

Negotiations of Debt - Part 1

Harry stepped through the Floo. After years and years of practice he finally could get through without winding up on his butt. Most of the time. His arrival had become an event to see if he would keep on his feet. Usually, Andromeda, Teddy, and Narcissa with number cards greeted him as he strolled out of the flames instead of a tumble. with disappointed faces.

Things had changed since the war. After Lucius was tossed in Azkaban Narcissa had reconnected with her sister. It was rocky at first, but it only took one visit with Teddy present to change that. Soon enough, Narcissa was over almost every day and had become Nana Cissy. Seeing her with Teddy made him wonder how Draco would have turned out without Lucius.

Today, it was only Andromeda. The focused and concerned look on her face was a far cry from the levity. Narcissa and Teddy were missing. Harry cocked his head to the side.

"Narcissa has put Teddy down for a nap." Andromeda explained. "She needed some rest too."

Teddy was cuddly. Nap time meant a long snuggle before the toddler would drop off to sleep. He had a hidden power that would knock out the person who was on nap duty. It wasn't magical, his metamorphmagus abilities meant that his body temperature was slightly higher than usual. The added warmth made it incredibly hard to resist the siren call of sleep.

"What's wrong?" Harry sat next to Andromeda on the couch.

She was an attractive woman with black hair, true to her name. Magic slowed the aging process which made her look around thirty when in reality she was almost double that. She would probably keep that appearance for another ten years or so. Even then it would be subtle. Now, she was just starting to get the occasional gray hair. Today, she wore a sundress with a bit more skin than usual. He found his gaze inadvertently drifting to her ample cleavage and the way the dress hugged her curves just enough to make his mouth water. Harry forced his eyes away from her breasts to find himself admiring her legs. They were smooth and shapely. She was barefoot as well, which sent a thrill down his spine which he didn't expect.

It was a silly thought, but it made him realize she was a woman. Logically, he knew she was a woman. He just saw her as sort-of family. They were connected through Teddy, and he hadn't delved beyond a superficial acknowledgement of her sex appeal.

"Draco banished her from House Malfoy." Andromeda said through grit teeth.

Her words snapped him back to the matter at hand.

"Damn." Harry shook his head. "How is she taking it?"

"She expected it to happen." Andromeda sighed. "She's hiding it well, but I can see she's hurting."

"That ferret doesn't realize the only reason he isn't in Azkaban next to his dear old daddy was her."

"It gets worse." Andi grabbed his hand and squeezed it. "Lucius had many outstanding debts. She was protected by House Malfoy, but now, they are coming after her. If she can't pay, she'll be pressed into servitude to work off the debt."

Harry's mouth dropped open.

"It's all perfectly legal." Andi continued; each word dripped with venom. "A bunch of pureblood lords got together years and years ago to agree on it. The fact that 'servitude' is a nice way of saying 'prostitution' was an added benefit. What better way to get even than to treat a trophy wife like a whore?"

Harry clenched his hands into fists to keep his emotions in check. The last thing he needed to do was to release a wave of magic. Strong emotions could trigger one, those caught in it would feel an echo of what caused it. The range depended on the strength of the witch or wizard. Harry could easily cover the entire house and the neighbors on either side. He did not want to wake Teddy up like that.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" Harry asked. "I've got plenty of money. She's still a Black, right?"

Andi gave him a loving smile.

"It doesn't work like that." She squeezed his hand. "Those old bastards didn't want the bill to fall back on the wife's family. The debt falls to her. She has to come up with a way to pay."

Her hand drifted from his to stroke along his thigh. Harry flinched.

"What are you doing?" Harry squeaked.

The wave of anger was suddenly snuffed out by a downpour of panic and arousal. He wasn't some blushing virgin, but he sure felt like it right now. His eyes dropped to the now plunging neckline of her dress. She wasn't wearing a bra. Even from this angle her breasts were magnificent. The look on her face was a predator stalking her prey.

"Asking you to help my sister." Andi purred as she leaned closer.

"Of course, I'll help her." Harry whispered.

"I know you will, Harry." She kissed the tip of his chin.

The contact sent a shiver through his entire body. He was no stranger to the company of women. Usually, he was the one in charge. In fact, it had only been a couple of days since he had bent Susan Bones over her desk. He had experience with older women too. Rita Skeeter was more than happy to earn his forgiveness.

Andi somehow cut through all of that. Some part of his brain told him it was the pure, natural sexual energy she had. The unexpected switch from friendly to sexual caused the mental whiplash.

