

Lily had a wild look in her eyes while talking to Narcissa, but as she walked into the kitchen her countenance totally changed back to a typical suburban soccer mom. The only difference was that she had a very satisfied smile on her face that she couldn't erase.

Narcissa could barely believe what she'd just heard her friend say, from the woman who'd been so prim and proper all these years. It made her heart beat with excitement and her mind was filled with strategic thoughts as she contemplated how this could change her schemes. But outwardly she acted nonchalant.

They went back to the living room for the movie.

Harry was so lost in thought that he had only the vaguest idea what the movie was about. When the movie ended, Lily and Harry acted very blasé and cool until Narcissa and Adresteia left, and Rose went to bed.

Then Lily crept into Harry's room, and the two quietly frolicked about the room, jumping about in excitement and holding hands like little children. They repeatedly and exaggeratedly shushed each other. The fact that Rose was across the hall and could overhear only added to their excitement.

Harry got another erotic hug. He didn't get to fondle Lily's breasts, but he certainly got to feel them as she rubbed them all over him like she did with their last intense "hug."

To his utter amazement, he found his penis growing erect again. He really thought he was done for the day, if not days, given how sore and tired it was, but dinner and then two hours of watching the movie allowed at least a partial recovery.

Lily noticed his erection and got to work. She stripped naked and proceeded to give him a lengthy blowjob. This time, no words were spoken for fear of Rose overhearing, since her room was nearly directly across the hallway.

Lily was so eager to swallow Harry's cum, again and again, that she imagined her stomach literally filling up with a lake of his sperm. The pre-cum flowed copiously and she deliberately let it drool down her face and chest.

However, as she was in the middle of licking his sensitive spot, Harry's pleasure turned to pain. He looked down at Lily concentrating intensely on stroking and sucking and was so overwhelmed with arousal and love that he wanted to cry.

She was so into a two fisted jack off that it seemed cruel to force her to stop, but he felt he had no choice. He pushed her head away where she was licking the tip of his penis head with both his hands. "Sorry, Mom, but I can't go on."

"What? Did I do something wrong. Oh no! You prefer Narcissa don't you? Tell me the truth, I can take it. Please don't give up on me! I know I'm not very good yet, but I can get better with practice. Lots and lots and LOTS of practice."

Harry laughed as his erection slowly deflated. "Mom, that's so untrue that you're not good. You're doing great. I totally love what you're doing. However, I've climaxed, like, eight times today already. I mean, geez! That's like physically impossible, isn't it? I think my penis has finally had enough and just all of the sudden it started hurting. It's gonna be rubbed and sucked raw if you carry on one more minute. I'm so sorry."

She frowned and pouted at first. "Oh poo. Well, that's okay, I guess. Narcissa has been explaining to me about how many times a day guys can do it. Even exceptionally virile males like you have limits. Can I just cuddle with you for a while then?"

"Sure. That sounds so good. I love you so much, Mom. I love this new relationship we're forging today, too."

"Me too, Son, me too."

Harry suddenly felt very sleepy. All the sexual fun had tired him out, since after all he did have an energy problem. He sat up in his bed and let his mother sit on his lap, caressing his chest and hoping against hope that his penis would recover enough to go again. But at the moment, it hurt so bad that even the thought of it being touched was suddenly painful. So instead he focused on the pleasant sensation of Lily's bare skin pressing into his.

Lily again thought to herself, Narcissa is so right - cocksucking really does strengthen the mother-son bond. I've never felt so close to him. Why didn't we ever hug before? Now I never want to let go. It's like we're newlyweds in love. Well, that's how I feel about it, anyway.

Harry meanwhile realized that if he could just get hard, his penis would poke up right at her pussy resting above his legs. But he'd truly reached his limit. With his last blowjob he'd hardly cum at all, and he wondered if, amongst other problems, his body was just plain running out of cum.