

## Phenomenon

### Chapter 3

Harry whistled and clapped his hands as his friend, Angelina Johnson, had just poked the Quaffle away from the opposing player. It dropped straight down where it was snatched up by her fellow Chaser. The crowd cheered as the Harpies went on the attack, twisting and dodging through the swarm of Wimbourne Wasps players and finally tossing it through the left hoop.

Angelina had invited him to see the Harpies play. This wasn't anything out of the ordinary. Harry had been invited to see the Harpies play probably a couple of dozen times by then. However, Angelina invited him because this was the first time that she would ever play as a professional Quidditch player. After signing with the Harpies, she had been buried deep in the depth chart. The team already had their starters and several quality backups. Thankfully for her, the team had undergone a series of unfortunate accidents that left four of their Chasers unable to play. As such, Angelina was called on to not only play for the first time but to start as well. Needless to say, this was a major event for his former teammate.

Sadly, the excitement was short-lived, and the Harpies lost the game. They had, however, kept the score close which was a big accomplishment considering their injury problems. After the game, one of the team's assistants came to him and told him that Angelina wanted to see him. Harry, of course, agreed and followed the young woman into the guts of the large stadium. With a knowing look, she pointed at a door. Harry shrugged and went inside. As he did, Harry looked around. It appeared to be a private locker room. There was a long, padded bench resting in front of two large, wooden lockers. Harry could see a black sports bag on the ground by the bench. On the floor near the bag, was a Harpies uniform, dirty and crumpled. A "heh-hem" came from behind him, and Harry quickly turned and saw Angelina's smiling face. Covering her body was a very small towel.

"I was hoping that we could talk while I shower, Harry," Angelina said with a teasing smile. She then dropped the towel, revealing her nude body. Harry barely got a flash of her naked front before she turned around and showed off her fantastically shapely ass. As she walked into the shower room, Harry gazed at her thick cheeks bouncing up and down, one after the other. His cock suddenly came to life, and he found it very uncomfortable as it pressed hard against the inside of his jeans. Quicker than a blink of an eye, Harry had stripped naked, leaving a haphazard pile of discarded clothes in his wake.

When he entered the large, tiled room with multiple showerheads sticking out of the walls, he saw Angelina standing underneath one of them. Water was cascading down over her body, and thick droplets of water were rolling down her naked tits and toned belly. Her hair was wet and slicked back as she tilted her head up. Her skin was light brown and blemish-free other than the few bumps that she had taken during that day's match. Her breasts were large, possibly D-cups, and were incredibly perky. In his opinion, they were one of the best sets of tits that he had ever seen. Her areolas were darker than her smooth, creamy skin, and the tips of her nipples were

crinkled and hard. The little nubs were sticking out half an inch, and Harry was ready to suck on them. He particularly loved the way the water dripped down her breasts and rolled between them. The water then continued to drip down her belly where it pooled at her belly button. Just below this, water was dripping off her smooth, puffy mound. Harry's cock was fully hard. She opened her dark brown eyes and lowered them. She gasped lightly at the absurd size of his cock before her face flushed with excitement. She beckoned him over. Harry walked over and placed his hands on her sides, just above her wide hips. Within a second, his hands had lowered until he was gently exploring the shape of her body. Angelina placed her hands on his shoulders and leaned in.

"I was hoping this would be a celebration, but I guess I'll have to settle for a consolation," she joked as Harry's hands caressed her shapely thighs. Her hard nipples were rubbing against his chest as he pulled her in and kissed her deeply. Angelina moaned into his mouth as his raging erection slipped between her thighs. She felt his long, thick girth slide against her damp pussy lips, forcing them to spread until she was hotdogging his cock. He had his hands on her ass, and he gave her cheeks a squeeze while massaging the underside of her tongue with the tip of his. Angelina's pussy was tingling badly. She was in desperate need of some cock. She had been training so hard that she was forced to put all of her private life on hold. Unfortunately, that meant no hanging out with friends, and especially no dates. She went to bed exhausted and woke up for training at the butt crack of dawn. Now, she had every intention of letting go and enjoying herself. That started with her squeezing her thighs tightly as he began thrusting his hips forward.

Angelina gasped as she felt his fat cock slipping back and forth between her plump lips. His hard shaft stimulated her throbbing and swollen clit while his hands fondled her fat ass. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she deepened the kiss as her pussy coated his cock in her slick, oily juices. Her wet nipples were as hard as rocks, and every time they grazed his chest, it sent tingles of pleasure racing down her spine. Then, out of nowhere, Harry lifted her up by the backs of her thighs. Her back was pressed against the tiled wall, and her thighs were spread open. Being in such a position made her stomach do pleasurable flips, especially when she felt his hard cock bumping against her damp pussy. Desperate and needy, she reached down and wrapped her hand around his shaft. She got a true notion of just how big he was. Her hand wasn't even close to fitting around this beast, and she suddenly worried about taking it inside of her. The men that she had been with weren't exactly playing on the same level. Still, while her mind worried, her body acted on its own. She rubbed the head against her slit until she felt him thrust forward and enter her for the first time.

