

Mark of Punishment

In a hidden safe house far away from England, twenty-year-old Harry Potter sat in his chair reading the Daily Prophet from back home. All of his friends thought he was traveling the world on a multi-year vacation. That was far from the truth.

“Harry? She’s ready for you,” came the sensual voice of Narcissa Malfoy. Harry looked up at her and smiled sexily. Before coming here, she looked a bit younger than her age, but even so, she was still in her late fifties. After Harry had killed Voldemort, the MILF found herself with an executed husband and a son that was spending the next twenty years in prison. If that wasn’t bad enough, most of the Malfoy family fortune was taken as a fine to help pay for the damage that the Pureblood Agenda had caused. With nothing left to lose, she turned to him in secret.

It was actually Narcissa that laid out the terms of their arrangement. She wanted to leave the country and get put on a very expensive potions regime that would make her look decades younger. In exchange, Harry would have her as a secret Mistress and could “use” her anytime he came to visit. Obviously, that was a very good deal for the young lad. The only thing that threw a wrench into the plan was that she also wanted the same treatment for her sister, Bellatrix.

Harry didn’t even know that she survived, but she had. Narcissa took her in and hid her away from the Aurors. Unfortunately, they couldn’t hide out forever. Bella would need to adopt a new identity far away from home, which was why Narcissa was so eager to leave England. In the end, Harry agreed.

His eyes raked over Narcissa’s young and nude body. She didn’t hide from his gaze. She proudly showed off her lithe body and sweet curves. Narcissa loved having the eyes of a twenty-year-old man on her. Harry noticed that her nipples were as hard as rocks, and the inside of her thighs were wet from beads of her arousal that were dripping from her wet pussy. Narcissa was horny all the time now.

There were two main reasons why. With her body becoming younger, her hormones were going crazy. The other reason was that she now felt incredibly sexy, and she wanted to sow her wild oats.

“Alright,” Harry replied to her, folding his paper and drinking down the rest of his whiskey. He stood up which caused his already hard cock to bounce around. Clothes weren’t often worn in their safe house. Before going into the back room, he reached out and stroked Narcissa’s wet pussy, making her moan and clamp her legs together. She giggled and slapped his ass as he passed her. Going to the back room, he opened the door.

On the bed, Bellatrix’s nude form was displayed in a way that had his balls ready to blow. Her arms were tied at the wrists and were secured wide apart. Her ankles were cuffed and were chained to the metal headboard of the bed. They were pulled wide apart, and her body was

nearly folded in half. He then heard a muffled squeal. Looking down at her face, she was blushing madly with her own soaked panties stuffed in her mouth. Harry smirked at her. Just because he agreed to keep her safe didn't mean that she would go unpunished for her crimes. He made sure that she would never have the opportunity to act in such a way again. After taking her in, he grilled her about the different magics that Voldemort used. Because of this, he had a good idea of how the Dark Mark worked. With Narcissa's brilliance, they were able to modify the mark into something that he could call his own. At the moment, the only female that was branded was Bellatrix. Harry turned his hand over and touched the small, black lightning bolt tattoo on the inside of his wrist. He concentrated on what he wanted.

Bellatrix shook her head from side to side in a panic. Instantly, she wailed as her upturned pussy began to convulse. He watched her lips quiver violently and her toes curl. Pressing it again, her scream was muffled by her panties as her pussy exploded in a shower of girl cum. A thick stream of pussy juice sprayed from her cunt and showered the entire room.

"You've been a bad girl, Bella," Harry told her and slapped her pussy. The pop was wet and loud and made her flinch and squeak in pain. He pinched her clit and began to roll it between his fingers as he studied the dark witch beneath him.

She was a contrast to her sister. Where Narcissa's hair was light blonde, Bella's was as dark as the night sky. Where Cissy's body was lithe with soft curves, Bella's was thicker with pronounced, womanly curves. Having the pair was the best of both worlds, and like her sister, she was going through the same rejuvenation regime. The potions didn't make them younger, they only made them look and act younger. Although, some claimed it actually did add a few years to one's life because of the change in hormones. Either way, it was working. Bellatrix looked only a few years older than him even though she was more than twice his age.

Bella's body shook as Harry played with her swollen and sensitive clit. His eyes, however, traveled down her bald slit and focused on her winking hole. Smirking, Harry released her clit and walked over to the potion's cabinet. Reaching in, he grabbed a bottle of lubricant that they often used. Bella saw this and groaned, knowing what was to come. Harry lubed up his cock and did the same to her asshole. Bella tried to hold back a moan as she felt his fingers rubbing the slippery substance all around the rim of her hole. When he pushed his finger in, her body shuddered, and her pussy fluttered.

"You like that, don't you? Little whore ..." he said as he pulled his finger from her tight hole. No matter how many times he used that particular hole, he would always treat it with a skin-tightening balm that would make her virgin-tight again. He said it was part of her prolonged punishment.

