

The Favor

Part 1

Sweat rolled down the forehead of Harry Potter as he looked through his pocket-sized notebook that he kept with him while doing work. Since his graduation, Harry had taken up Cursebreaking as a way to prepare him for his true love, searching for treasures. That's why when Narcissa Malfoy had "hired" him to find a particular jewel, he jumped at the chance. It had nothing to do with the fact that the MILF was single since her husband's incarceration, or that she had promised him a weekend of nonstop fucking if he were to accomplish the task.

The sexy blonde had provided him with all the information that she had. It was somewhere on the Medetsiz Mountain in Turkey. She could pinpoint it to a certain area, but no more than that. After hours of searching, Harry uncovered a secret entrance near the peak. Like so long ago, in the sea cave with Dumbledore, he needed to smear blonde on the bare rock to reveal the entrance. Once it opened up in front of him, he descended the hand-carved, stone stairs deep into the mountain. Before leaving the entrance behind, Harry added more than a few wards around the entrance. Turkey wasn't Egypt. They wouldn't be too happy to find an Englishman looting the country's ancient magical artifacts. There was a reason the Goblins didn't mess around in these mountains. He had to keep what he was doing hidden and secret.

The deeper that the stairs went, the warmer it got. Once he reached a certain point, he began sweating. Wiping his face off with his sleeve, he kept going. Holding an enchanted crystal in front of him, the light emanating from it lighted the path and kept him safe, at least until he heard a click. Going on instinct, Harry threw himself backward and barely avoided a metal spear that shot from one wall and buried itself in the one across from it. He could still hear the metal vibrating from the impact. Harry picked himself up from the stairs and winced. Rubbing the back of his head, he could feel that a bump was beginning to grow after hitting his head on the stone stair. Shaking his head at his carelessness, he took stock of the situation. Swiping the light around, he saw that he had stepped on a pressure plate which released the spear from a hole in the stone wall. Lesson learned, he thought.

As much as the idea of deadly booby traps scared him, it made him equally excited. People only put up such protections if there was something worth protecting. He had the right place. Now he just needed to reach the end in one piece. Keeping his wand at the ready, he lit up his path and stepped carefully, studying each step. The progress was much slower, but Harry already unearthed several more traps that were designed to kill him. When he reached the end of the stairway, he came to a large, empty room. Standing in place, he brightened the light. As the crystal lit up the entire room, he could see that it wasn't empty. There were small piles of what looked to be rotted wood spaced here and there. They must have been tables or chairs that had rotted away hundreds of years ago. On the far side of the room was an open archway. Harry carefully made his way there.

Just past the archway were several rooms, each with rotted furniture in them. They must have been the personal rooms of the ancient guards of this place, or perhaps the old priests, Harry didn't know. Either way, there was nothing here for him. Harry went from room to room, examining each one, and found them to be just like the previous. The last room was similar, only fancier. The walls were lined with mortared bricks that were carved with pictures of people and animals. Other than that, there was nothing there. There was no place left to look. This didn't make sense to him. Waving his wand and casting several detection spells, Harry didn't find anything.

"Fuck!" he yelled out angrily, kicking the far wall with the sole of his dragonhide boot. The impact of the blow must have loosened a brick because some of the mortar dropped down and revealed a dim, orange light. Excitedly, Harry dropped to his knees and peeked through. He couldn't really see much. Before leaving this place, they must have bricked up the wall!

"Cheeky bastards!" Harry said happily. He sat down for a moment and pulled out his pocket-sized book. Wiping his forehead, he searched for any kind of detection spell that he may have forgotten. Shaking his head, he realized that he had cast them all. As far as he was aware, there was no magic on the wall. Probably smart, otherwise someone would have probably found it. With nothing else left to do, Harry stood as far back as he could and hit the wall with a weak Blasting Curse. He watched as the entire thing came crumbling down. As the bricks noisily hit the stone ground, what they hid was revealed.

Lava and heat. Intense heat suddenly wafted over him, making him turn his face. Some fancy wandwork had him instantly cooled and protected from the worst of it. Stepping forward, he studied what was going on. There was a path forward that was lined on each side by deep fissures in the ground which held swirling pools of magma far below. The path itself was thin and treacherous looking. In the distance, he could see something. Unable to see what it was, he was left with no choice but to continue forward. Not taking any chances, he cast detection spells with every step. Here and there he would have to stop and dismantle a piece of magic. Because of this, it took him several hours just to travel the last one hundred yards, but the wait was worth it. Hidden by a low dip in the path, he came across two mountains of gold coins on each side of an altar. On the altar was the jewel that he had come for. Fighting the urge to run over there, he instead studied the magic in this area.

