

Cat in a Tree

by Amita

Early Lucius and Narcissa

Chapter 1 of 1

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"Tell me about where we're going."

"It's a family business. Mr. Henderson and his wife with their two daughters and one son and their spouses manufacture brooms."

"I've always wanted to see that."

"I guessed as much. Your father told me a long time ago that you were always interested in the inner workings of things."

Narcissa put her arms around her husband and looked up at him. "I wouldn't mind seeing some of your inner workings."

"I'm trying to shave, dear," he said.

She sighed. "This is what it comes down to after two years of marriage whiskers before nooky."

"That's the proper order," he replied. "You wouldn't want a whisker burn in a sensitive spot, would you?"

"Gross pig," she said. "I'm going to take my bath and get dressed and ignore you."

After she left, he continued making with the razor while the partial erection from her embrace subsided under his bathrobe. "By the gods," he told himself, "if she knew the effect she still had on me, I'd be at her mercy."

As they were riding to the Hendersons, she asked, "What prompts this visit? Is it routine? I vaguely remember you mentioning them, but you haven't visited them in two years, or if you have, you didn't take me with you."

"It's a business that runs itself," he explained. "They've borrowed money several times in the past, usually for expansion."

"I suppose when one of their kids graduated or got married, they needed new housing and additional construction facilities," she said. "With their family expenses, they haven't been able to set aside funds for sudden large expenditures."

"That's the past history," said Lucius.

"If that's the past history, what is it this time?"

"One of those strange manufacturing pitfalls," he said. "They're developing a new model that's better, faster, and cheaper."

"That sounds good for them," said Narcissa.

"Eventually, it will be, but word leaked out, and now, no one is buying their current stock."

"Then they can't make the payments on their outstanding loan, and they need another," guessed Narcissa. "But why are you bringing me?"

"I've been bringing you everywhere, dear. You wanted to see what the Malfoys are up to firsthand," he said. "And this is stressful for the Hendersons. Perhaps you can talk to Mrs. Henderson and calm her in ways that I can't."

"Oh, I don't know. I'm always very calm after you've 'talked' to me," she said.

"Very funny, sweetheart."

At the complex, Narcissa expressed interest in the manufacturing process, and the two senior Hendersons, Henry and Molly, took pride in showing her every detail. As they went through all the details of manufacturing, all the details of their financial status came out. They could cut their losses and create some cash flow by dumping the current stock at half price. They expected the new product to be ready in one month, but there was always the unforeseen. They were asking for a forgiveness period and enough to sustain them for three months.

While having tea back at the house, Molly mentioned that her cat, Myrtle, had been missing since yesterday afternoon, and she was afraid it had run into a pack of wild dogs roaming the area. Narcissa suggested the two of them take their brooms and look for her pet.

They heard the wild hounds before they saw them. They came over a small hillock and a pack was dashing excitedly around a small tree with some of them leaping to try to reach the lower branches.

"Myrtle!" screamed Molly Henderson, flying straight for the tree.

The pack turned and snarled, and the three biggest hounds charged toward Mrs. Henderson. She reached for her wand, but they were on her, knocking her off her broom into a muddy puddle of water.

"Molly!" screamed Narcissa as she flew to the melee of dogs and woman, pulled out her wand, and hurled a stunning curse. The three hounds and the woman went down. An unseen hound leaped at Narcissa from behind and knocked her into the puddle. Narcissa got her feet and legs between her and the hound and kicked it away. She yelled a curse that caused it to implode. Time was moving slowly for Narcissa as she made it to her feet and faced the oncoming pack. The din in her ears made it impossible for her to hear the first three hexes she threw. Three hounds exploded into their constituent parts. Still screaming the gods knew what, she swung her wand in an arc. The remaining hounds yelped and ran. She turned to the three in the puddle with her and Molly. They were beginning to stir. She pointed her wand three times, and they were still. She helped Molly to her feet.

Molly pointed to a branch. "There's Myrtle."

