The next morning, Narcisa thought, It's time for a serious talk with Lily. She's been falling back into her prudish ways as a way to deal with her unfamiliar urges. I'll soothe her feelings about all these changes, and push her further into incest at the same time, heh-heh.

She looked at her best friend dressed only in black spandex exercise clothes. The two of them were finishing off their morning exercises, which they did most every day in the basement of Lily's house (the same room where Rose did her naked cheerleader routine the night before). There was practically enough exercise equipment there to fill a professional gym.

With a lot of free time on their hands, Lily and Narcisa worked diligently to keep their bodies in peak condition. And they worked out in private because they were tired of all the gawking (from both men and women) at their perfect bodies whenever one or both of them went to a public gym.

Narcisa was as surprised as everyone else at the changes that Lily was undergoing, and pinched herself in glee. Lily always had a certain uptight vibe to her, but lately she'd seemed very carefree and happy. True, Lily was all over the place with her feelings, one moment lost in an obvious sexual fantasy and the next going on about sin and the fires of Hell. But overall, now that Narcisa was convinced that Lily had incestuous feelings for her son, she was surprised that Lily wasn't more visibly wracked with guilt and torn by indecision.

She must be deceiving herself, Narcisa finally decided. She's experiencing all the joy of sexual liberation and fantasy but hasn't actually given any serious thought to potential real life consequences. Maybe that's because she doesn't fully admit that she has feelings for Harry or that he has feelings for her. She's going to be in for a real surprise soon when she has to fully admit her feelings and motives.

Narcisa found herself torn about the idea of Lily and Harry getting physical together. On the one hand, she wanted Harry all to herself. Divorcing her husband and marrying Harry instead was a constant fantasy of hers, even as she realized the odds of Harry marrying a woman twenty one years older than him were slim. But on the other hand, she was also very turned on by the idea of Lily getting it on with her son. And she felt she was doing Lily a big favor by sexually liberating her.

Narcisa looked at her friend on the adjacent exercise machine, stretching her legs out and then pulling them close to her chest, over and over again. It was a piston-like movement, just like fucking.
Lily's like me, she just doesn't know it. She can deny it and push away all of the countless guys who try to get in her pants, but that doesn't erase the fact that her body is built for one thing. Fucking. Just like mine. At least I recognize it, and don't limit myself to that tiny prick my husband's got. Of course she's always covered up like a Saudi woman in a burka because the number of suitors after her would stretch down the street and she doesn't want their attention. Such a waste of a body like that.

It's too bad she got married barely out of Hogwart and never had any chance to play the field. But it's not too late for her. We may just end up best friends AND lovers. Wouldn't that be sweet? And sharing Harry between us? I just have to play my cards right.

Actually, I'm not sure if I really have to do much pushing at all, now the wheels are in motion. Rose, for instance, seems to be progressing fine without my meddling. This six times a day scheme is such a powerful setup. Lily and Rose can do all kinds of incestuous things with Harry and still convince themselves that it's all for the good of his treatment. Hopefully it's just a matter of time before the two of them knuckle under. Even more hopefully, my own knuckles will be involved, heh-heh! No father at home, everyone walking around nearly naked, no other sexual outlets... They're both ripe fruits ready for the picking.

And speaking of fruits, they're both so sexually repressed that the taste of forbidden fruit is all the sweeter for them. It's irresistible. Harry's a good kid who normally wouldn't think any nasty thoughts at all. But when a beautiful - no, make that gorgeous - woman throws herself at you, what boy his age would resist that? Nobody. And if several throw themselves at you, there's no way he can say no. The fact is, rich people like us fuck whomever we want. I just have to push things a bit here and there to make sure it happens. The Potter family orgy! Yes!

The only problem was, Narcisa felt bad lying to Lily and keeping her real intentions hidden. Narcisa tried not to think about it, but the guilt really bothered her. She was a natural schemer, but over the years she'd come to trust Lily with everything. It was like Lily was the conscience Narcisa sometimes lacked.

