

Chapter 3

Narcissa sat in the new, private quarters she shared with Harry, relaxing on the couch and reading the Daily Prophet. A smirk quirked her lips as she read about the legal troubles her ex-husband was currently facing. While it wasn't as bad as she hoped, the allegations of corruption and bribery were more than enough to ensure he wouldn't regain his previous level of influence anytime soon. Fudge was quick to distance himself and allow the Aurors to do their job for once. While his approval rating took a bit of a hit in the last couple of days, he would recover eventually.

As she took a sip of her tea, there was a sharp knock at the door.

"Come in," she called out.

The door swung open and Harry's friend, Hermione Granger, stood in the doorway, looking a little nervous.

"Hello, Hermione," she greeted the young woman with a smile. "If you're looking for Harry, you just missed him. He's having dueling lessons with Professor Flitwick."

"I know, I met him in the hallway," Hermione answered, gazing around the room curiously. "He said you might have some books on laws and traditions of Magical Britain that I could read."

"Sure, they're on the bookshelf, help yourself," Narcissa said, pointing to a row of bookshelves sitting in a corner of the room.

"Thank you, Mrs. Malfoy," the brunette said as she walked over and perused the shelves.

"Actually, it's Ms. Black again. My divorce has been finalized, but please, call me Narcissa." she said with a smile.

“Oh, right. Sorry. I won’t bother you for long,” Hermione said, running her finger down the spine of the books as she read the titles.

“Actually, I’m glad you’re here,” Narcissa said as she watched her stack books on a study desk next to the shelves. “I wanted to thank you.”

“For what?” she asked curiously.

“For telling Harry to give me a chance. He really respects your opinion, you know.” she said with a small smile.

“Oh, you’re welcome.” Hermione said. “Honestly, Harry has been having a really rough time lately and he needs all the help he can get. I didn’t know if I could trust you at first, and honestly, I’m still not entirely sure I can now, but Sirius trusts you, and I thought it was worth the risk.”

Narcissa smiled, glad Hermione wasn’t as naive as she feared, and stood from the couch.

“Are you looking for anything specific?” she asked as she walked over to her.

“Not really, I just want to learn more about Pureblood laws and customs. I really wish they had a class to teach Muggle raised about the magical world,” Hermione said with a sigh.

“That’s not a bad idea,” Narcissa said as she pulled a couple of books off the shelf. “Here, these should help. You know, you could always petition the Board of Governors to add it to the curriculum. It won’t be easy, and they may not agree, but I can help you with the proposal, if you’d like.”

“Would they even listen to me?” Hermione asked skeptically.

“Like I said, it won’t be easy, but most of the Governors are reasonable, for the most part. If you put together a good proposal, show you have interest from other students, and come up with a reasonable budget, you could convince them.” she explained.

“You don’t mind helping people who weren’t raised in the magical world?” Hermione asked.

Narcissa raised her brow elegantly at the girl’s comment but took no offense. After years of dealing with Lucius and Draco, it was smart to be cautious.

“I’ve never had a problem with Muggleborns. Only a fool would believe our society is better off isolated. Whether they’re willing to admit it or not, our world depends on Muggleborns. They increase our gene pool, they keep our businesses going, and they bring in new ideas. Did you know, for the last two hundred years, over ninety percent of new spells invented in Britain were created by Muggleborn or Muggle raised witches and wizards?” she asked.

“Really?” Hermione asked in surprise.

“Yes,” she said. “So, would you like help with that proposal?”

“I would. Thank you,” Hermione said.

“Here,” Narcissa said, reaching for another book. “This will help.”

Hermione added it to the growing stack of books on the desk and turned back to the shelf to continue looking.

“Can I ask you a personal question?” Narcissa asked after a few moments.

“Sure,” she said distractedly.

“Why haven’t you and Harry ever dated?” Narcissa asked.

“He’s my best friend,” Hermione answered quickly, as if out of reflex.

“All the more reason you two would make a good couple,” she pointed out. “Are you not attracted to him?”

