

Chapter 3

When Harry woke up the next morning, he was given some bad news. Tonks would be gone for the whole day on an Order mission that they refused to tell him about. To make matters worse, it was Hermione's time of the month, meaning she wouldn't be able to help him for a few days. Thankfully, Fleur was still available, but her work schedule meant that she could only spend any real time with him at night. After the night before with Fleur, Tonks, and Hermione, he assured them that he would be fine until she got home from work. With Tonks having already left, Hermine left to go to the library to research his curse some more, and Fleur left for work. At first, Harry was grateful for Mrs. Weasley crusade to clean the house from top to bottom. The work, while difficult and dirty, did keep his mind off of sex, at least for a little while.

As the morning went on, things quickly got more difficult. He couldn't stop his gaze from drifting over to Ginny time and time again, especially with the revealing shorts and V-neck shirt she was wearing to combat the sweltering heat in the upper floor. Watching her reach up on the tips of her toes to spray for Doxies at the top of the curtains, her long, pale legs and bum flex with each movement while a drop of sweat fell down into the cleavage of her small, pert breasts. It took him a supreme act of will to tear his eyes away from her lithe figure each time he caught himself staring. By lunch, he knew he wasn't going to be able to wait until Fleur got home. He even found himself staring at Mrs. Weasley as she bustled around the kitchen, her fat ass jutting out every time she bent over and her massive tits wobbling under her dress. Harry ended up pinching his thigh under the table, using the pain to try and clear his lust filled mind as his cock strained against his jeans. As discretely as possible, he pulled out his wand and cast a disillusionment charm on his pants to hide his bulging erection.

"Hello everyone."

Harry looked up at the deep female voice to see Hestia Jones entering the kitchen. She had short dark hair with a sharp featured, aristocratic face and stunning hazel eyes. She looked to be in her mid-thirties, with a slim figure and small, perky breasts. As always, she was dressed in fine robes and carried herself with an air of importance. Though she had never been anything but kind to him, the way she carried herself reminded him of the way a lot of Slytherins acted. Harry desperately wanted to see how her haughty attitude would change if he bent her over the table and-

Harry shook his head, trying to clear his perverted thoughts. He had been thinking about going to ask Hermione for a blowjob, just to tide him over until Fleur got home, but he didn't want to bother her when she was in the middle of her research. It was always a perilous endeavor to get between Hermione and her books. He remembered Tonks telling him that Hestia was willing to help him if no one else was available, but he still hesitated. Tonks was laid back and easy to talk to, he'd known Fleur for almost a year, and Hermione was his best friend, but he hardly knew Hestia at all. Essentially, it was like walking up to a complete stranger, one that was much older at that, and asking them for sex. By the end of lunch, the needs of the curse overpowered Harry's innate shyness. As Hestia got up to leave, he followed her into the hall way until they were far enough away from the kitchen that they wouldn't be easily overheard.

"Hestia." Harry called out in a near whisper, causing her to stop and turn around.

"Yes, Harry?" She asked, raising a rather regal looking eyebrow in curiosity.

"Er, well, Tonks said you would be able to help me if there wasn't anyone else..." Harry said, trailing off nervously.

"Oh!" She said, her eyes going wide. "I was under the impression that Fleur was helping you as well."

"She is, but she's at work until six, and Tonks had to go on a mission for the Order before I woke up." He explained.

"I see." Hestia said, looking as uncomfortable as he felt. "Well, if you really don't think you can wait until Fleur gets back."

"I'm really sorry, I wouldn't ask if I thought I could wait that long." Harry said sincerely, getting a nervous nod from Hestia.

"Shall we head upstairs then?" She asked, gesturing to the stairs.

Harry nodded and led the way up to the second floor. It was quite an uncomfortable situation with the almost professional way Hestia was acting. It felt more like he was about to have a medical procedure done than have sex with a beautiful woman. Even though it felt awkward to him, the curse didn't seem to care. He could feel his arousal building as they neared the door to his room, his disillusioned cock staining hard against the front of his jeans. Just as he put his hand on the door knob, she put her hand on his shoulder.

"Harry, I would appreciate it if you didn't tell anyone about this. My usefulness to the Order is only as good as my reputation." She told him.

"I won't say anything, I promise." Harry assured her.

A lust filled haze descended over his mind as he entered the room and she closed the door behind her. The moment the door was locked and silenced, Harry was on her, pressing her against the door and kissing her on the lips. Hestia squeaked in surprise, standing stock still for moment in surprise. It was only a couple of seconds before she relaxed, kissing him back and wrapping her arms around his shoulders. Sliding his hands inside of her robe, his hands glided along the silk shirt she wore underneath. He rubbed his hands up and down her sides, getting closer and closer to her breasts with each movement. Brushing the bottom of her bra, he moved his hands up, enveloping her small breasts in his large hands. Hestia moaned into his mouth as he cupped and squeezed her chest, parting her lips just far enough for him to slip his tongue inside.

With a light pinch to the hard nipple poking up against the thin material of her bra, Harry slid his hands back down her thin body until he was cupping her small, perky ass. Hestia felt incredibly light as he lifted her into the air and pulled his lips away from hers, their eyes meeting in a heated gaze. Her long, thin legs wrapped around his waist as he turned and carried her over to the bed. As he crossed the room, he could feel his magic build up and release, sending both of their clothes flying across the room. Hestia gasped as she stared at him, her striking hazel eyes glittering excitedly.

"Wandless magic?" She gasped in an awe filled tone.

