

The Love Doctor

Chapter 1

“C’mon, Auntie! Stop being so prudish,” Susan said, pulling her aunt into the small clinic by the hand.

“I’m not a prude!” Amelia glared at her niece. “But I don’t think it’s appropriate to talk about these things to a virtual stranger.”

“Harry isn’t a stranger,” Susan said, confused. “He and I are very good friends.”

“Yes, but I haven’t spoken to him in years!” Amelia hissed as she was pushed into a seat in the waiting room.

“Don’t worry. Harry is very nice and knows how to keep his mouth shut. He’s a real professional. I’ve been coming to him for the last few years. His treatments are amazing,” Susan told her aunt as she sat down next to her. Amelia huffed and crossed her arms underneath her bountiful bosom. Susan noticed that her aunt’s leg was bouncing around nervously. She rolled her eyes. Suddenly, the door opened and Lavender Brown came out holding a clipboard.

“Madam Bones?” she called out. Susan stood up and pulled her aunt to her feet.

“Right here!” Susan called out. Lavender nodded.

“Healer Potter will see you now,” she said, walking back through the door. Susan already knew where his office was, so she dragged her aunt through the door and down the corridor. She led her into the examination room, grabbed a hospital gown from the stack, and tossed it to her aunt.

“Put that on while I go talk to Harry,” she ordered as she walked out of the room.

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Harry walked into the examination room with Susan at his side. He smiled at Amelia who was sitting on the examination table wearing the thin, flimsy hospital gowns that he provided.

“Madam Bones,” he greeted her. “I’ve been talking with Susan, and she filled me in on your problems.”

Amelia felt her face heat up with embarrassment. She cleared her throat. “Um ... Yes, I ... What I mean is ...”

“You find it very difficult to achieve a climax during sexual intercourse,” Harry finished her explanation. Amelia blushed but nodded. “Has it always been that way, or has it just started?” Harry asked as he walked behind her.

Amelia felt her heartbeat increase as he moved behind her. He moved her hair out of the way to expose the back of her neck. For what reason, she didn't know. He pressed his thumb against the muscle and began massaging it. Amelia clenched her hands into fists. Her muscles were almost always very tight and knotted. She lived a stressful life after all. His ministrations felt very good. “Always,” she admitted. “I don't think that I've ever had a real orgasm,” she said, feeling more than a little shame.

When she admitted that fact to Susan, she instantly made an appointment with Harry Potter who was some kind of specialist Healer.

“Most women find it very difficult to climax. This is especially true with magical women. I've studied the subject extensively. Most magical girls have never had a true orgasm,” he told her. That fact did make her feel a bit better. His hands moved from her neck down to her shoulders. He was massaging the tenseness from them, and she found it very pleasing. “That's where I come in. I've specialized in helping magical women ... let's say ... be all they can be during bedroom activities,” he joked, which earned a giggle from Susan.

“It's true, Auntie. He's practically a miracle worker. He helped me with my problems,” she told her. “Just do what he says, and I'm sure that he'll help you too,” Susan said as she walked to the door. “I'll see you at home!” the bubbly redhead chirped as she left the room. As soon as the door closed, Harry grabbed a bottle and brought it over to her.

Amelia studied the bottle and saw it filled with a thick-looking liquid of some type. “Magic and sex are very closely tied together,” he told her. “Not having steady orgasms can make you tired, irritable, stressed, and that's not even mentioning what it does to your magic.”

“What does it do?” she asked as he pulled the tie on the back of her gown. “M-Mr. Potter!” she squeaked as he opened the back of her gown. Amelia was quite shocked at the turn of events. However, her shocked attitude suddenly shifted when he uncorked the bottle and drizzled some down her back. As soon as the warm liquid hit her skin, Amelia's mouth snapped shut, and her eyes widened comically.

“It makes you prone to mistakes, and your levels will never be at their peak performance. In short, magically speaking, you can be so much more than you are now if you can just learn to cum,” he teased her as he rubbed the slippery liquid onto her back. The liquid made her entire body vibrate with pleasure. She closed her eyes and shuddered, not even caring that his hands were now rubbing the liquid up and down her sides.

“When I discovered that this problem was prevalent in the female population, I did everything I could to figure out a solution. It was then that I learned to train a woman's body to accept such

pleasure,” he said as he grabbed the bottom of her gown and pulled it completely off of her body. Amelia was now sitting there wearing only her panties, but the pleasure from the liquid was so good that she didn’t even notice until he poured more into her cleavage and all over her big breasts. Amelia cried out and arched her back. Soon after, Harry began massaging the oil into her big tits.

Within seconds, Amelia’s body was bucking and twitching as Harry’s hands squeezed and groped her breasts. When he ran his fingers over her nipples one after the other, Amelia felt something beginning to stir deep in her lower belly. Whatever it was, she had never felt it before. It was very startling. “Susan was just like you,” Harry said to her. “She couldn’t orgasm at all. But after a few months of treatments, she can orgasm just from having me cum in her mouth,” Harry bragged. Amelia gasped at that new piece of knowledge. She had no idea that Susan and Harry had any type of physical relationship. She guessed that Susan was right. He could keep a secret. By then, Amelia’s nipples were harder than they had ever been. In fact, they were so hard and tender that they were beginning to hurt. Harry was pinching and pulling on her tingling nipples, making her squirm and rub her thighs together.

“Would you like to be like that?” he asked her, his hands juggling her tits up and down and batting them together. Amelia couldn’t believe he had the audacity to treat her body as though it were a mere plaything. He was lucky that what he was doing felt incredible, otherwise she might have to hex him into oblivion. “Would you like to be like Susan?” he asked again. His hand moved down her belly until he was smearing the oil right above her panty line.

