

Not only was Narcissa working to revive Harry's libido, she was even busier talking with Lily and slowly bringing her out of her guilty mood. Narcissa could be very persuasive, especially since she understood Lily almost better than she understood herself and knew how to push all her buttons.

Still, Lily really only had less than 24 hours of unbridled sexual liberation compared to an entire lifetime of sexual repression, so it was very easy for Lily to fall back to her old ways and very difficult for Narcissa to fight that. The fact that James would be back soon was on everyone's minds and made Narcissa's job a lot harder. So far, she'd only had limited success.

When dinner at the Potter house rolled around that evening, things still seemed normal on the surface. It felt as if all the sexual wildness in recent weeks had never happened. The only evidence that things had ever changed at all in recent weeks was that Rose dressed more provocatively than she used to.

Harry went back to his room and did his PC muscle exercises some more. But he felt adrift. He was still bummed about the change that had come over Lily and didn't feel like doing his homework. He wandered the house and looked for something to do.

He came across Lily in the kitchen. He was so bored and listless that he was going to ask her if she needed help cleaning up. But then he noticed she was bent forward as if in pain.

"Hey, Mom. Are you feeling okay?"

"Oh hi, Tiger. It's just my shoulders are really sore today. It's driving me crazy. My whole back, actually."

Harry walked over and took a closer look at her. Even though she was wearing her old, conservative clothes, including a blouse and big bow that tried to cover her boobs, his penis grew hard even seeing her in that. The fact that she had her arm clenched underneath her rack, making her mountainous tits stick out ever more than usual had something to do with that, as did the fact that her nipples stuck out more obviously than he could ever recall seeing them when she wore her frumpy clothes. He wondered if it was just that he'd never paid much attention to that kind of thing until recently or if maybe she wasn't wearing a bra.

"Oh here. Let me help you." Harry moved behind her, placed both hands on her shoulders, and began rubbing. "How did you get so sore?"

Her muscles relaxed with his touch. "Well, partly it's these evil things that you love so much." She hefted her boobs up to illustrate what she meant.

That drove Harry absolutely wild. He had to remember to lower his gaping jaw.

She grinned as she caught his reaction out of the corner of her eye. "They're just so damn big that they give me back pain sometimes."

To Harry's great disappointment she let go of her breasts and they jiggled back into place. He couldn't help but let out a big sigh.

Lily couldn't help but flash a wicked smile, but she tried to hide her satisfaction. She said serenely, "Ahhh.... That feels wonderful. But that's not the main reason. Narcissa and I overdid it exercising today, I'm afraid."

This was partly true. Indeed, Lily burned off her sexual frustration by vigorously attacking the exercise machines. However, she didn't mind her sore muscles that much. The real reason she happened to be bent over and panting when Harry saw her was because she'd been daydreaming about last Tuesday, and all the times she'd sucked on her son's ever-ready erection. Since talking to Narcissa before dinner her guilt had gone down and her horniness had gone up.

She was still resisting, but agreed to a massage because she couldn't turn down the opportunity to feel her son's hands on her.

His hands felt as good as she'd hoped and then some. She loved the way he was touching her, even if it was in a non-sexual way and through all her clothing. Her pussy began to lubricate as she fantasized about all kinds of other ways he could be touching her. She felt like her nipples were going to burn through her blouse if they didn't poke a hole through it first.

Harry hadn't really given a massage before, but as he continued to rub her he realized that her back and neck were in fact quite tense. "Let's do this right. Let me give you a serious massage somewhere more comfortable."

"Well, if you insist. But remember the new rules, okay?"

He played up being a servant, and said with a stuffy British accent, "Of course, madam. Your wish is my command."

They moved over to a couch in the living room.

Harry had Lily take off her stiff and formal blouse before she lay down, but she kept her bra on. He began a deep massage of her entire back. He didn't know what he was doing, but she told him when he did something good, or at least she'd respond with an approving moan.

Soon she began to feel a whole lot better. A part of her brain worried that it wasn't the smartest idea to have Harry give a massage when she growing more and more aroused, but these worries were dissolved as her muscle tension melted in his hands.

As his hands caressed her soft yet muscular flesh, he began to think with his libido. I know Narcissa says I should be giving Mom some space for a couple days and all, but what if I can use this to get Mom back to giving me blowjobs? Wouldn't Narcissa be happy that I sped things up? I have to at least try!

He said, "Mom, your bra keeps getting in the way. Don't worry, I'm just going to undo it temporarily."

She was so aroused by now that she could only offer token resistance. "Okay, but promise that you'll behave like a gentleman. Can I trust you?"

"Of course."

A couple of minutes later, Lily said, "You know, my legs are really sore too..."

It was such a blatant hint that Harry couldn't miss it, and he didn't. "Mom, do you want me to do your legs?"

Although her legs were in fact sore, that wasn't why she wanted to be massaged there - she was just plain hot to trot. As she took her slacks off, she cooed huskily, "Son, you can do me there. Do me everywhere." But realizing that was too daring, she added, "With your great massaging fingers."

She sat up to take her slacks off even though it interrupted the massage and it wasn't absolutely necessary for the massage. She consoled herself that she at least was wearing very traditional panties and that it would be no different than being seen in bikini bottoms. The truth was, she just wanted the opportunity to flaunt her naked chest now that her bra was off. She bent over quite a bit while it took an exceedingly long time to remove her slacks. All the while she twisted and turned her upper body just to give her bare breasts a good shake.

