

## Carrot and Stick By Stonebrow

ProfessorQuill wanted stories to be one-shots, but forgot to put that into the rules, so I had two chapters. I am only submitting the first chapter, but you can find the second chapter at [https://archiveofourown.org/users/Clever\\_Avatar\\_Name/profile](https://archiveofourown.org/users/Clever_Avatar_Name/profile) after the contest finishes.

For the purposes of this story, Hogwarts doesn't enroll students until they are fourteen, making everyone in Harry's graduating class eighteen at this point in the plot. Harry will be turning nineteen in July, and Hermione turned nineteen during the school year.

As everyone is older, this is technically AU and both Harry and Hermione are more mature than they would be at this point in the plot normally.

I originally wanted this to be just Harry/Narcissa, but ended up pulling a ProfessorQuill and added Hermione in chapter two. Well, what can you do?

Harry/Narcissa leading to Harry/Hermione/Narcissa with *light* Dom themes, some ara ara energy, and a soupçon of political intrigue, with much more if I continue it. No character bashing, though we don't see much of Ron so far.

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### Chapter 1

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Narcissa looked down her long, stocking-clad, leg to see the Boy-Who-Lived looking up at her.

"I can only blame those abominable people you call your relatives for your shocking lack of manners."

"You won't hear me defending-" Harry was cut off as her foot slid up his chest and across his face, pressing against his nose painfully for a moment before she rested her heel on his forehead.

"You're fairly bright. But such an uncultured, undisciplined, *animal*."

Harry's fierce gaze snapped up to her face at the word. She was certain he'd been focused on her panties. She'd be most disappointed if he hadn't been, her dress wasn't long enough to hide them with her legs this far apart.

She held his challenging stare for several seconds before the boy- young man now-swallowed and looked back up her dress.

"It seems to me, Mister Potter, you have never had any incentives for obeying. The occasional punishment for failure to behave, to be sure, but far more often you've been rewarded for misbehaving."

Harry said nothing. She could practically feel his eyes stuck on the damp spot of her underwear. The thought of it was certainly making it bigger.

"This isn't your fault. I can only blame the terrible state of the school. It's gone downhill so much since my own time there."

Her foot slid back down over his belly, and she smirked at the sharp intake of his breath as her foot slid over the bulge in his trousers.

"Sadly, even as a Professor, there's only so much I can do. But since it's summer break, I can't even do that, now can I?"

Her toes spread slightly, and pressed against the bulge of his cock, making him hiss.

"So it seems to me that you need incentives to behave, do you not?"

Her toes slid down the erection, gently but firmly, and Harry grunted, pushing up against her foot, a shuddering sigh leaving his mouth.

"I asked you a question, Harry. I expect you to answer me." She glared down at him coldly.

Harry was silent, simply staring back at her with a determined glare that promised retribution. His will was an admirable trait that she would culture later, but not what he needed at the moment.

Her foot whipped out and her toe flicked his nose, and Harry winced at the sting. Then her foot returned to his groin, and his eyes fluttered close, and he squirmed slightly.

"Answer."

"Yes, I do Ms. Black," Harry broke his silence.

"Hmm. And what kind of incentive would be appropriate for you? An undisciplined beast of a young man?" She asked as she stroked his cock thoughtfully with her foot.

Harry panted. He was not ready for this, whatever this was, shocked and surprised that he liked being under her foot.

"Oh? Are you hard, Harry?" She tweaked his cock through his trousers with her toes.

"Y-yes Ms. Black." He gasped. "It... it feels amazing."

"*What* feels amazing?" Her voice was cool and commanding, and unbelievably erotic.

Harry realized his trousers were unzipped and unbuttoned, exposing his pants to the open air, his erection tenting the fabric out obscenely. He hadn't seen her use her wand at all.

"You- this..." He panted. "I feel so hot..."

With a mature huskiness that made his cock twitch, she shook her head and continued. "No, Harry. Tell me. What. Specifically. Feels. Amazing?"

