

Summary - Lily Potter had gone fourteen years without the touch of a man. Seeing the man her son has turned into has awakened something inside of her.

The Widow

It was late at night and Lily Potter was sitting up in bed going over her finances. Her savings account had taken a bit of a hit thanks to the new potion-making equipment that she had recently bought, but she would make that up with all the new potions that she would be able to make and sell. She wouldn't say that life was hard since her husband had died all those years ago. At times she struggled a bit, but in the end, Harry and she had everything that they needed. James had been killed by Death Eaters when their son Harry was only a year old. They knew that Harry could be one of the boys in the so-called Prophecy, so they took precautions. Unfortunately for the Longbottoms, they were attacked and Neville Longbottom's parents were killed. Not long after, Dumbledore proclaimed him The Boy-Who-Lived and thereby making him famous. Lily thought it was hilarious watching Dumbledore fight with Augusta Longbottom, Neville's hardheaded grandmother. The old lady certainly didn't put up with Dumbledore's attempts at manipulation.

The night James died was particularly bad. Both James and Sirius were killed, and Lily had found out that Peter had betrayed them. Soon after the funerals, Remus had taken off. Lily knew that he was likely in a deep depression. She would hear from him once every few years to make sure that both she and Harry were doing alright. She hoped that he was doing well, but doubted it. Peter was still locked in Azkaban after Lily had turned him in and told the Aurors about his Animagus form. Personally, she hoped that he rotted in that hellhole. Since then, it was only her and Harry. She put all her effort into raising him right. She gave him every advantage in the world, and it paid off. He was a wonderful boy, with stunning good looks and a good head on his shoulders. She was very proud of him, and even though she never said it out loud, she was proud of herself as well. It was hard raising a young man as a single mother. Lily ran a mail-order potion business, along with providing potions for several apothecaries around the country. She wasn't getting rich from it, but it more than paid the bills.

Harry also just happened to be very good with money. He was always running a small business or two and somehow turning his allowance into something bigger. His first year, Harry bought tons of sweets before leaving for Hogwarts. He sold them in school and more than tripled his money. He's been doing that ever since. He was known in school as the guy to go to for anything you needed. Sure, they could get stuff during Hogsmeade weekends, but those were few and far between. Lily was sure that he would open some kind of business once he graduated from school. Knowing him, he would probably be insanely wealthy within a few years. Until then, Lily had to make sure to provide for him. Harry would be starting his fifth year in a little over a month's time. He was only fifteen and already he had droves of girls calling over the floo or sending letters. It was pretty funny to watch. She remembered what it was like to be a girl that age. She couldn't blame the girls either. Her son was a very beautiful boy who enjoyed exercising and playing sports. He was in great physical shape for a boy of his age. Lily had of

course seen him with his shirt off. He already had broad, muscled shoulders and a six-pack of abs.

Just thinking about that had her face heating up. Unbeknownst to anyone else, she had recently seen him completely naked while he was getting out of the shower. Her eyes had widened before she came to her senses and quickly left. Thankfully he didn't see her. While that would have been embarrassing, it wasn't the problem. The real problem was that Lily hadn't been with a man since her husband had died. She had never even kissed another man since then. Fourteen years was a long time to go without the sensual touch of another. Most of the time she was able to deal with the loneliness just fine, but sometimes it became very difficult. When she saw her son's muscled, naked body all wet from the shower, something inside of her snapped. Not only that, but his penis was the largest that she had ever seen. It was soft and looked to be around five inches and very thick. She could only guess how big it was when erect. She was ashamed to say that she had thought about that quite often. Recently, she had even touched herself while thinking of it. She was sick in the head, and she knew it. Unfortunately, she couldn't help herself. The vision of his wet cock was burned into her memory, and now she was afraid that she would become obsessed with it until she was able to "take it for a ride" as it were.

She didn't know how to make that happen though. She could walk up to him and say "Hey son! How about you give your ole mom a good, hard fucking!"

