

A Strange New World

Chapter 4

"Wake up, 'Arry," was what woke him from his uneasy slumber. Harry desperately wanted to go back to sleep. His head was pounding, and his body felt jittery. It was like he woke up with a bad case of the flu. He groaned and shivered. Whatever he was lying on was cold and hard. His back ached fiercely, and the rest of his body wasn't much better. He forced his eyes open and saw Apolline's beautiful face staring down at him.

"I feel ... terrible ..." he said in a quiet, raspy voice.

"That was to be expected," another voice chimed in, though he couldn't see who said it. "A major change in such a short time is very taxing on the body. Make him drink these potions," he heard her say. He heard the clinking of glass bottles before someone lifted his upper half into a sitting position. His back rested against someone's soft chest as Apolline lifted a bottle to his lips.

"Drink up," she told him. Harry followed her command without question. Anything to help was a godsend. She tilted the bottle up, and Harry drank down the unpleasant potion. "Good. Now, this one," she said. Again, he drank it without question. Harry immediately knew what this one was. Steam began shooting out of his ears ... a telltale sign that he had just ingested a Pepper-Up potion.

He was finding it very hard to stay awake. His eyelids were heavy, and he was feeling lightheaded. The woman behind him placed her hand on his forehead. "He has a slight fever."

He instantly recognized it as Amelia's voice. "Again ... That's to be expected. Get him into bed. The potions will take some time to work."

His body was suddenly levitated and floated to a nearby bed. "Place this on his forehead. It should help," said the same voice. A cold, wet towel was placed on his forehead, making him gasp from the sudden chill.

"Pull the blanket over him and let him rest," he heard Amelia say. That was the last thing he heard before falling back asleep. When he woke up the next time, he thankfully felt a lot better.

"Ow are you feeling?" Apolline asked as she sat beside him.

"Not great, but not nearly as bad as before," he told her. "I have a small headache, and my body is sore."

"Where is it sore the most?" Amelia joined in, sitting on his other side. He turned to her, who was looking over his covered body.

"The worst area is my groin. My thighs and stomach as well. Everything else is sore, just not as much," he answered honestly. She nodded while an Unspeakable stood near the bed, writing everything down.

"We need to examine you," Amelia told him. "Is that alright?"

"Sure, go ahead," he replied. His memory of the previous day was much clearer the second time he woke up. He easily remembered all the embarrassing details. Another embarrassing moment was just a drop in the bucket by that point.

Apolline pulled his blanket down, and he was hit with a blast of cool air. He shivered, and his skin goosebumped.

"Your skin is a little more sensitive than normal. It should go away by morning," the Unspeakable told him. Harry nodded in understanding.

"So, did it work? Did everything go okay?" he asked. Apolline smiled kindly at him.

"As far as we know, it all went perfectly. See for yourself," she said and placed her hand on his stomach.

Harry looked down, and the first thing he noticed was that he had more muscles than before. He was already pretty fit due to his strenuous Auror training, but it was even more evident now. His pecs were bigger, and he had a six-pack showing even though he wasn't flexing his stomach muscles. Apolline slowly slid her hand up and down his belly, making him shudder. The Unspeakable was correct. His skin was more sensitive, at least for the time being. Having her touching him felt so good that he couldn't stop his cock from immediately inflating. That seemed to be exactly what Apolline had been going for. Her eyes were locked on it, and she smiled happily when it reached full mast. "C'est magnifique," she stated as she stared at it.

Amelia cleared her throat, which made Apolline look up. She blushed slightly and smiled. "Forgive me." Amelia chuckled and handed her a tape measure. Apolline took it and placed it at the base of his erection. She then pulled the tape up, keeping it against his shaft. When she reached the tip, she took the reading.

"Nearly twelve inches," she said happily.

"And its thickness?" Amelia asked, also staring at it. Apolline wrapped the tape around his shaft.

"Seven inches around," she said. The Unspeakable continued writing it all down. Harry noticed Apolline was keeping her hand on his thigh, right near his cock. Her fingertips were gently caressing it and keeping him hard. Amelia whistled appreciatively.

"That's a decent jump in size. What about his testicles?" she asked. Apolline reached down and cupped his sack. He felt her gently bounce it in her palm as if testing its weight.

"Proportionally bigger, I would say," she answered. Her hand was now caressing the length of his inner thigh, and her other hand hadn't yet left his balls. The Unspeakable nodded happily.

"Excellent news. Now, we just need to test his semen," she told them. "I'll give him some privacy. You can bring the sample to me in the lab. I'll be writing my report," she told them and began walking away after Amelia nodded in confirmation.

Apolline hadn't even waited for her to leave before her hand left his thigh and wrapped around his shaft. Her other hand was massaging his balls and making him groan.

"Does this 'urt?" Apolline cautiously asked as she slowly began moving her hand up and down.

