

An outrageous erotic parody of wizarding and sexual dominance novels.

Hairy Peter & The Gallstone

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&  
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by  
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## Chapter One - Hairy Peter

The front of the pink Heinkel Trojan 200 bubblecar swung open and out of it stepped a huge woman.

"Is everything ready, Ingrid?" asked a voice from the shadows.

"Yes, professor," replied Ingrid. "He's there, and the Bottomleys know what they have to do."

"Have you seen Professor Mackafart?" asked the voice.

Ingrid shook her head, droplets of moisture flying from her moustache in all directions.

"No," she said. "I think she was sitting on her cat."

"We must go," said the voice. "Peter will be with us again in less than eighteen years. There is much to do at the college."

The street lamps went out as Ingrid squeezed back into the bubblecar, closed the door with difficulty, and roared away into the night. There was no sign of the man in the shadows.

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It was Peter's eighteenth birthday, and he knew it was going to be a bad day. The Bottomleys, Eustace and his wife Inger with their insufferable daughter Lotta, had made it quite clear he was to receive no special treatment simply because he was now eighteen.

Miserably, Peter squeezed out from under Lotta's bed trying to be as quiet as possible. He knew that if he woke her she would leap from the bed and sit on him before he was even half way out. She was only a few months older than Peter, but at least three times as heavy. Peter's only consolation was that it was far preferable to be sat on by Lotta than by Inger, and that he only had to sleep under that particular bed when Eustace Bottomley was away on business.

He made it. Lotta Bottomley slept on, a huge, snoring lump covered by no more than a thin sheet that did nothing to disguise her massive bulk. She was in the habit of sleeping naked. Peter breathed a sigh of relief as he picked up his clothes and tiptoed towards the door, intending to dress in the bathroom where he could lock himself in and remain undisturbed for a short while at least.

As he passed the window he noticed something most peculiar outside. Perched on roofs, fences and, in fact, on every available perch, were strange birds. Peter recognised them at once, having seen them in Mr Bottomley's book of ornithology. *Tetrax Tetrax*, more commonly known as Little Bustards. He stared, fascinated.

There was a roar from an adjacent bedroom. "I'll have those Little Bustards!" came Eustace Bottomley's dulcet tones.

The Little Bustards hardly flinched. Lotta, on the other hand, did flinch. She snorted, farted, belched, rolled over much in the manner of a playful walrus, completely losing the sheet covering her and making the bedsprings creak in protest, and caught sight of Peter standing by the window clothes in hand but still in his pyjamas.

"I need to sit," she said.

Fortunately for Peter, Mr Bottomley burst into the room at that moment, closely followed by Inger.

"We have to leave," Mr Bottomley, told everyone. "Right now. Without delay. We're going away."

"Why?" asked Lotta, rising from the bed with difficulty.

"For goodness sake cover yourself, girl," said Mrs Bottomley. "You'll have Peter becoming excited in no time if you expose yourself like that."

Peter sensibly refrained from telling Mrs Bottomley that Lotta's rolls of fat were unlikely to excite anything other than a frustrated male walrus. Instead, he merely said, "I wasn't looking."

"Why not?" enquired Eustace Bottomley. "What's wrong with my daughter?"

Peter choked, spluttering on the words that rose from within him and struggled to leave his mouth all at the same time.

"Oh Peter. Let me help you." Lotta Bottomley rushed to the window to assist him, ripples running like waves through her wobbling fat, breasts the size of basketballs bouncing threateningly, and buttocks akin to bolster pillows slapping together with the menacing appearance of a mobile car crusher searching for its next meal.

As Lotta reached Peter at the window, she caught sight of the Little Bustards outside. She screamed, and flung her arms around Peter in terror.

Lotta was taller than Peter as well as being heavier and wider. He had the momentary impression of flying upside down at high speed into a fleshy version of the Grand Canyon before he crashed into a deep, heavy, smothering thickness that tried to squeeze the life out of him. The words that had choked him ended up somewhere in the folds of flesh, none of them reaching the ears of anyone else present.

"Stop playing around," shouted Eustace Bottomley. "We have to leave right now."

"I'll go and get dressed," said Peter, disentangling himself from Lotta only moments before his consciousness started to fade from lack of air between her mammoth mammaries.

"No time," Mr Bottomley told him. "We go right now, right as we are. Inger, dear, throw a coat or two over Lotta, please. We can't have the neighbours becoming excited."

And with that, they left. Peter had no idea where or why they were going.

