

## Man in Charge

### Part 1

Lily Potter hugged her friend, Andromeda along with her daughter, Tonks as they left for the night. She had invited them to dinner with her and her son. The night went well, she thought. Andromeda and she had gone through a bottle of wine while Dora and Harry bantered back and forth. When the kids had gone off to do whatever it was that they were doing, the two friends had even gotten into a little girl talk. All in all, it was a pleasant night. As Harry hugged Dora, Lily went into the kitchen to clean up. With her magic, it didn't take long before the dishes were done and the table and countertops were sparkling clean. She removed her apron and tossed it on the counter. Going back into the living room, she spotted Harry's mop of black hair peaking above the back of the couch. Walking around the couch to face him, she froze as she now noticed exactly what he was doing.

Her son, Harry, was fully nude while sitting on the couch. His legs were spread a bit, and his cock was hard. He looked her in the eyes, and Lily flushed red. "Stand in front of me," he ordered in a commanding tone. Lily's head lowered submissively.

"Yes, sir," she answered and did as he commanded. Standing directly in front of him, she waited for further orders. She watched as he looked her up and down. Lily couldn't help but blush as she was eyed up like a piece of meat.

"Lift up the front of your dress," he said, and with a shaky hand, Lily reached down and gripped the hem of her dress. She brought it up until her panties were showing. They were a simple white, cotton g-string that hugged her pussy tightly. Harry's hand wrapped around his perfect cock, and he slowly began stroking himself. Lily stared at the lewd act, fascinated by the way his hand went up and down with long strokes. "Take them off."

Blushing deeply, she hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her panties and lowered them as she bent over. The neckline of her short dress was deep, and she knew that he could see most of her bountiful tits as they nearly spilled out of the top of her dress. Her panties lowered down her shapely thighs. As they went past her knees, gravity took over, and they dropped the rest of the way. She worked them off of her ankles and straightened up, her panties in hand. Harry held his free hand out, and she dutifully handed them to her son. He brought them up to his face and inhaled the scent of her womanhood. He then brought them down to his cock and wrapped her small panties around his shaft. He kept his eyes on her as he jacked off with her panties. "Get on your knees between my legs."

Her body moved before her mind could process his orders. He opened his legs wider and gave her room to kneel. Harry sat back and angled his cock toward his belly, never stopping what he was doing. His free hand fondled his big, bloated balls. "Suck on them," he told her.

Lily leaned in and attached her lips to his hairless sack. She sucked on them hard before letting go. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth, and she bathed his balls with her saliva. Meanwhile, Harry continued to use her panties to pleasure himself. Her hands gripped his thighs as she sucked one ball into her mouth. Hearing him moan gave her great pleasure. She was dedicated to his happiness alone. She sat there on her knees, slobbering all over his balls as she smelled the scent of her pussy on her panties. At some point, he pulled the panties from his cock, and it sprang back and hit her in the face. Harry didn't bother moving it, so she continued to worship his balls while his cock rubbed against her face. Lily breathed in his manly scent and moaned as pussy juice dripped from her quivering cunt. She was sure that there would be a big wet spot on the floor beneath her once she stood up. She looked at her son with a desperate expression. He smirked down at her and gently slapped his cock against her face. He then angled his cock down.

"Give it a kiss," he ordered. Lily let go of his balls with a wet pop and lovingly kissed the tip of his cock. He tapped the head against her lips, and Lily opened her mouth like a good, little girl. He placed his head on the flat of her tongue. Her lips immediately wrapped around it like it was a particularly tasty treat. Harry then stood up, towering over her. He reached behind her head and roughly grabbed a handful of her long, gorgeous, red hair. Her eyes widened as he thrust forward, plunging his cock completely down her throat. Gagging with watery eyes, Lily sat there with her hands at her sides while her son power-fucked her face.

