

Sugar Daddy

Part 3

Rose Weasley was confused. Her cousin, Victoire, had just come back from her summer trip glowing with happiness. Not only that, but she was only too happy to show off the thousands of galleons worth of luxury items that she had purchased on the trip. What confused Rose was the fact that Victoire didn't have a job. So how did she pay for all that stuff?

Rose gasped as Victoire showed off a silver ring that she had purchased in Greece. She looked at Victoire with wide eyes. "You're fucking an old man!" the young redhead blurted out. Victoire sputtered in shock.

"What?!" she shrieked. "Are you out of your mind?" Victoire had never been so insulted. "You think that I would let some gross, old man touch me like that?"

"Well ... How else are you getting all that gold?" Rose asked, sitting on the bed in her room. Her father was at work and her mother was out running errands.

"Oh, a little of this, a little of that," she said, standing up. "Anyway, I need to go. My mum is in France visiting my grandma, and she wants me to keep Harry company."

Rose watched her cousin wave goodbye before leaving the room. She knew that the girl was acting strange. Her trip alone cost a small fortune, not to mention all the spending money that she had. Rose knew that Fleur didn't give her the money. Fleur was anything but rich. Rose knew that Victoire didn't work for the money. Her cousin was one of the laziest girls that she had ever met. Being the daughter of Hermione Granger, Rose was genetically predisposed with a need to find an answer to the question. She would have to find the answer fast. Summer was nearly over, and Rose still had one last year of school left. She got up and followed her cousin out of the house. Once in the backyard, Rose apparated away to Harry Potter's magnificent home.

She arrived toward the back of his sprawling property. Like her cousin, Rose had never been particularly close to Harry. He was her parents' friend who dropped by a few times a year to visit. However, she had gotten to know him better when he finally moved back home to Britain. She and her family would often come over to Harry's and enjoy his pool, and Rose would take the time to talk to him. She found him smart, witty, and quite handsome.

She walked at a quick pace until she finally reached the stone wall that boxed in his backyard. The walls were tall and provided a good amount of privacy. Rose snuck around the side and climbed up the garden door. Peeking over the top, she caught sight of her cousin and Harry Potter. Of course, her eyes immediately bugged out when she saw what they were doing.

Victoire had her arms wrapped around his neck tightly while Harry was bouncing her up and down. Of course, she forgot to mention that they were completely naked! Victoire had a look of pure lust on her beautiful face as her hair bounced around. Her eyes were fluttering, and her mouth was open. Down below, Harry was holding her up by her naked ass. Rose could see the muscles in his forearms flexing as he manhandled the young woman. The sounds coming from them were just as naughty.

“Harder! Fuck me harder!” she choked out, wrapping her legs around his waist. Rose could hear the loud sounds of flesh clapping as Harry began fucking her faster and harder. As he did so, his body turned, and Rose could now see Victoire’s back straight on. Harry’s hands were spreading her cheeks, and Rose’s mouth became dry when she saw the point of penetration. Harry’s cock looked wonderfully thick as it stretched Victoire’s teenage pussy. Her wet, pink flesh made a perfect seal around his fat shaft. As her body dropped down hard, her shapely cheeks would jiggle. Harry would then lift her body back up, and Rose watched as her tight pussy refused to let go. It clung to his slippery wet cock tightly and smeared it with cream as it was forced up his pole. Harry’s cock wasn’t the only thing smeared with Victoire’s cream. All around her stretched-out opening were small globs of her cream. Whenever Harry pushed back in, her sheer tightness would clean his cock like a squeegee. The sight sent a shiver down Rose’s spine.

What no one knew was that Rose was very much into girls. Oh, she still liked boys as well, but her sexuality was really beginning to blossom, and she was experiencing all new thoughts and desires. The sight of Victoire’s pussy getting destroyed was awakening her desires even further. Suddenly, Victoire squealed loudly, and Rose saw her pussy fluttering. Harry’s cock slipped out of her wet depths and when Rose caught her first proper sight of it, she shuddered and gasped. It was massive, she thought. Rose wasn’t very experienced, but she had been with a boy before. His cock was nothing like Harry’s. Harry was a man in every sense of the word. She could feel her pussy tingling harder the longer she looked at his long, thick cock. Harry laughed as he lifted Victoire’s still-cumming body over his shoulder and slapped her smooth ass. He carried her inside, leaving Rose speechless. She hopped off the door while in shock. Blushing fiercely, she quickly made her way home.

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Rose peeked at her cousin who was happily eating an icy-cold slice of watermelon that her family had grown at the Burrow. Just as she munched on a fat bite of the tasty treat, Rose asked, “So ... Did you fuck Harry again today?”

Victoire spat out the glob of chewed-up watermelon and choked as the juices slid down the wrong hole in her throat. “P-Pardon?” she asked, still coughing. Rose rolled her eyes.

“Don’t play coy,” Rose said. “I saw you both by Harry’s pool.”

“Rose ... I ...” but Rose just waved her off.

“That’s a hell of a way to earn some gold,” Rose said, impressed that Victoire was willing to go that far just so she didn’t have to work.

“You can’t tell anyone!” she said quickly. “Only my mother knows.”

Rose was quite shocked by this revelation. She didn’t think that Fleur would be okay with something like that, especially since she was dating Harry. “How much gold does he give you?” she asked. Victoire smirked.

“Enough that I don’t need to work,” she answered truthfully. Rose nodded, thinking to herself. She didn’t have much gold herself, and the coming year was sure to be expensive. Hogwarts now hosted an end-of-the-year Ball for any student in their fifth year and above. Rose had already attended the last two years, but this was to be her final one, and she wanted a fancy dress to end the year with a bang. There were also the Hogsmeade visits, and there were about a dozen new books coming out that she wanted but couldn’t afford ...