“Well, I...” Hermione trailed off.

“Come on, just between us. You must have at least thought about it,” she said, nudging Hermione’s shoulder with hers.

“Well, yes, I’ve thought about it,” Hermione admitted.

“And?” Narcissa asked leadingly.

“I don’t think Harry’s interested in me that way,” she said, biting her lip.

“I may not know him that well yet, but I’ve seen the way he looks at you,” Narcissa told her.

“Really?” Hermione asked hopefully, but then she shook her head as if shaking away the thought. “It doesn’t matter now anyway.”

“What do you mean?” she asked curiously.

“He already has you, and he still needs to find a wife, maybe two,” Hermione said, her tone carrying a hint of sadness.

“And you don’t want to share him with other women,” Narcissa said, finished what she had left unsaid.

“I don’t think I could do that,” the younger woman admitted.

“It is a big decision,” Narcissa agreed. “Although, it certainly does have some advantages.”

“Like what?” Hermione asked curiously, turning to face her.

Narcissa smirked and stepped closer to the pretty brunette until she had her back pressed against the bookcase. Hermione gazed up at her, her beautiful brown eyes wide with surprise.

“As much as I love spending time with Harry, there’s just something different and *exciting* about a woman’s touch,” she said in a soft, husky voice.

Steeping even closer, Narcissa large, soft breasts flattened slightly as they pressed against Hermione’s smaller, firmer mounds. As she slowly moved her face closer to Hermione’s, she could feel the pace younger woman’s breathing increase, her chest rising and falling rapidly. As their lips softly brushed together, she watched as Hermione closed her eyes, her lips slightly parted in anticipation. Smirking, Narcissa pressed her full, pouty lips against Hermione’s slightly thinner ones, moving them together languidly.

With one hand resting on Hermione’s hip, she raised the other and gently brushed her bushy hair out of the way, her fingers softly caressing her smooth cheek. Pinning Hermione more firmly against the bookcase, she moaned into her mouth. Narcissa slipped her tongue into her mouth while the hand on her cheek trailed down her neck and shoulder to caress the side of her perky breast.

Shifting to the side slightly as their tongues slowly danced, she pressed her thigh between Hermione’s leg. The younger girl inhaled sharply through her nose and bucked her hips, the scent of her arousal beginning to waft through the room. A whimper left Hermione’s throat as Narcissa ground her thigh firmly against her mound, feeling the damp heat of her excitement

against her leg. Hermione panted as they kissed, her hips moving back and forth in small, rhythmic motions.

Sliding a hand between them, Narcissa cupped one of Hermione's breasts and squeezed it gently, her thumb running over her engorged nipple poking against the thin fabric of her bra. A shudder raced through Hermione's body from the sensation, her breath coming in sharp pants and gasps. Narcissa kissed along her jaw to her ear, the flowery scent of her shampoo filling her nose as she gently grazed her teeth over her delicate earlobe.

"I bet you taste so sweet," Narcissa whispered huskily into her ear. "Cum for me, love."

Hermione wrapped her arms around Narcissa's neck, burying her face in the crook of her shoulder and bit her lip as her hips bucked. Narcissa felt a warm wetness soak her thigh through her dress as a series of muffled squeaks left Hermione's lips while she came, her body stiff and trembling. Narcissa kissed and sucked at Hermione's neck, her hands gently caressing her sides and back. Shuddering, Hermione let out a long, low moan, followed by a sigh as she sagged bonelessly against Narcissa. Smiling, Narcissa stroked her thick hair and placed a soft kiss on her lips.

Unfortunately, they were interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Just a moment," Narcissa called out calmly.

Hermione blushed bright red and straightened up, her eyes widening with fear as she frantically straightened her hair and clothes. Sighing in annoyance, Narcissa straightened her own robes and waved her wand to clear the smell of arousal out of the air.

"Hermione," she said, getting the panicked girl's attention. "Take some advice from someone who spent fifteen years trapped in a loveless marriage. If you love him, if he makes you happy, don't let anything get in the way of that. I would share Harry with a dozen women if I had to. Just think about it, okay?"