She looked him deep in his eyes, creating an almost hypnotic effect.

"Your... stroking my cock with your foot," Harry managed.

He could feel the silk of her stockings rub against the fabric of his briefs, beyond the pressure she was putting on his cock.

"Very good, Harry. You can follow instructions, it seems."

She waved her wand, and his hands were bound behind his back, and she pulled her foot away.

"Get on your knees, Harry. Don't make me repeat myself."

Harry quickly got up onto his knees and sat there obediently, in half disbelief that this was happening, or how it occurred.

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Narcissa Black had divorced Lucius after the little adventure of Harry's second year. Using an artifact of the Dark Lord he had no understanding of in the vague hope that it would somehow cause chaos that would benefit them was foolhardy in the extreme. The fact that it had released a massive, ancient basilisk in proximity to their son was inexcusable.

The divorce proceedings had been the court case of the decade, high society and the general public alike had devoured the news gleefully to see such prominent figures openly arguing, a great house pulled apart by the seams.

Narcissa Black had not fared overly well, despite her husband's clear stupidity. His lawyers were not similarly afflicted.

So she'd taken over the position of History Professor, Dumbledore's ridiculous policy of unlimited redemption coming through for her in this case. And so she'd been through, from the sidelines, a series of adventures during her son and Harry's third and fourth years. And while she was stern, she was a far better teacher than Binns had ever been.

And events had certainly transpired. Her cousin, Sirius, had escaped the dread prison Azkaban, and barely escaped the grasp of the Dementors. The Dark Lord had managed to manipulate Harry into the Triwizard Tournament and help revive him, once again in mostly human form. And now, Harry was brought to Grimmauld place in the summer before his fifth year.

Narcissa glanced up at the footsteps. "Oh! Hello Harry." She was cleaning up the room Harry would be using for the summer.

"Ah, hello Professor," Harry said, slightly awkwardly.

"We're away from school. Call me Ms. Black," she said, before switching topics. "I heard you yelling at your friends in the other room," her tone clearly hoping that Harry would discuss the topic.

Harry frowned, "I'm sorry, I just..." he seemed to falter.

Narcissa sighed, and patted the bed. "Sit."

The teen flopped onto the old bed. "I'm just frustrated, and I guess I took it out on them."

"Dumbledore's been keeping you isolated, hasn't he?" She asked with a frown.

Harry nodded. "I've noticed it, but he insists it's for my own good. Won't explain why though."

"Mm... I'll see if I can find out more. After having to deal with Lucius' ridiculous secrets, I know how frustrating this can be. After what happened with the tournament, I think the last thing you need is to be alone." She looked around and then chuckled. "Sorry. You know, this was my room when I was a girl."

"Oh? It's... nice?" Harry tried.

"I appreciate the attempt, but no. It's horribly dreary and terrible. I was very happy to get out of it. But I'd always thought about how fun it would be to sneak a boy in here. How my father might react. Never managed," she finished.

Harry chuckled. "Mission accomplished," he stretched his arms out and waved them over himself as if he were a game show prize.

Narcissa looked at him a moment, before laughing. "Only took me a couple decades longer than expected, but I suppose."

There was a comfortable silence for a minute, before Narcissa broke it with a motherly glare. "Now then, if you don't get your temper under control, you're going to be having a terrible year."

Harry frowned. "I'd like to think my year's already terrible."

She shook her head and sighed "I see... well, perhaps it is. Do you have a girlfriend yet?"

Harry snorted, "No, and I doubt I'll find one anytime soon."

"Not with that attitude, you won't. But as it happens, I can help you with this. In fact, there's a number of things I should teach you, especially since my own son eschews my advice."

Harry gave her a disbelieving look. "Really. You know someone interested? Or is that your way of asking me out?" He shook his head and laughed darkly.

He missed Narcissa's glare. She didn't miss when she shoved him off the bed onto the floor, one pantyhosed foot pinning him down by his chest.

"Oof!" Harry gasped.

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Harry looked up at Narcissa from his knees. She was smiling down at him with a hungry look.

