

Friday at school, Harry was impatient and distracted, as was par for the course lately. All he could think about was the prospect of Narcissa giving him another handjob in the afternoon. He didn't realize she was planning something new, even though she'd dropped some not very subtle hints about it.

Narcissa too was equally impatient and excited at the prospect of being with him again. In fact, she was so eager she decided she couldn't even wait until he finished his afternoon nap. She lingered at the Plummer house most of the day, and as soon as she heard the sounds of him entering the house from the garage and heading towards his room, she lit off after him.

He'd barely closed the door and put down his backpack when she came bursting in.

"All right Harry, I'm hot, I'm horny, and I'm here to show you a good time. Are you ready for something new?" She was wearing some fancy clothes, the better to strip them off sexily in short order.

"Uh... yeah!" This sure beats the homework I'm working on! "What's uh... What gives?"

"Your mother and I have been discussing this some more, and she's agreed that I could give you blowjobs as well as handjobs. After all, the mouth is easier on your penis than a rough pair of hands." She joked, "You know, we can't let that chafing get the upper hand." Trying to play it cool, he joked back, "I don't know, I think we can risk some more chafing."

"Don't play coy with me, buster. Sit on the bed and take off your pants right now or the train is gonna leave the station without you!"

Harry knew when to do what he was told. He plopped himself down on the bed and nervously fumbled at his shorts.

"Actually, I take that back. Let me do that for you." She unzipped his shorts.

His penis sprang out through the hole where the zipper had just been. He groaned.

"Ah, what do we have here, peeking out?" Narcissa knelt down between Harry's legs. "What's its name? Does it want to come out to play?"

She pulled his shorts off completely, and cradled his hardness in her hands.

"Oh wait! I almost forgot - you need visual stimulation. I'm under doctor's orders to provide it." Without getting off of her knees, she proceeded to take her clothes off, but in the most prolonged and seductive way she could think of. She undid her dress shirt and blouse but kept them on, then pushed them up and pulled her mammoth tits out from below.

She looked up at Harry and noticed that he was just beginning to stroke his dick. "Tut-tut," she chastised him as she wagged a finger. "Hold your horses until I'm naked and then I'll take care of that for you. Do you want to permanently damage your penis or what? I can just see your epitaph: Harry James Potter, the first teenager to be chafed to death."

Harry laughed, but with great nervousness and anticipation. He wasn't nearly as cool as he was trying to be around Narcissa.

She pulled her skirt up and bunched it around her waist.

Because she was unencumbered by any panties or bra, he could see her pussy quite clearly from just a couple of feet away. In fact, it was the first time he had a clear view of her entire pelvic region.

She whispered to him in a husky voice, "My tits are just aching to get out of these heavy clothes. And my pussy. It makes me so hot when I show it to you. I just want to get all naked for you! Do you mind if I show you my naked body?"

She closed her eyes and turned her head so Harry wouldn't feel shy to give her a good look (not that he really needed the encouragement).

Ever so slowly, she took her clothes all the way off, until finally she was left wearing nothing more than her high heeled shoes. She knew how sexy high heeled shoes could make the muscles of the legs appear, and she resolved to keep them on whenever possible if Harry was around.

For really the first time, Harry saw Narcissa completely in the buff, although she'd been very close a couple of times in recent days.

She luxuriated in his attention, preening, posing, and flaunting her body. She could really ham it up sometimes. She said to him, "Let me give you some sexual instruction while we're at it. As the man, your goal is to make your woman wet."

She reached into her pussy and worked her fingers deep inside for what seemed like several minutes. Finally, she pulled out a long sticky string of her own juices. "Look, Sweetie. You've already got me worked up. So now let's work on you." She sat back down and grabbed his very erect penis with both hands.

"We need to protect your delicate penis," she suggested. "I don't want your rough, manly hands all over it. You need the soft, feminine touch. Whenever you feel stiff, you just come running to me, okay Sweetie? When you need to cum, I want to see that cum end up on my skin. Is that clear?"

Harry was beyond coherence, and just nodded.

"Have I told you about the story of Onan and the importance of not letting your seed spill on the ground?"

He shook his head no.

"Well, that'll have to wait for another time. I'm too worked up." She began kneading his penis with her delicate fingers. "In fact, I'm actually sweating already. Do you like my sweaty smell? That's how I smell after a good fuck. Sweat is sexy."

She tried to keep her cool, and keep him from blowing his load too fast. But she was so excited that she was losing control. She couldn't help but frantically rub his penis now that she'd cradled it in her hands.

He already was in danger of blowing his load after only a minute or two, before she could even put it in her mouth.

"Enough of that," she said, taking her hands away.