GLUCK GLUCK GLUCK GLUCK was the noise coming from her throat as his wet balls beat against her chin. Her mouth was wide open as she let him fuck her throat. "Wrap your lips around me," he told her, and Lily formed a tight seal around his shaft. His moaning became louder while she squirmed and whimpered. Using her tongue, she massaged the underside of his shaft with every thrust of his powerful hips. After many minutes of barely being able to breathe, he mercifully pulled out. Lily gasped and sucked in a deep breath, but he wasn't done with her just yet. He slipped his hands underneath her armpits and lifted her to her feet. Her high heels clacked loudly on the hardwood floor as she got her feet under her. Harry then grabbed the bottom of her dress and lifted it up and over her head. She stood there in front of him now wearing only her thigh-high, black stockings and a pair of black high heels. Her red hair hung down her naked back in loose, luxurious curls. Her porcelain skin goosebumped from the sudden chill of the room. Her light pink nipples were already stiff with arousal. Harry's head ducked down, and he captured one of her nipples in his mouth. Lily shuddered as he sucked on her crinkled tip. When he bit down a little too hard, she squealed. Instead of letting it go, he moved his head back and stretched her poor nipple. Opening his mouth, he let her aching nipple snap back into place.

"Since you've been such a good girl, I think you deserve a reward," she heard him say while he groped her naked ass. She could feel his fingers exploring deep within the crack of her ass.

"Thank you, sir," Lily trembled as he played with her asshole. She yelped in pain when his hand cracked against her wide ass.

“Get on the couch, ass up and face down where you belong,” he ordered. Lily bounced over to the couch, her big tits and fat ass jiggling wildly. She crawled onto it on her hands and knees. She pressed her face against the cushion and arched her back. Her ass was thrust into the air with her pussy and asshole on full display to him. The smell of her wet pussy was growing stronger.

“Look how wet you are, you little slut,” her son chastised her while swiping a finger up the inside of her thighs and collecting her wetness. Lily blushed with embarrassment. “You get to decide which hole I fuck,” he told her. “Your wet, little pussy ...” he said and thrust into her. Lily moaned like a whore as her pussy was stretched. She could feel it snake down her tunnel until it bumped into her cervix. Her walls immediately clutched his shaft and convulsed around him, trying to milk his cock. “... or your ass,” he continued and pulled out. He placed the tip against her puckered hole and added pressure. She could feel that he was a second away from entering her ass. Lily was thankful that he couldn’t see the manic look on her face.

“My ass!” she begged in a breathy voice. It was so embarrassing to admit that she wanted to be fucked in the asshole, especially to her son, but she just couldn’t help herself.

“Of course, Lily,” Harry said in a teasing voice. He only called her Lily while she was being dominated by him. She never admitted it, but it always made her pussy tingle to hear him call her by her given name. “But first, I need to get lubed up.”

Lily cried out and came as he slid back into her dripping cunt and began pounding her pussy. He was angling his cock and hitting all her favorite spots. “After only thirty seconds inside of you, you’re already creaming my cock,” he moaned and slapped her fat ass again. Her thick, sexy cheeks rippled from the impact of his palm. The stinging pain only added to her pleasure. Lily yelped as her pussy squeezed him for dear life.

“I’m sorry!” she begged for forgiveness after smearing her cream all over his glorious cock. Harry then pulled out, leaving her feeling empty and desperate for more.

“I can’t believe my mother’s such an anal slut,” he murmured as he stuffed his head into her asshole. She felt her hole expand to accept his wonderful gift. Lily couldn’t argue with his words. They were completely true. She loved having her son fuck her asshole until she came all over herself. Even then, fat beads of pussy juice were rolling down the insides of her thighs and stinking up the couch with her whorish scent. Harry wasn’t gentle with her. His hands gripped her slim waist, and he penetrated her fully in one go. Her hands gripped the couch cushions tightly, and she cried out in pleasure and pain.