Rose turned to her cousin and a smirk crossed her own face.

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Rose was waiting outside of the open door while leaning against the wall. Her heart was beating fast as she waited for her cousin. “Okay, Harry, keep your eyes closed. I’m going to surprise you,” Rose heard her cousin say. That was the cue that she had been waiting for.

Walking into the room, she saw Harry lying back on the bed completely naked. His large cock was hard and sticking straight up. Victoire smiled at her as she silently left the room. Rose, who was equally naked, crawled onto the bed and captured his cock in her hand. She gave it a few strokes before leaning down and taking him into her mouth.

Harry moaned as his cock began being sucked on. He felt a warm tongue wiggling and swirling around the tip while a soft hand worked his cock with long strokes. Wanting to see Victoire sucking him off, Harry opened his eyes. He received the shock of a lifetime when he saw that it was Hermione’s daughter, Rose, who was between his legs. “Rose?” he groaned as she sucked hard on the head. He felt her body tense for a moment before letting his cock fall from her mouth. She smiled at him shyly as she sat up. Rose kept her arms at her side, showing off her lovely, B-cup tits and hard, light pink nipples. His eyes moved down her body. Her belly was slim and toned, and her mound was perfectly smooth. He could barely make out her bald slit that was hiding between her soft-looking thighs.

“Hi, Harry,” she blushed while her hand continued to jerk his fat cock. He couldn’t help but look at her breasts as they jiggled while she moved her hand. “I hope you don’t mind, but Vicky filled me in on your guys’ arrangement.”

“She did, did she?” Harry asked while Rose used her other hand to gently caress his cum-filled sack. Rose nodded and stood up, showing off her taut, barely legal body to him. She began crawling up his body until she was straddling his lap. She was quite nervous, though she tried to hide it.

Harry moaned and lifted his hips when she reached down and placed her hand underneath his shaft. She then lifted it up while grinding her wet, little pussy up and down the length of it. Within seconds, his cock was smeared with her juices. “I was hoping for a bit of spending money this year,” Rose shuttered as her clit was being mashed into his cock. “And as you can see, Harry, I’m more than willing to work for it.”

Harry squeezed her lovely tits and toyed with her nipples using his thumbs. He felt her tremble against him. “Yes ...” Harry moaned as she massaged his throbbing head with her clit. “Hard workers deserve adequate compensation.” Rose smiled.

“I was hoping you would say that,” she said, lifting up and placing him at her entrance. Before dropping down on him, she ran the head of his cock along her slit, getting it nice and wet. When she began to lower, she hissed for a moment when she was first stretched. Harry was caressing her smooth thighs and exploring her gentle curves.

‘Her body is so much like Hermione’s,’ he thought naughtily. He had been having an affair with his best friend since returning to England. They only saw each other a few times a month so that no one would get suspicious. Now he had to keep another secret regarding the Weasley women. When Rose was fully penetrated, he flipped her over until she was underneath him. She looked at him with her big, doe eyes. She looked quite young and innocent. It reminded him of Hermione when she was still at Hogwarts. His cock throbbed, and he hooked his arms underneath her knees and folded her into a breeding position. Rose squealed as her feet were pinned above her head. She was squirming uncontrollably and was breathing heavily. Leaning down, Harry kissed her deeply. When he sucked on her tongue, he felt her insides tighten around him, which encouraged him to start moving.

Rose was thankful that he didn’t just start pounding away. He first started out slowly, letting her get used to his monstrous size. When she began moaning and squeezing his cock with her walls, he started moving faster. It wasn’t long before the perverse sounds of a wet pussy being fucked filled his luxurious room. After only a few thrusts, she was already seeing stars. She squeaked and moaned into Harry’s mouth as her warm, slick walls massaged his thrusting cock. Harry was in heaven. Her soft, velvety walls felt amazing as they clutched him. Her soft lips and talented tongue felt wonderful against his. The fruity scent of her hair attracted him greatly, and the musky scent of her aroused pussy had him jackhammering fiercely into her wet depths. Rose squealed and broke the kiss. “Cumming!” she shouted, trying to arch her back. Unfortunately, she was still folded in half while Harry fucked her so hard that his hips were practically a blur. Rose screamed out as the wet squelching sounds became louder. Harry suddenly felt a soft pair of tits against his back. Looking over his shoulder, he saw Victoire leaning against him without a stitch of clothing.

“It didn’t take her long to cum,” she giggled.

“Were you listening at the door?” Harry asked, chuckling as his thrusting slowed. Rose was hiding her face in embarrassment but couldn’t stop the cute, little mewls of pleasure as Harry purposely hit her G-spot over and over. Harry felt Victoire nod against his shoulder. Harry let go of her legs and pulled out of her. Victoire gasped at how wet his cock was.

“She’s dripping wet!” she said in amazement. Rose covered her face, though her quivering legs remained wide open. She cried out as she was manhandled into position between her cousin's legs. Suddenly, her face was only an inch above her sloppy wet pussy. Victoire gasped loudly when Harry slipped between her damp folds. A loud crack of her ass getting slapped echoed off of the walls, and pain erupted on her jiggling cheek. Victoire yelped and clenched her cheeks tightly.

“Then clean her up,” Harry ordered. He smiled as Victoire lowered her head and began lapping at Rose’s wet pussy. Rose’s eyes fluttered, and she appeared to be in heaven when her cousin moved to her swollen clit. Harry smiled and began thrusting into the young blonde. He was going to have a lot of fun with these two.