

Narcissa's Reckoning

Part 2

For a moment, Narcissa believed she had regained control. She tried to level a look of aristocratic scorn at the man standing at the foot of her bed, but her vision was still swimming with the aftermath of what he'd just done to her. Harry, meanwhile, was already removing his jacket and tossing it to the floor. It was followed by his shirt, which he peeled off with a casual tug. Narcissa watched him, and it struck her how much he differed from any man she'd ever known. He was not graceful, nor was he cruel. He was simply direct, and that was somehow worse.

He stood with his hands at his hips, thumbs tucked into the waistband of his trousers. His chest was broad, and the muscles of his arms flexed as he shucked his belt and let it clatter to the ground. His movements were unhurried, as though he was undressing for his own comfort, and not for her benefit at all. Narcissa felt a bizarre twinge of envy at the ease of it. She had met hundreds of men and boys at the balls and feasts of her youth, and each one was careful to telegraph his wealth or his breeding. Not one would dare to be this shamelessly unguarded, but she found herself unable to look away.

He finally slid his trousers and boxers down in one smooth motion. The fabric bunched around his knees before he stepped out of them, and then he stood naked before her, utterly at ease. Narcissa's eyes were drawn downward by morbid curiosity, and the sight made her gasp. She had seen her husband's cock, of course, and a handful of others, but what Harry revealed was monstrous.

His cock was simply enormous. Narcissa would have thought it an illusion if she hadn't seen it bob and sway as he moved. It was as thick as her wrist, veined, and violently erect, and it pointed directly at her with no hint of modesty. Its blunt head was thick and dome-shaped, and even the neatly trimmed patch of coarse black hair at its base seemed to conspire to make it look larger. Narcissa's thighs pressed together instinctively, and she dug her nails into her palms. She was both nervous and, though she hated to admit it, even more curious.

Harry noticed her staring, and his lips curled into a crooked, wolfish grin. He grabbed the top of her black stockings and pulled them from her legs. He then wrapped one of her expensive silk stockings around his shaft and stroked himself with it. He watched her the entire time, his eyes glittering with amusement.

"Scared?" he said teasingly.

Narcissa's mouth went dry. "Of course not," she lied, forcing herself to hold his gaze. She refused to look away, but her own reflection in the mirror made her realize how truly exposed she was. Her hair was a mess. Her face was flushed. Her legs and pussy were bare, and the

only thing left on her body was her green lace bra. She looked almost wanton, and the thought made her shiver.

Harry tossed her stocking away and moved toward her. Narcissa scrambled backward on the bed, but he snatched her ankle in one powerful hand and yanked her forward, dragging her across the silk sheets. She hardly had time to protest before he was on top of her, looming over her like a brute.

He surveyed her body, and his eyes roamed over her lingerie-clad breasts. Without any preamble, he reached out, hooked a finger under the strap of her bra, and snapped it against her skin. Narcissa yelped in surprise, but her indignation was short-lived. Harry fisted the center of her bra and, with a hard tug, ripped the delicate fabric apart. The two cups flopped to the side, and her breasts spilled free, bouncing wildly with the force of the motion.

Narcissa instinctively crossed her arms over her chest, desperate to preserve some dignity, but Harry just chuckled mockingly, which made her cheeks burn. He pried her arms apart with both hands, and Narcissa was shocked by the brute strength of him. She could do nothing as he pinned her wrists to the bed above her head, forcing her to arch her back and thrust her bare breasts up at him.

Narcissa's breasts were completely exposed now that her delicate green bra was hanging in tatters on her shoulders. She felt the cold air of the bedroom prickle across her bare skin, and with her arms held tightly above her head, she could feel every inch of herself on display. Her tits were round and perfectly symmetrical in a way that drew the eye instantly. She hated the way her chest rose and fell with each nervous breath. The action kept his greedy eyes locked on them. They were larger than average, but they were still so firm and high on her chest that they barely sagged even when freed from her bra. Narcissa had always considered them a point of pride, but never before like this.

Her nipples were a pale, delicate pink, and the tips were pebbled and stiff in the cold. The areolas were average-sized and perfectly circular, and they contrasted wonderfully with the creamy skin of her breasts and drew attention to the pointed nubs at their center. Narcissa watched in the mirror as her nipples stood out starkly, reacting not just to the chill but to the mortifying knowledge that they were being stared at. The tips were so hard that she could see them crinkle and puckered up with an arousal she desperately tried to deny.

