

The Student

Part 1

The tapping of fingernails on hardwood echoed through the large and luxurious room. Said room was filled with elegant and very expensive furniture that most people would never have a chance to even sit on. Just being in such a room filled Daphne with jealousy.

Even though she came from a proper pureblood family, her bloodline alone wasn't enough to ensure wealth over the past generations. Her family line had been decently wealthy at one point, but a few generations back, a particular idiot squandered most of it away on bad investments and frivolous purchases. She really wished that the idiot was still alive. She'd like nothing better than to wrap her hands around his neck and give him a good squeeze. But sadly, he was long dead.

Her father could have easily found a woman from a wealthy family and married her, but instead, he chose her mother. Her mother was incredibly beautiful on the outside but rotten on the inside. Not only that, but the woman possessed not an ounce of common sense. Because of that, neither Daphne nor her sister cared for the woman that birthed them. That was fine since their mother didn't care for them either. All she wanted was to sit around and have her secret affairs behind her father's back. 'Oh well,' Daphne thought. 'Serves him right for thinking with his cock.'

Daphne wasn't going to make the same mistake that her father made. Falling in love was all well and good, but it wouldn't guarantee a life of luxury. That was what she wanted above all else ... to live a life of incredible prosperity. She wanted to be amongst the one percent of society. She wanted wealth, no matter the cost. Therefore, she knew that her only chance was to marry rich.

She was already ahead of the game. She had been born with her mother's beauty. She was thin but still shapely with black hair and lovely violet eyes. Her breasts were perfect C-cups that defied gravity. She rarely wore bras since they weren't needed. Her ass was definitely one of her best features. It jutted out wonderfully and didn't sag one bit. Her hips were the perfect amount of wideness and drew the eyes of practically every man that she passed. Daphne took great pride in her appearance. It was her meal ticket after all. Unfortunately, good looks weren't everything. It would be enough if she wanted to marry someone well-off. She didn't though. She wanted someone at the top of the upper class, and for that, she needed more than a pretty face and cracking ass. That was why she turned to the one woman that could help her ... Narcissa Malfoy.

Daphne looked up as Narcissa walked in. The older blonde definitely looked happier now that her former husband and son were locked away in Azkaban. Daphne didn't know how it was done, but she had taken over the finances of the Malfoy family. The Malfoy fortune was now hers until the time that her son was released from incarceration ... whenever that was. This

maneuver only justified Daphne's choice. She needed to learn from this woman and had been doing so since shortly after graduating from Hogwarts. What she didn't expect was for Potter to follow her into the room. Even so, Daphne did as she was taught and stood up to greet them properly.

"Narcissa," she smiled and then turned to Harry in confusion. "Potter," she greeted him with less enthusiasm.

"Hello, Daphne," Harry replied and sat down on the couch. He was only there for a second before a House-Elf popped in and handed him a piping hot cup of tea. This only confused her more. What was he doing here? The answers were provided by her teacher shortly after.

"I've been teaching you the ins and outs, the do's and don'ts of upper-class society, but there's another aspect that I've been avoiding until I felt that the time was right. I'm, of course, talking about sex," Narcissa explained. The word sex had Daphne's face flushing red. She wasn't some stuttering virgin, but she wasn't a girl to just give it up on a whim either. With Potter there and listening, Daphne couldn't have been more embarrassed.

"Be embarrassed all you want, Daphne, but you're going to have to learn to properly pleasure a man," Narcissa told her.

"I'm sure that I'll do fine in that category, thank you very much," Daphne replied shortly. Narcissa chuckled merrily at the young woman.

"That's what I thought as well. But there's a lot more to it than lying back and spreading your legs," she said. Daphne really wished that Potter wasn't looking at her during the conversation. "A lot will be expected of you. Things would be different if you brought something to the table beyond your body, but you haven't. You won't be adding any amount of wealth to the family funds once married. Because of that, whoever you marry will hold most of the power. Do not be surprised if you are made to do some very kinky stuff," Narcissa smirked.

"But I ..." Daphne stuttered in embarrassment. That wasn't something that she had ever thought about. She probably should have. Sex was a big part of any romantic relationship after all.

"Not only that but you'll most likely be expected to pleasure your future husband with another woman or women in bed with you," Narcissa said, taking a sip of her drink that her elf had provided. She looked a little too pleased for Daphne's taste.

"I don't know about all of this," Daphne said, feeling hot under the collar. She could feel herself beginning to sweat underneath her lovely garden dress that was white and flowing with beautiful yellow flowers on the fabric.

"That's why I brought Harry here," Narcissa introduced him into the conversation. Potter smirked at her and reached out. Daphne gaped, wide-eyed as his hand touched Narcissa's bare thigh.

Like her, Narcissa was wearing a short garden dress that had ridden up her legs when she sat down.

"You and Narcissa?" Daphne gasped in shock. Again, Potter just smirked.

"Yep," he said happily. "After I killed Voldemort, Narcissa was put into a difficult situation. Lucius was going to prison for life. There was nothing that I could do about that. Draco, however, was another story. Even though he hadn't killed anyone, he still did some things that could technically land him life in prison. That's not even counting the Dark Mark that he had tattooed on his arm," Harry explained while sensually feeling up Narcissa's smooth thigh. Daphne continued to peek at what his hand was doing. She couldn't believe that a woman of Narcissa's caliber would allow a scoundrel like Potter to touch her in such a way.