## **Man in Charge**

Andromeda Tonks apparated back to Lily’s front gate. She had left her handbag containing her money pouch in the house, and she would be needing it the next morning. She pushed open the gate and walked up the stone path to reach the lovely cottage that the Potters lived in. As she

neared the front door, she saw movement through a thick break in the curtains. Having always been the curious sort, she took the opportunity to peek in, expecting to see Lily cleaning the sitting room or something. Andie saw more than she bargained for. On the couch in the sitting room, Lily had her ass in the air while her son brutally pounded her from behind. Andromeda quietly gasped as her eyes widened. Her hand covered her mouth in shock at the discovery of their incestuous affair. She leaned in further to get a better look, all the while doing her best to remain quiet and not be seen. As she got a closer look, she gasped even louder. Lily was taking it up the ass! Lily then turned her head in Andie's direction, though she could tell that Lily hadn't seen her. The look on her friend's face told her everything she needed to know. Lily was loving it. Her mouth was open, and she was breathing heavily. Her cheeks were bright pink, and her eyes were rolling into the back of her head. Andie could even hear some of the noises that she was making. She definitely heard the words "harder" and "deeper".

Andromeda just couldn't understand what was going on. It wasn't as though Lily had no options when it came to dating. The woman was gorgeous with a killer body. Andie wasn't ashamed to admit that she was jealous of her friend's sex appeal. She knew for a fact that many men were trying to get her into bed. However, Lily wanted nothing to do with them, but here she was, taking her son's cock right up the ass and loving every second of it. It was perplexing. Of course, there was also the fact that this was on the taboo side of things. Incest in the magical world was somewhat common, but not between mother and son. She supposed that probably did happen, but those things were kept hush-hush. That was when she reminded herself that she was spying on her friend through a closed curtain. Andromeda blushed from embarrassment, but she just couldn't look away.

Harry then grabbed Lily behind her knees and lifted her body while keeping his cock buried in her ass. They angled their bodies toward the window, giving Andie the perfect view of their rutting. Lily's back was severely arched against Harry's chest, and her legs were wide open. Harry's hips blurred as he jackhammered into Lily's asshole. Lily's mouth was wide open, and her tongue was hanging out. Her eyes were nearly blank as she stared off into space, likely in her own world of pleasure. Andie could see drops of pussy juice leaking from her hairless slit which was reddened and swollen with arousal. Her beautiful breasts were flopping up and down, and Harry's fat, low-hanging sack was swinging wildly. Andie was amazed that her friend could take a cock of that size into her ass without feeling like she was being split in half. Lily's body began trembling out of control, and she tried to press her legs together. Harry was having none of that. He pried her legs back open just in time for a flood of girl cum to spray out of Lily's cumming pussy. Andie heard the high-pitched scream of sexual bliss. Lily's body thrashed in Harry's arms, but he was more than capable of handling the spasming woman. With every thrust of his mighty cock, another torrent of pussy juice squirted from her slit and wet the floor. Lily's head was thrown back and resting on Harry's shoulder. Finally showing mercy to his mother, Harry placed her back on the floor where Lily collapsed to her knees.

Harry then moved in front of her, still stroking his long, angry cock. In response, Lily placed her hands under her rounded tits, pressed them together, and lifted them up as though presenting them to her son. She then tilted her head back, closed her eyes, and opened her mouth. With

her tongue sticking out, Harry took aim. A thick rope of cum rocketed from the tip of his cock and painted Lily's lovely face. A second rope hit her directly on the tongue. Andie could see his thick cum dripping from her chin. More cum followed, covering her breasts and face. Cum slid down her chest and disappeared into her cleavage. The amount of cum was insane. 'No wonder his balls are so big,' she told herself. Once he was done, Harry patted Lily on the top of her head like an obedient dog and walked off, not caring one bit that he was still nude. Lily sat there on her knees, breathing heavily while wiping the cum from her cheeks and eyes. After a few moments, she came to her senses and scampered off in Harry's direction, her tits and ass bouncing along the way. Andie wondered if she was going to clean herself up, or if she was following Harry to his room for more night-time activities. With the show done, Andie turned around and walked past the gate.

She couldn't believe any of this. Had this been going on under her nose for years? This wasn't right. She made up her mind to talk to Lily about this in the morning. She could pick up her handbag then. With nothing left to do, she apparated back home where she would spend hours unable to sleep. All she could think about was what she had just discovered.

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"Lily? I have to confess something," Andie began as she sat with Lily in the kitchen, both of them drinking some morning tea. Andie already collected her handbag, and now she just needed to talk some sense into her friend.