"Good boy. Now, you liked my foot on your cock, didn't you Harry?" She reached down and cupped his cheek.

"Answer me."

"Yes, Ms. Black."

"Mmm... But is that all you want? As a reward for behaving? My foot on your cock?"

She lightly slapped his cheek, and pulled back. She undid her robes and let them slip off, revealing her tight dress. She smiled inwardly, very well aware of how this outfit pronounced her hips and breasts to good effect.

"No." Harry answered. "I'd like more than that."

"Oh? Like what? Speak up, and don't mumble." She reached her foot out again, and toyed with his dick, her face cold and contemptuous.

"I want to shag you, Ms. Black."

"Little boys talk with their friends of shagging girls. You want to fuck me, don't you? And do you think you can just get it by asking?" She asked, increasing her pressure on his cock, still gentle but definitely firm now.

Harry shook his head. "N-no!" He gasped, his body shuddering as he ran his gaze up and down her voluptuous body.

"Then how do you think you're going to get it, then?"

Harry tried desperately to find the right answer. "B-by being a g-good, proper young man?"

Narcissa raised an eyebrow. "Hmm. That's close enough. And good, proper young men know when to be beasts, and when to have discipline." She tweaked his cockhead, hard, between her toes.

Harry grunted as several drops of slickness erupted from the tip of his cock, covering the bottom of her foot.

"Mmm... You're a beast right now. A dog at my feet, aren't you?"

Harry looked up at her, panting.

Narcissa smiled. "You want to be a good boy, yes? Would you like to see what your reward would be?"

"Yes, Ms. Black." His desperation is adorable. She can read him so easily now, though he was never particularly opaque.

"Mmm..." She undid her dress buttons, and slid it down her wide hips, revealing her large breasts in a black, silky bra and her pantyhose held up by a black garterbelt. Underneath which were black, satin knickers, with, she was certain, a very noticeable wet patch by now.

Harry drank in her skin, which was pale and absolutely perfect, other than a mole on her stomach.

"This. You want all this, don't you?"

She ran her hands up her body, and squeezed her large breasts together, taking in a deep breath and letting it out as a soft sigh.

Harry grunted again, and she felt more of her foot grow slick, despite sliding his precum all over his briefs. "M-Ms. Black...!"

"Mmm... That isn't a yes, Harry," she hummed, and knelt down. She was quite slight, despite her curves. Since she'd first met him, he'd grown, now taller and wider than her.

She had been the perfect trophy wife, with wide curvy hips at the perfect angles. Even now she was enough to set a young man's lust aflame.

"Yes ma'am. I want all of you."

"You know, I suspect you could overpower me right now if you wanted." She reached out and began stroking his cock with her soft hand. If he enjoyed her foot, he would love her soft fingers playing over his length.

"Even with your hands bound, you could knock me over. Perhaps tear my panties off with your teeth? Devour me. Or simply shove yourself balls deep inside of me."

She pulled her hand back, and her eyes locked to his, as she licked her fingers clean of his excitement.

"Mmm. Tasty."

Harry bent over, nearly falling but managing to steady himself before licking her thigh, trying to shove his face up between her legs.

Narcissa glared at him, allowing him only a few seconds of this before shoving him back into place.

"Haven't you been paying attention, Harry? I don't want you to be a beast now."

Harry glanced at her panties, wet with arousal. She was so turned on... "Are you sure? I think you wouldn't mind."



Narcissa shook her head. So precocious. "Perhaps. But you don't know how not to be. And until you learn that, you mustn't be a beast."

She turned him around, and pressed her breasts tight against his back. Her hand wrapped around his length as she began to stroke him off, her other hand cupping and massaging his balls. She nuzzled his neck, enjoying the skin contact she'd been missing for years. Even if he was only just barely a man, the power she held over him at this moment was almost as delicious as his sweet juice she'd licked off her fingers.

Harry panted, closing his eyes, and leaned back into her, turning his head and breathing in her scent.