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## Chapter Four - The Fessewarts Express

Now properly robed, with Ingrid back from her visit to the bank and with various other purchases under Peter's arm, they left Diaphragm Alley.

It was a pleasant day, and although Peter felt extremely silly in his new black robe that made him look like a transvestite with no dress sense, he and Ingrid walked slowly through Regent's Park on their way to King's Cross station. Fortunately for Peter no one commented on his attire, possibly because there were, as was usual in that part of London, many people whose clothes were far stranger than his. More fortunately still, there was no women in the park who Peter found the least attractive.

"You'll need to catch the train at platform eighteen," said Ingrid.

"Eighteen?" asked Peter in surprise. "That seems rather straightforward?"

"Of course," confirmed Ingrid. "It had to be eighteen. Anything less just wouldn't be right."

With that cryptic comment, she produced her long, pink vibrator, waved it and disappeared, leaving Peter on his own to make his way to platform eighteen at King's Cross Station.

The train was no different from any other. Ingrid had told Peter that it would depart at precisely five minutes past one, but at two o'clock it had not moved an inch. Peter found himself an empty compartment and sat down, listening for the announcements that he hoped would tell him what was happening.

"Shhhh hscrat for Feshhhhhwoooorts now leaving from splashfoorm eitheeeeeen," spluttered the speaker in the roof of the compartment. The train lurched forward six inches and then stopped.

The door of Peter's compartment crashed open. A young witch closely followed by an equally young wizard burst in. Peter guessed they were about the same age as he was.

"Nearly missed the train," said the witch breathlessly. "Hello."

Peter held the front of his robe, struggling desperately to prevent it rolling upwards. He won the battle. The witch with long dark hair and wizard with short red hair sat down opposite him.

"I'm Herniame," said Herniame.

"I'm Don," said Don.

"I'm Peter," said Peter.

"Not...?" asked Herniame.

"Not who?" asked Peter.

"She means not THE Peter," said Don.

"I don't know," said Peter uncomfortably. "I've always been Peter."

"You're the Peter with the clump of green hair just to the right of your genitals shaped exactly like a peacock," said Herniame triumphantly. "I would have known you anywhere. Can I see it?"

Peter fought with his robe as it obligingly tried to show his clump of green hair to Herniame.

"No!" Peter told Herniame. "It's personal."

Herniame shrugged, and at that moment there was a commotion in the corridor outside the compartment.

"It's the trolley," announced Herniame.

Don stood up and went to the door. "Why are you always right?" he asked disgustedly.

"What trolley?" asked Peter.

"I've only known you five minutes, Don" pointed out Herniame. "We met while you were trying to find the platform."

"Yes," agreed Don, "And you knew exactly where it was."

"It was only a guess," said Herniame. "I had a hunch it might be between platform seventeen and platform nineteen. I *am* always right, of course. It's very observant of you to have spotted it so quickly."

"What trolley?" asked Peter again.

"THE trolley," Herniame told him "You know. The trolley that brings round anything you want to buy. It was in the University prospectus under 'facilities for undergraduates', right above the paragraph about whips, straps and restraints."

"I didn't see a prospectus," said Peter.

"A Little Bustard should have brought it," said Herniame knowledgeably. "Little Bustards always bring everything."

"You'll miss the trolley if you sit there jawing," said Don searching his robes to find some money. He produced a single copper piece and looked at it miserably.

"You need a rich girlfriend," Herniame told him. "Don't worry, I'll buy you whatever you want if you'll let me sit on your face for the rest of the journey."

"No way!" Don objected. "It's four hours at least until we get to Fessewarts!"

"Four hours eighteen minutes and twenty-three seconds without any delays," said Herniame. "That was in the prospectus too, and as we've now been moving for at least thirty seconds that would make it approximately four hours seventeen minutes and fifty-three seconds."

"It's all right," said Peter hurriedly. "I have some money. I'll buy whatever you want for both of you."

Peter stood back as Herniame and Don chose a number of items from the trolley. Peter was far from sure about any of the items on sale, but Herniame seemed to know what she wanted and Don seemed prepared to try anything.

"Those are new," said Don. "I haven't seen those anywhere else."

"What are they?" asked Peter.

"Gruntfuttock's Every Flavour Condoms," Don read from the packet. "I'm going to try those."

"Be careful," advised Herniame, "I read that..."

"Oh shut up," Don interrupted her. "You can't believe everything you read in books."

"What have you bought?" asked Peter as he and Herniame sat down back in the compartment. Don had disappeared somewhere.

