

Chapter 2

Harry groaned as he buried himself in Narcissa from behind, his climax coming to an end. Under him, she moaned and trembled, her arms and legs giving out, causing her to collapse face first onto the bed. He followed her down, his weight pressing her into the soft mattress while he kissed her neck, her shinning skin salty from her sweat.

Hearing heavy panting that wasn't coming from either of them, he looked up at their guest. Rita Skeeter was still tied to the chair, completely naked. A flush ran all the way from her cheeks and down to her chest as she panted with excitement. Rita's perky breasts, topped with pale pink nipples and large areolas, jiggled slightly with each breath. With her ankles tied to the legs of the chair, her legs were bent inward awkwardly at the knees as she rubbed her pale thighs together, desperately seeking relief. Her eyes were glazed over, staring at the euphoric expression on Narcissa's face.

Harry smirked and turned his attention away from her and back to the beautiful, trembling witch under him. A contented moan left her lips as he kissed her neck and shoulders tenderly. Running his hand up and down her glistening skin, he groped every inch of her sinful figure that he could reach. Starting at her shoulder, his hand slid down to her chest, his fingers trailing over the side of her bulging breast, compressed from being pressed into the mattress. From there, he continued down to her thin waist, his hand following the luscious curve as it flared out to her wide hip and full, voluptuous rear.

With a relaxed sigh, Narcissa turned her head and looked back at him, an affectionate smile on her lips. Reaching behind herself, she grabbed the back of his head and pulled him in for a slow, sensuous kiss. Their tongues and lips moved languidly against each other, slowly caressing, and exploring. As they kissed, Harry felt his excitement rising, his erection hardening once more. Pulling her lips back from his, Narcissa gave him a sultry smile and rolled onto her side, taking him with her.

Spinning around so she was facing him, she wrapped her hand gently around his rigid length, lightly stroking him.

"Harry, do you trust me?" she asked softly.

“Of course,” he said distractedly, his hand running up her side to cup her large, firm breast.

Giving him a sexy smirk, Narcissa stroked his cheeks tenderly and leaned forward for brief yet deep kiss. When she pulled back, she pulled away from him and moved to sit at the foot of the bed. Disappointed that she had moved away, he watched her curiously as she looked at Rita with a smug smirk on her swollen lips.

Climbing to her feet, she walked towards the bound reporter, her hips swaying seductively. Stopping just in front of Rita, she looked down at her own body. With her middle finger, she ran it between her swollen lips and scooped up a small trickle of their combined fluids that had begun to leak out. Still smirking, Narcissa brought her finger to her mouth and slowly sucked it clean. Rita let out a quiet, barely heard moan as she watched with a lust filled gaze.

“Here’s the deal, Rita,” Narcissa said looking down at her. “From now on, any story you write about Harry will go through me first. In exchange, you’ll get interviews for any major events, and we’ll come to you first with any big stories we happen to run across. No more printing baseless rumors or scandalous stories without proof. You keep up your end, and we won’t tell the Aurors about your little secret. Do we have a deal?”

Harry opened his mouth to interrupt, not thrilled about having to continue dealing with the vile woman but stopped himself at the last second. Narcissa had asked him to trust her and, despite the family she came from, he did. She must have a good reason for doing this, he thought hopefully.

“Yes!” Rita answered surprisingly quickly. “I’ll do anything you want, just please, untie me.”

Rita groaned in frustration and rubbed her thighs together desperately.

“Hmm, not quite yet. Harry, could you come here, love?” Narcissa asked.

Raising an eyebrow, Harry climbed off the bed and walked over to her with a questioning look. Narcissa smiled at him and pecked him on the lips.

“Please, trust me,” she whispered with a pleading look. “I promise this will help. I’ll explain everything later, I swear.”

After a moment's thought, Harry nodded. Narcissa smiled brightly at him and hugged him tightly as she pulled him in for a heated kiss, her large breasts squashed against his muscled chest. When she pulled back, there was a naughty smile on her face as she took his hand and guided him to stand in front of Rita. Panting with need, she stared hungrily at his rigid, bobbing erection.

“This is what you want, isn’t it, Rita?” Narcissa asked as she lightly stroked his length.

Rita only groaned pitifully as she struggled against her bonds, her eyes never leaving his swollen, shinning length. Narrowing her eyes when she didn’t get an answer, Narcissa took half a set forward and roughly seized a handful of Rita’s bleach blonde hair. Yanking her head back harshly, Rita let out a shocked gasp as she stared wide eyed up at Narcissa.

“Answer me!” she demanded harshly. “Do you want his cock?”

“Yes! Please,” Rita gasped and begged, her cheeks burning a deep red out of shame.