Once she had made up her mind about seducing him, she came up with a plan. At first, she started dressing a little more revealing. Since his puberty, she had caught him staring at her body on occasion. She figured that it was normal for a boy his age. Lily was, after all, an incredibly attractive woman who still turned heads. The two of them sometimes sat together on the couch at night talking about what was going on in their lives. When doing this, she made sure to wear very short shorts that showed off her smooth, creamy legs. Often she would wear loose shirts with deep necklines that would expose her entire bra-clad breasts when she leaned forward. She could see that it was working. She would catch him staring at her more and more. She just needed to push him over the edge and get him to make the first move.

The following morning, Harry was sitting on the couch reading a letter from one of his many female admirers. While at school, there was no shortage of fresh pussy for him to fuck. He'd been sexually active since his third year, and now he was loathed to go without. These days, more often than not, his cock was hard for most of the day. It was all because he didn't have an outlet for his sexual deviancy. He loved sex, and he loved getting super freaky. His favorite lover had to be Pansy Parkinson. Obviously, they kept their affair secret, because her family would flip out. However, they kept their meetings low-key and met up a couple of times a week. Pansy would let him do damn near anything to her, and he loved it. Now he was sitting here suffering like one of his virgin roommates back at school. They always bemoaned about not being able to get their crushes to drop their knickers. Harry wanted to tell them to shut up and stop being annoying. Now he had a newfound respect for their pain and suffering. It didn't help that his mother was flouncing about in her tiny outfits.

Harry had always respected the fact that his mother was incredibly attractive. As he got older, he often wondered why she didn't have any men in her life. When he figured out that she had put all her time and effort into raising him, it made him feel bad. He loved her dearly and would do anything for her. In the end, he just wanted her to be as happy as possible. When she first began showing off her body, he thought that maybe it was just a fluke or something, but when it kept happening, he figured that it was something else. Harry wasn't an idiot when it came to girls, like so many of the boys his age. He was experienced enough to know when a girl is vying for his attention. His mother wanted him to look at her. When she caught him looking, she seemed happier. His only conclusion was that she wanted a more physical relationship with him. The thought was kind of weird. Sure, pureblood society was built on incest, but he was a halfblood, and his mother was a muggleborn. Unfortunately, his cock was doing the thinking right now. All it saw was a sexy woman with a willing pussy, so he wanted to fuck. Just then, his mother walked in.

Lily was wearing a scandalously small string bikini. Her large breasts were popping out from every direction, and the tiny scrap of cloth barely covered her pussy, leaving most of her hairless mound exposed. When she turned, he saw that her backside was only covered by a thin string that disappeared into her plump, pillowy cheeks. His cock was rock-hard in seconds. She walked right up to his sitting form and asked, "Harry? You want to go swimming? It's such a nice day and ..."

She was cut off by her son. Something snapped inside of Harry, and all he could think about was her. He wanted her ... he needed her, and he was going to have her right now. She squealed when he grabbed her hips and turned her forcefully. Her bulging ass was right in his face, and he not so gently grabbed the string of her bikini bottom and tore it apart with a single pull.

Lily squealed when her son ripped apart her tiny bikini bottom. She felt her ass cheeks jiggle violently from the force. She was breathing hard and suddenly. She felt his face pressed against her bare bottom. Deeper his face slipped between her thick cheeks, and Lily blushed furiously when he began motorboating her fat ass. He was inhaling deeply and licking all over. Clearly, he couldn't get enough of her. Lily just stood there, legs slightly spread, and bending over just a bit as her son ate her ass. Her eyes fluttered as his warm, wet tongue wiggled against her virgin asshole. Just the idea of him touching her there made her wet. Her pussy was sloppy, dribbling her juices down the insides of her creamy pale thighs. It had been so long since she had been touched in such a way. She never wanted it to end. His hand snaked around her thick thigh and pinched her engorged clit, making her gasp wildly. While she loved her former husband, from what she could remember, he wasn't very imaginative in bed. Already Harry seemed like a more skilled lover.