Herniame looked a little uncomfortable. "Well..." she began slowly.

"Yes?" insisted Peter, anxious to appear polite and interested.

"They're chocolate vibrators," said Herniame taking one from the bag and sucking it. It wriggled and vibrated until she bit the end off it and swallowed it. "You have to take care with these, because..."

Her explanation was cut short when the door of the compartment was flung open and Don stood there, his face as red as his hair.

"I can't get it off," he wailed.

"I told you to be careful," said Herniame. "You didn't really put one on without reading the instructions first, did you?"

"It's hurting me!" squealed Don. "How do I get it off?"



"You can't," Herniame told him. "Obviously. The only way to get it off is to have someone eat it off. That's why they're flavoured. If you don't make the effort to find someone who will do it fairly quickly then they start to tighten. I've no idea how much they tighten. The book didn't say. I would imagine it could be rather painful."

"Just get it off!" Don was becoming desperate.

"Let me see," said Herniame.

Don lifted his robe and Herniame examined the tightening condom with interest.

"It's really a clever bit of magic," she said. "I wonder who thought of it? Of course you would be in serious trouble if you had one of the really awful flavours. I mean, no one would want to eat it off, would they? With the possibility of *every* flavour it could be something just *impossible* to eat!"

Don was moaning in pain. Herniame took his condom-covered erection in one hand and sniffed it cautiously.

"You're in luck," she said. "It's peppermint, and I love peppermint. This won't take long."

She knelt down in front of Don and began to suck at the peppermint-flavoured condom. The door of the compartment opened again.

"Hello hello hello," said a voice. "You don't hang about, do you Don?"

Peter saw two identical faces surrounded by two identical mops of long, red hair above four extremely large almost-robe-covered breasts.

"Go away," said Don through gritted teeth.

"It's all right," Herniame explained, leaving Don for a moment. "I'm just getting an Every Flavoured Condom off him."

"He should have had more sense," grinned Freda, Don's elder sister.

"He never had any sense," smiled Samantha, Don's other elder sister and Freda's twin.

"Oops. Watch those!" warned Freda pointing at Herniame's bag of chocolate vibrators that was on the point of falling off the seat.

"Why?" asked Peter, not sure he wanted to know.

"Because they have a mind of their own," said Freda. "Once they're out of the bag all they want to do is to find a nice warm orifice to squeeze into and then vibrate and wriggle until they melt. It's no joke, believe me. It's all very well if you're ready for it, but you can imagine how inconvenient it can be if it happens when you're not expecting it!"

"Who says it's no joke?" said Samantha grinning impishly. "You thought it was a great joke when we threw two full bags of them into the boys' changing rooms last year! I've never heard so much shouting and complaining!"

"Quiet!" Freda warned her. "There will be so much trouble if they ever find out it was us!"

"That's Peter," said Herniame as she finished the last of the Every Flavoured Condom. "Mm," she added. "I quite enjoyed that. Are there any more peppermint ones? Go on, Don. Put one on. Actually, I think the taste is still there."

Herniame concentrated on sucking the last of the peppermint flavour from Don's erect manhood.

"Peter? Not THE Peter?" asked Freda.

Herniame nodded. Don yelped.

"Hey, Sam," Freda turned to her twin sister in excitement. "This is the Peter with the clump of green hair just to the right of his genitals shaped exactly like a peacock."

"Really?" Samantha immediately turned her full attention to Peter. "Let's see it."

Peter, who had just stood up, lost the brief battle with his robe. It proudly rolled itself up all the way to his waist.

"Wow," said Samantha. "I've never seen anything like that."

"Right," said Herniame swallowing quickly and turning to take a better look. "It's quite impressive, isn't it? I read that it would be."

"Shall we flip a coin?" asked Freda.

"Better," agreed Samantha. "I can't be bothered to fight you again. To be honest I can't decide which end I like best."

"What are you doing?" asked Peter with interest as the coin was thrown into the air and Samantha called 'tails'. He never received a reply. Before he knew what was happening he found himself on his back on the floor of the compartment with Freda's broad yet shapely buttocks planted firmly on his face. Samantha stroked the clump of green hair just to the right of his genitals shaped exactly like a peacock tenderly before lowering herself onto his erection.

"Good grief," said Don.

"How vulgar," commented Herniame. "I think we should leave."

"Yes," agreed Don. "I think I've found another peppermint Every Flavour Condom. Shall we...?"

"Oh yes," said Herniame. "Yes please."

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