That part of his brain was thoroughly silenced when her fingers traced along his confined member.

"It's not easy, though." She climbed into his lap, straddling him. "You have to buy her."

Harry tried to process her words. Every ounce of his being was screaming to fuck this sexy witch until she couldn't walk. It made forming a coherent thought incredibly difficult.

"Buy her?" He managed to get out.

"Seventy thousand galleons." Andi lifted her dress to show she was nude underneath. "You would own her. She would be your slave, consort, concubine, whore, whatever you want her to be."

That cut through the fog.

"I don't want a slave." Harry stated.

"I know." Andi started to grind against him. "That's why I'm convincing you. It's for the best."

"But-" Harry began to say.

Andi stopped his words with a searing kiss. Harry's head spun.

"I trust you, Harry." She increased her speed, basically dry humping him now. "She trusts you. We both know that you are a good man. You are the only one that she can trust with this."

Harry took a deep, shuddering breath.

"I need to convince you more?" Andi pouted. "Oh, deary me, what ever shall I do?"

She slipped off of him to rest on her knees between his legs. Their eyes met. A powerful hunger in her gaze made his already hardened member throb. Dexterous fingers undid the button and zipper on his jeans. On instinct, he lifted off the couch a little to allow her to get his pants and boxers down below his knees.

His cock sprang out as she passed. The knob smacked her cheek as it was released. Andi gasped and gave him a false scandalized look. It was a brief flash before she took his in full length. He wasn't monstrously huge, but he knew he was big. Most of the time he was a little over eight inches. Right now, he swore he was a solid nine at least. He didn't think he had ever been this hard for a witch before. Fleur was in a class all her own. Plus, it was a one-time thing on her birthday. Bill was a great husband.

Hopefully, this wouldn't be the only time with Andi.

She placed a sloppy kiss on the crown of his cock. Her mouth trailed lower; her tongue teased the ridge before continuing down along his shaft. She didn't stop until she reached his sack. Once there, she placed a gentle kiss on each of his testicles. Andi let out a little coo after each one. She rested one in her mouth and added a bit of suction as she pulled away. She repeated the process on the other.

Harry's head lolled back as she lavished his balls.

Soon her attention returned to his shaft once more. She licked him like a sweet treat and made sure that every bit received some love. Andi had just about driven him out of his mind by the time she made it back to the head.

Harry ran his hands through her hair. He held it up out of the way. She made a happy noise at his touch. Andi locked eyes with him as she took him into her mouth. She bobbed nicely and slow all the while maintaining eye contact. Each dip down reached a little more. Her pace stayed achingly slow.

He growled, his grip on her hair tightened. Their gaze met for a brief moment for a silent confirmation. She gave a slight nod. On the upswing of her head, Harry latched the hand not holding her hair on the back of her head. He thrust into her mouth as he pressed her down.

Harry groaned as he felt his cock reach her throat. He set a punishing pace. Fucking her throat hard and fast. One of her hands dropped low to play with her clit while the other gripped his thigh. Through it all,

she tried desperately to keep eye contact. Tears rolled down her cheeks as he used her mouth for his pleasure.

Andi moaned as her fingers worked her clit in just the right way. The extra stimuli from Harry's attention sparked a small orgasm. Harry thrust at the perfect time for the vibration to travel along his shaft. He groaned as he hilted himself in her throat as he erupted. Harry held her head in place as he rocked forward. He sent rope after rope of thick cum down into her stomach.

He let out a relieved sigh and slumped back against the couch as he pulled out of her mouth. Andi took a deep breath now that her airway was clear. She wasn't sure if it was magic that kept her conscious, or the desperate horniness that was finally being sated.

"Oh damn." Harry chuckled. "I needed that."

Andi closed her eyes and hummed.

"I can feel your magic." She rubbed her belly.

"We're not done yet." Harry flashed a roguish smile at her.

"Oh?" Andi returned with one of her own.

Harry raised his hand and snapped his fingers. His clothes disappeared by the time the sound faded.

"You, my dear Andi, are overdressed." Harry said.

Andi stood. She swished her sundress from side to side as she raised it over her head. Harry's member grew back to full mast as he watched. Her thighs were smooth and just thick enough. His mouth watered as her wet lower lips were revealed. She had trimmed her bush into a strip of hair that practically highlighted her clit.

He would taste her soon, that much was certain.