Harry's eyes were drawn to her tits with an almost hypnotic focus. He leaned down until his face was so close that she could see every line of his lips. Then he smirked and said, "That's better."

He let go of her wrists and ran his hands roughly up her sides. His palms brushed over her ribcage until they cupped the underside of her breasts. He hefted them, and weighed their fullness in his hands. The hefting made them quiver and jiggle, and it was exaggerated by the fact that he seemed to enjoy making them bounce. Narcissa's heart hammered as she realized he was playing with her, and experimenting to see how her body would react to every new

touch. Each time he squeezed, her breasts bulged between his fingers and the nipples tightened even further, jutting out from her pale areolas.

She could see herself in the mirror the whole time, and the sight was almost unbearable. Her breasts were so blatantly sexual and vulgar in their nakedness that all she could do was bite her lip and hope he would quickly grow tired of toying with them. But Harry lingered, clearly enjoying the spectacle of her most private parts being exposed and vulnerable. He pinched the tip of one nipple and rolled it between his fingers, watching it stiffen further, and Narcissa was shocked at the flood of pleasure that shot through her chest.

Her tits bounced and jiggled every time he moved or shifted his weight on the bed. They were so perfectly round and perky that even the slightest pressure made them wobble. Narcissa felt as though every nerve in her chest was exposed. The embarrassment of being handled like a piece of meat only made her nipples harder, and she hated how easily her body betrayed her. She was convinced she looked shameless, depraved, or perhaps even desperate.

Narcissa's breathing grew erratic as she watched Harry's head descend toward her chest. There was no hesitation in his movements. There was no awkwardness or uncertainty, and the sense of being completely at his mercy sent an unwanted burst of heat through her body that she could neither explain nor control. Her already painfully tight nipples seemed to throb in anticipation. She bit her lip, desperate to maintain some semblance of control, but the moment his lips brushed her stiff, crinkled nipple, the last of her composure abandoned her. She gasped involuntarily, and the sound burst from her throat despite her best effort to suppress it.

At the same time, his hand moved with agonizing purpose down the length of her torso. It skimmed the slope of her ribcage, followed the trembling plane of her stomach, then paused momentarily at her belly button as if savoring her reaction. His touch left a tingling path in its wake. Narcissa tried to steel herself and focus on anything other than the sensations threatening to overwhelm her. But when his palm settled between her legs, she forgot how to breathe entirely.

She clenched her thighs together on reflex, desperate to trap his hand and stop the invasion. But the pressure only made the sensation worse, and she realized, much to her horror, that she was soaking wet down there. Her embarrassment spiked, and she squirmed under his weight, but her movements only ground his palm harder against her slick folds. Harry's mouth never left her breast. He closed his lips around her nipple and sucked, and he pulled at it with a gentle, teasing pressure that sent a lightning bolt of pleasure straight to her core.

Narcissa whimpered, mortified by the aroused sounds spilling from her lips. She felt exposed in every sense of the word. Her body was on full display. Her dignity was in tatters, and her arousal was obvious and undeniable. She tried to twist away, but Harry only responded by tucking his arm under her back and pinning her more firmly to the bed. She was trapped between his body and the mattress, pinned helplessly as he alternated between lapping and nibbling at both her nipples. Each roll of his tongue sent her nerves into a frenzy. Even the slight pain from his teeth

grazing her sensitive tip made her shiver and arch her back, unable to resist responding to his mouth.

Then his hand began to move. With her legs still clamped tightly together, he simply pried her open. His palm cupped her pussy, and the heel of his hand pressed against her clit while his fingers dipped lower, feeling the heat and wetness of her. Narcissa's already rapid breathing became ragged and shallow. She could feel herself flush, and she could see in the mirror how the color spread from her cheeks to her chest, mottling her skin with desperation and humiliation.

Narcissa's mind warred with itself. Part of her wanted to scream at him, slap his hand away, and demand he treat her with respect. But her body betrayed her at every turn. She couldn't keep her hips from rocking into his touch, and she couldn't stop her back from arching to push her breast further into his mouth. When his finger slipped inside her, she cried out and tried to twist away, but he had anticipated it. His other hand left her breast and caught her chin, forcing her face toward the mirror. He wanted her to watch. He wanted her to see what she looked like when she was being used.

