

The Masseur

Chapter 18

"Harry? Are you there?"

"Mmfff," Harry mumbled in his sleep.

"Harry?"

"Uhhhpf," he mumbled again, swatting the air while trying to get that annoying sound to go away.

"HARRY!" a voice boomed, which finally woke him up. Gabrielle rolled off of him and groaned.

"Harry," she tiredly said. "There's someone calling you in the Floo," she said and then yawned. Harry yawned as well.

"Yeah ... I heard," he groaned and reluctantly got out of bed. He rubbed his eyes and stumbled to the fireplace, where he knelt. Tonks's head was floating above the emerald flames.

"Tonks? What is it?" he asked, yawning again.

"I hurt my hip while on patrol," she said, winching. "I need you to work on it."

"It's like three in the morning," he incredulously stated.

"Pleeease," she begged. "It hurts real bad."

"Fine," Harry tiredly groaned. "I'll be there in a minute."

"Thanks, Harry," she said before disappearing. Harry went back to the bed and leaned over Gabrielle.

"I need to go help, Tonks. I'll be back in a while," he quietly told her.

"Okay, 'Arry," she said, barely above a whisper. A second later, she was back asleep. Harry brushed the hair from her beautiful face. Gabrielle mewled cutely in her sleep. Harry chuckled and went to get his supplies.

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Tonks impatiently waited by the fireplace as the seconds passed. After a few minutes, the fire roared green, and Harry stepped out holding a bag. He waved his wand and vanished all the ash and soot from his clothes.

"Hey, Tonks. What happened?" he asked. Tonks flexed her hip and winched loudly.

"I was clumsy like always," she admitted. One of the cobbles in the street was loose and sticking up, and I rammed the tip of my boot into it.

"And you went flying?" Harry guessed with an amused expression. Tonks nodded while rubbing her jean-covered hip.

"I landed right on my hip and aggravated an old injury. It hurts a lot. Thankfully, it was at the end of my shift, so I didn't have to walk around on it too much," she explained. "I can't even get out of my jeans. It hurts too much to move."

"Alright," Harry said. "I think I've heard enough. Where do you want to do this?" he asked her.

"Let's go to my room. My bed is big enough," she said, wincing loudly as she started slowly leading him to her bedroom. Luckily for her, it was only a short walk from the living room. The lights came on as soon as she walked into the room. Harry followed her in and closed the door behind them. He set his bag down and began examining her.

"It's this hip?" he asked, squeezing it.

"Ow! Yeah, that one," she exclaimed, clearly in pain.

"Alright. Let's get you out of those clothes," he told her.

"Okay," Tonks said, and Harry waved his wand at her. Her jeans disappeared from her body and reappeared beside her, floating in the air. The jeans folded themselves and floated over to the dresser. Tonks stood there in only a t-shirt and a pair of panties. Harry gently laid her down on the bed and grabbed her ankle and knee. He folded her knee and pushed her leg up toward her stomach. Tonks whimpered as he pushed her leg across her body. He then placed his hand on her shoulder to keep her body flat. He pushed her knee hard, and there was a loud pop.

"Ow, ow, ow!" she hissed and whimpered. Her eyes were clenched shut, and she bit her lower lip.

"Sorry," Harry gently told her. "Realignments are always uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable, my ass! That hurt!" she declared while breathing heavily. Harry chuckled and massaged her aching hip. He couldn't help but watch her large, covered breasts rise and fall with every breath.

"Maybe next time you won't be such a doofus and actually watch where you're stepping," Harry amusedly told her. He kneaded the soft flesh of her hip, but her panties were getting in the way.

"Don't start with me," she groaned as he worked out the soreness. "I've already been made fun of enough for one night." Harry chuckled and shook his head.

"Let me get the oil so I can work your muscles," he relented and let go of her body.