Harry appreciated a woman who took care of herself. He kept himself shaved. It was something he picked up while playing quidditch and the women he had slept with had seemed to enjoy it enough for him to continue.

Andi pulled her dress over her head. She kept her arms raised as her breasts came into full view. They were large and firm with a hint of sag that came with age. Her breasts filled his hands nicely with a good amount of overflow. She giggled as her nipples played along his palms.

He enjoyed a natural woman, the dalliance he had with a muggle girl with implants had turned him off from further experiences with that. The same went with breasts that were huge, it only took one time getting knocked senseless by a boob the size of his head to squash that interest. Motorboating was one thing, unexpected in the middle of sex was something else.

Andi straddled his lap. She dragged her slit along his shaft, teasing them both. Her strokes started short until the tip of his crown brushed against her clit. She raised herself up to rub his cockhead from her clit to her entrance.

Their eyes locked as his head slid inside. The cloud of lust parted to expose suppressed desire and need.

Harry pulled her in for a long, deep kiss. Andi moaned into his mouth as she sank lower. His voice joined her as her tight heat enveloped his cock. They broke the kiss, their foreheads pressed together, and gaze locked on each other as she settled on his lap.

Andi buried a hand in his hair while the other gripped his shoulder. His hands firmly squeezed her ass. He had stolen a few appreciative peeks in the past and he was pleasantly surprised to find it was just as delectable to grope.

She began to rock back and forth. Harry tightened his grip. Her eyes fluttered as he began to work her up and down his length. He started to go faster and met each downstroke with a thrust. Andi mewled as she felt him reach deeper than she had ever felt. The wonderful head of his cock brushed against her special spot then kissed the tip of her cervix. Any deeper and it would have been painful. She had no doubt she would had a bit of a limp.

Their pace grew in speed and force. Neither was sure how long it continued. The slap of their bodies echoed off the walls as the smell of sex filled the room.

Harry shifted his grip from her ass to her shoulders. He pulled her down in time as he got closer to his release. Andi stifled a scream as the increased intensity set off the strongest orgasm she had ever had. Harry pulled her into another kiss. Their tongues danced. Andi sucked on his bottom lip when they pulled apart.

That sent him over the edge. He held her tight as he slammed as deep as he could. The waves of heat accompanying each burst of his seed sent Andi on another orgasm. They rode it out together. Harry kissed along her neck as she rocked back and forth in short, quick movements. Andi rested her head on his shoulder.

She gave him a loopy smile. Harry returned it with one of his own. He gave her a gentle kiss on the lips. Andi began to play her fingertips along his chest. Her other hand stroked through his hair.

"What should I tell Cissa?" Andromeda whispered.

"I might need you to convince me a few more times." Harry chuckled.

She slapped him playfully on the chest.

"Was there any doubt I would help her?" Harry asked.

Andi shook her head.

"Then what was this?" He whispered.

Andi blushed and hid her face. She mumbled something that he couldn't understand.

"What was that?" Harry wiggled.

Andi gasped as his cock shifted inside of her.

"How are you still hard?" She asked.

"That's all you." Harry gave her a cocky smile. "Now, what did you say?"

"I wanted to." Andi blushed. "I haven't been with a man since..."

Harry nodded. He kissed her forehead.

"Well." He bounced his eyebrows at her. "I would like to do this again. Many times."

"How about now?" Andi gave him a vixen smile.

Negotiations of Debt - Part 2

Harry sat across from a goblin seated at a wide, crimson desk. He wasn't sure if it was made from stone, or wood, but it was beautiful in the way the light played along the surface. There were darker swirls that added visual depth without marring the polished surface. He usually one to pay that much attention to furniture, but the goblin moved slow. It was clear that the speed they used was deliberate.

He could think of three reason why the goblin moved so slowly. One, they were asserting what little power they held. Two, they hated their job. Three, and probably the most likely, someone had slipped the goblin a hefty sum to make sure they had the first crack at Narcissa.

His relationship with the goblins had been tenuous at first. Not only did he successfully break into a vault under their watch, but he had stolen their dragon as well. Oddly enough, the event had earned him a grudging respect among the people. Granted, they watched his every move when he was on the grounds. It helped that he approached them with a contract for the repairs. He also returned the Sword of Gryffindor which had soothed a long-standing ire they had with wizards.

"Bill of Purchase for one Narcissa Discarded nee Black." The goblin smiled, it wasn't a pleasant one, at Harry as he slid the parchment toward him. "To cover the debts accrued by her late husband Lucius Malfoy for seventy thousand galleons, plus handling fees, for a total of seventy-three thousand galleons."