Just as he suspected, there were powerful spells attached to the gold and the jewel. If any of it was touched, it would set off something. He didn't know what, but it couldn't be good. After another half hour of examining them, he realized that he couldn't dismantle the spells. They were tied to everything, including the stone that the gold was sitting on. The best that he could do was add more spells so that the reaction would be delayed. Being as careful as possible, he waved his wand and did his work. After some quick calculations, he figured that he would have just over a minute before everything went to the dogs. That was long enough. Removing the satchel from around his shoulder, he opened it wider than was normally possible and set it on the ground very close to the jewel with the opening facing upward. His satchel had been

enchanted with an Undetectable Extension Charm by Hermione so he would have plenty of room.

Seeing as he wouldn't be able to apparate or Portkey away, he'd have to do it the old-fashioned way. Reaching into the bag, he pulled out his broom and held it close. With a wave of his wand, huge amounts of gold began to fly from the mountains and pour into the opening of his bag. At the same time, he grabbed the huge jewel and stuffed it in his pocket. Only half a minute later he heard his spells collapse with a loud pop. Seeing that his time was up, he grabbed the bag and let the remaining gold spill everywhere. The room began to violently shake as he heard a deep rumbling from below. Not waiting to find out, he jumped on his broom and shot away. Not a second later did the lava from below burst up and begin chasing him down the cavernous room.

Looking over his shoulder, Harry's eyes nearly bugged out when he saw a tidal wave of lava bearing down on him.

"SHIT!" he yelled out. Leaning forward, he pushed the broom to its limits. He shot back through the area with the rooms as the lava burst through behind him. He pulled up and flew up the long staircase and had to do some tricky maneuvers to avoid the metal spears sticking out of the wall. Sweat was pouring from his skin as his protections began to fall apart. Seeing the light ahead, he put on one last burst of speed and ripped through the opening as lava spurted out after him. Flying high up into the air, he turned and did a few lazy circles and watched as the mountain began to tremble. Thinking that it was a bad idea to be so close, he just turned and began to fly away when the mountain ripped apart from a massive eruption. The sound hurt his ears and the shockwave sent him tumbling through the air. He was just able to hold onto his broom and activate his portkey which took him miles away to his base camp. Landing on the ground hard when he appeared, he groaned and left his broom on the ground as he stood up and looked at the mountain.

A huge mushroom cloud of ash and smoke was rising into the air as lava shot out everywhere. Harry winced. He needed to get away fast. He was sure that people would come to investigate soon and no one knew that he was here, least of all the Turkish authorities. He was packed up within minutes and used another portkey to travel to Greece, then another to France. He made sure that anyone investigating would find it impossible to trace it all back to him. After walking a safe distance away from his arrival point, he took one more to Scotland before apparating back home.

Immediately going for the bar, he poured himself a generous amount of firewhiskey and sat down to rest for a moment. After taking a gulp, he pulled out the jewel. It was very big for a gem of this quality. It appeared to be some type of Opal, or at least that's what he thought by seeing the different swirling colors in it. He definitely wasn't a professional when it came to precious stones, but he was sure that it was worth a pretty penny. Trading it to Narcissa for a good time didn't bother him. He enjoyed the thrill of obtaining it, besides, he also collected a fortune in ancient gold coins that were worth more than their weight in gold. Smiling happily, he finished his drink before taking a shower.

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When Friday came around, Harry waited patiently for his employer to show up. He had already messaged her with the good news. It was late afternoon when she finally arrived looking just as good as ever. Her hair was done up in an elegant bun, and she was wearing high-quality dress robes. He should have found it strange since the Malfoys weren't doing that well financially. Though, a woman like Narcissa would always find a way to have the finer things in life, hence, their deal.

"Narcissa," Harry greeted her as she stepped out of the Floo. He cleaned her with a wave of his wand.

"Thank you, Harry," she happily stated, stepping in and allowing him to kiss the back of her hand.

"You look wonderful," Harry complimented her. She did indeed look good. The one thing that was missing was the jewelry. He remembered always seeing her with diamonds or emeralds on. She must have been forced to sell them. A big injustice to a woman like her, if he were to guess. In reply, she just smiled at him.