She couldn't bear to look at herself, but she had no other choice. She saw her own flushed face and wild, desperate eyes reflected back at her. She looked exactly like she felt ... helpless, and owned.

He lightly pinched her nipple between his teeth and tugged, making her squeal. Her pussy throbbed around his fingers. "You pretend you're better than this, but you're not. Just feel how wet you are," he teased and jiggled his fingers, making her wet pussy squelch.

Narcissa opened her mouth to protest, but all that came out was a high-pitched moan as his finger curled inside her and pressed against a spot that made her vision white out. He twisted his wrist, and the heel of his hand ground down on her clit with the perfect amount of pressure. She spasmed helplessly while her entire body tensed, and only his weight on top of her kept her from bucking off the bed.

He watched her in the mirror while he worked her over, fascinated by every reaction. He tweaked her nipple with his free hand. He pinched and rolled it between his thumb and forefinger until she writhed and shook beneath him. Then he pushed another finger inside her pussy, stretching her open, and she cried out again. Her legs shook while her pussy sucked on his fingers like there was no tomorrow.

Narcissa wanted to hate him and despise every moment of this. But the dull, aching emptiness between her legs that Lucius could never satisfy was now full, and the pleasure was so intense it bordered on pain. She was humiliated, degraded, and yet her body was desperate for more. She could feel how wet she was. She was dripping onto his fingers and the sheets below, and it made her shame burn even hotter.

Harry's thumb found her clit and rubbed it in slow, brutal circles. He used her juices to lube up her swollen nub, and each pass made her hips jerk uncontrollably. He knew exactly what he was doing to her, and he was ruthless with his actions. Narcissa stared at her reflection, unable to look away, and watched as she came undone. She saw her own face twist with pleasure, and she heard herself cry out. Narcissa then realized that she was cumming hard on his hand.

The orgasm left her bucking and shuddering as her body thrummed with pleasure. Harry finally released her and let her head fall back against the pillow. She felt empty and wrung out, but even as the pleasure faded, Harry didn't stop. He withdrew his fingers from her clutching pussy and spread her legs apart, exposing her completely. She tried to close them again, but he only laughed and pushed her knees wide apart, leaving her shamefully open for his inspection.

Narcissa's mind reeled. She was a Malfoy, and a pureblood woman raised from birth to control every aspect of her life. Yet here she was, helpless, possessed, and ruined by a man she had always regarded as her inferior. The truly terrible part was that her body was burning for more. She felt degraded, and yet, she didn't want him to stop.

Narcissa's eyes moved to Harry's face and found him staring shamelessly between her legs. His green eyes were fixed on the place where her thighs met. He didn't blink or even offer a word of comfort or reassurance. He just looked, as if he were memorizing every detail of her womanhood. Her breath hitched as realization dawned that, as much as she wanted to keep him out, her body was demanding more of him. She dared another glance down, and the sight nearly made her whimper with fresh embarrassment.

The lips of her hairless pussy were swollen, flushed a deep pink, and glistening with wetness in the light. The once-pristine flesh was now parted, and she could see the light pink flesh of her inner folds. Her engorged clit had emerged from its hood, humiliating her further. The shape of her pussy that was so often hidden behind silk was exposed and so lewdly plump that she could barely recognize herself. She tried to close her legs, but Harry's hands were right there to spread her open further so she had no hope of hiding. It wasn't just the sight that was obscene. It was also the smell. She could smell her wet pussy in every inch of the room.

She wanted to look away, but she knew it wouldn't matter. He would use her in any way he wanted, just as she had agreed. "See how pretty you are when you're like this?" His tone was playful and amused, like he was proud to have made her squeal and cum like a common whore.

Harry positioned himself on his knees between her legs, and for a moment Narcissa thought he was going to impale her then and there. She squeezed her eyes shut, and her heart pounded as she braced for the intrusive stretch of her pussy. But instead, she felt the weight and warmth of his cock settle against her folds. The thick, hot, and rigid shaft nested in the slickness, and he pressed the underside of it against her pussy lips, flattening them around his girth. Her taut lips were forced apart by the sheer weight of his otherworldly cock. Narcissa nearly fainted when she saw the way her plump lips spread and enveloped him, tightly hugging his shaft.