"What's wrong?" Lily asked, sounding concerned.

"I came by last night to pick up my bag, and I saw what was going on through the window," she stated. Lily froze for a second.

"What was going on?" Lily pretended to sound confused.

"Don't play dumb, Lily. I saw what you and Harry were doing. How could you let this happen? He's your son," Andie told her in a hushed tone. She didn't want Harry to hear their conversation. Thankfully, he was upstairs in his room. Lily groaned and covered her face in her hands. "I know that you're probably lonely, and Harry's a handsome boy ... but ..."

"I don't even know how this started," Lily confessed. "I've always been a bit submissive in bed, but there's just something about Harry. When he gives me a command, I can't stop myself from following it. I don't know if it's his magic that makes us follow him or what," she confessed.

"Does it feel like a compulsion?" Andie asked, worried that she might have been taken advantage of. Lily shook her head.

"I can easily decide not to listen to him. I don't deny him very often, but I have done so before. I've even checked myself over to make sure there's no funny business going on. I know Harry

wouldn't do that, but I thought maybe someone was pulling a prank or that maybe it was a jealous housewife who was trying to get back at me for their husband's wandering eyes. I've gotten mean, anonymous letters in the past after all. I'm not the only one that this is happening to. Some of his little girlfriends follow him around like lost puppies. They wait on him on hand and foot. It's crazy," Lily told her.

"But how did this all begin?" Andie asked. "Did Harry just suddenly make a move on you?"

Lily blushed deeply and shook her head. "I was the one to instigate it. I couldn't stop myself."

"Well, it needs to stop. Lily ... this can't keep going on. He's your son!" Again, Lily groaned pathetically and covered her face with her hands. Andie sighed and stood up.

"I'll go talk to Harry and explain it to him. He's always been a nice and polite boy. I'll get him to see reason," she said confidently. She ignored Lily telling her that confronting him wasn't a good idea. Andie wasn't worried though. She had never been submissive, not even to her late husband, Ted. She wasn't going to fall under Harry's spell. Andie walked up the stairs and went to Harry's bedroom. She knocked on the door. It was only a couple of seconds before he opened the door. Harry was bare except for a pair of shorts. He appeared to be getting ready for a summer swim out back in the family pool. He always said that it was a great way to stay in shape. Seeing both his and Lily's nude bodies last night, Andie couldn't disagree. Perhaps she should spend a bit more time in their pool, she thought.

"Hey, Andie," he welcomed her with a happy smile. Andie smiled back.

"Can I talk to you for a minute, Harry?" she asked him.

"Sure," he said, moving aside to let her in. She walked in and the door closed behind her. She sat down on the edge of his bed and patted the space beside her. Harry sat down.

"Harry ... I discovered what's going on between you and your mum. It's not right, Harry. If this gets out, it could ruin your reputation, not to mention the reputation of your mother. It needs to stop," she told him with authority.

"Why does it need to stop?" he asked her. Andie was confused.

"I just told you why. It's wrong," she answered back.

"But why is it wrong? She's not married, and we're not hurting anyone. She loves what we do, and she was the one to start it," he said, looking her in the eyes.

Andie flushed red. "Well ... I ..." She couldn't come up with another answer besides it was wrong.

“Take you for example,” he switched things up. “You’ve been single since your husband died years ago. Doesn’t it get lonely?” he asked her kindly. “Wouldn’t you like to have a young man there for you, to take care of your needs ... your desires?” he asked in a silky smooth voice.

“I ... don’t ...” she stumbled over her words. While it was true that she was often lonely, she didn’t come here to talk about herself. She came to talk about ... she was having a bit of trouble remembering what she was supposed to be talking about. Harry’s hand touched her thigh, and he began sliding it up and down over her knee-length skirt.

“We both know why you came here,” he told her. His hand reached her knee, and his fingers tucked under the bottom of her skirt. When his hand slid back up her leg, he was now caressing her smooth skin. Andie gasped and shuddered. “You don’t need to come up with excuses. You could have just come into my room, removed your clothes, got on your hands and knees, and begged me to fuck you like the desperate slut that you are,” he smirked, leaning closer. His lips found the side of her neck, and Andie’s pussy began throbbing.