Hermione nodded, but had trouble looking her in the eye, instead preferring to look at her feet. Narcissa stroked her hair tenderly and placed a kiss on the top of her head just as another series of knocks sounded through the room. Turning she glared at the door in annoyance and marched over. Taking a cleansing breathe she pulled the door open to see Professor McGonagall waiting impatiently, with a severe look on her face.

“Hello Minerva, would you like some tea?” she asked pleasantly.

“No, thank you. I need you to come with me to the headmaster’s office,” she answered, her lips pressed together in a thin line.

“Has something happened?” Narcissa asked, a knot of worry in her stomach.

“I think it would be best if Professor Dumbledore explained,” she answered shortly, stepping back and holding out her arm towards the hall in invitation.

Nodding, Narcissa closed the door behind her and followed McGonagall to the Headmaster’s office. When she got there a couple of minutes later, she found Dumbledore staring at her son across the desk with a serious look on his face. Draco glared back defiantly with his arms crossed over his chest.

“Narcissa, thank you for coming. Please, have a seat,” he greeted her and motioned to a chair.

As she sat down next to her son, he resolutely refused to look at her, his grey eyes burning with anger as he ground his teeth. There was a rapidly forming bruise on his jaw and his usually immaculate hair was tousled. Turning away from him, her heart aching, she looked to Dumbledore.

“What happened?” she asked worriedly.

“Young Draco, along with his friends, Messrs. Crabbe and Goyle, and Ms. Parkinson, attacked Harry.”

“Is he alright?’ she asked quickly.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Draco’s jaw tighten in anger at her concern for someone he viewed as an enemy.

“A few bumps and bruises, but he will be fine. Messrs. Crabbe and Goyle are also in the hospital wing, but it is nothing Madam Pomphrey cannot fix,” he told her. “It was actually quite the plan. Ms. Parkinson told Professor Flitwick there were two boys fighting a couple of hallways over. When he left Harry to investigate, Draco, along with his two friends, ambushed Harry in the classroom. Fortunately, Harry’s skill with a wand is not unimpressive. By the time Professor Flitwick returned, Harry had already disarmed all three of them.”

Narcissa sighed sadly and closed her eyes. Part of her wanted to ask why, but she already knew the answer.

“I tried to contact Lucius, as Draco requested, but I was informed by his House Elf that he is currently giving an interview at the Ministry.” he continued.

Narcissa opened her eyes and nodded. She had already heard about her ex-husband being called in for what was being politely called an interview. In reality, it was an interrogation. Lucius was dangerously close to finding himself in a cell in Azkaban. She was already planning to contact Rita for an interview if it looked like he was about to wriggle his way out of trouble. Focusing back on the matter at hand, she glanced at her son for a moment before turning back to the Headmaster.

“What is to be his punishment?’ she asked.

“Under normal circumstances, it would be a one-month suspension for school and a permanent mark on his record,” Dumbledore said, to which her son scoffed lightly. “However, given the

uncertainty of what will happen with Lucius, and that fact that you are currently living in the castle, that isn't an option."

"What about Potter?" Draco spat as he clenched his fists so tightly his knuckles turned white. "What's his punishment?"

"And what would you like me to punish him for?" Dumbledore asked calmly.

"He did something to her!" he shouted furiously, pointing at Narcissa with a hand that trembling with barely suppressed rage.

"Do you have proof?" Dumbledore asked.

Draco's cheeks turned pink with fury, and Narcissa had to fight back a smirk. More than once, Lucius had praised their son for being accused of breaking rules but leaving them with no proof. She found it humorous that he was now on the receiving end of that unfairness in life.

"What are the other options?" she asked.

"Obviously, there is expulsion," he said, waiting a long moment for the seriousness of the situation to sink in. Unfortunately, her son refused to see reality and continued to glare at the Headmaster. "However, given that no one was seriously injured this time, I don't think that would be appropriate. Professor Snape has offered to allow Draco to stay with him at his home for the last week of Winter break. Once he returns to school, his wand will be confiscated and he will serve detention every night for the remaining three weeks of his punishment. He will be allowed to use it for two hours a day, under supervision, to do his studies."