"You need to be in control of yourself, and obey. Once you can manage that, once you have self discipline, *then* you can be a beast. And until you have self discipline, you must obey others."

Harry's breaths were interrupted by moans and groans, and Narcissa felt him erupt again, more precum splattering all over her fingers. She grinned, somewhat surprised it wasn't his seed he'd let loose.

But then, Harry was always full of all sorts of potential. He just needed focus and a bit of guidance.

"You keep telling me to obey you. What is it- ghhn- that you want me to *do*?" Harry got out.

Narcissa paused on the down stroke, a good inch of his cock sticking out beyond her fingers. "That's a good question, Harry. I think I'd like it if you started learning how to lick pussy. Lay down. Face up."

She let go of his cock to see what would happen. Harry hesitated only briefly, then dropped awkwardly to his knees, then backwards, looking up at her again.

"Good boy. Let me ask you something, Harry. Do you trust me?"

Harry's eyes narrowed. There was a long pause, before he nodded. "Yes Ms. Black."

"I'm so glad Harry. And you will be too. *Petrificus partialus*." The spell whipped out of her wand and hit Harry in the chest. "You should still be able to speak, yes?"

Harry frowned and glanced around, but after only a brief pause, agreed. "Yes."

"Good. I think we both know what else your tongue can do." Narcissa slowly peeled her stockings down, one leg at a time, before she slid her panties down her legs, bending over so that her bra clad breasts hung straight down. She kicked the small scrap of wet fabric on top of Harry so it caught on his erection, one of the things paralyzed by the spell. She eyed it with a smile, knowing she would take advantage of that fact soon.

But not until she had come all over Harry Potter's face.

She turned around and straddled Harry, slowly lowering herself down on his face, certain he'd appreciate the view. Her lips met his, and she grinned as the boy's head pressed forward and explored the folds of her pussy. She reached down and twisted her panties around his shaft slowly. "Good boy. Explore. Use your tongue. Lips. Taste me. I'll teach you technique later."

It was her turn to groan as Harry went to work, doing everything she'd asked of him. She idly toyed with his erection as the heat built up inside of her. She could feel her own discipline start to break as Harry ineptly, but with *great* enthusiasm, tongued her pussy, frequently hitting her clit in unpredictable patterns.

She gave his cock a pump with her hand and ginned. Discipline wasn't *her* lesson today. She'd learnt it long ago. It was her chance to be the animal. She leaned down and engulfed Harry's prick in her hot, wet mouth. Harry groaned into her, and she slowly brought her head up off of him until just the head was in her mouth. She twisted her tongue around it, swirling several times, and when Harry groaned into her again she pulled off of his cock completely.

She shifted her knees and brought herself up off of Harry's face. Even if she was going to be an animal, she did have responsibilities. "Harry?"

"Hah- yes ma'am?"

"I want you to breathe for me. Then when you've got your breath back, I want you to take a deep breath, and hold it. Understand?"

"Yes Ms. Black."

Narcissa listened to Harry taking several deep breaths, she could feel his rapid heartbeat slowly calm. He finally gasped in a large breath and held it.

“Good boy. I’m about to ride your face like a hippogriff.”

She leant down and ground herself into his mouth, his nose, sliding her clit back and forth against every feature of his face. She lay down flat and engulfed his cock again, bucking and grinding her pussy against anything it could reach. She slid too far, and his chin was suddenly pressing against her folds.

Harry felt Ms. Black start to shake. She had slid off his face, so he took the opportunity to grab another breath of air. Her hot lips had sunk down to the base of his cock, and as she started to moan into it, it all became too much. He felt his balls clench, and his muscles wanted desperately to thrust even deeper into her mouth but were paralyzed by the spell. He let out a loud gasp as he emptied himself onto Ms. Black’s tongue and down her throat.

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Narcissa coughed, and jerked back, drawing a loud moan from Harry as his cock was freed from deep within her throat. She realized she’d passed out briefly, the first orgasm she hadn’t given herself in years had been much stronger than she’d expected.