Narcissa let go of her hair and tenderly stroked her cheek, causing her to close her eyes and let out a needy whine. Walking around behind her, Narcissa bent down so that her mouth was right next to her ear. Running her hand across Rita’s chest, she caressed one of her surprisingly perky breasts. Taking the stiff nipple between her fingers, Narcissa rolled and tugged at the swollen, sensitive nub, causing Rita to moan wantonly while her legs trembled.

“Good girl,” Narcissa whispered approvingly.

Looking up at Harry, she crooked her finger at him, beckoning him forward. When he was within reach, Narcissa grabbed his rigid length and pulled him closer, until his engorged head was less than an inch from Rita's mouth. She stared hungrily at his impressive size, her warm breath washing over his damp skin as she panted excitedly.

"But first, I think you owe Harry an apology for all those terrible things you wrote about him in the paper," Narcissa said softly, tweaking her nipple and causing her to gasp again.

"I'm so sorry, Harry," Rita said, gazing up at him pleadingly. "I'll do anything you want to make it up to you. Please."

Narcissa chuckled darkly, her eyes sparkling lustfully as she smiled up at Harry. Rita moaned and shuddered as Narciss pinched her nipple firmly and nibbled at her ear.

"Good, Rita. Very good," she said huskily. "But I think you need to *show* him just how sorry you are. After all, actions speak louder than words."

Collecting Rita's disheveled hair into a messy ponytail, Narcissa gripped it in her hand and pushed her head forward until Rita's lips brushed against his swollen head. Harry's length pulsed in excitement, a drop of arousal beading at his tip and sticking to her lips. Pulling back in surprise, Rita licked her lips without thought, her tongue cleaning off the salty, sticky wetness.

"Open," Narcissa whispered demandingly as her hand slid down Rita's stomach to the thin trail of short, wispy blonde hair between her legs.

Rita spread her legs and opened her mouth eagerly, her blue eyes glazed over with lust. Narcissa pushed her head forward with one hand, while the other slipped between her legs to tease her dripping slit. Rita let out a long, muffled moan as her lips wrapped around his girth. Narcissa continued pushing her forward until his head pressed against the back of her throat, causing her to gag and pull back.

"More," Narcissa breathed excitedly.

As she slipped two fingers into Rita's soaking wet entrance, she shoved her head forward, driving Harry's tip into her throat. Rita's chest heaved as she gagged harshly, her throat spasming frantically around him. Harry groaned as Narcissa held her there for a moment, his cock lodged a couple inches into her throat while tears welled in her eyes as she choked. Finally, Narcissa let her up and she shot off of him, gasping and coughing hard while a long strand of thick saliva fell down her chin. Long streaks of dark red lipstick clung to his shaft, a ring halfway down his length showing just how far down she had gone.

Narcissa gave her a moment to catch her breath before pushing her back onto his spit covered length. The deeper Rita descended down his shaft, the deeper Narcissa sank her finger into Rita's core. When he hit the back of her throat, Rita closed her eyes and pushed herself forward, black tears leaving lines of mascara down her cheeks as she bucked her hips desperately. With each centimeter she forced down her gullet a loud, squelching gag filled the room.

Smirking, Narcissa let go of her hair and gently caressed Rita's breast while her fingers continued slowly pumping in and out of her drooling slit. Rita paused when she got to the point where she stopped before, her throat spasming as it tried to eject his intruding length. Narcissa stopped fingering her, but continued to softly caress her breast, her nails dragging lightly over the pale, firm mound.

"Deeper," she breathed heavily into Rita's ear while running the back of her nail over her stiff nipple.

Rita gurgled around his shaft and drove herself forward, her hands clenching and unclenching as she fought against her bonds. Narcissa let go of her breast and snapped her fingers, causing the ropes tying Rita's wrists to the arms of the chair to fall loosely to floor. Rita's hands instantly shot up to Harry's waist and pulled him towards her while her head moved forward, forcing his rigid, throbbing cock deeper into her throat. Harry's hands reacted without thought, reaching out to grab the back of her head and pulling her full lips ever closer to the base of his shaft. Her lips slowly crept further and further down his length as loud gags and squelches left her mouth, thick strings of sticky saliva dripping down her chin.

Narcissa's fingers moved faster the deeper Rita went until, with one final push, her lips wrapped around his base and her small, pointed nose pressed against his groin. Harry groaned, reveling in the feeling of her hot, tight throat spasming and massaging his length for a few glorious seconds before she ran out of air. Rita's hands went from pulling his hips forward to pushing them back, her head fighting against his strong grip. Harry relaxed his arms and she shot off his cock, strings of spit falling onto her chest as she gasped and coughed. The moment she could breathe, she tilted her head back and let out a long, pleasure filled moan from Narcissa teasing her clit.

"I'm impressed," Narcissa told her. "I didn't think you'd do it. Congratulations, you're a bigger whore than I thought."

