

The Six Million Galleon Man

Chapter 4

Harry had never removed his clothes so fast in all of his life. He had to stop and calm himself for a moment. Closing his eyes, he remembered all of the Pensieve Memories that had been placed in his brain. He knew how to treat a woman. Now he just needed to use that knowledge in the real world. Seeing Narcissa's legs wide open while her slender fingers toyed with her throbbing clit was making his brain go a bit fuzzy. She looked incredibly sexy laying there wearing only the black choker with the silver Black family crest on the front.

Just being in his presence was doing incredible things to her body. She closed her legs and arched her back as a mini orgasm rolled through her. She could feel her taut lips begin to get slick with her honey. Slowly rubbing her thighs together, she shuddered while putting on a show for the boy. Suddenly remembering that she had a cock that was willing and ready, she opened her eyes and keeping her legs together, she lifted them up and wiggled her bottom. "Are you just going to stand there and stare?" she asked, smirking at the level of horniness that he was projecting. She could clearly see that his boxers were tented. He swallowed hard and pushed them down his legs. As he stepped out of them, he showed himself to his new Mistress.

Narcissa gasped loudly at the sight of the hung beast that was sticking out from his waist. It was so long and thick that it couldn't even stick out straight. It was tilted downward from the sheer weight of it. She had never seen anything like it. She didn't think that any man could pack such a monster in his trousers. Clearly, she was wrong. Potter got onto the bed and took her smooth legs in hand.

Being a young teenage boy, she obviously thought that he would immediately shove it in, pump his hips a few times, and cum inside of her. Narcissa was very glad that she was proven wrong. Holding her legs in his grip, he placed soft kisses around her ankles and on her incredibly soft soles as his hands slid up and down, caressing her baby-soft skin. Wherever his fingertips traveled, it left a tingling sensation on her skin. When his fingertips brushed over her soaked nether lips, Narcissa's body jerked as she let out a cute squeal. Just that touch alone had her pussy convulsing while it tried to milk something that wasn't there. Suddenly, her legs were pried apart, and her new lover lowered his body and brushed his lips against hers. Narcissa closed her eyes and let out a shaky breath as his soft lips lightly brushed against her cheek, then her chin. By the time that they were near her lips, she couldn't take it anymore. Pulling his head down, she kissed him with more passion than she ever had with Lucius. Her lips were dancing wildly with his while she threaded her fingers through his hair. Not letting him up, she continued to kiss him, even allowing her tongue to slide into his mouth while her hips rolled, and she ground her burning-hot pussy against the raging beast that was his cock.

Knowing about sex was one thing, but having a wet and willing partner rub her damp pussy all over his cock was something that he truly loved. The Veela was right. Just knowing about sex and seduction doesn't mean anything without actual experience. It simply didn't tell the whole

story. It didn't tell him how wondrous Narcissa's wet pussy would smell. It didn't describe the heat radiating from her gyrating body, and how good it would feel against him. It certainly didn't tell him about the unbelievably sexy sounds of lust that she was making while her pussy slid up and down against the underside of his throbbing erection. He was learning this stuff for the first time, and he loved every second of it. Even so, he tried very hard not to lose himself in it. He didn't want to act like a normal teenager. He was better than that. He was trained for a job, and he wanted to act like a professional and earn the Veela's respect for a job well done. So, as Narcissa smeared her wetness all over his groin and violated his mouth with her tongue, he closed his eyes and focused on his lessons, deciding what to do next.

Narcissa groaned as he forced himself from her mouth. Her disappointment was short-lived, however. His lips touched her graceful neck, and he began to gently suck on her delicate skin. Narcissa's body shuddered as she felt his tongue gently massage her while his lips suckled at her hot skin. Closing her eyes and biting her lip, she placed her hands on his hips and slowly rolled her pussy against his hardness. She wanted to cover his cock in her wetness. She wanted every teenage skank in this school to smell the scent of her body all over him. When her arms were suddenly wrenched over her head, Narcissa let out a surprised squeal. Her eyes widened when his soft lips pressed against the never-before-touched skin of her underarms. The sensation was surprisingly erotic to her. It was ticklish with a strong hint of naughty pleasure. She was already begging by the time he switched to the other. Her pussy was throbbing so badly that she needed it ... and she needed it now.

"Please, Harry!" she begged.

"Please, what?" he smirked into her sweet-smelling skin.

"I need you!" she gasped out when his teeth gently nipped at her skin as his lips kissed lower down her chest. As his lips neared her hard nipples, Narcissa could feel his warm breath washing over the small, crinkled nubs. Gathering all the strength that she could, she rolled him over and impaled herself on his massive cock.

