

Summary: "Big talk coming from a pathetic half-blood!" Blaise sneered.

Across from him, Potter shook his head with a scoff. "Yeah well, this pathetic half-blood shagged your mum Zabini so please shut the fuck up."

The silence that followed the Boy-Who-Lived's words was deafening. Not a single soul in the Great Hall spoke as Harry Potter sent a cheeky wink to a very furious Blaise Zabini.

or

Harry Potter has a chance meeting with the famous Black Widow, Isabella Zabini. One thing leads to another and soon enough Harry finds himself firmly caught inside a spider's web. Not that he truly minded of course.

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Along Cums A Spider

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After facing a basilisk, dementors, Dragons, and all manner of dangerous creatures that would make the average man scream in fright- there was, needless to say, very little that could truly throw Harry off.

Voldemort was once one such rare outlier, though it was more wrath and fury he had felt for the Dark Lord than true fear or unsettledness.

So it was a true testament to the woman who caught his eye when a single look was all that was required to send a shiver of trepidation up his spine. Her piercing mocha eyes bored into him from where she stood across the gala hall. All around, the partygoers and various ministry officials chatted amicably about the recent goings-on in the renewed government, none noticing the impromptu staring contest between the hero of the wizarding world and the mysterious witch whose mere presence seemed to trigger Harry's fight-or-flight response.

Just as soon as it began, the small stare-down ceased as the mystery woman looked away to continue her conversation with Wizengamot member Harry vaguely recognized. He took the small distraction as his chance to truly study the woman who had so brazenly caught his eye.

Long smooth legs gave way to a sinfully curvy body. The long black dress she wore did little to hide the generous swell of her hips, clinging to her form almost like a second skin. A small diamond shape was seemingly cut out of the midsection of her gown, revealingly the entirety of her toned abdomen and beautifully bronzed skin. The glistening jewel of a belly button piercing caught his attention, as did the fact that the slit in the midsection of her dress travelled all the way up to the swell of her very prominent bust, giving a not-so-small peek at the woman's bountiful cleavage. In a sea of almost Puritan-style Victorian gowns and dresses, the tanned witch stood out like a sore thumb.

Harry pitied the poor sod who was trying desperately to impress the scantily clad vixen. Even from across the room, he could hear the man's boasts of importance. At least, the man was trying. In truth, the short pudgy wizard was spending more time ogling the woman's chest than actually speaking. Harry truly didn't understand why she hadn't walked away by now.

Before he could ponder that thought further, those same dazzling brown eyes turned back towards him, stunning Harry with their mesmerizing quality. They reminded him a bit of the tale of Medusa, how the mythological man-killer was said to have the most beautiful eyes the likes of which even Athena envied- eyes that were cursed to turn those who gazed within into stone. Harry certainly felt very statuesque in that moment. Leaning against the bar, he dared not to even breathe as the woman studied him once more. Even with the creeping sense of danger rising up his spine though, Harry still held her gaze, refusing to look away- to yield to her penetrating stare. He'd faced more dangerous beings in the past that this woman couldn't hope to compete with after all...right?

He watched as an almost coy smile slowly spread across her deep ruby-red lips. She brought her champaign flute to those very same lips, eyes still penetrating his own as she took the barest of sips from her glass. The act itself shouldn't have looked so...sinful, and yet Harry felt his breath hitching all the same. For a moment it almost seemed like she would approach, her body turning ever so slightly in his direction as she absentmindedly said some sort of farewell to

the blubbering man beside her. Yet before she even took the first step, a voice from his left forced Harry to turn his attention away.

“Any reason you’re staring down the infamous Black Widow wonder boy?” Tonks butted in.

Harry met the gaze of one of his closest friends and mentor exasperatedly. “She stared first.” He muttered, taking an embarrassed sip of his own drink for being caught. “Who is she?”

“Isabella Zabini.” Tonks hummed as she joined him in leaning against the bar. She too was dressed in a tame black and silver dress, yet Harry knew she wasn’t attending this gala for pleasure. No doubt if there was trouble, Tonks would be more than ready to step in and take action in her role as Head Auror.

“Zabini?” Harry frowned, his mind recalling his not-so-friendly classmate Blaise Zabini at the name.

