

Love Potion Number Nine

Chapter 9

Narcissa made the monthly trip up to Hogwarts to get a progress report on her son's academic prowess. Normally, her husband would make the trip and visit with his old friend, Severus, but sadly for her, he was away on business. That meant that she was forced to leave her comfortable home and brave the cold ... and cold it definitely was.

With the hood of her cloak up over her head and a Warming Charm fully in place, she still found herself shivering as she waited at the gate. After several more minutes of freezing her ass off, she spotted Severus making his way over to her.

"Narcissa! Good to see you again!" he called out over the whipping wind.

"Please, Severus! Save the greetings for when I'm warm again!" she called back, rubbing her arms to try and stave off the cold. The Potion's Master rolled his eyes and pushed open the gate, allowing her in. Narcissa quickly slipped past him and didn't bother waiting for him to close it. She made a beeline for the castle. Snape quickly caught up with her and escorted her into the castle. As soon as she stepped foot inside the castle, however, she began feeling funny. She felt a stirring that she hadn't felt in a very long time. Deciding to ignore it, she followed the greasy bat to his office where she learned of Draco's progress.

In truth, there wasn't much difference from the last report they received. He continued to perform well enough in most classes ... some better than others. It wasn't anything to write home about, but it was far from the worst. She had no idea why Lucius wanted regular updates regarding Draco's education. Truthfully, she cared little either way. After staying a short while to get warm and finish her cup of tea, Narcissa stood up to leave. The idea of going back out into that cold wind wasn't appealing. There was little to be done about it though. She left his office and made her way down the hallway. That was when she noticed that it had begun raining.

"Oh, bloody brilliant," she quietly groaned, stepping up to the window and looking through it. Heavy, fat drops of rain were coming down like a curtain from the heavens, and she knew that they were ice-cold. Narcissa shivered just thinking about it. And if that wasn't bad enough, the crotch of her knickers was soaked completely through. She had no idea why she was suddenly so horny. 'Perhaps my hormones are out of whack?' she thought, making a mental note to visit her Healer.

Her nipples were growing harder by the minute, and she suddenly found herself daydreaming of being in a handsome man's arms. Out of nowhere, her pussy began to throb wildly. Grabbing the ledge of the window to keep her knees from buckling, she breathed raggedly and lowered her head to keep from getting dizzy.

“Are you okay, Miss?” She heard a voice that made her groin burn with need. Her body spun around before her brain could comprehend what was going on. She was instantly greeted with the sight of none other than Harry Potter. Only this wasn't the boy that her son always complained about. This wasn't the scrawny boy that she had seen in the Top Box over the summer. This was Harry Potter, the man. A bead of hot pussy juice dripped off of her soaked panties and rolled down the inside of her leg. She squirmed as she stood there acting like an idiot in front of him. She eyed him from the top of his head, down to his shoes. She couldn't keep her eyes from resting on his clothed crotch. She found herself picturing him lowering his zipper and pulling out his ...

“Mrs. Malfoy?”

“Oh, uh, yes,” she cleared her throat. “I'm fine. Thank you for asking,” Narcissa told him, trying to sound normal. She had already embarrassed herself enough for today, she thought as she tore her eyes away from his groin.

Harry, however, inwardly smirked. It appeared that Draco's mum suffered the same effects that every other female in the castle did. He would be remiss if he didn't take advantage while he could. Narcissa Malfoy was a very sexy woman, and after sleeping with Professor Sinistra, Harry found that he very much loved having sex with more experienced, mature women. “You weren't leaving, were you?” he asked her, stepping closer to her. He breathed in slowly and deeply, filling his lungs with her intoxicating scent.

“Unfortunately, I must,” she said, though she didn't want to leave. All she wanted to do was stay here with him for a while longer. She looked out into the pouring rain and sighed. This was just her luck.

“Maybe you can stay until the weather clears?” Harry said, getting closer to her. They were now only inches apart. Narcissa continued to squirm. The throbbing between her legs was getting quite bothersome.

“Well I don't ...” she started, but Harry cut her off. He threaded his fingers through hers with one hand and placed his other hand on her hip. His lips were so close to hers that all she needed to do was lean in just an inch and they would be kissing.

“You don't need to worry about getting caught,” Harry promised. “I know a room where no one will find us. Just imagine it, Mrs. Malfoy ... Only you, me, a warm fire ... and a soft bed,” he added. Narcissa shuddered, her legs nearly giving out. Harry caught her around the waist to keep her standing. Her body was now pressed right up against his. She could feel the hard bulge poking her lower belly as she squirmed in his arms.

“Y-Yes,” she gasped out, her face feeling hot and flushed. “Please ... let's go,” she begged him. Her hands were gripping his arms tightly, not wanting him to get away.

Narcissa didn't know how long it took for him to get her into the unknown room, but before she knew it, she was gently pushed back onto the large, soft bed. As she lay there, she watched Harry point his wand at the fireplace. A large, roaring fire instantly colored the cold, gray room with a splash of flickering oranges and reds. She could feel the warmth spreading throughout the room, making her body shiver. Then, the object of her affection turned his attention to her. He eyed her form as he stalked up to her prone body. His hands reached underneath the hem of her elegant robe and gripped her thin ankles. Narcissa squealed as he pulled her harshly to him. She could see the flames burning in his eyes, and her body bucked from the mini orgasm she suddenly experienced. Harry removed her boots and tossed them onto the cold, stone floor, not caring that they were obscenely expensive. When his hands caressed her bare feet before sliding up her legs until his fingertips were tickling the backs of her knees, she suddenly didn't care either. "Mmm, Harry!" she gasped lewdly, wanting desperately to spread her legs for him. He helped her by sitting her up and lifting the robe over her head. It too was tossed unceremoniously to the ground.