He reached into his bag and pulled out a bottle of sweet-smelling oil. Setting it on the bed, Harry slid his hands up her thighs and gripped the waistband of her panties. He tugged them down her thighs, and Tonks helped him by lifting her ass off the bed. He was immediately hit in the face with the subtle scent of her pussy, and his cock began to harden in his trousers. Her hip seemed to be feeling a little better, because she lifted both legs and let him slide the panties from her bare feet. He tossed her panties aside just as she lowered her legs. Her legs were slightly spread, and he could see her smooth lips peeking out from between her shapely thighs. Harry grabbed the bottle and poured some all over both hips, her belly, and her upper thighs. Tonks moaned when the oil hit her skin. Her skin immediately began tingling pleasantly, and she couldn't stop herself from squirming in place. Tonks saw that he was staring at the area between her legs and blushed. Still, she didn't try to cover up. After all, they had already made love once, so it would be silly to suddenly act shy around him. At least, that was what Tonks had concluded. She kept her legs slightly open and allowed him to stare at the most private part of her body. In fact, when he wrapped both hands around her upper thigh and began massaging her skin, Tonks spread her legs wider, giving him an even better view.

Harry smirked at his friend as she squirmed and bit her lower lip. His talented fingers glided across her oily skin, and when she opened her legs, Harry could see that her delicate pink inner lips were already damp with her juices. Harry rubbed the junction between her thigh and pussy with his thumb, and her inner lips quickly swelled with arousal and began poking out from between her plump, hairless lips. The scent of her arousal grew stronger as well. Tonks looked quite sexy as she sexily squirmed in bed. Her metamorphmagus powers must have activated, because her already large tits got even bigger. Her nipples were very stiff and poked through her tight t-shirt. Her hands clawed at the sheets underneath her, and she threw her head back and verbally shuddered as his fingers dug into the flesh of her hip.

"Enjoying yourself?" Harry asked, smirking as her pussy grew wetter by the second.

"Shut up," Tonks whined pitifully and arched her back. Her big tits strained her tight shirt, and he wouldn't have been shocked if her breasts burst right through the thin fabric. "I've been in so much pain that I deserve a bit of pleasure now," she stated, justifying her level of horniness.

"I suppose," Harry said with an amused smile. He slid his hands over her belly and smeared the oil all over her skin. One hand toyed with her cute belly button while the other slid down over her perfectly smooth mound. When his hand drifted underneath the hem of her shirt, Tonks

momentarily sat up and pulled her shirt over her head, freeing her large breasts. Her tits bounced around pleasantly and jiggled when she lay back down. Her nipples were stiff and crinkled, and the tips seemed to jut out further than he last remembered. He guessed that her metamorphmagus powers were at play again. Tonks reached down and grabbed the hand playing with her mound. She pushed his hand further down until his fingers were on her naked slit. He quickly discovered that they were soaked, and Tonks spread her legs wide. She held his hand tightly to her pussy and started rolling her hips.

"Aren't you being a bit too forward?" Harry teased, chuckling. Tonks moaned as her slit slid across his fingers, drenching them in her juices. Harry teased her inner folds while Tonks massaged her large breasts.

"I need a good night's sleep, and I always sleep well after cumming," she truthfully stated. "So do me a favor and stick your head between my legs and lick me until I cum all over your tongue." Harry laughed and massaged her clit with his thumb while groping one of her tits. Her breast was significantly larger than his palm and spilled out of his hand.

"I've never been propositioned so forcefully," Harry chuckled. Tonks rolled her hips and ground her clit against his fingers.

"Sorry, but I mean business. So get to it," she ordered and moaned when he rolled her nipple between his fingers. The crinkled tip of her nipple was incredibly hard.

Harry leaned over her body and kissed both of her stiff nipples, making Tonks shudder with need. He then kissed the bottom of both breasts and the upper part of her stomach. Tonks whined and pushed his head down. Harry peppered her belly with kisses until he reached her hairless mound. Tonks then lifted her legs and draped them over his shoulders. She continued playing with his messy hair as he stared directly at her dripping pussy. The scent of her arousal surrounded him and made his cock strain in his trousers. Harry kissed her oily mound, which made Tonks moan and force his head lower. His lips slid down her oily skin until they bumped into her swollen clit. He heard Tonks gasp in delight, which was quickly followed by her grinding her clit against them.