"I'm very sore down there," Harry told her. "But it does feel good." Harry then winced when she tugged it a little too hard.

"Carefully!" Amelia chided her, edging closer to him with a crystal vial in hand. Apolline nodded and worked him even slower. After a few minutes, Apolline sighed.

" 'E will never finish at this rate," she said, keeping her hand around him. Amelia agreed. If they went too fast, it would hurt him. If they went too slow, there wasn't enough pleasure to push him over the edge. She turned to Harry.

"Is it okay if we take things a little further?" she asked him. Harry nodded. He wanted to get home and rest in his own bed despite the fact that a goddess like Apolline Delacour was touching him. Amelia then turned to Apolline.

"Why don't you use your mouth on him?" she asked the Veela. Apolline raised her perfectly manicured eyebrow at her. "What? It'll be much softer on him than your hand," she added and then smirked. "Unless, of course, you're afraid you can't handle one that size," Amelia teased.

"I can 'andle it perfectly fine," Apolline scoffed in a snooty voice. She didn't like anyone questioning her sexual abilities. Apolline took her wand and flicked it at her head. Her long, silvery-blond hair rolled itself into a bun at the back of her head. She then crawled between his legs and pushed his thighs apart. Truth be told, Apolline was intimidated by his size. She had never had one that big before. Her former husband wasn't anywhere near that size or girth. Still, she was determined not to be proven wrong by Amelia Bones. With her hands on his thighs, she lowered her head and kissed his tip.

Harry closed his eyes and shuddered as Apolline's lovely lips touched his cock. She began by laying soft kisses all over the head. Then, her tongue was added to the mix. She ran her soft

tongue up the bottom of his head until it reached the tip. It wiggled around, ticking his most sensitive spots. "Ohh!" Harry groaned, trying not to buck his hips. "That's nice," he moaned.

Apolline felt a rush of satisfaction when she heard him moan. Regardless of what people thought about Veela, she wasn't a sexual maniac who preyed on men. She had only had one lover before meeting the man who would later become her husband. She had been with him for a long time before his passing, and believe it or not, her sex life had gotten very stale over the years. It was very satisfying to know that she was still skilled enough to make a young man moan. Encouraged by his response, Apolline took more of him into her mouth.

Harry's breathing became labored when Apolline's lips wrapped around the head. Her tongue continued to swirl around him and flick at the underside. She lowered her head, taking a few inches into her mouth. Adding a good amount of suction, she pulled her head up until only the head was in her mouth. Harry moaned again as she sank back down.

"That's really good, Apolline," Harry lustfully said, even though he was still quite tired. That's when she began bobbing her head.

Amelia watched with fascination. She couldn't believe life had turned out this way, but if there was one thing she had learned after a long career in the DMLE, it was how to roll with the punches. This was how it was now, and they just had to deal with it. Apolline was certainly doing her part, Amelia thought as the sexy Veela was taking more and more of him down her throat. If her eyes weren't deceiving her, it appeared that Apolline was actually enjoying it. She was slobbering all over his cock and even gagged when too much of him went down her throat. She pulled off with a loud inhale of air. A line of saliva stretched from the tip of his cock, all the way up to her swollen lips. Her normally pale face was pink and flushed, but she looked pleased nonetheless.

"Does that feel okay, 'Arry?" she asked him as her hand gently fondled his swollen sack. Apolline wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"It feels brilliant," Harry said, craving more. Apolline beamed at his words and lovingly rubbed his thigh.

"And the discomfort?" Amelia asked him.

"Not nearly as bad as it was with only her hand," he answered as Apolline went back to slobbering all over his cock. Harry's hand lifted off the bed, and he placed it on the back of Apolline's neck. At first, Amelia thought he would use it to guide her movements, but instead, he gently played with the little hairs on the back of Apolline's graceful neck. She was surprised to hear Apolline moan over the sounds of slurping.

Amelia couldn't stop her face from growing warm. This was beyond just a simple blowjob to extract his man juice. This was intimate, and Amelia didn't know how to feel about that. At least,

that's the lie she told herself. In reality, she knew exactly how she felt about it. She was jealous, and there was no way to deny it. It had been a long time since she had been with a man, and now, the opportunity was almost nonexistent. Sure, she was and still is an attractive woman with considerable assets, but she had always put her career first. She thought that there would be plenty of time to find a man to grow old with. She hadn't counted on a virus screwing everything up. Like every other magical woman in the world, she was now very worried about having to grow old alone and to make things worse, she was sitting here watching a woman who was the same age as her but looked twenty years younger moaning as she slurped on a young stud's cock. Of course, she felt jealous. She was a woman with needs and desires like everyone else.