"That's acceptable, but I would like to speak with Severus before he leaves," she said.

"My father won't stand for this!" Draco spat angrily.

“He does not have a choice,” Dumbledore said sternly. “The decision has been made and your punishment will stand. Should you refuse, I will have no other choice but to expel you from Hogwarts and your wand will be snapped. Which would you prefer?”

Dumbledore waited for a reply, but got none, other than a baleful glare.

“Now, Professor McGonagall will escort you back to your dorm where you will pack your things. Your wand,” he said, holding up the dark colored length of Hawthorn. “will remain here until your return. I recommend, young man, that you seriously consider your actions while you are gone. If this happens again, you will no longer be welcome at this school.”

Shoving himself out of his chair angrily, Draco stormed from the office without a backwards glance. McGonagall followed close behind, closing the door as she left the office.

“I keep wondering if there’s anything I could have done differently to save him for his father,” she said softly, staring at the door her son had disappeared through.

“Short of killing him, I doubt there was anything you could have done,” Dumbledore said.

“Maybe I should have,” she said with a sigh.

Just then, the Floo burst to life and the flames flared emerald green. A moment later, Severus Snape stepped out of the flames and brushed the soot off his robes.

“Ah, Severus, just in time,” Dumbledore said. “I just finished speaking with Narcissa and she has agreed to let young Draco stay with you for the next week. She also wishes to speak with you, so, I shall take my leave. I hear the House elves have made the most delicious cheesecake that I would like to sample.”

“Thank you, Headmaster,” Narcissa said respectfully.

Dumbledore nodded his head with a small smile and left the office with long strides, closing the door softly behind him.

“You wished to speak with me,” Severus said tonelessly.

“Yes,” she said. “First of all, I’d like to thank you for offering to take Draco.”

“I would be remiss in my duties as Godfather if I didn’t,” he replied.

“Probably the only decision Lucius ever allowed me to make about his upbringing,” she lamented before shaking herself out of her melancholy. “While Draco is staying with you, I’d like you to show him what being a Death Eater and following the Dark Lord is really like. Show him everything, don’t hold back.”

“Why would you wish me to show him that?” he asked, his tone calm and cool, but dark eyes shining with curiosity.

“Do you really want to watch your godson make the same mistake you did?” she asked, raising one of her immaculate eyebrows.

“And what mistake would that be?” he asked in return.

“Don’t play stupid Severus, you’ve never been good at it,” she said sharply. “I am not a fool. You would never willingly serve the man that killed Lily unless it was to see him destroyed.”

Snape’s emotionless mask broke, and his lips curled in a scowl.

“Please Severus, this may be our only chance to save Draco from himself,” she begged.

“Very well., he said with a nod. “I’ll do what I can, but I cannot reveal my true allegiance. There is too much at stake”

“I understand, thank you,” Narcissa said gratefully.

Stepping up to him, she gave him a gentle hug that he only briefly returned before stepping away and leaving the office. She prayed he would be able to help her son. With Lucius finally out of the picture for the moment, he may very well be the only person who could.

A few minutes later, after taking some time to gather her thoughts, she stepped into her private room to a rather humorous sight. Harry was sitting in a chair, wincing and complaining as Hermione tried to apply a healing salve to the rather impressive black eye he was sporting.

“Ow.”

“Would you sit still. I’d already be done if you’d would quit moving.”

“It hurts.”

“Break your arm during Quidditch and you hardly flinch. Bit by a Basilisk and you pretend like nothing happened. A little black eye and you cry like a baby.”

“I’m not crying.”

“Ahem.” Narcissa cleared her throat with a smile on her face.

Harry and Hermione both blushed lightly as they turned to look at her.

“He’s not giving you too much trouble, is he?” she asked humorously.

“Nothing I can’t handle,” Hermione replied.