He didn't slide inside. Instead, he brought her legs together and sandwiched his cock between her thighs before wrapping his arm around her knees to keep her firmly in place. He lifted her legs and draped them over one of his shoulders, holding her body half-folded in front of him as if she weighed nothing. Then he started to thrust his hips in slow, relentless strokes. His cock slid up and down between her tightly-pressed thighs, dragging the swollen head along her slit with every pass. Narcissa was so wet that the friction created a lewd, sticky sound, and the fat tip of his cock mashed against her clit each time he rocked forward.

She gasped loudly, and she hated how needy she sounded. The feeling was utterly foreign to her. Her body was being used as a sheath, but he wasn't even inside her. The sensation of his cock's heat and hardness against her most sensitive parts was overwhelming. She stared down, unable to resist watching as the wide, flushed head of his cock battered her clit and smeared her juices all over itself and her skin. The sight was filthier than anything she had ever imagined, and it made her dizzy.

She tried to squirm, but the pressure of his hands around her legs pinned her in place. The only thing she could move was her upper body, and she instinctively tried to hide her face in the crook of her arm, not wanting him to see her face twisting with pleasure. But Harry was having none of it. He leaned forward and pulled her arms down. The message was clear. He wanted to see her face when he made her cum again. She was utterly exposed, and helpless to do anything but take it.

The thrusting got faster, and the head of his cock began to prod insistently at her clit. It ground against it until the pleasure started to build again. The pleasure was more intense than before. Her legs trembled, and her toes curled against his back. She tried to hold back the moans, but every time the head of his cock rubbed over her clit, a whimper escaped her lips. She didn't want to sound needy or desperate, but the sounds kept coming. They got louder with every thrust.

Harry laughed out loud, amused by her behavior. "You like this, don't you?" He punctuated the question with a particularly hard thrust, and the head of his cock ground mercilessly against her clit. Narcissa's back arched, and she gasped, unable to find words. She could feel another orgasm starting to build. It ballooned in her core and radiated outward. Her hips bucked up involuntarily, seeking more of the maddening pressure, but the act only made her feel more helpless.

She tried to speak and beg him to slow down, but the only sound that came out was a stuttering moan. Her entire body was thrumming with pleasure, and the pressure built until it was almost unbearable. Her thighs jerked uncontrollably with each pass of his cock.

She didn't want to cum. At least not like this. She didn't want to orgasm while he used her thighs and pussy as his own personal plaything. But her body betrayed her just as it had before. She felt the surge start deep inside. Her muscles began to clench, and her whole body tensed, ready for release. She tried to fight it, but Harry knew what he was doing. He angled his hips to focus

the head of his cock directly onto her clit, battering it with every stroke, and it only took a few more rough thrusts before she lost control entirely.

Narcissa's orgasm was powerful and sudden, cutting through her resistance like a hot knife through butter. Her legs shook violently, and she felt her pussy spasm even though nothing was inside her. She squealed loud enough to shatter glass as her orgasm peaked. Her body jerked and writhed, and juices gushed from her and soaked both Harry's cock and her own thighs. The pleasure was so intense that her vision blurred, and for a moment she thought she might pass out.

But even as she came, Harry didn't stop. He kept thrusting and using her twitching thighs to stroke himself while her orgasm wracked her body. The head of his cock kept grinding against her oversensitive clit, dragging out the pleasure until it bordered on pain. Narcissa tried to turn over, but he only gripped her harder, held her in place, and forced her to ride out every last drop of pleasure from her climax. The wet, sloppy sound of his cock rubbing her ruined folds filled the room, echoing her humiliation back to her.

At last, the spasms subsided, and Narcissa slumped back onto the bed, exhausted and ashamed. She blinked away the lightheadedness, and her cheeks burned with the knowledge of what she'd just done. Harry's hands were already moving again. He released her legs from his shoulder and spread them wide, completely exposing her dripping pussy. His cock bobbed in front of her, glistening with her juices, and she saw that he was even harder than before. Narcissa looked at him and blushed as he dragged the fat head up and down between her lips.

"You're quite beautiful when you cum," he said cheekily. "Let's see if you can cum again," he added with amusement.

Narcissa whimpered as the head toyed with her entrance. There was no doubt in her mind that she would cum again. She could already feel another one building as he massaged her slit with his massive erection. The only real question was how many more times would she cum before the brute had had enough. All she could do was whimper at the thought.