

The MILF Club

Part 2

“You’re already booked for a private performance,” Hermione told him as she was laying on her belly with her face by Ginny’s upturned ass. The bushy-haired beauty turned to look at Harry’s massive cock spearing her friend’s delicate, tight folds. As he pulled out, Hermione watched Ginny’s tunnel clinch down on him. Her pussy lips extended from her body, desperate to keep him inside of her. Finally letting go, his cock slipped from their silky grip. He placed his drenched cock against her lips and started to push against them.

Hermione opened her mouth and took him back down her throat. For the next few minutes, Hermione choked and gagged as she sucked him clean of Ginny’s juices.

“Harry!” Ginny whined, wiggling her ass at him. Harry smiled and pulled his cock from Hermione’s mouth. His clean cock came out, and he pressed it against Ginny’s wet, plump lips. Pushing back in, both of them moaned as his cock bumped against her g-spot before hitting her cervix.

“Who booked me?” Harry groaned as his thumb began to rub Ginny’s puckering asshole.

“Apolline,” Hermione told him, peppering Ginny’s ass with kisses. Harry smiled. He would have a good time with that sexy MILF.

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Apolline made sure to set up a spare bedroom so that her husband wouldn’t spot any evidence of her wrong-doings. He was going on a trip with his friends to see some Quidditch tournament in Eastern Europe. Apparently, Russian Quidditch was usually more violent than Western European Quidditch. At least that was what he excitedly explained to her when he was tossing some clothes into a bag. The woman in her wanted to protest and argue about the fact that he just made up plans without talking to her about it. The slut in her, however, wanted nothing more than a few days of raunchy sex with Harry Potter and his massive schlong. Her pussy instantly moistened as soon as she started thinking about him. His magnum cock made her cum in ways that she never had before. Because of that, she was practically pushing him out the door and telling him to have a wonderful time. She wouldn’t even be too mad if he ended up getting a piece of ass during the trip.

As soon as she found out that she would be alone, she immediately called up the party planners and asked if Harry Potter was available. Ginny was hesitant to rent him out again so soon, however. Apolline would bet anything that the slutty redhead was keeping him to herself while making sure that his talents didn’t degrade. Of course, if there was one thing that she knew, it was that money certainly did make the world go round. She paid a small fortune to get him to herself, but in her opinion, it was quite worth it ... or at least it would be once he arrived.

As soon as her husband left, she sent word to the Weasley girl. Receiving word back, she said that he would arrive in around an hour. That gave her just enough time to get ready for him.

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Harry didn't know if he was turning into a stripper or a man-whore. All of the women that he was currently fucking were actually paying him for the privilege. He knew better than to make a fuss about it though. 'Why mess up a good thing?' he thought to himself as he walked to the fireplace. A few seconds later, he was stepping out into Apolline Delacour's home. He had just finished brushing off the ash when the blonde bombshell came walking in. His mouth suddenly felt dry when he saw that she was only wearing high heels and a little, white thong.

She smiled sexily and walked up to him, her gorgeous tits bouncing with every step. " 'Arry!" she greeted him, kissing him on each cheek. She kept her hands on his shoulders as she invaded his personal space. Harry happily placed his hands on her waist. As he moved them down, he explored the curves of her hips and the silky, smooth skin of her thighs. "Thank you for agreeing to come."

"It's my pleasure, Apolline," he smiled back, placing his hands on her thong-clad ass and pulling her closer.

"You are quite 'andsy today, non?" she giggled as his fingertips caressed her soft skin. He smirked and gave her ass cheeks a hard squeeze.

"Can you blame me?" he asked, moving one of his hands onto her belly before sliding it up until he cupped her bare breast. He allowed his fingers to toy with her nipple. He watched as it hardened and crinkled under his gentle machinations. He pinched it and tugged on it gently and heard her gasp his name.

" 'Arry ..." she moaned. "Calm yourself. We 'ave all weekend, Mon Amor!" she gasped again as he started to roll her hard nub between his fingers.

"Then why don't we get comfortable?" he said, kissing her bare shoulder which caused goosebumps to erupt all over her perfect body. He rubbed his hands up and down her arms. "It's a bit chilly in here. I'll start a fire while you pour us some drinks. Sound good?" he asked her. Apolline nodded and walked to the bar. Harry watched her hips sway back and forth. He almost forgot what he was supposed to be doing.

He walked up to the fire in the living room and flicked his wand at it. Immediately, it erupted into flames, instantly warming the area. As Apolline came back, she gasped when she saw him sitting on her favorite comfy armchair right by the fire. That wasn't why she gasped though. It was the fact that he was completely nude and his cock was hard and sticking straight up. He patted his thigh.

"Come sit down, Love," he ordered. Apolline's pussy quivered as she walked up to him, holding two glasses of firewhiskey. He took them from her and placed them on the side table. Grabbing her body, he helped her sit down sideways across his lap. Her back rested against him while his erection stuck straight up from between her legs. He handed her the drink before taking a sip of his. As she took a drink, she felt his hand come to rest on her thigh. Up and down it traveled over the expanse of creamy, pale skin. When his fingers got to her knee, he went around back and began stimulating the delicate skin behind her knee. Apolline shuddered as he played with one of her erogenous zones. Leaning in, she kissed him passionately. She wasted no time in sticking her tongue into his mouth and using her free hand to feel every inch of his muscular body that she could reach.