"Narcissa obviously didn't want her son to spend the rest of his life in prison. Unfortunately, he had to spend some time in there. He pissed off a lot of people after all. That's why Cissy called me," he said, turning to Narcissa who had her eyes closed as she relished in the sensation of his hand creeping up the inside of her leg. Opening them back up, she took a breath and continued the story.

"With Draco in prison, I wouldn't have access to any of the family money beyond what I could find or make from selling items from around the house. So I called Harry. He had enough clout and connections to make sure that Draco didn't end up in prison for life. In roughly ten years, he'll be out and can begin his life again. Of course, that didn't fix the problem with my finances," she explained to Daphne.

"I also have some connections within Gringotts. Narcissa convinced me to use them to help her take control of the family fortune," he smiled wickedly.

"I was very grateful," Narcissa giggled like a schoolgirl. She was greatly enjoying the sexual relationship that they had created.

"Narcissa used everything that she learned over the years to convince me, and believe me, if you are able to use half of what she knows, you'll have no trouble convincing some rich man to marry you," Harry told Daphne who was still blushing red.

"That's what we're doing today. I need to see what I'm working with," Daphne nearly sputtered when Narcissa began unbuttoning Potter's trousers. She sat there with her mouth wide open as Narcissa worked the pants down until his massive erection sprang free. She looked back over her shoulder as her dainty hand gripped the absurdly large slab of man meat that was jutting out from his groin. "I'm letting you use my boy-toy for today. So do a good job," she added. She worked down his pants until they were down to his ankles. She pulled his shoes and socks off along with his trousers. Potter removed his shirt until finally, he was sitting there completely nude.

Knowing that Narcissa didn't joke around like that, Daphne realized that she was expected to do her best. Still blushing, she got up and dropped to her knees between Potter's parted thighs. Narcissa's hand left his cock and was instantly replaced by Daphne's. Her heart was pounding like crazy as her hand began to slowly pump his cock. Her head lowered until her soft, plump lips touched the tip of his cock. Gently she kissed the tip, causing Potter to hum in contentment. Feeling a little more confident, she opened her mouth and stuck the tip of her tongue out. She let it wiggle around the tip before dipping underneath the head. More pressure was added with her tongue as she massaged the head of his massive cock. Harry moaned deeply. As she worked, she didn't notice that Narcissa had stood up. She stood behind Daphne and slowly lowered the straps of her flowing garden dress. The material fell from her shoulders and cascaded down her sexy body, exposing the fact that Narcissa wasn't wearing any underwear. With her nude body on display, she dropped down to her knees and pressed herself against Daphne's back as the young woman slurped on Harry's swollen head.

Daphne was about to lift her head up and look, but Narcissa had other plans. "Rule One: Don't stop something that you started. See it to the end unless he's the one to stop it," she told her. She pushed Daphne's head down and smirked as the young woman gagged. She watched the girl's head lower while his enormous cock slid down her throat. Narcissa felt for her. She clearly remembered a couple of months back when she and Harry began their sexual tryst. She was very experienced and also found trouble taking half of his length. She pushed through, however, just as Daphne would.

Daphne gagged until Narcissa allowed her to pull off of him. As she did, strings of her saliva connected her lovely lips with the tip of his cock. She used her hand to break the strings and rub the saliva into his warm skin. She jumped when suddenly, Narcissa's head was next to hers with her chin resting on Daphne's shoulder.

"You're going to need to do better than that to get the man you want," she teased. "Start jacking him off and sucking on his balls at the same time," Narcissa ordered. Being the perfect student, Daphne did what she was told without question.

Narcissa looked at her lover with twinkling eyes as her student worshipped his cum-filled sack. Harry threw his head back and moaned as his fingers threaded through Daphne's long and luxurious hair. Narcissa needed to make sure that her place within his sphere of influence remained rock-steady. Allowing Daphne to pleasure him was certainly a step in the right direction. Hearing the wet slurping, she looked down to see Daphne going to town on his large testicles. Her tongue was lathering them with her spit while her hand pumped up and down in almost a blur. She watched as Daphne added suction with her lips and pulled on the skin. If that wasn't enough, she popped one of his balls into her mouth and began sucking on them like there was no tomorrow. Potter loved every second of it. She knew how much he loved having his sack played with. Joining in, Narcissa reached down and placed her soft hands on Daphne's exposed thighs.

Daphne gasped and looked at Narcissa. "I told you that you needed to learn to be with other women," she smirked. Daphne gapped at the older woman when she realized that she was completely nude. Narcissa's hands caressed her soft, warm skin while Daphne's hand continued to stroke Harry's cock. Daphne let out a cute, little squeal when Narcissa leaned in and captured the delicate skin of her neck between her straight, white teeth. Nipping it hard enough to make the girl jump, she continued by sucking on her pulse point while her hands gripped her dress-covered tits. Daphne was breathing wildly as Narcissa's hands groped her tits, squeezing and massaging them over her dress.

"I think it's time we take this to the bedroom," Harry moaned. "Don't you think, love?" he asked Daphne as he stroked her cheek with his fingertips. She blushed and turned to Narcissa, looking to the woman for an answer.

"Excellent idea," Narcissa happily chirped. Daphne was nearly hyperventilating as she was led into the room for the first threesome of her young life.