“H-Harry ... That’s not ...” she started, but her mind was clouded. She couldn’t think of anything other than the sensation of him groping her bare thighs. It had been so long since someone had touched her in such a way. Her mind was begging her body to give in. Andie never stood a chance.

“But that’s okay. You don’t need to beg. I’ll gladly take you on as one of my cum sluts,” he confidently told her. His hand suddenly engulfed her panty-covered crotch, and Andie squealed as his fingers massaged her covered clit. “First, I have to ask you a question. How did you find out about me and my mum?”

Andie stiffened. “Answer me,” Harry ordered.

“I watched through the window,” she quickly confessed. Harry shook his head making a tsk tsk noise.

“That’s unbecoming of you. I’m afraid that this can’t go unpunished. Stand up and take off your skirt,” he told her in a clear and precise voice. Andie’s body was trembling as she got to her feet. Her hands were shaking as she reached behind her and unclipped her skirt. She lowered the zipper, and her skirt dropped and pooled at her feet. Stepping out of it, she remained standing. Harry stared at her panties for a moment before continuing. “Lay over my lap.”

Andromeda’s mind was racing as she followed his orders. Was he really going to do this? She crawled onto the bed and draped herself across his lap, face down. Then he peeled her panties over her hips and down her legs. He pulled them from her feet, and then she felt his hand playing with the soft skin of her ass. His hand then pulled away from her skin, and less than a second later, pain erupted from her cheek. A loud crack of a hand against her ass rang in her ears. Andromeda yelped loudly and looked over her shoulder with wide eyes. “I think ten hard

spanks ought to be good. Don't you think?" he asked, raising an eyebrow. Andie nodded quickly, not wanting him to raise that number to twenty. "Good. Count them out."

CRACK!

"T-Two!" she squealed as her cheeks clenched together. At least he was alternating cheeks, she thought as another rocked her ass. "Three!"

Andie could feel her meaty cheeks rippling from the force of the slaps. They were only getting harder. "Eight!" she whimpered. CRACK! "NINE ... Please, Harry ..."

"Just one more," he said before the hardest one smacked both her cheeks at the same time. Poor Andie whimpered and squirmed over his lap, stinging pain radiating from her red and swollen cheeks. "Ten!" she choked out as the tension in her body left, and she became limp.

"I'm sorry that I needed to do that to you, Andie, but bad girls need punishment. You won't be a bad girl anymore... Will you?" he asked, his hand caressing her naked ass. Andie shook her head wildly.

"I'll be good. I promise, Harry," she quickly told him.

"Excellent ... Because good girls get rewarded," he said easily. She then felt him cup her dripping-wet pussy. His thumb slid up and down the length of her wet slit. Andie moaned loudly and arched her back. She could hear how wet she was as he played with her supple skin. She bit her lower lip. Receiving pleasure right after the pain made it feel all the more exquisite. He then lightly pinched her hard clit and rolled it between his fingers. Andie cried out and came harder than she ever had. Her body bucked, but Harry was easily able to hold her in place with his superior strength. His fingers penetrated her pussy while he massaged her clit, and she tightened around them. He then pulled them out and gave her bottom a light smack. "On your feet."

Andromeda was slow to get up because of her sore ass and cumming pussy. When she finally did, she stood there with her hairless mound practically in his face. Harry leaned in and gave it a soft kiss which made her gasp. "Put your skirt back on and go to work. Your panties are staying here. Tonight, you're going to come back so I can have some fun with you. Understand?" he told her. Andromeda was quick to answer.

"Yes, Harry," she said, her head lowering submissively. He pointed to the door, and she grabbed her skirt and left his room, blushing madly. In the hallway, she put her skirt back on and found Lily staring at her with pink cheeks. Andie blushed even harder. Neither one had to say anything. They both knew that Harry had them firmly wrapped around his fingers. All she could do was silently leave the Potter house and wait for tonight.