

The MILF Club

Chapter 4

Harry moaned deeply as he sat back in the thickly padded chair in the office that belonged to Madam Bones. On her knees between his legs was the owner of the office with his massive cock sandwiched firmly between them. She was looking up at him with a devious smile on her face as she bounced them up and down. She certainly knew how to use them, Harry thought happily.

He had decided to continue letting Hermione and Ginny “rent” him out for parties or get-togethers. Rarely did they rent him out for some one-on-one time. Amelia Bones was one of the few exceptions. The cougar was a very high-ranking member of the Ministry of Magic, so it was always a good idea to keep her happy. Harry knew that the girls were using their connection to Madam Bones to further their business. Certain laws were being passed through the Wizengamot with the help of Bones and her fellow club members that were making Hermione and Ginny’s job easier and more profitable. If that meant that Harry would need to use his skills to please certain older witches, then that was a sacrifice he was willing to make.

Amelia spat on his cock and started juggling her tits, bouncing one after the other. “I heard that one of my Aurors is having a meeting with the party planners,” she told him, leaning down and kissing the tip of his cock.

“Oh?” Harry asked as cum churned in his bloated balls. “Hadn’t heard,” he said, not really caring at the moment. It wasn’t any of his business who the girls had meetings with.

“Indeed,” she said, letting his cock fall free from her between her busty breasts. She lowered her head and took him into her mouth. Her head bobbed a few times until she gagged from accidentally taking him too deeply. She pulled off of him and stroked his cock, rubbing her saliva into his skin. “Mrs. Nymphadora Lupin to be exact.”

“Tonks?” Harry asked, surprised. Harry’s eye twitched as Amelia grabbed hold of his shaft and began wiggling her tongue against the underside of the head. The incredible sensitivity made his hips buck. “Isn’t she pregnant?” he asked. Harry hadn’t heard from Lupin in a few months. Last he heard, the werewolf had found a new job that actually paid decently. To celebrate, he knocked up his wife. Harry thought he should have cracked open a bottle of champagne instead but to each their own.

“With number two,” Amelia told him, reaching between her legs and rubbing her fat pussy lips with her fingers. “It’ll be a shame to see her go on leave again.”

Harry wondered what kind of party she was planning. They didn’t really have baby showers in the magical world, and even if they did, it was still too early in the pregnancy. In the end, he put it out of his mind. It wasn’t any of his business.

The MILF Club

After his time with Amelia was up, Harry expected to be able to go back home, shower, and relax. Instead, an hour into his rest, he was Floo-called by Hermione to come and join her in her office. Groaning in annoyance, he did as she requested. When he was spat out on the other side, he was surprised to see that Tonks was still there. She smiled at him as he popped out of the Floo. "Wotcher, Harry!"

"Hey, Tonks! Good to see you," he greeted her. As they hugged, he felt her baby belly press against him. Harry whistled in appreciation.

"Yeah ... It's starting to get big," Tonks groaned and arched her back. "It's starting to make my body ache." Harry, however, had his eyes on her tits. Those were starting to get big as well.

"How's Remus?" Harry asked. Tonks sighed and rolled her eyes.

"Busy. He works nonstop. I've barely even seen him over the last few months," she confessed. Harry wasn't surprised at that revelation. Lupin had never been given an opportunity to work a meaningful and fulfilling job before. When you tossed in the decent paycheck, Harry imagined that he was working harder than ever. "He travels all the time. I don't even know what country he's in right now or when he'll be back," she said sadly.

"He doesn't write?" Harry asked, confused. If he had a pregnant wife, he'd be keeping track of her every movement.

"Usually once a week, but occasionally he'll forget," she told him, playing with the hem of her Weird Sisters t-shirt that was already stretched tight over her pregnant form.

"Tonks called me for a meeting," Hermione jumped in.

"Yeah ... Amelia told me earlier. Said she was sad to see her go on maternity leave," Harry confessed.

"Well, Tonks has a bit of a problem," Hermione added.

"What kind of problem?"

"You see, Harry ... when magical women get pregnant ... They sometimes have strange cravings or desires. You remember on TV when muggle women would eat pickles and peanut butter?" Hermione asked. Harry nodded. "Like that ... Only weirder."

Tonks nodded. "My mum said that when she was pregnant with me, she had to eat eight small meals a day or her magic would flare up. Eight exactly ... No more, no less. She also said that she couldn't stand the smell of a Shrinking Charm."

"Does the Shrinking Charm have a smell?" Harry asked, confused. Tonks shrugged.

"Maybe it smells like ozone or something. That's beside the point though. Tonks ... She ... Well ..." Hermione began stalling, too embarrassed to say.

"I get horny, Harry. Insanely horny," Tonks cut her off. "And nothing I can do will help take care of the urges. I need the touch of a man to satisfy my magic," she said, her face turning pink. Before Harry could say anything, she continued.

"The urges and cravings usually start around the fourth month of pregnancy, which I've already passed. Remus was supposed to be home by now, but it seems that my needs were just another thing that he has forgotten about," Tonks explained with a bit of ice in her voice. He suddenly felt very sorry for Lupin whenever he decided to return. "Anyway, my mum knows about my situation from the last time I was pregnant. I had hoped that my ... um ... urges would change this time. Unfortunately, they haven't. Mum told me to get in contact with Hermione and Ginny."

"Because she's going on leave, she can't pay much, but I thought that ..." Hermione started but Harry cut her off.