“Mhm. Her son is in your year I think, her only child despite being married seven different times.”

Tonks chuckled darkly. “Isabella there has managed to amass quite the sizable fortune after the... untimely deaths of her various husbands.”

Harry nodded slowly in understanding. “So I take it the Black Widow moniker has some credence to it.”

Tonks shrugged and sipped her drink. “Nothing has ever been proven, but six seemingly healthy and rich wizards dying of sudden heart failure shortly after marrying her is anything but a coincidence.”

Harry glanced back up to where he’d last seen the woman only to frown when she had seemingly disappeared from her spot, leaving only a flustered old wizard behind. Narrowing his eyes, he glanced around the large ballroom with a searching eye yet he could not spot the dazzling figure he knew now to be Isabella Zabini.

“Is she dangerous?” Harry said lowly to his friend, his body now on alert for any source of danger as he gripped his wand nestled within his tuxedo sleeve.

Tonks bit the inside of her cheek in thought before turning towards him. "I wouldn't let my guard down around her. If she WAS the one to stare your way first Harry... well I wouldn't be surprised if that was her sizing up her next target. Avoid her if you can. If you can't then...well just don't drink anything she gives you."

Harry snapped his head to face Tonks again with an incredulous look. Tonks took one look at his alarmed face and broke, her grim features cracking into a wide grin as she guffawed loudly with a snort.

"Ah you shoulda seen your face!" The pink-haired witch laughed. "Fuck me, relax Wonder Boy! It's a party! She was probably staring at you 'cause you look bloody hot in a suit!"

Harry flushed, embarrassed that he believed such an obvious ruse. Cursing under his breath, he downed the rest of his drink in one go, prompting Tonks to chuckle and order them both another round.

"Now why don't you tell me why you've been hiding out by the bar all night." Tonks said as she handed him another glass of bourbon. "You are the guest of honour after all, shouldn't you be out there- schmoozing with the rest of the rich and powerful?"

It was said jokingly, but Harry could still hear the undercurrent of concern in the metamorph's voice to know she was genuinely worried about him. With a sigh, Harry turned and sat his glass down with a shake of his head.

"I'm fine Tonks. It's just... this whole event is the ministry's way of trying to save face. Like giving me a medal and splashing a picture of the ceremony all over the Daily Prophet will make people forget how absolutely bloody useless they were in the war." He scoffed and took another sip.

"When what they should be doing is using the gold they threw away tonight on actually helping the people whose lives were torn apart by the war."

Tonks gave him an understanding look and clapped him on the shoulder. "Hey- I get it. It's frustrating how the new ministry is dragging its feet through the whole rebuilding. Kingsley is doing what he can as minister but the Wizengamot have already limited most of his powers.

Geriatric cunts probably think he's gonna be another Thicknesse or Fudge." Tonks muttered, earning a chuckle from Harry. She gave him a small smile back and continued. "But it's also only been six months. People are still grieving- mourning for what and who they lost. A little party like this can go a long way in showing the people that the war is truly over. That the dark times have passed and it is time to move forward."

"When did you become so poetic?" Harry joked, earning him a small smack on the shoulder.

"Quiet you." Tonks chastised with a playful glare. "All I'm saying is- There's plenty more battles for you to fight, but this isn't one of them. So-" She stood up, brushing a piece of lint from his suit jacket. "-cheer up, enjoy the party, and maybe even find yourself someone to shag. Who knows, eh? Madame Zabini was certainly giving you some not-so-subtle 'fuck me' eyes earlier!" Harry rolled his eyes but pushed away from the bar anyway. "You just said she killed 6 of her past husbands."

"So then don't bloody marry her." Tonks shrugged with a snort. "Go get'em tiger!"

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He had no real intention of following Tonks's advice. At least where Isabella was concerned. While the woman was certainly something to look at, her presence alone set off one too many alarm bells in his mind to anything but trouble. Instead he subjected himself to roaming the large atrium, hoping to find a familiar face or two, or perhaps someone who at least did stop and mutter as he passed.