His hand finally moved from her knee, up the inside of her thigh where he grabbed the crotch of her panties and moved them aside. Apolline broke the kiss and looked down to where his fingers were gently caressing her delicate folds. Two of his fingers slipped inside of her just as his lips touched the side of her neck. While he was kissing and sucking on the tender skin, his fingers curled up and began stimulating her g-spot. Apolline squealed before quickly finishing her drink. Tossing the glass aside, she quickly grabbed his and downed that as well. Harry removed his lips from her neck and chuckled. "I thought that we had plenty of time and that we shouldn't rush?" he asked, teasing her while his fingers massaged her g-spot and his thumb rubbed circles over her hard clit.

"I changed my mind!" she gasped then shuddered as her pussy fluttered around his fingers. Harry leaned her back, exposing her bare tits to him. He stared at the perfectly perky and round breasts that were right in front of him. Apolline arched her back a bit to further entice him. Her nipples crinkled under his gaze, and Apolline threw her head back and moaned when he lowered his head and attacked her nipples with his mouth. His hand was violently moving back and forth as he furiously finger-fucked her. Apolline's body was being jerked around from such powerful movements. The sensation of being dominated was too much for her, and her pussy instantly clamped down on his fingers. Squealing loudly, Apolline watched wide-eyed as her pussy began spraying her juices in every direction. Droplets and mists of girl cum filled the room as her pussy continued to try and milk his fingers. Harry's mouth switched to her other nipple and gently bit down and wiggled his tongue against the tip.

Showing her some mercy, he pulled his drenched fingers from her pussy and held them up to her lips. Apolline's eyes fluttered as she was forced to suck his fingers clean. Her body continued to buck and tremor from his brutal assault.

"Now it's time for you to make me feel good," he told her, moving her body until she was straddling his lap. Her wet and quivering pussy was pinning his cock against his body while her plump lips hotdogged his raging erection. Without even realizing it, she was moving her hips back and forth to give herself some pleasurable friction. Grinding herself against him, she made his cock slick with her juices. Suddenly, his hands tightly gripped her ass and lifted her up a bit. Without needing to be told, Apolline grabbed his massive cock and pushed the tip inside of her

wet and welcoming cunt. She put her hands on his biceps which were rippling with muscles as he held her body up. She shuddered as she felt his muscles flex while she was being lowered.

Biting her lip sexily, her body tingling wildly as she could feel her orgasm was about to start back up. Her tight, Veela pussy instantly wrapped around his cock like it was made for him. She buried her face in his neck and smiled as he moaned loudly and squeezed her ass tighter. When he was finally balls deep inside of her, he let his fingers brush over her puckering asshole. “ ‘Arry!” she squealed, and her body jumped in surprise. The bastard just chuckled and started using his muscles to lift her up before dropping her back down.

Apolline’s body began trembling right away. She loved being dominated and having Harry take pleasure from her body without any need for her to help was making her pussy contract around his swollen cock. Not wanting him to get tired, she placed her hands on his broad shoulders and started bouncing up and down. Apolline moaned for just a second before her mouth was attacked by his. Their tongues were dueling wildly as she bounced and rolled her hips, and even ground them in a figure-eight pattern. Harry’s hands were everywhere, exploring every inch of her body that he could reach. When one hand slipped between her legs and started rolling her clit while his other hand reached behind her and started to finger her asshole, Apolline knew that she wouldn’t last long. Her body was already very sensitive from her last major orgasm.

Mewling and nipping at his neck like the little sex kitten that she was, her body was treating him in a way that only a Veela could. Her pussy was fluttering and massaging his cock while tightly gripping it. He could even feel her wet and silky walls tickling him underneath this head. It was like he was getting a blowjob while being fully inside of her. Apolline cried out as his finger moved faster and faster, sliding all the way up to the knuckle while his other fingers pinched and flicked her hard, little nub. Suddenly, her body went stiff and she fell forward, wrapping her arms around his neck while screeching. He moaned as her pussy clamped down tightly on him and drenched his lap in her juices. He could feel feathers erupting from her skin as he held her down and thrust deeply into her.

Apolline cawed in a wild and untamed way as her pussy refused to let him go. Having no choice, he spurted thick ropes of cum deep into her welcoming pussy. Apolline’s inner beast shivered in delight at having been bred by such a magnificent specimen. She could feel rope after rope painting her insides while her body jerked and spasmed out of control. When they were finally done, he didn’t bother moving her. They remained in the same position with his enormous cock still inside of her.

Not bothering to waste such closeness, she began kissing him deeply and slowly moving her hips.

“Are you sure that we shouldn’t slow down? We don’t want to wear ourselves out,” he teased, slapping her shapely cheek. Her inner bird cawed angrily and pinned him down in the chair and fucked him harder than any other woman ever had.