She waited a few more minutes until they both calmed down a bit. She tried not to say or do anything sexy so he could calm down enough not to blow his load right away, but the mere fact she was buck naked except for high heels kept him rock hard and close to the edge. Plus, she was such a naturally sexy person, her every movement seemingly designed to tease and arouse, that she couldn't turn that off.

Finally, she couldn't wait any more, and said, "Finally. I think it's time. I want to show you something even better than jacking off. This is a blowjob."

She placed her mouth delicately at the tip of his penis. At first she didn't even lick it. She just held it there.

Harry tightened up and held on. He knew he was liable to shoot his seed at any moment but struggled hard because he didn't want to disappoint her. Luckily, since she merely held it at her mouth, he slowly calmed down and got used to her lips on his penis head.

Then her tongue came out to join in the fun. She began licking the tip, going around and around. Slowly, steadily, she began encompassing more and more of it. Finally, she thrust it in her mouth all the way.

She already was an expert cocksucker from her previous experiences with men. She was also very excited and her enthusiasm made her cocksucking that much better. It wasn't long before she began to go deep. She began bobbing her head in and out, taking him to her tonsils and then pulling way back until it was almost all the way out of her mouth.

Harry grasped the arms of his chair until he thought he'd break them off. He couldn't hold out long in the face of this new experience and deep probing. "I'm going to cum!" he shouted, and he did.

She took it all in, and drank him all up to the very last drop. Then he collapsed and she fell to the floor.

A couple of minutes later when Narcissa had picked herself up and somewhat composed herself, she said, "Thanks for the warning. That tells me right away that you're considerate - the mark of a good lover. But remember that a lot of women, especially inexperienced ones your age, don't like to take it in the mouth. So it's always good to give warning. I happen to be an experienced cocksucker, so I can take it any way you want it. It also so happens that I

love the taste of your cum. So fill up my mouth any time. When you see me, feel free to unzip your shorts, pull out that monster between your legs, and shove it in my mouth."

"Really?! You're not just saying that?"

"Well, just about. Sweetie, your cum is so sweet. I'm kicking myself for washing two big loads off my face the other day. I could easily live on this stuff! You should try some yourself."

"Ewww! Don't be gross!"

"Hey, don't knock it until you try it," Narcissa said with a very happy grin on her face.

"What if I try it like this?" Harry put his hands on her shoulders and leaned in to kiss her on the lips.

He thought he was being daring and sexy, but she pushed him away. "Whoa, Betsy! What do you think you're doing?"

That really surprised him. What confidence he'd been gaining suddenly crumbled. "I'm confused. I thought that you liked me! You're making me so aroused, how could I not kiss you?"

"I do like you! Very much. Too much. You're making me do crazy things. But remember what I said last night? We have to have boundaries or your mother will get upset. Remember that this is for your medical benefit. Don't start getting lovey-dovey on me. Remember Daphne. Don't tell me you love me more than Daphne, do you?"

Narcissa was playing up the setting of limits because she suspected that Lily might be outside the door listening. She felt bad about lying to him on some things, but she was sure that he would greatly benefit from the approach she was taking in the not too distant future.

"It's over with Daphne," Harry said sadly. "But anyways, my feelings for you are different. You're my... Narcissa." He caught himself at the last minute from saying Aunt Cissy. He figured that would sound too weird in the current circumstances. "You have a special place in my heart."

"And you do in mine, my special Sweetie. You always know just what to say to please a lady. You're such a very special young man. But your feelings for me are different than they have been for Daphne, aren't they? And your feelings for your mother are different again, right?"

"Right."

"Think of me as a really good friend now, who also just happens to jack you off and suck your cock a lot. Would you like it if I help you like that?"

Another obvious question. "Hell yeah!"

"Goody! I'm so happy that you'll have me as your special cocksucker! Would you like it if your mother also was a really good friend who just happens to have a habit of keeping your cock in her hands every day? And mouth, now that I think about it. Hell, probably a lot of both."

Harry feared what was a trick question. He also was worried about admitting his incestuous urges.

She leaned forward and whispered, "The correct answer is yes." He finally nodded.

She was disappointed because Lily wouldn't know his answer if she was indeed listening. But she pressed on. "So would you like to have two naked and busty mothers constantly blowing you and fondling you?"

"Yeah. Hell yeah!"

She smiled. "Okay. But you have to follow certain rules or things will get out of hand. After all, Lily is your mother and both of us are married. It just won't do if you're pounding our pussies full of that sweet sperm of yours every night. So remember the golden rule: look but don't touch, unless I say so. Do you think you can handle that? Do you like looking at me?"

