

She stopped massaging his neck and stood up. Then an idea occurred to her. "Wait. Why don't you put on some music? Something sexy. I'll give you a little show. That'll put you in the mood."

Harry rolled his desk chair over to his CD collection. He had a lot of music, but he didn't know what qualified as sexy. It's not like I've got that song with all the horns in it they always play during strip teases, he thought a little bit grumpily.

Oh, I know, he said to himself a little more brightly. "Let's Get It On" by Marvin Gaye. If that isn't sexy, then nothing is. He put the CD in, and went back to his desk chair.

Narcissa liked his choice. She closed her eyes and started to sway around a bit. She looked at his lap and said, "You're not going to stay clothed like that, are you? Whip it out."

Harry duly took his shorts off. His penis was still stubbornly flaccid though.

But then Narcissa started to groove.

He'd never seen her dance before, and he was impressed at just how gracefully and rhythmically she could move despite her unusual tallness.

Her whole body flowed to the music, as she made long, slow, fluid movements to the sultry song. She ran her hands slowly up and down her still fully clothed body. She wore a very stylish and fancy scarlet outfit. Now all that clothing worked to her advantage, because she had more items to take off, including a jacket, vest, and then a blouse underneath.

More into it now, she began fixing the fact she was so overdressed. Her long sleeved jacket was the first item to come off. Then a pair of pants that was hindering her movements. One by one the items came off. She'd never done a striptease before, but it seemed as if she was born to it.

Harry was beside himself with excitement. His erection started to rise.

As more items came off, he was surprised to find her actually wearing both bra and panties; it was the first sight of female underwear for him in days. The underwear was typically sexy: a lacy, partially see through bra, and a tiny pair of panties made out of little more than gauze that just managed to cover her ass crack and bush. The fact she wore these was purely a lucky accident as she hadn't been expecting to be stripping later when she'd dressed for dinner.

Harry's hard-on was raging now, but Narcissa was just getting started.

She worked on removing her bra now, ever so slowly. But right as she started doing that, the song ended, and another one in a wildly different style came on. She continued to groove as if Marvin Gaye was still playing, and cooed, "Quick. Something else. Sexy."

Harry was stuck. He had to act fast, but he couldn't think of another sexy song off the top of his head. With more time he would have made a different selection, but he put on "Mr. Bombastic" by Shaggy.

It was more of an upbeat song with a reggae styled beat, but Narcissa liked it too. She picked up the pace and switched to a more active and wild dance. It evolved into a sexier bump and grind which got her sweaty from all the activity.

Harry found himself getting sweaty just from watching. His book was completely forgotten. He was hypnotized by Narcissa's gyrations.

After a couple minutes of heart-stoppingly beautiful, near naked dancing, she fell to her knees and crawled towards him. She purposely still had her bra barely clinging on. Both bra straps had

fallen from her shoulders, and the cups somehow managed to cover her nipples but not much more. Her milky boobs hung down forever. She looked up at him with pleading, dark green eyes.

Then she became playful, and giggled. "Ooh! Looks like our little friend here likes the show." She sat back on her knees, reached out for his penis, and started stroking. "You know what I've been doing lately?"

"No. What?" Harry was in a great mood now, and ready for anything.

"Every time I come in here and give you a blowjob or handjob, you know what I do afterwards? I go and tell Lily all about it. Every last little detail. The way my hand slides up and down your cock, over and over. The way you shudder when I blow my breath lightly against it. The feel of your penis sliding in and out of my mouth, the saliva dripping off of it. The taste of your delicious cum. The joy at seeing or tasting the first drops of pre-cum dribble out. Everything. She protests of course, but she loves it. She can't get enough of my sexy talk. She gets so hot that she has to run back to her room and masturbate herself silly, every time. I thought you should know. I wonder how hot she'll get when she hears about this one."

Narcissa let go of his penis after giving it a final squeeze, got back up, and returned to her dance. She knew it was a long song so she wasn't worried about time.

Harry was excited beyond all reason now, especially after that tidbit of news about his mother, and he panted and stroked himself with enthusiasm.

Narcissa finally took her bra off and twirled it over her head, around and around with her finger. Then she let it fly across the room. She laughed at just how much she was now acting like a real stripper - she'd never done this before and was surprising even herself. She said to Harry, "Save some for me."

He slowed down his stroking.

The panties came off a bit faster. She twirled them around and flung them away as well. She was as worked up as she'd ever been and didn't want to waste any time. With the song still playing she dropped to her knees and brought Harry's stiffness to her mouth.

She said, "Just think: because I tell Lily every last blow by blow detail, and I do mean blow by blow" - she blew on his penis head - "when I suck your cock, in a way, your mother is sucking it too."

Then she took Harry in her mouth.

Harry was so close to the edge and her words were so hot that he came quickly. He nearly passed out from all the pleasure. His only regret was he didn't have a video camera to record the striptease and treasure it forever.

But still Narcissa wasn't done. Since he was far behind his daily count, she wanted to get at least one more cum out of him. She simply kept her mouth over his prick and remained sucking on his flaccidness.

Within a couple of minutes, his penis sprung back to life. Eighteen is the typical peak age of male sexual potency, and with Harry it definitely showed. He felt he could do no wrong and last forever.

In the middle of her renewed sucking, he asked, "Is that really true? What you said about telling everything to Lily? I can't believe it."

She switched to hands and licking the tip of his penis head so she could talk. "Believe it, baby."

"But she's so prudish!"

"Ha! Yes, obviously there's that prudish part of her, but I've known there's a raging inferno of lust burning just beneath the surface for ages. You know about my affairs I've had for a few years now, right?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, over time, I got in a habit of telling Lily all about them. In glorious technicolor detail. How a man's hand felt on my breast." She brought his hand up to her breast as she said this. "Or how a hard cock drove deeper and deeper into my steaming pussy!" She swallowed his erection and took him deeper and deeper with each thrust.

Harry couldn't help but feel that he was in her pussy instead. It was all he could do not to cum.

But then she suddenly withdrew again, like nothing had happened.

She said in a casual tone, "Of course, she tut-tutted and protested all the while, but I could tell how hot she got, every single time. It's like the moralistic preacher who's against pornography and repeatedly watches lots of porn to confirm just how wrong it is. Given how little sex she got from James, it's obvious she was living vicariously through my affairs. Lily and I don't keep any secrets." She added to herself, Well, not counting one or two I keep from her. But I do tell her just about every thing I do. I'm more honest with her than I ever was with my parents or husband. It's almost like she's my conscience and I have to go to her for approval.

Blowing lightly while tugging at his balls, she added in a breathy voice, "So, thanks to that little tradition, it goes without saying that we share most everything that we do to you. I wasn't completely forthcoming to her at first, but now I can be honest in my blow" - she blew particularly seductively - "by blow" - she did it again - "by bloooow" - she repeated herself again just so she could blow even more on his sensitive skin - "with her. And Lily practically doesn't even know how to lie. She tells me everything. It takes her a while to get going, but once she does should could easily spend ten minutes describing a five minute blowjob; that's how much she loves it."

"Oh man!" Harry groaned because Narcissa resumed her cocksucking as soon as she finished talking. Just like she did after her "steaming pussy" comment, she went deeper and deeper with each pass until she was practically deep throating him.

It was all too much for Harry and he blew his load after about a minute of such intense lip action.