"Don't worry about the money," Harry said. "What do you need?" he asked Tonks. Her face flushed red.

"I need you and me to ... you know," she said shyly. Harry certainly wasn't opposed. If Lupin was dumb enough to put her at risk, then he deserved whatever he got. Besides, he very much doubted that she would be telling her husband about her "treatments".

Tonks suddenly squeaked in shock as Harry picked her up by her ass. She was so shocked that she immediately wrapped her jean-covered legs around his waist to keep from falling. Before she could get a word out, his lips were attached to the side of her neck. As he sucked on her pulse point, Tonks shuddered deeply. "I-I didn't expect ..."

"Really, Harry? Right here in my office?" Hermione huffed with her hands on her hips. Harry let go of Tonks' neck and turned to his friend, smiling wickedly.

"She's in desperate need. I think we should top her off until we can take care of her properly," Harry told her.

"We?" she raised her eyebrow.

"Hey! I'm doing this work Pro Boner. The least you could do is lend a helping hand," he responded while his hands mauled her thick ass cheeks.

"It's pro bono, idiot," she sighed. "But fine ... I'll help. But you're doing the heavy lifting," she said, moving toward them.

"I already am," he teased, bouncing Tonks up and down.

"Harry!" she squealed, afraid he would drop her. Hermione moved the items from her desk and let Harry lay her down. Tonks wanted to protest the way she was being treated, unfortunately, her pussy was throbbing with need from him sucking on her neck. As such, she let Hermione pull her shirt off and unclip her bra. Harry laid her down on the desk where they examined her body like a piece of meat. Her body goosebumps as Harry's hand slid over her belly.

"She's got nice tits," Harry complimented her before pulling her bra off and tossing it away. Tonks was about to cover up when his hands moved onto her bare breasts. Tonks was forced to close her legs and rub her thighs together as he palmed her breasts. She felt his thumbs flicking back and forth over her rock-hard nipples. "Go on and play with them while I get her ready," Harry said. His hands were quickly replaced by Hermione's.

Her body bucked and squirmed as Hermione tickled her crinkled nipples. She tugged on them gently and rolled them between her fingers. Harry, meanwhile, pulled her shoes and socks off before moving up to the button on her jeans. Her heart was beating fast as he popped it open and lowered the zipper. She heard Harry chuckle and looked at him.

"Little white panties with pink polka dots?" he teased. Tonks blushed deeply at having been caught wearing the childish panties. She had planned to go home first where she would put on something a little sexier. Harry had dashed that plan though. He didn't really seem to care though. He was too busy working her tight jeans down over her wide hips and thick thighs. Tonks had gotten a little bit thicker since becoming pregnant. Harry thought she looked amazing with a little extra meat on her bones. As her jeans slipped over her sexy hips, he got hit full in the face with the heavy scent of her arousal. He pulled her jeans down further until they were just above her knees. He let his hands explore the soft, warm flesh of her thighs while Hermione was still messing with her tits. "She needs it badly," Harry teased her.

"What do you mean?" Hermione asked as she gently toyed with the delicate skin underneath her swollen breasts.

"I can smell how wet she is," he smirked as Tonks squirmed in embarrassment. "Give her nipples a little kiss, Hermione. You'd like that ... right, Tonks?" Harry asked her as his hand crept up the inside of her thigh. Her smooth skin felt wonderful against his palm. When the side of his hand touched her panty-covered pussy, Tonks moaned and nodded her head rapidly. Harry was right ... She needed it badly.

Tonks bowed her back as soon as Hermione's plump, pink lips wrapped around her hard, aching nipple. Her hair flashed through multiple colors as Hermione's tongue massaged the little nub. Down below, she could feel Harry's hands caressing her baby bump while his lips peppered her lower belly. Had her jeans not been at her knees, she would have spread her legs wide, giving him a clear invitation. Harry's kisses lowered even further until his mouth was at the wet spot on the crotch of her cotton panties. His fingers hooked the waistband at her hips, and he tugged them down. Her smooth mound was exposed first before the crotch of her panties stuck to her lips from the sheer amount of wetness. Once they were pulled free, the cool air of the room washed over her overheated pussy, sending shivers down her spine. She could feel Harry's hand creeping ever higher until his fingers brushed against her arousal-slickened lips.

Hermione's teeth pinched her nipple, making Tonks cry out. Her body jerked back and forth as Harry slid her jeans completely off her legs. Hermione looked up and watched as Harry lifted her legs straight up and pulled Tonks's drenched panties from her feet before he put his hands on her knees and forced her legs wide open. Harry silently waved her over. She moved from Tonks' upper half and moved down to Harry who was standing between her spread legs. Hermione immediately noticed how much stronger Tonks' scent was where Harry was standing. She could see why. Tonks' hairless slit was slick with arousal, glistening in the sunlight that was coming through the window and bathing her office. It didn't help that Harry's fingers were down below, delicately caressing her swollen clit. Tonks was squirming around like a virgin who had never been touched before. Harry had a smoldering look on his face as he stood there surrounded by the fragrant scent of her womanhood. Tonks had her hands at her side, showing him her entire nude body while her legs were splayed open, practically begging him for his cock. She could see in Harry's eyes that neither of the girls was going to leave until he'd had his fill. When she felt his hand slip underneath the back of her skirt and squeeze her bottom, Hermione knew that she better get to work.

AN- Continues in the next chapter