Harry was still absorbing everything she'd said, especially the part about pounding pussies. It was like he'd been hit by a truck. He was so bowled over that he missed her change from yesterday about never touching her to touching her if she said it was okay. She got up and stood right above him. She thrust her chest out and asked, "Is there anything you see that you like looking at?"

Harry was incredulous. Did she really just call herself my "special cocksucker"?! Holy fucking bloody hell! And now she's asking me if she's attractive?!

"Narcissa, are you deranged? Every square inch of you is perfection! Jesus H. Christ! I know I'm never going to see a sexier woman in my whole life!"

"Awww, you're so sweet. But I'm getting all old and flabby." She put her hands behind her head and struck another sexy pose, while she fished for more compliments.

"Narcissa, if you're old and flabby, then I'm... I don't know what I am. A monkey's uncle. You're so intensely amazing; I can't even put it into words. An eighteen year old girl could only dream of having your body." He contemplated saying, "I love you," but held back.

She stepped forward, drew him into a hug, and placed his head between her naked breasts.

Harry was so astounded and excited that he missed the fact this was a violation of the supposed no touching rule.

As she squeezed, both of her nipples pushed into his cheeks. "You're not half bad yourself, Sweetie. All that quidditch and swimming is paying off. You're really filling out lately. But don't be saying 'I love you' or think of me romantically while I'm helping you with your problem,

okay? That's something you do with girls your own age. I'm just a married woman who's helping you with your problem."

She thought to herself, I wish I could tell him the truth! I dream of him telling me, "I love you, Aunt Suzy." There's nothing more I'd rather hear him say. But if my ambitious ultimate fantasy scheme is going to come true, I have to hold my horses. He needs to be emotionally open to lust and love from Lily and Rose, too. And of course I can't forget that Lily is probably listening. Drat!

She continued, "I must say, I'm so happy I can help with your problem. And if we have some fun in the process, then no harm done, right? If the doctor says I have to suck and stroke your cock many times a day, then that's just what I have to do, isn't it?"

Harry was really glad now he had held off from saying "I love you" - it was as if she'd read his mind and saw he was on the verge of saying something like that. He decided yet again that it was always best to say as little as possible in these situations.

"You're the best, Narcissa!" he enthused, but her mention that she was married filled his head with the thought of adultery, and he felt very guilty even as he grew more turned on.

She responded, "Am I really? How do you know if I'm such a good cocksucker after just one time? Maybe I need to show you again, to prove my point." His penis was already hard again.

She immediately got down on all fours and took it in her mouth.

Harry put his hands on her head, already forgetting about the "no touching" rule (though in this case it didn't really matter).

The second blowjob was much better than the first. The first time ended in just a couple of minutes, but Harry had much greater stamina for the second go-around.

She sucked and sucked, and took him in, almost to his balls sometimes.

His brain reeled from pleasure and wonder. I can't believe anyone can fit that much penis inside a mouth. Damn!

Harry had been sitting on the floor near her, but halfway through the blowjob she propped him back up on the edge of the bed so that her hands could be freed up. This allowed her to finger herself at the same time.

She'd friggd herself in front of him the night before, but this time Harry could see what she was doing. He watched with intense interest as her fingers disappeared up into her hole and then wiggled around. He saw her pull at her clit, but didn't know what it was.

After a few minutes she stopped to catch her breath. As she rested, she asked, "So, do you like the sight of me naked and on my knees with your cock in my hand?"

His heart was racing from excitement. "I love it! I especially like to see your ass and your tits sway from so close up."

"Good. 'Cos you're going to be seeing me in this position a LOT from now on. I LOVE to do this, and I love to do it FOR YOU!" She resumed her happy slurping.

Harry thought, Why on Earth would the most perfect teen cheesecake centerfold on the whole friggin' planet be interested in me in the first place, much less want to help me out like this? It must just be her giving nature, trying to help me through my medical situation. What a giving woman!

When they finally both came together, it was very loud. Both of them cried out loudly, now that there wasn't such a sense it had to be kept secret.

In fact, Narcissa wanted Lily to hear just how much fun they were having to help convince Lily she should blow her son as well. So she cried and screamed even louder than usual.

Harry collapsed back onto the bed. "That was amazing! Fantastic. I'm such a lucky man!"

"That you are," replied Narcissa, but as she said this she quickly strode to the door and opened it up a crack, even though she was buck-naked. She wanted to see if Lily had been listening.

Narcissa arrived just in time to see a body quickly moving into the bathroom across the hall and less than ten feet from Harry's door. There was someone who had been eavesdropping, but she realized to her great surprise, Hey, that's Rose, not Lily! Even better. So she's curious too. Excellent!