione thought that her mother was much better looking, not to mention smarter. Hermione was quite shocked when she heard the news from her mother. It seemed that had been going on long before she was informed and was only told once the divorce was nearly complete.

Apparently, her father had been seeing his secretary behind her back for a good long while before deciding to start an actual relationship with her. Of course, to do that he had to leave his wife. Hermione was thankful that she wasn't around to hear all the yelling and arguments. She was sure that some less than kind words were tossed around.

While her father abandoned her mother, it was Emma that got the last laugh. She had taken him to the cleaners in divorce court. Her father got to keep the dental practice, but her mother kept nearly everything else. The house, the luxury car, and most of their savings all went to her in the divorce. Emma didn't want to admit it, but she took a lot of vindictive pleasure from knowing that he would be struggling, at least in the short term.

"I know, dear. But he and I hadn't been getting along in quite a while," she told her. "In the end, it's probably better this way. I just wish that he had talked to me instead of jumping straight into that woman's bed," she huffed.

"Yeah. When I talk to him next, I'm going to give him a piece of my mind," Hermione ranted. "That's probably why he hasn't called me lately."

Emma chuckled. "Probably. I may have told him that I was going to get you to curse his testicles."

"Mum!" Hermione complained but laughed nonetheless.

Emma waved her off. "I'm sure he knows that I was just joking. Anyway, the worst part isn't that he's gone. It's the loneliness, and of course, you know about my condition." Hermione nodded.

Her mother suffered from chronic migraines and had since she was a young woman. It wasn't until she was married that she figured out that regular amounts of sex helped greatly to keep them at bay.

"What about toys?" Hermione asked, a bit embarrassed about the subject that they were talking about. However, she was an adult now, and she was going to act like one. Her mother shook her head in response.

"Not nearly as good. I've never liked using them," she confessed. Hermione could understand. She tried them when she was younger and didn't like them either. They felt uncomfortable and fake.

"Have you tried to find a new partner?"

Again, she shook her head. "I haven't been single since college. I'm too nervous to even try."

She sat there and tried to come up with a solution before her eyes suddenly widened. She bit her lip while struggling to come to terms with what she was thinking about. "Well ... I may have a solution." Emma raised an eyebrow.

"I'm sure you remember when Ron was being a jerk last year. You know ... a few months before we ended up getting married?" Hermione asked. Emma nodded her head, remembering what she was talking about. Hermione looked embarrassed but cleared her throat and went on.

"Well ... I was hurting pretty badly, and Harry was there for me ... and one thing led to another ..." She didn't need to finish. Emma gasped.

"Really? Harry?" Hermione nodded.

"Anyway, we agreed to never speak about it, but he and I were carrying on pretty good," she admitted, blushing hard. "He got me through those really tough times. I was thinking that maybe he could help get you through yours."

"Hermione!" she gasped, her cheeks turning pink. She couldn't believe what she was saying. She had met Harry many times and found him pleasant to be around. He was very kind and generous, and he was even quite dishy now that he had grown up. Even so, he had been with her daughter sexually, and now she was suggesting that he have a go with her as well?

“Think about it!” Hermione countered. “Harry’s young and good-looking. He’s single. He knows and likes you. He’ll believe it when I say that it’s for medical purposes. And he’s incredible in bed,” she added the last part with a severe blush.

“Incredible?” Emma’s ears perked up. Her former husband was only adequate but did a decent enough job keeping the migraines away. She wondered how good “incredible sex” was at keeping the migraines at bay. Emma licked her lips. “Umm ... I’m just wondering but ...”

Hermione held her hands apart indicating that his cock was about a foot long. “That big.”

“Lord have mercy!” Emma gasped and sat back on her chair, fanning her face.

“My poor cervix has never been the same since,” Hermione added, bursting into a giggle fit while thinking back on the amazing sex that they had over their short tryst.

“Orgasms?” Emma asked.

“Mind-blowing!”

Emma picked up her teacup with shaky hands. She would be an idiot to pass up such a gift.

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“Are you sure about this?”

“For the last time, Harry, yes!” Hermione replied, exasperated. They were in Hermione’s old bedroom while she watched him remove his clothes. She handed him a bathrobe, and he covered himself with it. “She’s waiting in the room. Now go!” she rolled her eyes and pushed him toward the door. Hermione apparated away since she didn’t want to listen to Harry shagging her mother.

Harry walked up to the bedroom door and took a deep breath. Gathering his courage, he didn’t bother knocking and just walked in. As he did so, Emma turned to look at him. Emma was a sexy woman with smooth, slightly pale skin and a head full of long, brown hair. She had a large, sweet smile with a row of straight, white teeth. When he saw her in her silk robe, his cock immediately grew hard. As he stepped closer, she appeared to grow nervous.