The world was returning to normal for Narcissa. "Are you okay?" she asked Molly.

Molly nodded, mounted her broom, and retrieved her cat.

Back at the complex, the arrival of two muddy, bleeding, and bruised women made a sensation, and they received a welcome almost equal to the one received by the family cat.

After a spot of clean-up and first-aid, Narcissa was riding back home beside a silent and fuming husband. Finally, he said, "You've got to be more judicious about your adventures. I don't want you riding off to face a pack of wild dogs alone, ever again."

"Yes, dear," she said. "The next pack of wild dogs, I'll invite you, too."

He couldn't help it: he shook his head and smiled. He slowed down, reached over, and took her hand. After they were home and while they were putting the brooms away, he said, "You were brave and capable. I reacted poorly. It was the thought of losing you."

It was her turn to smile, reach over, and take his hand. As they walked to the house, the knowledge that her husband wanted her as a business partner, was proud of her, and worried for her ran through her mind, and by the time they arrived in the foyer, these thoughts had become fire running through her veins.

She grabbed him, pushed him against the wall, and pressed into him. "Whiskers be damned," she said. Tangled hair, mud streaks, cuts, and bruises be damned, too. His embrace almost hurt, and his mouth plundered hers. Her breasts were crushed. She felt his hand grab her ass and heard a growl as the length of his rod made a dent in her softness. She felt moist warmth. This was more like it.

Then she was in the bedroom and tossed on the edge of the bed where her legs were apart as he ran his hand up her thighs, closed as he pulled her knickers off, and apart as his tongue made its way up her thighs. "I need you in me. I need you in me," she pleaded as his tongue opened her folds. She yelled as his tongue found her sensitive spot. Some people just don't listen.

Luckily, only he was listening as she made the most embarrassing little noises sounds as intimate and personal as what he was doing to her sounds that marked the slow and delicious surrender of her proud self to her husband to her husband, the only person who had seen her like this the only person she would ever let give such ego-stripping pleasure pleasure that was growing as she fell more and more in love with him growing as the lone little girl was being replaced by a woman with a partner an intimate partner who now had her making most shameless noises and wiggling her most private self her most private and deepest needs growing and growing and taking possession of every fiber every fiber straining as the pleasure grew into ecstasy the ecstasy that makes little girls sigh and grown women scream scream her husband's name as her fingers clutched his hair and her thighs squeeze his buried head. Bad hubby not listening to wife not letting her remain cool and aloof not protecting her from conjugal bliss.

Bad hubby cuddled her and kissed her and let her taste her sexy self.

She was still floating as he removed her blouse and her skirt. He left her half-slip on as he removed her bra nothing like a bit of concealment for provocation. She was moaning for him even before his lips touched her breasts. She felt fingers and lips and tongue touch and tease and caress until she was moving sinuously.

She was smiling in anticipation. She knew the effect her arousal had on him. It was her deepest secret that she liked turning him into an animal. Cool and severe Narcissa Black sighed as her husband pinned her hands above her head with one hand, forced her legs into the air, held her ass, and looked into her eyes as she experienced the mount. Her mouth was open and her head tilted back.

Once again, she was making small, intimate sounds as he relished having her and taking her to a plateau. Her entire being absorbed his triumph of riding her and driving her higher.

Bad hubby taking advantage of lady whose defenses always went down for him savoring animal grunts and contorted face of lady captured by passion relishing cries and thrashing of lady in mating dance.

"You have me. You have me," she gasped.

Bad hubby making sweet wife confess such things as she went mindless driving loving wife into final throes holding devoted wife as she has her ecstasy.

Narcissa loved it that he held her while she floated as one with him and that he waited until she was rational before completing the coupling. Then the liquid slaps rocked her body with increasing intensity until guttural moans followed by involuntary jerks told her that his lovely cock was squirting his husbandly sperm into her wifely vagina.

They held each other in total embrace.

Lucius made her feel a complete woman.

Narcissa made Draco.