“So I see,” Narcissa said with a smirk.

With Harry’s attention away from her, Hermione slathered a large amount of salve on his eye quickly. He hissed but held still long enough for her to gently rub it into tender skin.

“There, finished,” she declared, putting down the jar of salve and wiping her hands clean.

“Nicely done,” Narcissa said approvingly.

“Bedside manner needs work,” Harry muttered.

Without missing a beat as she cleaned up, Hermione’s hand blurred as it smacked the back of his head lightly. Harry rubbed where she hit, but Narcissa could see a smile tugging at his lips. A surge of jealousy rushed through her at the affectionate gaze he had for the younger woman. Quickly, she shook away the feeling. In time, Harry would feel the same about her, she assured herself.

“So, what happened to Malfoy?” Harry asked.

Narcissa’s mood evaporated instantly, but she explained his punishment to him.

“Hopefully, Severus will be able to make him see the mistake he’s making,” she finished.

Harry reached out and took his hand in hers, giving it a comforting squeeze.

“I’m sorry,” he said softly.

She smiled at him and squeezed back, impressed by his ability to let go of his hatred of her son and Severus to comfort her.

Leaning down, she tenderly stroked his cheek and kissed him softly on the lips. When she pulled back a moment later, she saw Hermione blushing and pointedly looking away. At first, she thought it was just out of embarrassment, but looking closer, she saw her increased breathing and the way she bit her lip. A smirk tugged at her lips as she realized at least part of the girl was excited. Most likely, she was thinking about their little encounter earlier and her imagination was adding Harry to the picture.

"I should go," Hermione said quickly.

"You can stay, if you'd like," Narcissa offered, watching as her eyes widened before finishing. "I'm sure Harry would like to spend time with his best friend."

"I really do need to get some studying done," she said by while gathering her things.

"Do you still want to go over spells for the tournament tomorrow?" Harry asked.

"Sure. We can use the abandoned classroom on the second floor after breakfast," Hermione said, throwing her heavy book bag over her shoulder.

Narcissa tapped her wand to the bag and cast a feather weight charm, causing her to stumble slightly at the sudden lack of weight.

"Thanks," she said. "I really should have thought of that sooner."

"You're welcome," Narcissa said with a smile.

With a last goodbye, Hermione left for the night. Grabbing Harry by the hand, she pulled him out of the chair and led him into the bedroom where she started helping him out of his clothes. As she undressed him, she ran her hands over his toned body, checking for any other marks or injuries. She didn't notice anything new, but she saw several faint scars that she hadn't noticed before. Making a mental note to ask him about them later, she pushed him onto the bed and stripped out of her own clothes.

A thrill ran through her as she watched him gaze lustfully at her body. After being ignored by her ex-husband for so long, it was exciting to have a man who showed how attracted he was to her. As he laid back on the bed, his manhood quickly swelled and stood at the sight of her nude figure. His eyes were glued to her swaying breasts as she climbed onto the bed and crawled over to him. Her core moistened at the look of desire in his eyes, leaving her glad she still had him to herself for the moment.

Laying down between his legs, Narcissa took his erection in her hand and stroked his considerable length slowly, marveling at just how hard he was for her. Sticking out her tongue, she ran it up the underside of his length, tracing every bump and vein with her wet appendage. Harry groaned at the feeling, and she smiled sexily up at him. Focusing on the swollen head, she swirled her tongue around his sensitive glans, leaving it shining with her saliva.

After teasing him for a little while longer, she opened her mouth and took him inside. Harry hissed in pleasure as he swelled against her tongue, his salty excitement leaking from the tip. Moaning sensually around him, she bobbed her head languidly, worshiping his length while gradually pushing him deeper. With her plump red lips stretched wide around his girth, she closed her eyes and savored the feeling of his hot, hard member filling her mouth. Every gasp, every breath, every moan he made pushed her excitement to greater heights, driving her into taking him deeper.