But now she was essentially cheating on her own conscience. She tried to tell herself that she was doing it for Lily's own good, but the fact was she knew deep down that she'd do it even if Lily didn't benefit, just to get Harry. As long as she didn't out and out hurt her friends , she would be relentless in her pursuit to win him. Her life was boring and in a rut with no end in sight until she fell in love with him, and now all her future hopes depended on him.

Narcisa spoke aloud, "Lily! I'm all done here. Are you?"

"Yeah. That was really invigorating." Both of them wiped sweat off themselves with towels, and began stretch down exercises.

"Lily, can I ask you a personal question?"

"Sure, shoot."
"Have you masturbated since the appointment with Tonks?"

"Hey! That's a VERY personal question!" Lily suddenly stopped her stretching. "And by the way, the answer is no!"

"I think you have," Narcisa said boldly. "It's no big deal. I've already proved to you that female masturbation is no sin. We all do it. Its just some people are willing to admit it, and some can't." Narcisa was nearly certain of the answer based on her snooping and hearing all the telltale sounds coming from Lily's bedroom on more than one occasion.

Lily thought about the fact that she'd never masturbated until the day before yesterday, during the doctor's appointment with Tonks. She was so sheltered that she was almost an

adult when she first learned women could even do that sort of thing. Since the time with Tonks she'd been making up for lost time, masturbating five times since then. She'd even masturbated herself to sleep. The only thing was that she called it taking a breast exam and she restricted herself to touching her breasts and not her pussy. But her nipples were so sensitive and her thoughts and fantasies about Harry were so arousing that she was able to climax each time just the same.

She'd managed to swear off any masturbation so far since waking up that morning, but even while she was exercising she'd already been thinking that another "breast exam" might be in order very soon.

Lily realized the breast exam distinction would never fly with Narcisa. For one thing, Narcisa would ask why Lily needed to perform a monthly exam four times in a single day. So, with her head hung down, she admitted, "Well, okay, so what if I do? Though I'll have you know I only touch my breasts and not any further down. But what business is it of yours, anyway? It's a very private and personal thing!"

"I'm just curious what you've been thinking about lately when you're masturbating, that's all."

"NNaaarrrciiisssa! No WAY! That's way too personal!" She blushed profusely and closed her eyes in shame as she recalled some
of her recent sinful thoughts involving Harry.
Last night was the worst. After I saw Harry sitting naked in his room with Narcisa right there on her knees in front of him, I nearly lost my mind! I wanted that to be me so badly. "Look, Son. Look at Mommy's titties. They're just as nice as Aunt Narci's, and just as big too. You want to play with them? Why don't you play with them while Mommy holds your erection? Oh yeah! Mommy likes to hold this meaty rod so very much. Will you let Mommy stroke it for you? If you let Mommy stroke it, you can play with her boobies any time you like. Squeeze the nipples just a little more, Tiger! Oh yes! Mommy's stroking faster and faster!

Uh-oh. I'm doing it again. My head is filled with nothing but these filthy thoughts! I hope it wasn't obvious I was spacing out there.

It was obvious; Narcisa saw Lily's eyes glaze over. But she was diplomatic enough not to mention anything.

Both of them moved to sit down and drink some water left out on a nearby counter.

"I'm sorry for asking," Narcisa said contritely. "It's just that... I'm sure these last couple of weeks have been very trying for you, ever since Harry began his treatment. After hearing about what happened at the appointment with Tonks, it sounds like you were put in a very difficult position."

Lily turned a deeper shade of red. She had no way to respond to that. The use of the phrase "difficult position" made her think of her position on the floor of the medical office bathroom frigging herself, and only increased her shame. She felt like she would die of embarrassment.

"Don't worry," Narcisa pressed on, "I think you've been performing brilliantly in a very difficult situation. Normally, no mother ever gets put in the kind of situation that you've been forced into. I mean, I know you would NEVER want to do anything incestuous with your son."

"Never!" said Lily, with a wild desperation in her voice.

"I know, I know. Relax. You're just helping him with his medical problem. That's all." Lily seemed overcome with emotion and needed to compose herself.

Narcisa had some errands to run anyway, so they agreed to meet later by the backyard pool and continue their conversation then.