

Finally, he climbed off of her. He'd easily taken twice as long with Narcissa as he did with either of the other two.

Once he got off of her, she said, 'Thank you my Sweetie; that was very nice.' Then, more to the others, she said loudly, 'Harry does a very thorough job. Veeeerrry thorough!'

He was surprised to hear his sister Rose reply, perhaps with a touch of jealousy, 'Yes a little too thorough, if you ask me.'

'That was very nice, Sweetie,' said Narcissa again, 'but I think it may almost be time for us all to turn over, don't you think, girls? Oh, and you may have to put more lotion all over our front sides. We're just so exposed!' She made the last part sound like she was a helpless girl being ravaged. 'You should start with your mother again.'

Harry looked over to Lily.

She turned over, and said, 'If I turn over, Harry's gonna see my pussy.' She was looking up the sky with an expression of pure euphoria, perhaps even unaware that she'd already turned over and was showing him everything.

It was too much for Harry to take. It's not that he didn't want to see them naked from the front - he most certainly did. But he was on the verge of orgasm again from all the excitement, and the sight of his mother turning over and laying there with her legs spread wide and knees bent looking so completely fuckable frightened him. It wasn't just that he feared he would cum in his shorts any second.

Worse than that, he feared he might lose all mental control. He was thinking of little but fucking them one after another by this point. He suddenly imagined himself raping his mother right on her lawn chair, while she futilely punched him with her fists. Even worse, he imagined her quickly giving in and crying out in an ecstatic voice, 'Sho wery impwoper!,' of all things, while he pumped into her. It was too much for him to take. He felt his penis would erupt with a torrent of cum at any second.

Finally replying to Narcissa's comment about turning over, he said, 'Uh, why don't you do that, but I've really got to go! See you later!' He bolted off like a deer for the house. He heard the sound of more giggling as he sped away, but didn't look back again.

Back in his room, he shot his load almost as soon as he could get a towel around his penis. Then he collapsed and fell asleep for a second nap.

The experience at the pool left Harry completely drained, both physically and emotionally. He thought he'd had it for the day, but there still was the whole evening to go.

Dinner was very awkward. Narcissa wanted to stay and eat with them yet again, but she was unable to escape from her obligations with her own family this time. So, as usual, it was just Lily, Harry, and Rose around the dinner table.

Lily appeared to be suffering a hangover from all the alcohol she'd had in the afternoon. She was a mess and had a pounding headache.

Luckily for Harry this prevented any kind of serious discussion, and they ate a TV dinner in near total silence.

Harry felt that if Lily were feeling better she would have given him and his sister a moralistic lecture about what happened at the pool. Scantly clad flirtation was out given Lily's bad mood, and Rose wisely respected that and dressed like her old self.

The ensuing evening appeared to be a mellow one as everyone recovered from the afternoon. Narcissa and Adresteia came over again. Both were fancily dressed.

Narcissa walked into the house like she always did - as if she were family. She gave Harry a friendly wink as she walked past him.

But Adresteia stopped at the sight of Harry and looked at him as if they were having a dramatic and joyous reunion. With arms outstretched and an even happier smile on her face than usual, she shrieked "Harry!" and gave him a big hug.

Adresteia was very touchy-feely and prone to hugs, but this was still unusual, since the Potter family was pretty much hug-phobic. Adresteia normally restrained herself around the prudish household.

So Harry asked, "What's the occasion, Adresteia?"

"Oh, nothing much. Just glad to see you. Mom and I were at some boring, fancy dinner party thing. Everyone was so stuffy. I'm just so glad to be back with normal people!" Adresteia continued to cling to him. She wasn't wearing much, as she'd already taken off some of her formal attire. Furthermore, she was wearing a low cut top, something her mother almost never allowed her to wear.

Harry realized to his horror that his penis was erect and pressing into Adresteia. He commanded his penis: Down, boy! Down! But it didn't help. He rather forcibly but politely disengaged from the hug.

Adresteia ran off to hug other people.