Her body shuddered as he rolled her hard clit between his fingers. Her nipples grew hard and her pussy juice flowed as his tongue rimmed her crinkled hole. Then he removed his face and hand from her body and slapped her fat ass, making it jiggle and making her squeak. She watched with a red face as Harry stood up and slid down his shorts. His monstrously large cock

came into view and had her heart racing. He sat back down on the couch, stroking his cock while looking at her. "C'mon mum. Sit on it. Don't pretend that you don't want to," he groaned, looking over her half-naked form.

Blushing, Lily attempted to straddle him but was stopped. She looked at him questioningly. "Turn around and sit on it," he commanded. His strong, forceful words had her pussy tingling with anticipation. She had always loved strong men.

"Yes, Harry," she quietly answered, turning around and offering her ass to him. He gripped her wide hips and guided her down to his cock. She reached under herself and grabbed his thick, meaty pole, and placed the tip against her damp folds. Lily moaned like a desperate whore as his massive fuckstick parted her wet slit and sank deeper and deeper inside her. Her unused pussy gripped him tighter the further he penetrated her, and once he bottomed out, they both moaned together. Lily just rested there for a moment, savoring the sensation of being stuffed full of cock after so long without it. Her son's hands weren't idle, however. They slid from her waist, up her sides, and over her covered breasts, feeling her smooth skin along the way. Lily leaned back against his strong chest. The back of her head rested against his shoulder, and she turned her head and kissed him deeply. His tongue slid over hers, making her moan in his mouth. She closed her eyes when his hands dipped under the bikini fabric and gripped her naked tits. Harry squeezed them and fondled them to his heart's desire. He ripped open her top, and her bare tits bounced and jiggled as she started riding his long, thick cock.

The sounds her pussy was making had her blushing deeply. She had never been so wet before. The loud squelching of her penetration was the only sound in the house if you didn't count her whorish moans and cries. As her son made her bounce on his cock faster, the sounds of their bodies clapping together were added in. Harry grabbed her tits harshly and squeezed them tightly as she ground her ass onto his crotch, rolling her hips and making their fucking that much more pleasant.

"Holy fuck, mum! Do that again!" he cried out, making Lily happy. It was nice knowing that she could still bring men pleasure after all these years. He placed his hand between her legs and rolled her clit between his fingers as she rolled her hips on his lap. Lily shuddered violently.

"Oh ... that's so good baby. Keep doing that!" Harry rolled and pinched her hard clit as her pussy convulsed around him. Her beautiful body was shivering from pleasure, and Harry knew that she wouldn't last much longer. He grabbed her behind the knees and lifted her legs up.

Lily squeaked out in embarrassment as her lower half was lifted and exposed so blatantly. Then Harry began to violently thrust into her. She shuddered and let loose some squeals of pleasure as drool slipped from her open, gaping mouth. His cock was flying in and out of her at such speeds and ferocity that she couldn't take it anymore.

"Look, mum! You're creaming on me!" Harry teased, and indeed, when she looked down, his cock was smeared with white cream. Lily looked away in utter embarrassment but was unable to

stop her toes from curling or from letting loose a wail of pleasure as her pussy erupted in a fountain of girl cum. She squealed like a whore as her pussy squirted with every titanic thrust from her son. He was still fucking her as she came all over his cock, and when he said, "Play with your clit," she wanted to smack him. Still, she followed his orders. Her fingers danced over her sensitive clit as her pussy squeezed his cock. Finally, he grunted and spilled his seed deep inside of her fluttering pussy. As the minutes passed, her pussy continued to spasm and milk his thrusting cock. She was so out of it that she didn't even know when he had finished seeding her. She snapped out of it while he was kissing her and groping her tit while still balls deep inside her violated pussy. His other hand started rubbing her clit and she cried out and smacked his hand away.

"Too sensitive!" she squealed. He chuckled and moved his hand to her folds, and began to sensually stroke them. This action felt wonderful and helped calm her down. She molded into him and allowed him to play with her spent body. He kissed her again, then said, "How about we move this into the bedroom?"

Lily's eyes widened. His cock had already hardened inside her again! He didn't wait for an answer. He just lifted her up and began fucking her on their way to the bedroom. As the door slammed shut, it muffled the squeals of pleasure that echoed from her mouth for the rest of the night.