The goblin didn't let go of the parchment.

"Payment plans are available." The goblin glared at him. "The Potter vaults are not as profitable as they once were."

He didn't rise to the bait. The Potter account had paid for the repairs on the bank, as well as a new dragon along with a proper enclosure. It had taken a good chunk out of the contents, but there was still a sizable amount of gold in the vault.

Harry pulled out a thick stone disc from the pouch on his belt. It was inscribed with the number seventy-three thousand. The crest of the Black family and Potter family were stamped on the other side. It was a marker to allow an amount to be paid directly from a vault. They were used when the total would be impractical for the true number of coins to be present.

The goblin held out a blood quill. Harry cocked his head to the side. Instead, he drew a knife a hidden pocket in his robe and stabbed the pad of his thumb. The silver blade was long and thin with an obsidian handle that gave it the look of a high-quality letter opener. It was a small incision, but enough to produce an amount of blood that covered the needed area. He pressed the thumb into the parchment. The wound healed a moment after he took his finger away. A soft shuffle sounded as the parchment folded in half sealed with the House Potter crest.

Harry couldn't help but give a little grin at the narrowed gaze the goblin shot his way.

"A final note." The goblin spoke through a mouthful of sharp, gritted teeth. "You will need to claim the asset within the next twenty-four hours, or it will be reclaimed by Goblin nation of Gringotts as breach of contract. No refunds will be issued."

Harry stood and took the Bill of Safe from the table.

"May your enemies find you wanting." Harry growled.

The goblin glared at him. They jumped to their feet with a blade in their hand. It was nearly as long as they were tall and looked to be made from a chunk of ragged metal rather than the beautiful goblin-made weapons Harry had seen elsewhere.

Harry spun to face the goblin as they climbed across the table. The blade that he had used minute ago to cut his finger now rested point-first on the goblins' throat. They froze at the feeling of the metal against their skin. Not many knew that the basilisk venom that coursed through Harry's veins was still rather potent. It wasn't strong enough to kill outright. No, it would slowly burn through the body, carried along until it reached the heart, or brain, before it filled ended the victim. Gringotts required blood to verify many documents, they were well aware of this fact.

"Insult my vaults once more and I will not stay my blade." Harry roared.

"Forgive my slight, Lord Potter." The goblin said, using a polite tone for the first time. "Good day."

"Good day." Harry inclined his head and lowered his blade.

He turned and left the room without a look back. The guards on either side of the door didn't even give him a second look. The fact that the two hadn't intervened meant that the goblin wasn't anyone of note. That was something he liked about the goblins. They didn't bother with veiled threats, or whispers in the shadows. If they wanted you dead, they attacked. Their insults were tantamount to an open challenge. Many magical folk were seen as cowards due to the fact that they didn't understand the cultural differences. Allowing one insult to pass unanswered could be overlooked, usually seen as a dismissal rather than a retreat. A second insult unanswered was a clear sign of cowardice and acknowledging the other as a superior.

Trading insults, as Harry had just done, was throwing down a gauntlet. Either the goblin could reply with one their own to recognize the challenge and brush it aside with a disgruntled respect. Or they could answer it, like the goblin did. The fact that Harry had bested them without resulting in bloodshed would make any further interactions with that goblin go a little smoother. Depending on their place in their family hierarchy, it might earn a small amount of respect from others in their clan as well. The minor adjustment in attitude did not extend to other goblin families, or the greater nation.

It would have been seen as a private conflict had he killed the goblin, and their family could issue a blood feud. In recent years, battles were staged in the field of business rather than physical conflict. Both magical communities lacked the numbers to resort to actual bloodshed.

The fact that he had used a blade rather than a wand helped too. It was a sign of respect to the Goblin Nation as a whole since they weren't allowed to carry wands. Harry didn't know enough about their magic to know if they even needed them. They protected their secrets well.

Harry pushed the thoughts from his mind as he made it to the apparition point. Thankfully, it had been long enough after the war that he didn't get stopped every few steps by a random witch or wizard. He was glad that the outcome had helped so many people, but he wasn't the only person to fight. There were more than the witches and wizards in the thick of things too. People who hid muggle-born and half-blood families. Those who helped get them out of the country. People who provided a place to hide, or a cover story when the Death Eaters came looking.