She frowned, Harry had practically exploded down her throat. And who could blame him? It hadn’t been his fault she’d passed out from pleasure and lodged his manhood so deep in her throat her tonsils were sore.

Although if she trained him correctly, it could be one day...

She sat up and spun around, looking down at her little beast. “Did I earn the trust you placed in me, Harry?”

“Yes Ms. Black.”

“Good, I wouldn’t want to lose it. I have so many things I can teach you, if you can be a diligent student.”

Harry nodded, still breathing a little heavily.

“It’s too bad though. As tasty as that was, I had hoped to feel you shoot that somewhere else,” she said rubbing below her stomach.

She watched as Harry realized what she meant, and what he’d missed out on. “I’m sorry Ms. Black, I-” Narcissa cut him off with a finger over his lips.

“I’m here to teach you discipline. How can I be so hypocritical as to blame you for my loss of control?”

Harry blinked. “I’m kind of used to that. Not from you,” he hurriedly added. “Adults in general.”

Narcissa frowned, and ran a finger down his cheek. “Oh? Like who?”

“Snape,” Harry said immediately. “Fudge. Dumbledore, at times. McGonagall, sometimes... Mrs. Weasley.”

“So pretty much everyone you’ve ever relied upon,” Narcissa said softly. Harry shrugged in response.

“I promise I will try to hold myself to the same standards I will hold you to some day, Harry. I’m human, I will fail from time to time. But I intend to teach you the lessons that made the Black name so influential and powerful for hundreds of years,” she frowned. “The lessons Lucius always ruined whenever I tried to impart them to Draco.”

Harry’s eyes grew wide. Her eyebrow furrowed for a moment before she swatted him gently. “The sex isn’t the lesson, it’s a teaching aid. Are you feeling motivated?”

“Very.”

“Good. So let’s begin a lesson. Because I lost control, your cock got lodged in my throat, and now I can’t enjoy it filling my pussy. If you have a goal, you need to figure out a plan, and stick to it, barring outside interference.”

Harry nodded. “I appreciate the lesson, and understand what you’re saying, but there’s two things you should know.”

Narcissa frowned at being interrupted, but nodded anyway. “And they are?”

“I’m not actually stupid. I’m just never in a position where I can do anything but react. And no one ever tells me anything, because ‘I’m too young’. Makes it hard to plan ahead when I have no information or clear goals beyond ‘stay alive’.”

Narcissa smiled. “Well, we’ll have to change that, won’t we? And the other thing?”

“If you turn around, I think you’ll find you can still fill your pussy. Assuming that doesn’t ruin your lesson plan,” Harry said with a grin.

Narcissa reached back, and her hand hit his erection, still slick with her spit.

“That’s from the spell, Harry. You’re frozen, except for your head.”

Harry’s grin widened. “I’m eighteen, Ms. Black. And I haven’t had time to, um, take care of myself recently. We can go again. Maybe twice if you give me a break.”

Narcissa gave it a pump. “Well. One has to adapt plans as events change.”

“I’m pretty decent at that part,” Harry smiled.

“Agreed,” Narcissa said, backing up and lifting herself into the air. They both gasped as she dropped down onto him. She raised back off, and on the second drop he was entirely inside her.

“Fuck! It’s been much too long.”

She watched Harry’s mouth open, almost certainly to say something ill advised, before he reconsidered and it shut again.

She nodded. “I have been self-disciplined for a *very* long time. Balance in all things, Harry. I will be teaching you, but make no mistake, I will be getting things out of this relationship beyond the satisfaction of seeing a student prosper. We both need release.”

“I think I understand.”

“Perhaps.” She slowly drew herself up, relishing the feel of his shaft sliding out, their slickness not overcoming how tight her passage had become. It had been duty that compelled

her to get back into shape after Draco's birth. The duty and obligations of a lady that she'd been taught about by her mother.