When he hit the back of her throat, she paused and opened her eyes to gaze up at him. As their eyes met, she took a deep breath through her nose and pushed herself forward. Narcissa felt her neck bulge to accommodate his size as she drove him into the tight confines of her throat, her lips descending closer and closer to the base of his shaft. Harry's lips parted as he panted heavily, his fists clenching the bedding tightly. His ass flexed, pushing him slightly deeper as he resisted the urge to buck his hips. Burying her nose into his pelvis, Narcissa rubbed her thighs together while excitement burned through her loins. Her eyes shone with lust as she stared at his pleasure filled face, his member throbbing in her throat.

Holding herself there for a few seconds, she gently shook her head back and forth as her throat convulsed around his shaft. Slowly, she pulled back, dragging her full lips up his shaft and sucked hard all the way up to the tip when he was free of her airway. Pulling off of him with a *pop*, Narcissa sucked in a deep breath and planted a loving kiss on the engorged head as she caught her breath.

Sneaking a hand between her legs, she wrapped her lips around him again and began to bob her head rapidly, quickly descending down his length inches at a time. Once again taking his entire length, she bobbed up and down quickly several times before taking him to the base and shaking her head as she held him there for as long as she could. When air finally became an issue, she wrenched her head off of him and sucked in a desperate breath while her arousal soaked her pumping fingers.

Reaching up, she grabbed his hands and placed them on her head.

“Use me.” she ordered huskily.

Shoving her fingers back into her depths, Narcissa took half his length into her mouth and started bobbing her head again. Hesitantly at first, Harry pushed her head lightly along with her movements. She stopped taking him into her throat, hoping that Harry would take it upon himself to push her down. Less than a minute later, he was cautiously applied more pressure. Staring up at him, she moaned wantonly around his girth, her fingers pumped rapidly in and out of her excited slit.

With growing confidence, Harry worked her head up and down his length, forcing her to take him to the base over and over. The louder she moaned, the harder he used her. Soon, he was confidently driving his throbbing erection in and out of her gullet, loud squelches leaving her abused throat as she drooled all over his shaft. Narcissa’s walls fluttered excitedly around her fingers as her lungs burned from lack of air. He gave her a short moment to suck in handful of gasping, desperate breaths before she was forced back down, his rigid cock mercilessly invading her spasming throat.

She felt his legs begin to shake, and his hands tightened almost painfully in her hair as he neared his peak. Almost impossibly, his length swelled even more, further stretching her ravaged throat. Furiously rubbing her clit, she teetered on the edge of her own climax as he began bucking his hips, his spit covered balls slapping wetly against her chin. Suddenly, his hands clenched her hair and his body seized as he thrust his hips up and pulled her head down, burying his length as deep as possible in her throat. As she felt him pulse, firing his seed straight into her stomach, a thunderous climax crashed over her.

A gurgled moan managed to escape her stretched lips as she came hard. Her nose ached from being pressed hard against his pelvis, her lungs burned from lack of air, her scalp stung from his harsh grip, and Narcissa loved every second of it. The depravity of the situation fed into her pleasure, driving her climax to new heights.

Harry's orgasm finished long before hers, and he had to forcibly pull her quivering body from his spent length. Narcissa gasped harshly for air as she rolled onto her side, curling into the fetal position as a mind-numbing climax thundered through her. Her body shivered and jerked spasmodically as she rode out her orgasm, her thighs soaked in her own fluids. Distantly, she felt Harry pick her up and pull her to him, his strong arms holding her tenderly as she gradually calmed.

While she panted heavily, Harry brushed her sweat soaked hair from her brow and kissed her forehead. Narcissa moaned contentedly and snuggled deeper into him.

"Are you okay?" he asked softly.

"Mmh, wonderful," she mumbled, turning her face to look up at him.

Seeing the tender, affectionate smile aimed at her, a happy grin stretched her swollen lips as her heart fluttered. It gave her hope that, one day, Harry would come to truly love her the way she always craved. Tiredly, she lifted her head up to kiss him softly on the lips before resting her head on his chest and letting exhaustion overtake her.