Rita whimpered pitifully and bucked her hips towards Narcissa's hand desperately while Harry slapped his wet, slimy cock down on her face.

"Please," she begged softly.

"Please, what?" Narcissa asked, teasing her lips

"Oh Merlin, please just let me cum," Rita gasped.

Narcissa smirked and looked up at Harry.

"Hold her hands," she told him.

Harry did as he was told and grabbed Rita's wrist firmly. Holding them apart, he smiled darkly as it pulled her forward and the head of his cock rubbed against her ruined face. Rita groaned in frustration as Narcissa let go of her and walked over to stand behind Harry, her large, soft breasts pressing into his arm and back. Her lips were right next to his ear while her hands caressed his shoulders.

“Ruin her,” Narcissa ordered in a husky whisper.

Snapping her fingers, the ropes tying Rita’s ankles to the chair fell loose, setting her free. His mind clouded by a lust filled haze, Harry didn’t even give her time to react as he pulled her to her feet. She let out a surprised gasp when he grabbed her round ass cheeks and lifted her up, her arms and legs wrapping around him out of instinct. Reaching down with one hand, he placed himself at her sopping entrance and speared her on his length.

Rita, her eyes clenched shut, threw her head back, her mouth open in a silent scream as her tight walls fluttered wildly around his length. A deep moan finally escaped her throat as he carried her over to the bed, his cock slightly shifting and flexing inside of her depths.

Harry dropped her carelessly on her back while he stood at the end of the mattress. Grabbing her thighs, he draped her knees over his shoulders and grabbed hers for support. Holding her shoulders firmly, he pulled most of the way out of her clutching grasp before slamming back in. From the first thrust he set a punishing pace, plowing in and out of her dripping core with deep, powerful thrusts.

Rita grasped frantically as her eyes rolled into the back of her head, her breasts wobbling as her entire body was jerked forward each time her pounded into her, only for his hands to pull her back into place for another titanic thrust. Her face scrunched up in a perfect picture of agonized pleasure while a long groan issued from her open mouth. The tendons of her neck protruded against the delicate skin of her pale neck as she reached a sudden, thunderous climax. Her legs shook uncontrollably with her toes pointed to the ceiling next to his head. Harry continued ramming into her furiously despite her core clutching his length tightly, sweat beading on his forehead from the exertion.

Narcissa climbed onto the bed and laid down on her side next to Rita, a smug smile lifting the corners of her lips. Rita’s stomach twitched as she dragged her long, green nails lightly over her skin. She licked her lips hungrily as she watched Harry mercilessly plowed Rita’s tight little pussy, a loud, wet slapping announcing his ruination of Magical Britain most feared reporter.

Just as she calmed from her climax, Narcissa trailed her hand down her body and rubbed her swollen clit back and forth furiously. Rita went rigid once more while a scream left her throat.

Streams of arousal pulsed out of her spasming core, soaking Harry's shaft and balls as he ruthlessly continued slamming his cock into her. Narcissa laughed derisively as she watched Rita writhe on the bed, her mind and body overwhelmed from the pleasure coursing through her.

Harry panted heavily as he slowed to a stop and wiped the sweat from his brow with the back of his arm. Pulling out of her, his swollen head scraped along her grasping depths as they hugged him. When his head finally popped free of her clutching lips, he tossed her legs to the side, causing her to roll over on her stomach with her legs hanging over the edge of her bed. Grabbing her ass and spreading her open, Harry sank back into her, drawing a muffled groan from Rita.

"Ungh. Ungh. Ungh," Rita grunted in the mattress each time his hips collided with her ass.

Narcissa straddled Rita's back on her knees, facing Harry. Running her hands up his chest, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him in for a slow sensual kiss. Harry lifted his hand off Rita's ass and trailed it up Narcissa's body to cup one of her large, tear drop shaped breasts. She moaned into his mouth as his thumb ran over her stiff nipple, his tongue dancing sensuously with hers. Narcissa ground herself against Rita, leaving a trail of glistening arousal over her lower back.

Pulling back from the kiss, she gave him a seductive smile as she scooted back and dropped down to her elbows. Grabbing Rita's cheeks, she held them open and dipped her head to run her tongue over Rita's puckered hole. Although he couldn't see her reaction, Harry heard the surprised gasp she let out.

Working her cheeks for a moment, Narcissa let out a long string of spit that landed on Rita's wrinkled hole and dribbled down onto his slowly thrusting cock. With her middle finger, she pressed it against Rita's backdoor and sank it in to the first knuckle. He felt Rita tighten around him as a whimper escaped her mouth. Narcissa let out a deep chuckle while pushing her finger deeper.