Harry moaned into her mouth as he felt her unexpected tightness hug his invading shaft. Her slick walls coated his cock in her wetness, and when he gave a few experimental thrusts, he moaned like a madman. Her insides were so slippery that there almost wasn't an ounce of resistance. The heat was incredible, and he could feel her walls pulsating around him. He suddenly felt her squeeze his cock with her insides. Knowing what she wanted, Harry squeezed her fat ass and began thrusting into her. Her legs instantly wrapped around his waist, trapping him between her legs. Harry broke the kiss and rested his forehead against hers. Angelina was

breathing heavily, and he could feel her warm, pleasant breath against his lips. "Faster," she moaned as her lovely eyes fluttered. Warm water was spraying over their bodies, and the sound of wet flesh clapping together only became louder as Harry picked up the pace.

Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and her mouth hung open as Harry hit areas inside of her that had yet to be reached. Her g-spot had never been touched before, and now she knew that she could never go without. The pleasure was mindblowing. Her body jerked and spasmed as her pussy began milking his cock. Dozens of small orgasms were raging through her body, and her pussy tightened even further. Angelina squealed loudly, and the sound reverberated off the tiled walls. Harry had a firm grip on her ass as he was bouncing her up and down. Her hands gripped his slippery back, and her nails dug into his flesh as his cock rammed her poor, abused cervix. Unable to stop herself, she screamed and came hard all over his thrusting cock. Her pussy being too sensitive, she squirmed from his grip and dropped to her knees. Even as she sat there cumming, Angelina was a good enough lover to take his cock into her mouth and suck him off like a true pro. Her head jerked back and forth, and her mouth created a GLUCK! GLUCK! GLUCK! sound as his cock slid in and out of her throat. Saliva dripped from her mouth and fell on her bouncing, jiggling tits. Suddenly, Harry pulled his cock from her mouth and placed his fat, bloated balls against her mouth. Angelina lapped at them like a dog licking a tasty treat. She could feel him jerking his cock as she popped one of his testicles into her mouth. Reaching up, her hand replaced his, and now she was the one jerking his long, thick cock.

"Close your eyes," he suddenly said. Angelina quickly did as she was told. Almost instantly, she felt hot cum squirting on her face. The hot, thick seed slowly slid down her cheeks and over her lips even as more cum splattered on her pretty face. When it was done, she expected their little dalliance to be over as well. Instead, Harry positioned her so that she was on her hands and knees with her ass facing him. Her face was still being sprayed by water coming from the showerhead, and she could feel his cum being watered down and dripping onto the shower floor. Angelina heard the sound of a bottle being squeezed before feeling a cool liquid landing on her naked back. When he began working it into her back and then sliding his hands over her tits, she knew that it was soap. Harry seemed to take great pleasure in soaping up her naked, dangling tits. Angelina enjoyed it as well, moaning when he pinched and tugged on her hard nipples. He continued soaping up her nude body, and he didn't miss a single spot. She especially liked it when he soaped up her ass. His strong hands massaged the soap into her cheeks, squeezing and kneading them. When her cheeks opened up, she felt something else squirt onto her asshole and pussy. As Harry massaged the mystery liquid into her nether region, she felt the telltale tingle that told her it was magically conjured lube. Expecting him to claim her lubed-up pussy once again, she squealed in panic as she felt his thick head force her tiny asshole open.

Angelina wasn't what you would call an anal virgin. She had done ass stuff several times. The only difference was that Harry had a cock as big as her forearm. Angie whimpered as his head popped in. Harry was slow and careful, but steady as he pushed inch after inch into her ass. When his hips finally touched her ass, Angelina shuddered, and her top half collapsed onto the wet floor. She heard Harry chuckle before slapping her thick ass cheek. SMACK! The sound

echoed throughout the small room and was quickly followed by Angie's pained yelp. She wanted to look over her shoulder and glare at him, but by then, Harry pulled his cock back and slowly pushed it forward again. Angelina's eyes fluttered wildly, and she let out a deep, whorish moan. She suddenly heard the sound of female whooping. In a panic, she turned her head and saw the all-female team smiling and giggling. She opened her mouth but was penetrated at the exact same time. Angie moaned again as Harry's cock filled her ass. Her team stayed there and cheered her on as Harry's hips gradually moved faster and faster. After another ten minutes, he was pounding her ass and making her thick cheeks clap together. Angie was moaning and cursing as Harry stretched her asshole out of shape. At some point, the rest of the girls stripped down and turned her little moment with Harry into a full-blown orgy. Not long after, Angie squealed into her teammate's wet pussy as Harry made her have the biggest analgasm of her life. He filled her ass with spunk a moment later. Angie didn't make it out of the shower for another several hours. By then, she was sore and pruned, but she had the biggest smile on her beautiful face. She was officially one of the girls.