Unfortunately, it seemed fate was not on his side tonight. While he was by no means avoided by the other partygoers, the numerous politicians and aristocrats who DID approach him with their false smiles and words dripping with insincerity grated on his nerves heavily. They saw him wandering the gala as their chance to 'sink their teeth' in so to speak, all vying for their chance to use his influence to their advantage.

It was pitiful really.

Harry growled under his breath and stepped around the blubbering fool he dimly recognized as some financial broker or another. Probably wanted to trick Harry into giving him access to the Potter fortunes to 'invest' for him. Harry barely paid the man a passing glance.

Sighing to himself, Harry glanced at his watch and shook his head. He'd been here long enough that it wouldn't be considered rude if he left now. There was no real point in staying at this point, and truth be told he'd much rather go back home to his empty manor than spend another second amongst this pit of vipers. Tonks would just have to understand.

As he left, he couldn't help but let his mind wander back to the dazzling mocha eyes that had bored into his soul earlier in the evening. Isabella Zabini had thrown him for quite the loop and he couldn't for the life of him figure out why. Why was this woman the one who persisted in his thoughts? What about her made his instincts shout in both danger and intrigue? He cast one last glance around the gala, partially wishing to meet those wondrous brown eyes once more and another part wishing to never see them again. Thankfully, she was absent from the general crowd which both saddened him and made his shoulders sag in relief all the same.

He exited the large atrium where the event was being held and soon found himself approaching one of the many apparition points within the ministry. It was quiet around him with not a soul in sight. Everyone else was still mingling at the gala, leaving this area practically abandoned. The sound of the distant hum of conversation and laughter was the only thing that broke through the silence...

...Which is why the voice that spoke up surprised him.

"Leaving already Harry?" An accented voice spoke with a slight purr.

Harry whirled around, ready to release the wand from its holster just in case. However, it wasn't some mystery attacker who happened upon him, but the very witch his thoughts had been on moments ago.

"Madame Zabini." Harry greeted, taking a moment to compose himself. "Apologies for my behavior, you startled me."

The older vixen stepped out of the shadows from where she stood, a champagne flute in one hand and a cigarette holder with a lit cigarette on the end. Isabella chuckled, smoke exhaling from her nose as she studied him with an unreadable look on her face.

“No apologies necessary *Harry*.” She said, breathing out his name in an almost husky tone. “It’s good to know your auror friend filled you in on my identity. I take it she also shared some less than savoury rumours about myself?”

Harry eyed the woman cautiously, eyes searching for any sort of malice or threat in her posture before he, hesitantly, relaxed.

“She explained the meaning behind your nickname, nothing more.” He said slowly.

Isabella surprised him by laughing once more, the sound light and quite delightful if he were being honest. She paused to take a drag from her cigarette, the smoke wafting up to dance across the dark stone ceiling.

“The ‘Black Widow’ yes...” Isabella chuckled. “Tell me, did she also tell you that my second husband was a known French drug lord? Or perhaps that my second and third were once considered to be some of Grindelwald’s top lieutenants. My fourth...well he wasn’t all that bad truth be told, but he was known to terrorize the odd muggle village or two when he was deep in his cups. I could go on, but I do believe you see my point?”

Harry listened to the woman with a raised brow, that same unsettling feeling creeping slowly up his spine.

“So...what? You’re telling me you acted as some sort of...vigilante? That you killed your husbands to help the people they hurt?” He asked incredulously.

Isabella responded by laughing once more. Harry hated to admit how much he liked the sound of her laugh.

“Oh heavens no!” She giggled. “I couldn’t care less what they got up to in their free time. You wish for the truth about me Harry? I killed them for exactly the reason every says I did. For their fortunes. Growing up as the daughter of a poor apothecary owner in Venice instilled within me a

great understanding of just how powerful gold can be. So yes, I killed them for my own gain and yet the world is still better off without them wouldn't you say?" She asked, cocking her head playfully to the side as she took another drag of her cigarette.

Harry's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "Why are you telling me this?" It was bewildering, to say the least. It didn't make sense for her to admit all these things to him so...freely. She confessed the deeds of murdering her husbands as if they were talking about the weather, uncaring that he could very much report her to the Aurors that second.