Squirming in embarrassment from being so exposed to someone other than her husband, Narcissa draped one arm across her bra-covered breasts while her free hand cupped the crotch of her panties. Harry just smiled perversely as he began removing his clothes. As eager as he was, it was less than a minute until his boxers slid down, allowing his massive cock to spring free. Narcissa's mouth suddenly went dry at the sight of the unholy beast. She quickly wondered how many women he had split in two with his indecently large cock. In fact, to call it a cock wasn't doing it justice, she thought to herself. Bull Hippogriffs weren't even half as hung as him.

"No need to be shy," Harry teased her, moving her hand out of the way. Her pink, cotton panties were revealed, along with the massive wet patch right below her slit. He looked down at the wet spot and smirked. "You must want it bad ... don't you?" he asked, massaging her covered pussy with his fingers. Narcissa's back arched from the sudden pleasure. She nodded her head silently. She gasped when he shoved his cock through the leg hole of her panties. She watched as the bulbous head of his cock popped out from under the waistband and pointed directly at her belly button. "Look how deep it will go," he teased her again, thrusting his hips.

Watching his cock saw back and forth against her mound and belly had her body trembling. His long, thick cock would surely hit the deepest parts of her body. Narcissa was breathing heavily as he moved her arm from her chest. She closed her eyes while his hands cupped and groped the cups of her bra. Then, without warning, he roughly ripped the cups apart. Her tits burst free, bouncing and jiggling as her little, pink nipples were exposed to the cool air of the room. Harry didn't wait. He began fondling her bare tits, pinching and rubbing her hard nipples while she squirmed uncontrollably. She was just about to beg for some relief when he pulled his cock from her panties. Reaching down, he tugged them down her smooth, silky thighs and off of her feet. Narcissa kept her legs tightly together as he held her panties up to his nose. She nearly fainted when he inhaled deeply, his cock straining the entire time. And just like before, he tossed them aside and grabbed her curvy body. Narcissa squealed loudly as he rolled them over until she was straddling his lap. He pulled her down and kissed her deeply while her wet cunt was firmly pressed against the length of his shaft.

She didn't even realize that her hips had begun moving until she moaned deeply into his mouth. The sounds of her wet flesh sliding up and down the underside of his shaft were turning her on even more. As he sucked on her tongue, Narcissa's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and when he grabbed her thick ass and squeezed her cheeks, she instinctively lifted her bottom up. With one hand, Harry placed the tip of his cock at her entrance, and Narcissa greedily devoured it whole. Dropping down on him, both of them moaned as her slick insides hugged his shaft tightly. Harry loved how hot her tight pussy was. He loved how soft and smooth her skin was. Narcissa was obviously a woman that knew how to take care of herself. Even her mound was perfectly groomed with a thin landing strip. The rest of her damp cunt was completely hairless, adding pleasure to their activities.

Faster and faster her hips moved back and forth. Then she started bouncing up and down on his lap, creating a loud clapping sound as her shapely ass smacked against his thighs. Her tits were jumping up and down as she did, flopping around and making her appear even sexier. Her hot fluids were copiously leaking out with every bounce of her ass, and his balls were completely drenched in her juices. The smell of sex hung heavily in the air.

Narcissa didn't know what had gotten into her. She had never acted this way with any of her lovers in her youth or her husband who came after them. Her ass was fiercely bouncing up and down as she drove his cock deep into her pussy. She then pressed down on him hard, taking him as deeply as possible. She tightened her inner muscles and rolled her hips in a circle, drawing a tortured moan from his lips. To reward her sexiness in bed, Harry flipped her over and hooked his arms behind her knees. Narcissa gasped as he leaned forward, folding her body in half and locking her into a breeding position. All she could do was take it as he furiously drove downward, pounding her pussy like there was no tomorrow. The wet squelching sounds coming from her drenched pussy mortified her more than she cared to admit. Cute little squeaks and squeals left her mouth as her g-spot was ravaged over and over. Starting to hyperventilate from breathing too hard, her head began to swim just as her insides clamped down on his pistoning cock. Narcissa choked out a plea for mercy, but the bastard didn't stop. He continued to fuck her even as she came violently on his cock. Her arms hugged him tightly as her pussy tried desperately to keep him inside of her. It seemed that her pussy had finally won out. He grunted, and she felt him release inside of her. She could feel the warmth spread through her body as she was filled with his potent seed. Narcissa hummed in pleasure as her pulsating pussy continued to milk his cock. Once he had emptied his balls inside of her, he rolled off of her and sighed happily.

Narcissa suddenly felt incredibly tired. Rolling over, she hugged him to her while draping her silky-smooth leg over his waist. Within seconds, she was lightly snoring while Harry lay there and smirked. His hand caressed her bare ass, and he let his fingers tickle her virgin backdoor. Deciding to save that area for when she woke up, Harry closed his eyes for a little nap as well.