A soft pop announced his arrival back at his home. Potter Manor was currently under quarantine and would be for the next twenty years or so. The curses used there could only be let to fade. They were defensive magic attached to the Potter family magic. Technically, Harry could live there, but the place was in desperate need of repair and no one else would be able to step foot on the property.

"Winky." He called.

The little elf appeared next to him.

"Sirs need Winky?" She asked.

"Please let Andi and Narcissa know that the paperwork is complete." He paused. "I'll need to speak with Narcissa in private too."

The elf vanished. Harry hung his robes on a nearby coatrack. Under them he wore a tasteful outfit of black slacks and a button-down white shirt. He could have easily mingled with a crowd of muggle office workers who were out for a drink. A closer look would reveal that the clothing was specifically tailored to him and made from quality fabric. Thankfully, the Magical World was starting to catch up on fashion.

His three-bedroom house was nicely decorated in a comfortable style with minimal use of expansion charms. A few Potter and Black family heirlooms were dotted around the various rooms. He had actually used the master bedroom for a small library that contained all of his school textbooks as well as quite a few newer additions. Some of the books from the vaults were there as well, under protection of course. There was a section set aside for the Adventures of Harry Potter series that so many magical children had grown up with. It was no wonder people were in such awe of him. The adventures were amazing even when compared to his actual life.

The Floo flared to life a moment before Narcissa stepped through. She smiled brightly at him as she took a step closer. Shyly, she reached her hands out. They were too low to be interpreted as a request for a hug, more that she was offering her hands to hold.

While they had become friendly, they hadn't progressed to physical interaction. He and Andi had hugged regularly before she surprised him with her 'negotiation' technique. With Narcissa, the level of affection stayed at gentle smiles and the rare times she would touch his shoulder as she laughed.

Harry returned her smile and took her hands.

"I finished the paperwork." Harry led her over to the couch. "There was something I wasn't sure about and the goblin wasn't the type to answer questions."

"I'd be shocked if they did." Narcissa chuckled. "I hope to have the answers."

"They said I had to claim you in twenty-four hours or the purchase they would reclaim the debt." Harry said. "How do I claim you?"

"Oh." Narcissa cleared her throat. She started to speak, paused, and then tried again. Still, no words came out. Her cheeks took on a bright red color.

Harry held back a chuckle. He had never seen her blush before.

"We have to have sex." She stated as she made a conscious effort not to look at him. "And it must result in you... finishing in three locations."

Harry cocked his head to the side. A blush of his own rushed to his cheeks as he realized what she meant.

"Oh." He coughed. "Did you know about this part?"

Narcissa nodded. "However, I was not aware there was a time limit. I had hoped we would have time to grow comfortable with each other before."

Harry studied her as her fingers tangled and twisted the fabric of her dress. He had always seen her as poised and in control. She retained a certain air about her return to Andi's life.

"I." She whispered. "I haven't been with a man in a long time."

"Oh?" Harry asked.

"There was no love in my marriage." Narcissa explained. "It was a business transaction that required one heir. Sex was treated as an understood condition of the contract. We were business partners, as such, we were cordial. He was not cruel, nor violent toward me. Neither was he loving or kind. Once our son was born, that requirement was complete. Magical Marriage is weighed to favor the husband. He could seek company with no repercussions, but I had to be faithful or risk losing my magic. "

Her voice grew quieter as she spoke. She looked at him with a mixture of regret and uncertainty mingled with just a dash of hope in her eyes.

"Don't think about that now." Harry whispered. "This about you and me."

Slowly, he pulled her over to straddle his lap. Her breath was already faster than before.

"Please." She replied in a whisper as well. "Claim me."

A primal need inside of Harry roared to life at those words. He pulled her close and captured her lips as his hands grabbed her luscious ass. Her hands pulled at his clothes, desperately trying to undress him. He returned the favor. One thing witches had over muggle clothing, removing a robe was a lot easier. Narcissa was nude underneath.

He had always known that Narcissa was attractive. Now, he knew that his previous thought was a vast understatement. She was gorgeous. Her breasts were large and full, capped off by light pink coin sized nipples. Her skin was smooth and called for his touch.

Harry let out a low moan as she freed his hard cock.

"I thought Andi was lying." Narcissa muttered.

Narcissa pushed off of his lap, down between his legs. She locked eyes with him as she dragged his shift between her breasts. Her skin sent tingles along his body as she pressed her gorgeous tits together to stroke him.

"May I suck your cock?" Narcissa asked. "Please?"

Harry couldn't get his voice to work. He nodded.