Apolline bobbed her head so fast that she was practically fucking him with her throat. After what felt like forever, she pulled off of him and wiped her sweaty forehead with the back of her hand. She couldn't help but glare at his cock. She was a gorgeous woman and a Veela to boot. Harry should have been cumming at a record pace, but he hadn't. His cock was still stiff as a board and pointed directly at her frustrated face as if it was mocking her. "Having a little trouble?" she heard Amelia say in an amused, mocking sort of way. Apolline turned and glared at her.

"It appears that the ritual 'as worked a little too well. 'E will 'ave no trouble with longevity," Apolline stated as she rubbed his swollen balls. "Forgive me, 'Arry, but I must try something else."

Harry watched and gasped lightly when Apolline reached under her knee-length dress and tugged her panties down her thighs. She rolled onto her hip and pulled them off her bare feet. She tossed her lacy panties next to him on the bed just before she crawled on top of him and straddled his waist. She lowered herself onto him, and he felt her warm pussy press against the underside of his cock, which she had pinned against his belly. "Don't 'old back. Tell me when you are about to climax," Apolline told him as she began rolling her hips.

The sensation as she ran her wet pussy up and down the length of his shaft was incredible, Harry discovered. She then lifted up and placed his head at her entrance. Slowly sinking down, her lips parted and engulfed his head. Harry had never felt anything so wonderful. Her pussy was amazingly tight. After having two kids, there was no way her pussy should have been that tight, but somehow, it was. Her insides were burning hot, and she was so slick that there was almost no resistance. Her walls were like a second skin, hugging his cock so snugly that it was a miracle he hadn't immediately blown his load. Apolline shuddered and let her weight carry her down. Her cushy ass hit his upper thighs, and he saw that she was trembling slightly.

"It is so deep," Apolline gasped as she wiggled around. Her walls were pulsating and massaging him as if it was a normal thing for them to do. 'Maybe it is,' Harry thought. He had never been with a Veela before. Harry slid his hands up her thighs and under the bottom of her dress. Her delicate skin was like the finest silk, and he knew that he could spend hours worshipping her perfect legs alone. He moved his hands a little higher and felt her fleshy hips. He instinctively squeezed them possessively.

Amelia was in slight shock. 'Did she really just jump on his cock like it was nothing?' she asked herself. The answer was right in front of her, rolling her hips like a complete slut. Apolline then leaned forward and placed her hands on his chest. Her lips were slightly parted, and her eyes were glazed as she started rocking back and forth. A perverse suction sound met Amelia's ears, and she knew that Apolline was soaking wet. Then a whorish moan escaped her mouth.

"I 'ave never been filled like this," she stated with a shuddering moan. Harry moaned as well. His hands had moved to her covered ass, and Amelia could tell that he was thrusting upward in rhythm with her movements. The smell of sex filled her nose, and Amelia couldn't stop her own pussy from soaking her panties. Harry pulled his hands from her ass long enough to reach behind her back and unzip her dress. Apolline didn't hesitate to grab the bottom of her dress and pull it over her head. Her dress went flying, leaving the stunning woman completely nude.

Harry felt like he was living in a dream. The gorgeous Apolline Delacour was pounding her pussy against his groin as her naked tits dangled right in front of his face. It was an opportunity he couldn't pass up. He wrapped his arms around her back and pulled her down. His lips latched onto her hard nipple before her body hit his. Harry sucked hard on the little nub, making the older woman squeal with delight. Her wide hips were still bouncing, and her wet pussy was still tugging on his throbbing cock. Harry then felt her allure flare for the first time. He was familiar with the sensation, after all. He had felt it full force way back during the Quidditch World Cup Finals, and he had been around Fleur long enough to feel hers dozens of times. Apolline's, however, felt different. He supposed it was because she was in the middle of having sex. Whatever the reason, it was strong, and immediately tried to cloud his mind. Fortunately for him, he could throw off the most powerful Imperius Curses, so Apolline's allure was no match for his willpower. It did, however, charge him up and fill him with sexual exuberance.

He switched to her other nipple and lightly nipped it with his teeth. Apolline squealed while Harry held her firmly around her slim waist. He thrust upward, pounding her sweet pussy for all it was worth. Her pussy sounded so sloppy as he jackhammered into her tight depths, though he could barely hear it over her cries of pleasure. The surge of adrenaline helped numb his aching muscles, and he used this opportunity to fuck her harder and faster.

"Vous avancez trop vite! Je ne pense pas pouvoir ..." Apolline began babbling in her native tongue. Her pussy was practically choking his cock by that point. Harry let go of her nipple and attacked her neck with his lips. Her eyes fluttered, then rolled into the back of her head. The sounds of their fucking got wetter. Apolline squealed loudly, and her pussy clamped down on him, but Harry wasn't done with her.

Rolling her onto her back, Harry hooked his arms under her knees and folded her body in half, his cock never leaving her contracting folds. He then began thrusting straight down, plundering her slick cunt.