"AAAAAAAAAAHHH!" she cried out with a high-pitched squeak. She wasn't ready for his size. It stretched her beyond what she had ever felt. His cock was more than twice the size that she was used to accommodating. Even so, her pussy was fluttering and massaging his cock while her taut body trembled from the pain and pleasure. She stayed there for a moment, breathing heavily and trying to get used to having a Basilisk inside of her. Harry's hands weren't idle. They started at her knees and crept all the way up her smooth and creamy thighs. Once they were on her hips, he gave them a demanding squeeze. The manliness of the action made her pussy tighten momentarily. His hands continued upward, over her sides and smooth belly until they squeezed her big breasts.

"Ohhh, yes!" she hissed sexily, arching her back and presenting her tits to her new Lord. She choked out a yelp of pain mixed with pleasure when he pinched her nipples and tugged them away from her body. Letting them snap back once he let them go, he held her by her sides and

shook her body from side to side. Narcissa blushed at what he was doing. Still, she belonged to him while wearing the choker, and whatever he wanted, she was going to be there to give it to him. Shaking her upper half, she watched Harry's eyes lock onto her big tits that were jiggling wildly and swaying from side to side. Unable to stop himself, he lunged forward and took her nipple into his mouth. In fact, he was practically devouring her tit just as her body started to rock back and forth. The vibrations of his moan made the pleasure of having her nipple sucked on even better. Placing her hands on his pecs, she slowly rolled her hips in a circular pattern.

The hardness of his muscles was turning her on even more. A boy of his age shouldn't have muscles like steel cords. Either way, she wasn't going to complain. Not when her pussy was gripping him so tightly in desperate need of stimulation. Eventually, his hands landed on her hips, and with a soft tug, she was forced to start fucking herself on his cock.

After only a few shallow bounces, the pleasure was already too severe. Her body immediately began shaking as she collapsed forward. The noises coming from her mouth embarrassed her immensely as her body spasmed out of control. When he wrapped an arm around her waist, she thought that he was being romantic. She thought that he was holding her until she recovered from the raging pleasure that she was feeling. She couldn't have been more wrong. Instead, the brute began plowing into her like there was no tomorrow. Crying out from pleasure overload, she buried her face in his neck as his magnificent cock plunged deeper and deeper within her with every powerful thrust of his hips. Her body squirmed, but he was too strong. She couldn't escape his iron grip. The more he stuffed her, the louder and more pronounced the squelching and suction sound her pussy made. Hiding her embarrassed face against him, her hands gripped him tightly as she suffered through another mind-blowing orgasm.

"Harry ... It's too much!" she begged as her pussy squeezed his cock. The mighty beast repeatedly beat on her cervix and stimulated her g-spot at the same time. Not only that but there was something else about him. His raw, sexual magnetism practically demanded that she cum on his cock. And cum she did ... over and over again.

Eventually, things became a blur for the MILF. She opened her mouth to moan something out, only to find her face against the mattress while her ass was up in the air getting brutalized by his thrusting manhood. Out of nowhere, she was turned onto her back while her pussy squirted and her body thrashed. She watched as he hovered over her and aimed his cock. spurts of his thick, white cream splattered all over her tits and belly. More and more kept erupting from the tip of his fat helmet. Next, her pretty, little pussy was absolutely caked with his cum. Once done, he sighed happily. "I'll contact you soon so you can take me to the property. I'll see you soon," Harry smiled at the look of pure, sexual bliss on her pretty face. The woman was completely out of it.

Throwing on his clothes, he quickly made it back to the dorm before anyone was any wiser.

The next day, Hermione was sticking close to him for some reason. Every time that she touched his bare skin, her body would shudder. Maybe the magic that his body was radiating was a bit

more potent that day because he had spent the previous night fucking Narcissa into a coma. Whatever it was, he wasn't going to complain about it. In fact, most of the girls began squirming in his presence.

During Defense Against the Dark Arts, he kept his eye on Moody. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary, other than the fact that he kept drinking from a flask. That was weird. Not the fact that he was drinking from a flask, but the fact that he only took a small sip roughly every twenty minutes. Once classes were done for the day, Harry wrote down his findings and used a school owl to send off his report. Of course, he used coded language so that no one would know what he was talking about. He didn't even use his name. Instead, he used a serial number that only their small group knew about.

Throughout the day, he also kept his eye on Draco. Like Narcissa had said, he looked very angry and prone to outbursts. Harry would have known that something was wrong without being told. Usually, he wasted no opportunity to rag on Harry and his friends. Now he barely even looked their way and only offered a sneer when he did.

Several of the other Slytherins looked a bit worse for wear this year. Harry had forgotten that the men that he had killed a few days ago were likely related to the kids in Slytherin. Both Crabbe and Goyle seemed a little downtrodden. At first, he started to feel bad for them, until he remembered that their fathers were pieces of shit who were attacking muggles for fun while wearing Death Eater robes. Everyone that he killed deserved it. Draco was fast on his way to being a piece of shit, just like his father, and whether Narcissa liked it or not, Harry would deal with the blonde boy if he crossed the line. When he heard him call a girl who was in his way a "Muggle whore", Harry knew that the boy probably wasn't going to calm down as his mother had hoped.

Harry would keep an eye on the situation.