Harry watched, enraptured, as Narcissa worked her finger back and forth in Rita's ass until it was fully buried up to the third knuckle. Pulling her finger all the way out, she added her index

finger and slowly sank back into her winking hole. Narcissa pumped her fingers faster and deeper as Rita relaxed, a long groan leaving her lips.

Suddenly, Narcissa pulled her fingers out of Rita and grabbed him around the base. Pushing him back until his cock felt out of Rita, she pulled him forward again, this time lining him up with her crinkled entrance.

Swelling with excitement, Harry pushed his head firmly into her puckered hole. Rita gasped, her body tensing.

“Relax,” Narcissa said, stroking her leg softly.

As her muscles uncoiled, pushed hard until her tight ring gave way and his cock slowly sank into her. Rita’s ass hugged him with a with an incredible heat he had never experienced before.

“Oh fuck!” Rita groaned as Harry slowly sank deeper into her back passage.

Working his way back and forth, he gradually drove deeper and deeper into her. As he pulled back, Narcissa leaned over and let a stream of warm spit dribble down from her lips onto his cock. Climbing back up to her knees again, she grabbed his hips and pulled him deeper with each thrust until he was buried to the hilt in Rita’s tight ass. Rita clutched at the blankets and panted heavily, a constant stream of moans and grunts escaping her lips as Harry buried himself into her incredible rear again and again.

Soon, he reached a steady pace, his hips bouncing off of her firm, round cheeks with a rhythmic clap. A groan left his lips as her silky, furnace like passage hugged his cock and Narcissa kissed and sucked at his neck. Harry, feeling his climax approaching, drove into her faster and harder, his hands gripping her cheeks tightly and leaving indents in her pale skin. Rita seemed to be getting close as well, her back passage tightening around him even more while her moans grew louder.

“Cum you whore!” Narcissa snarled, smacking her ass hard enough to leave a pink handprint behind. “Cum all over his fat cock!”

As if waiting for the command, Rita clawed at the blankets and squealed as she came hard around him, her arousal soaking the bed under them. Harry grunted from the feeling of her anal passage clenching around his cock. With just a few more thrusts, he growled as he reached his peak. Burying his length to the hilt in her clutching ass, his cock swelled and pulsed inside of her, filling her with powerful stream of thick, hot cum. Narcissa cupped his cheeks and kissed him hard as he came, her soft breasts rubbing against his chest while he continued to pump his hips.

Harry sagged when his climax came to an end, a euphoric exhaustion coming over him. Slowly pulling back, he freed himself from Rita’s tight clutches and flopped onto the bed next to her tiredly. Narcissa climbed off of Rita’s back and crawled over top of him with a chuckle. Bending down, she kissed him briefly on the lips before curling up to his side. A few moments later, Rita sat up tiredly, looking quite embarrassed now that the desperate need for relief had gone.

“Remember our deal, Rita. Things will go much better for you if you work with us. Who knows, if you behave, maybe I’ll even be willing to let you borrow Harry again,” Narcissa said with a smirk.

“R-Right.” Rita said as she stood on wobbly legs.

Harry lifted his head just in time to see her seamlessly transform into a brightly colored beetle and disappear through the window, enchanted to allow owls to come and go seamlessly.

“You did wonderfully,” Narcissa told him with a proud smile, her hand coming up to stroke his cheek.

“What was that all about anyways?” Harry asked, flushing from the praise.

“Threats and blackmail might work, but by giving her an incentive, we can make sure she *wants* to work with us,” she explained. “

“I’m the incentive?” he asked skeptically.

“Don’t underestimate yourself,” Narcissa said firmly. “You’re far more attractive than you give yourself credit for. Besides, a woman like Rita isn’t likely to have men lining up to jump in her bed. Not without slipping her a Forgetfulness Potion afterwards, at least.”

“But why work with her at all?” he asked. “Why not just turn her in?”

“We could, but then we have no control over they’ll send next. The adversary you know is better than the one you don’t. I know the Editor of the Prophet, and anyone he sends is likely to be just as bad if not worse than Rita Skeeter,” she told him.

“I still don’t like the idea of giving her an interview,” he grumbled.

“I know, but if you don’t give the press anything, they’ll just make up whatever they like. This way, we have a lot of control over what they print, and there are other perks,” she said, giving him a knowing grin. “Didn’t you enjoy bugging the bitch that made up all those lies about you?”

Harry acknowledged her point with a sheepish grin of his own.

“Let’s get some sleep,” Narcissa said tiredly.

Crawling into bed properly, Harry laid on his back while Narcissa curled up to his side and rested her head on his chest.

“Thanks, Cissy,” he said after a few moments of silence. “Knowing my luck, I’d have turned her in and made things ten times worse.”

Narcissa chuckled lightly. “You can thank me tomorrow morning in the shower.”