"When I read about the disaster unfolding in Turkey, I knew that you had to be involved," she joked. Harry chuckled and pulled the jewel from his pocket. As it glinted in the light, Narcissa's eyes seemed to gleam just as much.

"It was a harrowing journey, but I came back victorious," he said, hefting the heavy stone in his hand. "By the way, why did you want this so bad?" he wondered.

"The Parkinson matriarch was talking about how she was soon to take that in her possession. She seemed very excited about the prospect. Right after, she insulted me about my financial difficulties. I couldn't let that go. Now, I'll carve this up and have it made into a set of jewelry that I'll happily wear in front of her," she smirked. Harry chuckled and handed her the stone that was over one thousand carats.

Narcissa greedily took it and secured it in her bag. As she was putting it away, she felt strong hands grip her thin waist. She smiled.

"Couldn't wait for even a second?" she teased.

"Sorry, Love, but a deal's a deal," he grinned.

"So it is. Show me to the bedroom, if you will. I'd prefer to be comfortable," Narcissa requested. Harry nodded and took her by the hand.

As she stepped into the room and walked toward the bed ahead of him, she undid her robe and let it drop to the ground. Harry instantly became hard seeing that she had been completely nude underneath. She was now wearing only her high heels. He could see the hourglass shape of her from behind along with her teardrop-shaped bottom. She elegantly crawled onto his bed and rolled over and posed sexily for him. He could see her eyes shining. She wanted a good time just as much as he did. He'd make sure to give it to her.

Taking his clothes off, her eyes widened at the sight of his girth. Harry crawled up her body and kissed her deeply, her legs parting to invite him between them. His hard cock rested against the damp heat of her shaved pussy. As their tongues slid around one another, Narcissa moaned and rubbed her wet cunt all over his hard cock. Breaking the kiss, Harry teased her.

"You want it bad, don't you?" he asked, grinding the underside of his cock against her wet slit.

"Mmm. It's been a while," she shuddered as his cock mashed against her hard clit. His lips attacked her neck before moving further south. She happily arched her back and presented her large bust to him. Harry trailed his tongue around the edges of her pink areolas and watched as her nipples crinkled and grew hard. Leaning in, he pinched the tip between his teeth and looked her in the eyes as he gently tugged on it. Narcissa's eyes fluttered as she tilted her head back and moaned. Harry let go of her nipple and laughed. His lips returned to her body, kissing his way down her belly. He felt her stomach move as he tickled her belly button with his tongue.

Narcissa didn't want to wait anymore. She wanted pleasure, and she wanted it now. Pushing his head down, she rubbed her wet slit against his lips as he took in her scent. She could hear him inhaling her fragrance. The growling of his voice told her that he liked what he smelled. His hands gripped her behind the knees, and her body was folded in a not so gentle fashion. Narcissa squealed from being treated in such a manner. No man had dared to treat her in such a way. She was a pureblood princess and deserved to be treated as such. Those thoughts left her mind when his tongue landed on her virgin asshole. Her eyes bugged out as the tip of his tongue wiggled against her naughty hole. Immediately, she felt a tingle near her clit, and she tried to close her legs. The brute, however, was holding them open as he happily lapped at her drippings. Arousal was leaking from her horny cunt and pooling over her asshole. Soon, Harry had licked her clean and moved up to her slit. She felt his fingers gently pry open her split and look at her insides. Blushing from being treated in such a way, she allowed him to proceed as her chest rapidly rose and fell. Letting out a shuddered moan, she trembled as his tongue tasted her insides before massaging her aching clit.

Biting her lip, Narcissa pulled his head closer to her body, smearing her wetness all over his face. As he sucked on her clit, she felt two of his fingers slip inside of her. Narcissa was beginning to see stars when his fingers expertly curled and began rubbing her g-spot. Unable to control her actions, her legs spread wider than a Knockturn Alley whore as she desperately wanted to feel more pleasure. She could hear the wet squelching of her pussy being fingered even as her moans and mewls nearly drowned them out. Suddenly, her body jerked and she cried out. Her pussy clamped down on his fingers, and her toes curled in her shoes as she

experienced her first true orgasm in years. Choking out a pleased cry, her body flopped around as pussy juice flooded his hand. He continued to tease her by massaging her clit with his thumb. She tried to tell him to stop and slap his hand away, but she was unable to. Her pathetic whines of orgasmic bliss were all that left her lovely lips.

She was only experiencing the first course, however. As Harry towered over her with his beastly cock straight and hard, she knew that she was about to be served the main dish.