Isabella said nothing for a beat or two, the silence stretching on as she inhaled the nicotine-filled smoke of her cigarette with a blissful look on her delicate features. Finally, she spoke, sighing happily as she opened her eyes and stared into his own with the same intensity as earlier.

"I hardly think you'd take me home if you thought I was some murdering seductress." She said easily.

Harry's mind reeled at her words. His mouth opened to speak but no words came out as his brain raced to comprehend what the older witch had just said.

"I- I- What?!"

In lieu of answering, Isabella instead snuffed out her cigarette and sashayed her way towards him. The bombshell beauty wrapped her arm through his easily, her eyes dancing with mirth as she pressed her generous cleavage against his arm with a smirk.

"Your place or mine?" She asked innocently.

Harry sputtered and untangled himself from the woman's grasp causing Isabella to pout adorably.

"Wait! Just wait! You want me to take you home, but because you believe I wouldn't if I thought you were a murdering seductress, you freely admit to being one?!" He exclaimed.

Isabella rolled her eyes and reached out to wrap their arms together once more. "I said if you *thought* I was one. Now you know I am! So there's no longer any secrets between us." She giggled, squeezing him closer. "Now I believe I said take me home *Harry~*"

The purr of his name plus the heavy scent of her sweet-smelling perfume threatened to overwhelm his senses. Her other hand, the one not latched onto his arm was tracing small circles over his chest as the bronze-skinned minx stared up at him. He opened his mouth to retort- to deny her and claim he wasn't interested, but they both knew that was wholly untrue. Instead, Harry found himself walking arm-in-arm with the Italian beauty towards the apparition point, even as his instincts screamed at him to do anything but...

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There were times when Harry's instincts saved his life. When that small voice in the back of his head was the only thing between him and a very painful death at the hands of some horrific creature or evil dark wizard. Over the years he learned to appreciate those instincts- to listen to them whenever that warning voice spoke up in his mind.

As it were now...he was happy enough to tell his instincts to fuck off in this moment.

Dangerous or not, Harry couldn't help but marvel at the feeling of Isabella's body pressed firmly against his own while her plump juicy lips crashed against his mouth in a wonton kiss of pure unadulterated lust.

Harry groaned into the older witch's mouth and let his hands wander. They started at the base of her hips, roving down over the large swell of her bubbly arse. The small whimper of approval that emanated from her slutty lips as his hands dug into the large globes of flesh was telltale sign enough that he was doing *something* right. Isabella deepened the kiss then, her vivacious tongue curling into his mouth without even seeking permission first. It simply slipped between his lips without warning, dancing along with his as they stumbled through his living room.

They crashed together against the soft cushions of his couch. Isabella wasted no time in straddling herself atop his lap, the heat of her cunt emanating like a blazing fire through his knickers that made his already stiffened cock *throb* at the contact. Harry groaned against her lips and brought his hands up to cradle her jutting tits, his only goal at the moment to feel as much of her divine body as he could.

He squeezed her fat mammaries through the thin material of her dress, prompting a moan of appreciation from Isabella as she pulled away from him with an excited pant. Her lust-glazed eyes stared down at him hungrily before, with a smirk, she hooked her thumbs under the strapless top of her dress and *tugged*. Harry's eyes widened in awe as a proverbial mountain of flesh spilled free. Two jutting tits, large and shapely, bounced out. Their round forms were capped by two galleon sized areola and crinkled brown nipples. Harry couldn't help himself, mesmerized by the sight of her *mouth-watering* tits, he leaned forward, quickly latching onto one of her hardened buds while he molested the other breast with his hand.

Isabella moaned aloud, the sound deep and filled with lust as she allowed the man beneath her to ravenously maul her tits. Harry didn't disappoint either. Sucking, biting, pinching, groping- he explored every inch of her large bosom, leaving a plethora of purpled hickeys and bruised love-bites behind.

Their combined growing excitement was palpable. The tension of lust hung heavy in the air. Harry's cock was practically tearing through his trousers and Isabella's cunt had already soaked the woman's knickers clean through. Foreplay enough had made them ravenous for one another. No longer would kisses and groping hands be enough, they wanted *more*.