Her tongue swirled around the head before teasing the rim. Dropping lower, she nuzzled his sack with her nose, taking a deep breath of his scent. She groaned as she began to kiss and lick his balls. Harry's breath caught as she took one into her mouth.

Narcissa pulled back, sliding her tongue up one side of his shaft, noisily making out with his member. Her lips paused at the head of his cock, opening wide before slowly working his length into her mouth. She made sure to keep eye contact as much as she could manage.

Wrapping her lips around his head, she swirled her tongue around his rim. The sensation drew a groan from his lips. Narcissa hummed contentedly and took him deeper, sucking harder. Bobbing her head up and down his length several times, she moved languidly, as if to savor it before finally pulling off of his cock with a pop.

His hips flexed of their own accord, while he ran his fingers through her blonde hair. She took that as a sign and forced herself to take him as deeply as she could. His hands gripped her hair, holding her in place. Harry's hips bucked of their own volition as his orgasm ambushed him. He fed her pulse after pulse of his cum.

Harry jolted as he felt the motion from her throat as she swallowed. The sensation teased his oversensitive crown. Once she was certain that she hadn't missed a drop, Narcissa leaned back to look Harry in the eyes. She stroked his member to make sure the hardness didn't fade. Wild strands of hair hung along her shoulders, no longer trapped in the perfectly shaped style. The make-up along her eyes was smeared and her lipstick was muddled.

"Would you like to claim my kitty next?" Narcissa asked sweetly.

The words combined with her tone stoked that primal urge again. In a rush of motion, he had stood as he lifted her to her feet and then proceeded to sweep her into a bridal carry. She giggled as she carried her down the hall to his bedroom.

He set her in the center of his bed and climbed between her legs. Harry grabbed her legs and rested them on his shoulders. He lifted her so that only her upper back was pressed against the bed. The scent of her arousal filled the room. He could feel her already wet for him.

Harry smiled as he leaned in for another kiss. His crown aligned with her lips as their lips met. They both moaned as he sank in slowly. He pulled back until only his head remained inside of her, he thrust forward, burying himself to the hilt. Narcissa moaned and arched her back as he bottomed out, her large breasts and hard nipples rubbed against his chest.

Narcissa wrapped her legs around him, unconsciously locking her ankles to keep him close. Harry pulled back before he slammed hard and deep. He kept the pace steady and firm as he tried to fuck her hard enough to break the bed. The apex of each motion ended in a sharp slapping sound. A wry smile played across his face as he started to thrust faster.

Her nonsensical words and moans mingled with the clapping of their bodies. She let out a short, sharp scream as he pussy began to strangle his cock. Her sudden orgasm caught him off guard, as did the extra

depth of his thrusts as her ankles spurred him forward. Harry let out a shuddering moan as he came a moment later. Narcissa lost herself to another orgasm as his seed filled her.

Harry tried to get his breathing under control as he rocked his hip slowly back and forth. Narcissa shivered through aftershocks. He admired the way they made her breasts bounce.

"I've..." Narcissa panted. "I've never had an orgasm before."

Harry laughed. He held her gaze as he slowly pulled out of her. Her eyes fluttered as the ridge of his cock rubbed just right in the motion. The moment of reprieve ended as he flipped her over onto her stomach. Narcissa gasped as Harry grabbed her hips and raised her ass into the air.

He caressed the rim of her puckered hole. The touch earned a shiver as a cool rush swirled along the base of her spine. She looked over her shoulder to see him conjuring lube for his cock as well. Narcissa bit her lower lip and wiggled her hips at him.

Harry growled as he pushed carefully into her. He savored the tightness. She bucked under him, turning her face back to the bed to muffle her voice. He paused to make sure she wasn't in pain. She looked back at him.

"Don't you dare stop." Narcissa yelled.

Harry fought back a laugh as he started to move again. Much too soon he felt his himself getting close. He sped up, slamming himself into her. Narcissa pressed her face back into the sheets. Her voice was muffled but still loud enough for him to hear her cursing. He pulled her hips back to meet him with each thrust.

"Cissa." Harry moaned a moment before he lost control.

Harry held her tight against him as he filled his ass with his cum. They slowly sunk into the bed, still coupled. He pulled her close against his chest as they settled into a spooning position.

"You called me Cissa." She cooed.

"Is that ok?" Harry nuzzled the back of her neck.

"I like the way it sounds coming from your mouth." She snuggled closer.

"Me too." Harry sighed. "A small nap then round two?"

Narcissa laughed.