She thought, Okay, all I'm doing here is a little visual stimulation to help inspire him later. There's nothing wrong with that, is there? I mean, it's not like I'm sliding his big member into my mouth - that would be wrong. Very wrong. I'm just helping to get it nice and thick and oh so hard!

Her panting grew in intensity. I have to think of my husband! Would he approve of me shaking my rack like some kind of shameless hussy, even if it's for a good cause? I don't think so! But to her consternation, such thoughts only enflamed her lusts.

As Harry watched her, he was so aroused that he wanted to cry. It was nearly impossible for him not to reach out and fondle her chest but he still felt that he had to be cautious with her prudish mindset. So he suffered and fantasized as his erection threatened to rip his shorts apart.

She thought as she tossed her slacks aside, Goodness! I'm pretty much all naked now. Narcissa says that Tiger is a "tit man" and I'm sure that she's right. Here are my tits before his eyes, all full, round, bouncy, and defenseless. What if his big strong hands grasp them, what can I do? I'm no match for such a handsome and well hung son. I'll just have to lie there and take it. Then, when he sticks his fat beefsteak in my face, I'll just have to suck and suck on it until the cum explodes out of it all over my tonsils! That'll show who's who around here and that I've been turned into the family cocksucker!

But shouldn't I be loyal to my husband? Although... Harry effectively is the man of the house now, so really, perhaps, I should be obeying him. The fact that Harry's dick is twice as big as James's, doesn't that really show who's boss? Besides, it's not like I have any say in the matter. If Harry's going to completely ravage my helpless naked body, who am I to resist?

If Harry had only known her thoughts, his shorts would have been torn into shreds by his steel throbbing erection. Instead, he feared that he was going too far and worried about an imminent backlash.

As the massage went on, she began to regret the things she'd said lately. I wonder if Harry will massage my breasts. They're really sore and I don't think that's just because the nipples are so hard and crinkly. I have told him that touching my breasts is out of bounds, though. I hope he didn't take me too literally on that! On the other hand, if I correct him on that, I'll look like a hypocrite and a bad mother.

She knew that Harry was so considerate that he wouldn't take advantage without getting a blatantly obvious green light first. So she was at a loss over what to do but she was so out of control horny that she knew she'd have to do something before long. She also was held back by a vague sense that she needed to morally disapprove with what he was doing, though she could no longer remember why.

Her conflict grew worse as his hands worked their way up her legs and reached her thighs and ass. Now she was ready to join him in wanting to cry from sheer sexual frustration.

He slipped his hands under her big "granny panties" to massage her ass cheeks, but that's as far as he'd go.

But then, after about fifteen minutes, he finally upped the ante. "Mom, I'm just about done with your back side. Should I do your front or should we call it a day?"

There was a long silence. In her mind, Lily was shouting, Front! Front! Do the front! Especially my breasts! I love how you love them and I want you to do EVERYTHING to them. Rub your hard-on all over them, please! Then explore my tummy. And keep working down from there, down, down, down! Go all the way to my most needy and naughty place, rubbing your big Johnson all the way down! Slide it up and down my engorged pussy lips!

Her chest was heaving with excitement, but there was enough lingering guilt for her to still resist. The lingering fear that Harry wouldn't be able to stop also gave her pause.

Harry finally said, "Mom? The front?"

She just said, "Okay," in a flat voice. God, please forgive me. I'm such a horrible mother and an even worse wife. She essentially let her mind go blank, so she wouldn't have a conscience nagging at her.

Harry turned her over and just stared at her beauty. He unzipped his fly and poked his throbbing erection through it. He hoped that Lily wouldn't notice he'd done that but he felt he

had to take the risk, because he simply couldn't take the strain with his hard-on being all cramped up.

He started on the front side of her shoulders and started downward. That brought him into contact with her tits sooner rather than later. Still considerate and tentative, he asked, "Mom? Should I do, you know, your, uh, breasts? Are they sore too?"

"As a matter of fact they are." She closed her eyes and winced after saying that. I'm so bad! I'm really on some kind of highway to Hell.

Harry wasn't sure if there were even muscles in her boobs which needed a massage (there weren't), but he wasn't about to miss such an opportunity. He noticed she was panting so heavily that he could hardly figure out how to put his hands on her heaving chest.

He put a hand on each breast and held on as her breaths grew even more labored. In his excitement, he went straight for her nipples without any pretense of "massaging" her flesh.

But all Lily said as she huffed and puffed was, "Now, be careful."

There was no doubt by now that the massage had become very sexual. Lily could feel his stiffness occasionally bumping against her skin, but pretended not to notice so he wouldn't get scared and put it away.

Harry did "massage" her breasts, which meant a lot of passionate fondling. But mostly he pinched and twisted her nipples, and lovingly caressed her tits in ways that didn't even make a pretense at a massage.

But Lily kept her eyes closed and her mouth smiling. She continued to purr things like, "Oooh, right there. ... Just like that."

She kept moaning too, But now she was moaning when he did something particularly arousing, instead of when he found a particularly sore muscle. Her chest heaved so much from her arousal that it seemed like her breasts were on a rocking boat in a heavy storm.

Harry spent about ten minutes on her tits, and had been massaging for thirty minutes already. But he wasn't used to such prolonged ministrations and his hands were getting obviously weary.