Bella bit down hard on the wet panties in her mouth as her new Master rubbed her asshole with the tip of his lubed-up cock. Her eyes bugged out when he put enough pressure on it so that it forced her hole open and the head popped in. She never got used to feeling like she was having her anal virginity taken again and again. Bella understood that she had done some seriously

horrible things in her past, but he could have at least waited for her hole to properly stretch before he pushed all the way in. Instead, she clenched her eyes shut and grunted as inch after inch of his slippery cock penetrated deep into her ass. With heavy breaths, she opened her eyes when she felt his hips touch the bottom of her cheeks. She saw him smirking at her as he towered over her. While she normally loved the things he did to her, the daily anal reamings were something that she would never get used to.

The way her body was folded, she could clearly see her pussy and stuffed ass. What she didn't see was him touching his tattoo once again. Instantly, she felt the most intense pleasure hit every inch of her body at the same time. Her asshole clamped down on him as she screamed into her panties. Her pussy began to squirt again just as his hips started to jackhammer back and forth. If she had been able, she would have cried out for mercy. The pleasure was just too intense. Her pussy was going haywire while the naughty pleasure from having her asshole taken was sending chills up and down her spine. She caught a glimpse of one of her sprays hitting him in the chest as he hovered over her, pistoning into her violated hole. Some of her own ejaculate even hit her in the face as she shuddered uncontrollably. She was thankful when he pulled out all of the sudden. He leaned over and pulled the bunched-up panties from her mouth.

"P-Please, Master!" she shivered, feeling the cold air hitting her overheated and tender asshole.

"Please what?" he asked, stroking his abnormally large cock. She gulped when she saw it. It always looked extra big when he finished with her behind.

"Please have mercy on my ass!" she yelped as he beat on her pussy with his fat shaft. "It's still sore from yesterday!" she begged as he tickled the rim with his head.

"Very well. Never let it be said that I'm not a generous master to you," he told her. She nodded wildly.

"Very generous!" she agreed.

"Cissy!" Harry called out. Within a few seconds, Narcissa walked into the room holding a bottle of healing cream. It was the normal routine after Harry finished with her ass. Harry stepped aside and watched as one nude sister looked after the other. Harry, however, grew bored and stepped up to Bella's face. He turned her head and thrust his cock between her lips. Bella squealed as he went ass-to-mouth on her. Having no choice, she laid there while he fucked her throat, and Cissy used her finger to rub ointment all over her gaping hole. Once her ass healed in an hour or so, she would treat it with the tightening balm.

As she gagged around his cock, he pulled it out and saw it sparkling clean. Smiling, he went back to Cissy and placed one hand on her ass while stuffing his cock into Bella's tight, little pussy. Moving his hand between Narcissa's shapely cheeks, he lowered his fingers and began rubbing her wet slit. Pulling her by her pussy until she was pressed against his side, Harry

kissed her with wanton need as he pushed inside of Bella. Harry couldn't help but moan into her mouth as Bella's tight tunnel hugged him snugly.

Narcissa also moaned as Harry sucked on her tongue while stroking her damp slit, all the while, his hips began to thrust. Her small, soft hands slid up and down his naked body, feeling his warm skin and hard muscles. Her hand even lowered down and touched his shaft that was wetted with her sister's pussy juice. Breaking the kiss, he made her watch as he fucked Bella harder and harder. Being bent in half, there was nothing that Bella had that Cissy couldn't see. Harry was brutalizing her poor pussy with every powerful thrust of his monstrous cock. Her breath hitched as Harry pulled back and the skin of Bella's pussy came along with it. Her pussy refused to release his fat cock. Harry chuckled and pushed back in, creating a loud and lewd squelching sound as the head hit her g-spot and cervix one after the other. Cissy's eyes fluttered wildly as his finger moved from her pussy and touched her asshole. Harry tended to treat her tightest hole with a little more care and respect than he did with Bella's. At the moment, he was tickling her rim with her arousal-slickened fingertip.

"It's too much!" Bella cried out, her toes curling and her back arching. The wet sounds were getting louder and louder with every thrust. Cissy could smell the mixture of scents wafting up from between each of their legs. The entire room smelled of them. Bella was shaking and cursing as her pussy contracted around him. Cissy could feel his muscles tensing as he clenched his teeth together. Just then, he pressed his tattoo again and grunted as he began to fill her sister up. Bella screamed in a high-pitched voice as pussy juice sprayed in every direction. Even Cissy caught a faceful as Bella came violently. Harry shuddered as he emptied his balls into her. Once done, he pulled out. Dripping with Bella's juice, Cissy watched her fluttering pussy for a moment until his white cream began to slowly leak from between her hairless lips.

Harry stood up and stretched. "I'm gonna go shower. You girls coming?" he asked. Cissy smiled and nodded while Bella continued to cum. She quickly untied her sister and helped her into the bathroom. The hot water would help relieve the soreness of Bella's aching asshole before she applied her treatment later that day. In the meantime, Cissy would enjoy having his hands soaping up her naked tits and ass.