“Harry, I ...” she started but was cut off by him placing his hands on her flared hips. He could feel her body tremble under his touch. As she looked up at him, he leaned down and kissed her deeply. Her eyes fluttered, and she felt his hand slide down her belly and slip between the fold of her robe. When his hand crept between her legs and touched her pussy, Emma spasmed and nearly dropped to the ground. Wrapping an arm around her waist, Harry held her up. Suddenly, his wet and glistening fingertips were right in front of her face.

"You're already soaking wet," he teased, causing Emma to blush fiercely. "Has it been a while?" he guessed. She shyly nodded. Her heart hammered in her chest as he took a step back and untied the sash that kept her robe together. When it came undone, her robe flapped open and gave him his first peek at her nude body. Her c-cup tits were quite perky for a woman of her age and were topped by hard, pink nipples. Harry's eyes lowered down her slim belly. He could tell that she worked out and kept a good diet. As his eyes lowered to her mound, he could see that it was freshly shaved. Harry smiled and reached down.

Emma felt him gently scratch at her soft and tender mound with his short fingernails. Letting out a shuddering breath at the naughty sensation, she heard him ask, "Did you shave for me?" Heat erupted in her face, and she was sure that her cheeks were bright red.

"Y-Yes," she answered before his hand lowered and cupped her slick pussy.

"Take off the robe," Harry ordered, and Emma quickly acted. She shrugged it off and exposed herself to a young man that was the same age as her daughter. She let out a shriek as she was spun around. Harry dropped his robe and pressed himself against her bare back. Emma felt his massive cock against her. Suddenly, the tip erupted from between her thighs. Looking down in wonder, she could see several inches sticking out past her mound. It was smeared with her juices from just rubbing against her. As his hands groped her naked tits and his fingers pinched and rolled her hard nipples, Emma threw her head back and moaned louder than she had in a very long time.

Again she squealed when she was manhandled onto the bed that she used to share with her husband. Flopping onto her back, Harry forced her legs wide open and let his cock lay across her mound and belly. Emma became nervous when studying this beast. It looked incredibly long and thick, and she was afraid it may split her in two. Then she remembered that her daughter had tamed this beast, and she gained confidence that she could as well. Reaching out, she grabbed him by the shaft. Looking him in the eyes, she began slowly stroking him while his eyes feasted on her naked form. She closed her eyes and let out a moan when his hand touched her bare pussy. His fingers danced over the wet flesh, and when he began rolling her hard clit between his fingers, Emma's back arched in pleasure. Not wanting to wait anymore, she rubbed the tip against her pussy lips and held the head against her entrance.

Harry pushed forward and moaned as her silken walls hugged his thick shaft. She was so wet that he bottomed out easily. He could feel her walls contracting and squeezing his cock. He let his thumb brush over her hard clit and felt her walls squeeze him tighter. Wanting it deep and hard, Emma lifted up her legs and rested them on his shoulders. Harry smiled and leaned forward. Her legs were pushed up, and her body was folded as he leaned in and kissed her again. Emma moaned into his mouth as his cock bumped into her g-spot. His hands were gently caressing her rock-hard nipples as he massaged her breasts. Locking her ankles around his neck to keep him inside, she began gasping against his face as his hips slowly started moving. She could feel the ridges of his hard cock rubbing against the delicate walls of her pussy with every long and deep thrust.

"Harder!" she let out a whorish gasp as the tip of his cock hit her cervix. Soon the spongy head was like a battering ram, knocking hard against her g-spot before slamming into her cervical wall. Squeaks and squeals left her mouth as pussy juice leaked from her wet cunt. Hot beads of arousal dripped onto her puckered hole as her pussy was stretched and battered and fucked into oblivion. Squelches and sounds of suction joined with the slutty screams that she was bellowing as he fucked her long and hard.

Her eyes were clenched shut as she felt something churning inside of her. Her body was violently trembling, and her pussy was clamping down on him as she tried to fight off her orgasm. She wasn't ready. She wanted to keep enjoying the sensation of being fucked by such a wonderful cock. But it was all for not. Letting out a scream, pussy juice exploded from her contracting cunt. Harry buried himself deep inside of her while her pussy sprayed in every direction. Her body was bucking wildly, but Harry was able to keep her pinned down. Emma found that she couldn't move. Harry had her pinned tightly as he began to seed her. A pathetic whine escaped her lips as her sensitive pussy was filled with strings of his warm, thick cum. She could feel it being injected deep into her. With one last thrust, Harry finished filling her up and pulled out, his cock glistening with a mixture of their fluids. Her body continued to spasm uncontrollably.

Emma thought that they were done for the evening. She just experienced the best orgasm of her life. Who could ask for more? Harry had other ideas. She was pushed onto her back, and while she was still cumming, he straddled her chest and stuffed his slimy cock into her mouth. Emma choked and gagged until his cock was nice and hard again. All through the night, her body was twisted and pulled into position, fucked and spanked, and she was forced to choke on his arousal-slickened cock. It was the greatest night of her life, and she only hoped that there would be plenty more in the future.