Harry thought, I guess that was just an innocent hug. I must still be aroused from everything earlier. I can't allow myself to get that kind of reaction when near the pure and innocent Adresteia. I shouldn't have taken advantage of her the other day when I played with her nipples; Narcissa would probably be upset if she knew. Why, I remember just a couple years ago when she was a complete tomboy. I guess her mother's genes are kicking in. Does she know her effect on men or is she still a tomboy at heart? Now that I've seen her naked, I can't think of her like I did before.

The three Potters and two Malfoys settled in and watched TV. The evening appeared to be a mellow one as everyone recovered from the afternoon. The energy level generally dropped down until it seemed like all of them were lifeless slugs, fused into the couches.

Adresteia though remained bubbly and oblivious to everything.

Harry was very selective about what he watched on TV, so when nothing good appeared to be on he went back to his room to read. He was really into J. R.R. Tolkien since the Lord of the Rings movies started coming out and was reading all the books by him that he'd read before. By this time his energy had revived, no doubt helped by the fact that he didn't have any alcohol like the others did.

But the one thing he didn't want to do was think. He was fairly blown away by what happened at the pool and wanted a night to sleep on it before figuring out what it all meant and what he should do about it. He just wanted to be alone and read his engaging book. He buried his nose further into it and tried to avoid any mental distractions.

However, Narcissa was on a very different wavelength. She held her liquor much better than Lily and Rose, and didn't feel bad at all. In fact, given a few hours to rest in the late afternoon, she now felt downright energetic and horny.

The "suntan lotion application" at the pool was like a dream come true for her. She'd wanted Harry badly for months, and now it was all coming together for her: not just her plan to seduce him, but even her larger, new plan to seduce the entire Pottes family (minus Lily's virtually nonexistent husband, of course). Laying naked outside with the other two women and even bantering about cocksucking with Lily seemed like a stone's throw away from the completely open, communal, and sexual relationship she was envisioning between the four of them. She was beside herself with excitement.

Lily had drifted off watching TV, and Rose and Adresteia seemed fully occupied by whatever program was on.

So Narcissa stole away, rushed up the stairs, and practically burst into Harry's room. But when she opened the door and took a good look at him, she could see their moods didn't jibe. Sex wasn't on his mind at all, for once. It didn't help that she wasn't dressed provocatively in the slightest. She still wore her clothes from the formal dining engagement with her family, and even had her underwear on. But she wouldn't be denied the needs of her voracious sexual hunger.

She sidled up to Harry, who at least had put down his Tolkien book and was fully engaged with her presence. "Harry, my Sweetie, how are you doing?"

"Okay," he grunted. She stood in front of him and stooped down a bit to where he was sitting at his desk.

She put her hands on his shoulders and massaged them. She worked in towards his neck with a vigorous massaging motion. With a voice all sweetness and light, she said, "Sweetie, that handjob was fun in the pool, don't you think, but I noticed that I haven't had a chance to give you your daily cocksucking today. How would you like that now?"

He replied honestly, "I don't know. I'm feeling kind of exhausted. After all, that's the problem that's causing all this - my tiredness." He didn't want to talk about the pool.

"Awww. I'm hurt. I've only been helping you a couple of days, and already you're tired of me."

"No way, Aunt Cissy," he protested. "It's not like that. I could never get tired of you. Really. You're amazing."

"Well then, I'll bet I can get you into a sexier mood so you can do your thing. Have you done it six times today yet? I'll bet you haven't."

"You got me there," he admitted. He'd done it once upon waking, then school took most of his day, and then there were three times in the afternoon. Even though the pool side experience was the most amazing erotic experience he'd had in his life so far, it was mostly blue balls and very little actual stimulation except for what Narcissa did to him underwater. It dawned on him that the last time just after the pool where he practically came in his pants probably didn't count at all, according to Tonks's rule requiring prolonged tactile stimulation before orgasm.

He calculated, and then said, "I think honestly, just three times today so far."

"Then you really need some help. I'm feeling randy as a goat. The way you touched me all over earlier, it gets me so excited just thinking about it. Let me get rid of all these annoying clothes."