Apolline cried out as her cumming pussy was pounded by the brute on top of her. Her initial orgasm was spectacular, and it was growing even stronger as Harry refused to slow down for

even a second. Her eyes were wide and lustful, and her head was turned to the side. She caught sight of Amelia, who was watching with equally widened eyes. Apolline's lips were parted, and embarrassing, pathetic squeaks of pleasure escaped with every powerful thrust of his giant cock. The sounds her pussy was making were equally embarrassing. Loud squelching filled the room every time her pussy was stuffed. Apolline cried out again, and her back arched when her orgasm flared. It was almost painful. Her pussy was squeezing his cock in an attempt to milk him of his much-needed seed.

Amelia gasped as Apolline orgasmed again. Squirting sounds could be heard, and she looked behind the rutting couple and saw squirts of pussy juice leaking out of Apolline's quivering cunt. Her pussy looked painfully stretched around his thick shaft, and her asshole puckered as Harry's wet balls slapped against it. His cock was smeared with Apolline's cum, and the sight made Amelia rub her thighs together. She didn't know what came over her, but she mindlessly reached out and cupped his swinging sack. She palmed his heavy balls and massaged them with her thumb. Harry moaned and looked back. Amelia blushed massively and was about to remove her hand when Harry said, "Suck on them."

Her mind went momentarily blank. Was she really willing to go this far? She had often preached to Harry about doing his duty to the magical world. Shouldn't she be expected to do her part as well? And, of course, she was very horny, and he did just invite her to join. Before she could fully process everything that was going on in her mind, her head was already moving into position. Her face was right near his hairless ass, and she lowered it a bit more to reach his swaying sack. Harry had significantly slowed his pace. He was now fucking Apolline with long, deep thrusts. This didn't keep her from cumming any less, though. Amelia could still hear her squeals of pleasure as she came harder with every thrust. The smell of Apolline's pussy juice was all around her, and when her lips touched his sack, she tasted it as well. Her lips parted wide, and she pressed them against his skin. Amelia had never sucked on a man's balls before, but the process was almost instinctual. She took as much of him into her mouth as she could and started lapping at it with her tongue. Apolline squealed again, and Amelia flinched when a squirt of pussy juice hit her in the face.

'Now that I've joined, I may as well have a bit of fun,' she told herself and grabbed two handfuls of Harry's butt cheeks. She squeezed and kneaded them, enjoying how tight his muscles were. A muffled moan left her mouth as she sucked harder on his sack. When he pulled back so that only his head was in Apolline, Amelia let go of his balls and went straight for his cock. Her lips attached to the side of it, and she moved her head from side to side, licking the pussy cream off. Harry then penetrated Apolline again, and Amelia whined in protest. Her protest was rewarded by him pulling completely out of Apolline's cumming pussy. Harry stood up in front of Amelia, who sat up on her knees. His cock was rubbing against her face, and Amelia opened her mouth dutifully. Harry stuffed his cock down her throat with a single thrust. Amelia's eyes went wide, and she gagged around him. Harry held the back of her head and fucked her mouth like there was no tomorrow. "Pull your tits out," he commanded.

Amelia immediately ripped open her white blouse and lifted her bra up. Her big tits spilled out of the bottom and jiggled around as Harry had his way with her mouth. A line of saliva was dripping down from her lips and wetting the top of her skirt. Suddenly, Harry pulled out of her mouth and began jerking his cock right in front of her face. Amelia opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue like the biggest slut in the world. She didn't care, though. All she cared about was getting her creamy reward. She had completely forgotten that she was supposed to collect a sample for the lab. Thankfully, Harry was thinking straight. Instead of cumming in her mouth like she wanted, Harry groaned and aimed his cock at her tits. A thick shot of hot cum erupted from the tip and hit her square in the chest. Amelia squeaked and jumped as some of it splashed up and landed on her chin. Harry continued pumping his cock and painting her big breasts. Amelia looked down and saw a river of cum leaking into her cleavage and dripping over her rock-hard nipples. Just then, the Unspeakable came back in.

"What's taking so long?" she asked right before she saw the show.

"Oh, geez. Really, Amelia?" she asked incredulously. Harry wiped the head of his cock against Amelia's cheek, and the horny woman grabbed his shaft and began licking the tip clean. The Unspeakable huffed in annoyance and walked over to the bed. She snatched up the discarded vial and scooped some cum from Amelia's jiggling tits. She rolled her eyes and turned her back on the Minister of Magic, who was sucking on a fat cock while her hand was underneath her skirt, masturbating. She looked once at the satisfied Veela sleeping on the bed with a huge, shit-eating grin on her face before leaving the room to run her tests. Someone had to keep things running around her, she told herself. She took one last look at Potter's huge cock and giggled. 'Maybe I'll collect the sample next time.'