"Please suck it!" she begged. "It's been so long since my last orgasm."

"I made you cum like two weeks ago," he reminded her. His voice vibrating against her clit made her moan even more.

"That's far too long," she argued while palming her tits. Tonks pinched and rolled her nipples, making her back arch.

"Well, maybe you should make a weekly appointment," he recommended.

“Definitely,” Tonks shuddered, pressed her clit hard against his lips, and wiggled her hips. “Now, get to work,” she demanded.

Harry flicked his tongue over her little bead and smiled when he heard Tonks squeal. He then kissed it before circling it with the tip of his tongue. He could feel Tonks trembling. “Harry!” she complained and dragged her clit across his lips again. It was clear she wanted action, not teasing. Harry’s hands snaked around the top of her thighs, and he sucked hard on it.

Tonks’s eyes fluttered wildly before rolling into her head. Looking down, she saw his mop of messy hair sticking out from between her thighs, and the sight turned her on even more. Her body bucked from the sudden influx of pleasure, and she decided then and there that she didn’t want to live without a tongue lapping at her pussy and clit any longer. Single life sucked, she decided. As she looked for a more permanent solution, Harry was more than capable of filling that role of fulfilling her needs. His tongue slipped between her lips, and she heard him slurping up her juices. Tonks responded by grabbing the back of his head and pulling his face flush against her naked pussy. Holding it in place, she ground her pussy against him, smearing her juices all over his mouth. She got so wild that her clit actually hit his nose, and it felt surprisingly good.

“Stick your tongue in me!” she cried out through a deep moan. Harry did as she requested and slipped his tongue inside of her. Tonks bowed her back and pawed at her naked tits while Harry explored her insides. Her pussy was tingling badly, and she could feel an orgasm approaching. Her pussy was fluttering around his tongue, trying to milk it, which Tonks found slightly embarrassing. His nose was constantly bumping into her swollen bead, sending spikes of pleasure racing up her spine. “I’m getting close!” she called out and then pinched her nipples.

She tugged on the hard nubs and twisted them. That little bit of pain made the pleasure feel even better. Harry then pulled his tongue from her, and Tonks was just about to tell him to stick it back in when it touched her asshole. The tip of his tongue flicked over her tight hole, causing her eyes to go wide. Her hair flashed through a rainbow of colors, and she squealed loudly. One of his hands then left her thigh and drifted down between them. He gently rubbed her clit while tickling her asshole with his tongue. Tonks cried out and squirmed badly. “Keep going!” she pleaded and heard him chuckle.

He lightly pinched her clit and rolled it around. That was all she needed for the orgasm to come crashing down. She cried out and spasmed while the cheeky bastard continued to lick her. He moved his mouth back to her pussy and drank her juices while she came. She became a little too sensitive down there and was forced to wrap her legs tightly around his neck, pressing his face against her cumming pussy. She squeaked and spasmed repeatedly as the orgasm peaked. When it finally started to taper, she opened her legs and let him free. Tonks looked at him and saw that his face was dripping wet. She blushed madly, knowing she had been the cause. Harry wiped his face with the back of his hand and leaned in. He hovered over her body and began sucking on one of her nipples. “Oh! Harry ... I need a break,” she said, breathing

heavily. Harry let go of her nipple but continued kissing all over her tits. She lovingly played with his hair as she caught her breath.

Finally, Tonks yawned loudly. Now that she had been satisfied, a wave of sleepiness washed over her. Harry went back to her nipple, and she knew what he wanted.

“Too tired,” she yawned. “Come back tomorrow, and you can fuck me as much as you want,” she promised. Tonks closed her eyes with a smile. Harry pulled away from her sensitive nipple and huffed.

“Typical,” he said, but Tonks didn’t hear him. She climbed under her blanket and quickly fell asleep with a big, goofy grin on her face.

As Harry walked back to the fireplace, he wondered if Gabrielle would be willing to go a few rounds now that he was summarily turned on. He checked the time. It was four in the morning. “Probably not,” he sighed and tossed some powder into the fire.