Harry made the first move. He was never one to back down from a challenge after all and something told him Isabella wasn't a woman who found a lack of initiative attractive. So gripping the woman by her large shapely thighs, Harry hauled both himself and the giggling witch up and walked them slowly up the stairs to his bedroom, only stopping once or twice along the way when Isabella grew impatient and smashed their lips together once more. By the time they made it to the bed, Harry's own impatience had reached its peak. With a growl, he dropped the vivacious woman onto the bed none-too-gently before gripping her by the underside of her thighs and wrenching her legs apart.

To call what she was wearing a thong would be *generous*. In reality the small patch of black lace covering the woman's hairless quim barely covered anything. Her outer lips spilled over the sides of the abysmal covering, only serving to accentuate the outline of her perfect pussy.

"See something you like, Harry?~" Isabella teased with a tongue-in-teeth smile.

Harry answered by leaning down and smashing his lips against hers. Isabella moaned in surprise at the rough contact- moan that soon deepened as he used his hand to push her so-called knickers aside and plunge two fingers inside her sweltering cunt. He slowly, agonizingly so, pumped his fingers in and out of her molten hot core. Isabella moaned deeply against his lips, her breaths coming out strangled and gasping as he fingered her tight pussy.

"Faster!" She begged breaking the kiss as she twitched beneath him.

Harry chuckled and leaned back up, slowing his already impossibly sedate pace to a crawl.

Isabella whined childishly in response, her hips rolling in an effort to fuck herself on his fingers, yet Harry was having none of that.

"Ah ah!" He chided with a smirk. "You've been demanding a lot from me tonight Isabella. So this time I want to hear you beg." He said.

Isabella narrowed his eyes up at him and scoffed. "I'll do no such thing!" The heat in her voice sounded genuine, and if it wasn't for the dancing gleam of lust in her eyes Harry would think she actually meant it. Thankfully, it seemed she was merely playing along with his little game.

Harry responded by reaching down and roughly flicking her swollen clit, causing the bronze-skinned beauty to gasp aloud.

"Oh I think you will." He rolled his fingers over her clit once more while his other hand held the woman's wrists tightly to prevent her from pushing him away. "Soon enough I'll have you pleading for me to fuck you. Begging like the shameless slut you are." He growled, giving the woman's cunt a sharp smack before pushing his fingers inside once more. Isabella gasped again from the sharp mixture of pain and pleasure, writhing beneath him as her body was assaulted by the dual sensations.

"I-" She whimpered, breath coming out heavy and gasping. "Hng! Oh fuck, *please!*" She mewled. "Please Harry! Faster! G-God-" Isabella screwed her eyes shut as Harry continued to slowly rake his fingers in and out of her dripping cunt, the tips curled and pressed against her g-spot with every pass. She wasn't even trying to play along with the little game anymore, giving up far too quickly in favour of earning herself even more pleasure.

"Fuck me! Please~"

Harry smirked victoriously and pulled his fingers free, bringing them up to the woman's mouth as they dripped with her juices.

"Suck." He commanded simply.

Isabella didn't even hesitate, wrapping her slutty mouth around his fingers without question. She slurped her own essence from his offered digits, moaning lewdly as the taste of her pussy juices hit her tongue.

Harry couldn't hold back anymore even if he wanted to after that sight. With barely a thought his clothes and Isabella's dress melted away, leaving them both bare and hungry to *fuck*. The ravenous look Isabella gave his cock was ego boosting to say the least. She eyed it like a starving animal, even going so far as to lick her lips in excitement as he lined the meaty rod up with her slit.

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Isabella made to whine in impatience once more as the man before her made to tease her with his cock just as he had his fingers, yet before she could do so a cry was instead ripped from her throat as Harry suddenly slammed into her cunt with full force. His cock tore her pussy in two, reaching depths that Isabella didn't even think possible. Her inner walls were stretched beyond belief and a part of her feared she'd be split in two. Smooth caramel legs spasmed as he pulled out and hammered into her again. Already her breaths were ragged as his powerful thrusts and thick cock reshaped her womanhood.