“Do you want to cum just from the anticipation of taking a big, fat cock?” he teased her. Amelia groaned when his fingertips barely dipped down into her panties. They were quickly pulled back though as he continued to tease her. Amelia nodded like a child that was just offered an ice cream cone. “Stand up,” Harry suddenly ordered her. Amelia followed his commands without question.

He placed his hand on her lower back and led her to a padded, leather chair that had a built-in headrest and footrest. Harry took the opportunity to grope her ass as she sat down. Amelia wanted to glare but she had other things on her mind. Just as she sat down, soft cuffs erupted from the armrests and lashed her wrists tight. Identical cuffs erupted from below and cuffed her ankles. The chair then automatically tilted backward, and the footrest split into two, forcing her legs wide open. Amelia squealed in shock at the sudden change in position. “H-Harry! What are you ...?” she began but was silenced when Harry cut the sides of her panties and removed the torn material from her hips. Her drenched pussy was now on full display. Amelia had never been so embarrassed. One thing quickly came to her mind. She was very glad that Susan had convinced her to shave. Had she not, a wild bush would have met his gaze instead of the glistening, bald flesh of her womanly slit.

“I need to break your body of its conditioning. The only way to do that is to overwhelm you with pleasure. You’ve been restrained to keep you from thrashing around and hurting yourself,” Harry explained.

Amelia watched as he knelt between her legs. Her body acted instinctually and tried to break free, but when he poured the oil all over her hot pussy, Amelia lost all the fight left in her. Her clit immediately began to swell along with her arousal, and the oil mixed with her pussy juice. Her mouth was wide open, but only a pitiful cry of wanton need left her lips as Harry rubbed the oil all over her burning hot pussy. His fingers brushed over her throbbing clit, and they even dipped into her opening as he lubed up her tunnel, not that she needed it. When his fingers entered her, her walls instantly clamped down and tried to keep them inside of her. Her walls were fluttering around his fingers, trying to milk them of cum. Harry sounded amused when he next spoke.

“Your body’s reacting positively to my treatment. That’s a good sign,” he said, massaging her clit with his thumb. All Amelia could do was wiggle her hips and rub her pussy against his hand. “We can move on to the next step.”

She snapped out of her sexual daze when she felt something enter her. She was momentarily confused when Harry moved back up to her top half. Suddenly, she realized what it was when it began vibrating, spinning, and thrusting into her. Amelia squealed with pleasure as the enchanted dildo began torturing her body in such wonderful ways. Meanwhile, Harry’s hands were exploring every inch of her oiled-up body. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as the dildo repeatedly hit a spot in her that no man had ever been able to reach. Harry appeared to be having the time of his life as he leaned down and pressed his face between her naked, oily tits. Pushing them together, he started shaking his head back and forth as he motorboated the hell out of her. Amelia had been with her fair share of men, and all of them loved her breasts, but Harry seemed to take that enthusiasm to the next level. His crotch was accidentally rubbing against her restrained hand, and she couldn’t help but grab his bulge and fondle him right back.

“Pull out your cock!” she demanded. Harry didn’t need to be told twice. Within the blink of an eye, Harry was equally naked with his cock firmly in her palm. Amelia turned her head and marveled at the sight of his thunderous cock. ‘So long and thick!’ she thought wildly as Harry’s hips began moving back and forth. Getting the hint, she started jerking his cock with what little hand movement she had. Harry was now devouring her nipples and sucking hard on the crinkled tips. His tongue wiggling against the sensitive tips felt heavenly. The coil in her belly was growing, and a bead of sweat dripped down her forehead. “My clit!” she gasped as her walls were clutching tightly against the invading dildo. “Play with my clit!” she begged. Harry’s hand crept between her legs, and he captured the swollen nub between his fingers. She instantly saw lights flash behind her eyes, and her breath caught in her chest.

“Harry ...” she choked out. “Something ... happening ...” she gasped between labored breaths. Suddenly, the dildo shot out from her pussy as she screamed loud enough to rattle the windows. A spray of girl cum squirted from her cumming pussy, coating everything in front of her with the smell of her aroused cunt. Her hips were bucking, and her toes were curling. Harry lightly bit down on her nipple while pinching her sensitive clit. Amelia was begging to be released, but Harry hadn’t had his yet. He straddled her chest and pressed his fat cock between her pillowy tits. Pushing them together tightly, he started sawing his hips.

Amelia was on the verge of passing out from the intense pleasure. She had never felt anything like it, and she was immediately addicted to the sensation. It was then that she noticed Harry fucking her breasts. She opened her mouth to comment, though she didn't know what she was going to say. Instead, a fat load of hot cum spurted from the tip of his cock and hit her directly in the mouth. She sputtered and gagged as it hit the back of her throat. Meanwhile, Harry didn't stop cumming. Spurt after spurt, her face and tits were painted white with his seed. When his balls had been sufficiently drained, he got up and snapped his fingers. Her restrained limbs were instantly released. Shakily, she got to her feet. Standing there naked in front of Harry with cum dripping off of her chin and tits, she didn't really know what to say. Harry, on the other hand, suddenly turned professional, which was strange since he was still sporting a raging hard-on.

"I'll pencil you in the day after tomorrow, four p.m. for your next session. Don't be late," he told her. Amelia nodded. She had no intention of missing the next appointment. She walked past him on her way to get her clothes. She couldn't help but reach out and let her fingers caress the top of his magnificent cock. She caught his knowing gaze and blushed deeply. When she finally left, Harry burst out laughing. She had forgotten to wash the cum from her face. Thankfully for her, patients who were leaving were allowed to use the private Floo, so only Susan would see the state that she was in. Harry shook his head. He was already looking forward to her next round of treatment. Next time, he would take it up a notch.