Utterly wasted upon Lucius after she'd produced an heir. At least after he'd been twisted by that horrid monster. Lucius had never been a romantic, but there was a time they had truly cared for each other, a time when pleasures of the flesh had been meaningful and important and *shared*.

She dropped herself on Harry's cock, a satisfying *SMACK* shooting through the room, his flesh stretching her open and driving the bitter memories away in a flood of pleasure.

She raised herself again, dropping back down sooner, with less hesitation. Again, and once more, losing herself in the rhythm.

She opened her eyes and looked down at Harry. He was biting his lip so hard he'd drawn blood.

Her wand came forward, Harry's paralysis fled his body, and Harry bucked, drawing groans from both of them.

"Meet my pace, Harry. Ngh! Yes. Like. That!"

Harry slammed his hips up meeting hers as she came down, the smack of flesh growing louder. Narcissa groaned, this time in frustration as her pleasure plateaued, a second, even stronger orgasm teasing her with hints of its arrival.

She reached down and rubbed herself quickly, chasing the peak.

"Ms. Black!"

"Hold on Harry. Just a little longer. I've never doubted your determination."

Harry growled, a low, primal sound that sent shivers up her spine.

"I'm trying! You just- feel- too fucking- good!"

"I'm almost there, Harry. Almost."

“If I wasn’t tied up!”

“But you are! Work within the limitations of your situation!”

“No!”

Suddenly Narcissa felt the tingle of magic, then she was on her back, looking up at Harry. A second later her wand hand was pressed firmly against the floor and she felt fingers pull on a nipple.

“But- how?” She asked.

Harry looked almost as confused as she felt for a moment before shrugging it off with a predatory grin. “I guess I didn’t like the situation I was in.”

“That doesn’t answer anyth-!”

Harry wasted no time with his new position on top, and started plowing Narcissa frantically, sawing in and out much quicker than her heavy pounding.

Narcissa let out a whine, and started rubbing her clit again.

“Are you close, Ms. Black? Do you want me to pump you full? I’ve never felt like this before.”

He leant down and kissed her breast and she gasped as his fingers pinched and tugged at a nipple. Then teeth found the second nipple, and she saw the top of the mountain.

“Yes Harry, do it. Fill me with your seed!”

He slammed into her, and Narcissa felt liquid heat blast into her for the first time in far too long. Harry pulled back and slammed in again, and she let out another moan as a second pulse slowly traveled deep inside her.

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The pair lay in comfortable silence, basking in the aftermath of orgasm. Narcissa finally moved, running a hand through Harry's perpetually untamed hair, pulling his head down until she could speak softly into his ear.

"I want to make things clear. I'm not your girlfriend. I'm an ally, a mentor. I'm also using you. You will be my tool of vengeance. A weapon against the monster who ripped away my husband and son. And if I want to see you succeed, I'll need to make you as strong and as sharp as I can. Is that agreeable? Will you be my student?"

"... Yes. I'll learn from you. But why... all of this? The sex?"

Narcissa let out a tiny snort. "We both needed it. And it certainly got your attention. Perhaps if Miss Granger had used similar tactics, your grades would be higher outside of Defense."

"Bloody hell! Leave my friends out of this."

"Are you certain? They're also wasting a lot of potential."

Harry didn't respond, instead grinding his slowly softening cock around inside of her.

"Are you ready to use your new tool again?" He asked.

"After your earlier display, I had been planning on training your ability in wandless magic, but I see the first thing I'll need to tame is your mouth."

Harry pulled his head back so they could see each other. He gave her a wolfish smile and squeezed her breasts. "You love my mouth."

"Your mouth is lacking in skill and experience. It's only saving grace is enthusiasm and energy."

Harry's eyes shot wide open, and paused in his grinding for several seconds. "Wow. That's pretty harsh."

"I won't sugarcoat things with you Harry. Thankfully, those are both things that can be fixed with practice."



His cock had started getting firmer again, and she felt it twitch inside of her.

“Lots of practice?” He asked.

“*Hours*, if necessary.”

Harry nodded and let out a breath. “Well. I’d better get to work then.”