Her passionate moans of pleasure served to fuel his thrusts. He pushed her thighs further into her chest and drove his hips forward even harder. Loud claps of skin hitting skin echoed off the walls. Isabella clawed at the soft sheets below her in an effort to ground herself while her pussy quivered from the intense abuse. Just as she thought she could hold on, a hand suddenly came down and harshly pinched one of her stiff nipples. She couldn't contain the wail of pleasure that tore from her throat nor the intense shaking of her legs as she came hard around the thick cock plundering her depths. Her screams of ecstasy were joined in by Harry's own grunts as his member twitched pleasurably within her tightening walls.

Her orgasm had just barely begun to ebb away when Harry shifted. Isabella had no time to compensate for the sudden loss of his cock inside her before she was unceremoniously flipped over onto her hands and knees, and her pussy was filled once more.

She grunted as Harry grabbed a fistful of her luscious mocha hair and yanked, using her brown locks as leverage while he *abused* her gushing cunt with his cock. The pain in her scalp was no match for the pleasure currently assaulting her pussy. She couldn't help it. The proud and mighty Black Widow collapsed face first into the soft mattress beneath her while she gushed in climax, the wet slapping of Harry's hips meeting her bubbly arse the only sound she heard as darkness consumed her.

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Harry barely noticed the older witch's sudden pleasure fueled unconsciousness as he was far too busy slamming his hips forward one final time and seeding her used cunt with a grunt. After he had properly filled her womb with a load of his molten hot cum, Harry pulled free from her depths, collapsing next to the sleeping beauty as he sleepily closed his eyes in satisfaction. It was only a few hours later that he awoke, a pleasant sensation emanating from his cock dragging him from his dreams and into the waking world. Glancing down, he was met with the wondrous sight of Isabella silently throating his cock while lazily pumping two fingers in and out of her cum filled snatch. She noticed his gaze quickly enough, humming around his girth happily

as their eyes met before shooting him a wink. Harry let his head fall back onto his pillow after that, content to let the Italian bombshell choke, suck, and slurp on his member to her heart's content...

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"POTTER!" A voice roared, prompting Harry to sigh in irritation as he looked up from his breakfast.

When Minerva had invited him back for a 'redo' of his 7th year he'd been hesitant to say the least. Hogwarts was a place that had once been his home yet the grave of so many of his friends. The only reason he eventually agreed was because he thought with the war over the school year might actually be quite pleasant with far less annoying outbursts.

As he looked up to the furious Slytherin marching his way he couldn't help but think how much a fool he'd been. Well at least it wasn't Malfoy screaming his name...

"Can I help you Zabini?" He sighed in boredom.

"You and me! A duel! Right now!" The bronze-skinned boy seethed loudly, drawing the attention of everyone in the great hall.

Harry gave the boy an unimpressed look and shook his head. "Why?"

"Why?!" Zabini growled. "WHY?! BECAUSE OF THIS!"

At his words, the Slytherin threw a copy of the Daily Prophet in front of him, the first page depicting a picture of Harry and Isabella enjoying a dinner at one of the woman's favourite restaurants.

Harry looked at the picture and then back up at the boy with a raised brow. "So?" He drawled.

"So-" Blaise growled. "A duel, and once I beat you you'll keep your disgusting half-blood hands away from my mother!"

Harry sighed again and stood. "Zabini I think you'll find I can do whatever the hell I like. Your mother is a grown woman, meaning she can as well." At this Harry shot the boy a smirk and continued. "It just so happens what we wanna do is each other."

The Italian boy went red with fury. Crying out in anger, he raised his wand menacingly.

“I’ll fucking kill you Potter!”

Harry scoffed. “Better wizards than you have tried and failed Zabini. Do yourself a favour and sod off now before you get hurt.”

“Big talk coming from a pathetic half-blood!” Blaise sneered.

Harry shook his head with a chuckle. “Yeah well, this pathetic half-blood shagged your mum Zabini so please shut the fuck up.”

The silence that followed the Boy-Who-Lived’s words was deafening. Not a single soul in the Great Hall spoke as Harry Potter sent a cheeky wink to a very furious Blaise Zabini.

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Author’s Note

This one-shot has been sitting on the backburner for awhile and I’m glad to finally be able to get this one out for you all! Hope it was worth the wait!

Thanks for reading!