Harry smirked as he laid her on the bed with her ass hanging on the edge. Taking half a step back, he lifted his rigid cock and laid it on top of the small, trimmed strip of dark hair between her legs. Hestia stared with wide, lust filled eyes as she got her first look at his impressive size. Grabbing his cock by the base, he raised it up and slapped it down on the slit like it was a club a few times. Placing the head of his cock between her lips, he moved it up and down, sliding it between her lips and rubbing her clit. Hestia panted as she stared down at his length, poised at her slit and bucked her hips up at him every time he neared her entrance. Placing himself at her entrance, he grabbed her legs and threw them over his shoulders before he leaned over her, his hands on either side of her head. Hestia squirmed as he continued to hold still, a frustrated groan leaving her lips.

“Is this what you want?” Harry teased her, twitching his hips forward and nudging her entrance with the head of his cock.

“Yes.” She gasped, trying to push herself onto him.

Smirking at her, Harry pushed his hips forward, slipping the entire length of his rigid shaft into her in one smooth thrust. Hestia threw her head back and let out a long, loud moan as he filled her tight, smooth walls. Holding his length buried in her core, he slid his arms underneath her and stood up, lifting her off the bed and holding her in the air. She was practically folded in half with her knees over his shoulders as he started bouncing her on his cock.

“You just love this, don’t you? Being used as the cocksleeve for a big powerful wizard.” Harry said as he raised and lowered her a bit more rapidly on his rigid shaft.

He didn’t know what made him say that, but it had a definite effect on her as she gasped in outrage and tightened around him. It was like the curse was whispering to him, a voice in the back of his mind that he couldn’t quite hear that was guiding his action. For reasons he couldn’t explain, it didn’t worry him. It wasn’t like the voice he heard from the Imperius curse that was demanding and forced your own consciousness to the background. This one was more like a quiet, helpful voice whispering suggestions into his ear, giving him advice that he could easily ignore. Harry’s thoughts were interrupted by Hestia’s nails digging into his shoulders, and he decided to think more on it later.

“I asked you a question.” Harry growled, smacking her ass hard enough to leave a pink hand print behind on her pale skin.

“Yes.” Hestia squeaked, closing her eyes as her cheeks turned pink and her walls spasmed around his length.

Slamming up into her harder, Harry held her still by the hips as he picked up his pace. Within moments, he had reached a blistering pace, his cock hammering in and out of her dripping slit. Hestia dug her nails deeper into his shoulders, her nails leaving behind crescent shaped marks in his skin as she let out a high-pitched keen. Her arousal drenched his shaft as she came, her body tensing in his arms. Using her legs, she lifted herself off of his still thrusting cock when the sensations became too overwhelming for her. Walking her back over to the bed, Harry laid her down and rolled her over on to her stomach with her legs hanging off the edge of the bed. Before she had even had a chance to recover, he grabbed her hips and sank his shaft back into her, causing her to moan pitifully and quiver.

“Oh Merlin, Harry. I don’t know how much more I can take.” Hestia said, her hands gripping the sheets tightly as he buried his full length into her once more.

Looking down at her pale cheeks, one decorated with a light pink hand print, he decided to make them even and smacked the other one. Hestia grunted, her tight pussy clutching around him at the impact. Smiling at the hand print that appeared a moment later, Harry grabbed her thin waist and started fucking her again, gradually increasing his pace. Pinning her hips to the mattress, he drilled into her tight core, jackhammering his large cock in and out of her. Hestia buried her face in the bedding, muffling the gasps and moans that were being forced from her lips by the rough pounding. Harry didn’t like that he could hear her anymore, so he grabbed a handful of hair with one hand and pulled her head back. The moment he did, the room was filled by the loud moan and chants that left her mouth.

With the brutal pace he set, it didn’t take long for Harry to feel his climax build to its peak. Slamming into her a few more times, he grabbed the base of his cock hard and pulled out of her suddenly. Using the hand holding her hair, he roughly pulled her off of the bed until she was kneeling in front of him. Her eyes locked onto his wet, glistening shaft as he stroked himself with his tip aimed at her face. Hestia closed her eyes right before the first jet of hot white cum rocketed from his tip to splatter on her forehead, followed by another that hit her cheek, just

below her eye. Several more shots hit her face, hitting her nose cheeks and lips, but managing to miss her eyes.

When he was done, she opened her eyes cautiously, her tongue peeking out to lick her cum covered lips. Pressing the head of his cock against her lips, she looked up at him as she opened her mouth to envelope his tip. Harry groaned as she sucked on his sensitive tip, swirling and cleaning it with her tongue. When he pulled his cock out of her mouth, he ran the head of his cock across her cheek, covering it in more of his cum.

“You missed a spot.” He said, a playful smirk on his lips.

Hestia glared at him, but cleaned off his cock again, drawing another hiss from him. Pulling his cock out of her mouth again, he took a step back and helped her to her feet.

“You can use the bathroom to get cleaned up.” He told her, gesturing to the partially opened door.

“Thank you.” She said, turning and walking into the bathroom.

Harry sat on the bed, relaxing and savoring the sense of relief after hours of being aroused. A few moments later, he heard the water in the bathroom shut off and Hestia walked out, her face now clean. She looked quite awkward as she silently walked around the room, gathering her clothes. Standing up, he walked over to her to give her a hug and gentle kiss.

“Thank you, Hestia. You’re a life saver.” He said, genuinely thankful.

“You’re welcome.” She replied, pulling back to finish gathering her clothes and get dressed.

With one last smile at him, she left, closing the door behind her. Harry fell back on the bed, wondering just what in the name of Merlin’s balls this curse was doing to him.