

Chapter 6

With the arrival of the Hogwarts Express and the return of the students, Harry and Narcissa's honeymoon period came to a regrettable end. While Harry and Hermione made their way to the Great Hall to greet their friends, Narcissa made her way down to the dungeons. With nerves fluttering wildly in her stomach, she raised her hand and knocked on the door to Snape's office.

"Enter," he barked.

As she entered the office, Severus looked up from his papers.

"Good evening, Severus. I trust you had a pleasant holiday," Narcissa said as she closed the door behind her.

"Indeed," he drawled.

"Did Draco cause you any trouble?" she asked, smoothing her robes nervously as she sat.

"Other than being sick on my study floor, he spent most of his time locked in his room," Severus told her while drawing his wand and silencing the door. "I showed him several memories of what being a Death Eater truly means, as you requested. He was not pleased to see Lucius in such an unfavorable light."

"How did he react?" Narcissa asked.

"Not well," Severus sneered. "Draco doesn't have what it takes to follow the Dark Lord. He has his father's beliefs with none of the conviction to see them through."

"Do you think his mind can be changed?" she asked hopefully.

“That’s up to him,” Severus told her. “He’s torn at the moment, but I didn’t get a good read on him. He spent most of his time hiding in his room.”

“I understand,” Narcissa said, her voice trembling slightly. “Thank you, Severus. Your efforts are very much appreciated.”

He nodded before returning to his paperwork as she stood and made for the door.

She would give Draco a couple of days to settle in before she tried to speak with him, Narcissa decided. She prayed that what Severus had shown him would be the wake-up call he needed to see the truth.

“Excuse me, Lady Black,”

Narcissa continued for another couple steps before her mind registered what she had heard. Pausing, she looked up to find Daphne Greengrass waiting in front of her while the classmates filed past towards the Slytherin common room.

“It’s just Ms. Black,” Narcissa told her, though not unkindly. “What can I do for you, Daphne?”

“Could I speak with you privately for a moment?” she asked.

Narcissa resisted the urge to sigh as she nodded. She had expected to receive a number of marriage requests now that news of Harry’s emancipation and the scale of his political power had had time to spread; she just wished that it hadn’t started so soon. Narcissa led Daphne down the hall to the Potions classroom and closed the door behind her.

“My father would like to offer a marriage contract between myself and Lord Potter for the House of Black,” Daphne said, cutting to the chase.

"I see," Narcissa said. "Your father is aware that Lord Potter is unlikely to marry for political reason alone, yes?"

She cocked an amused eyebrow when she saw Daphne fight the urge to roll her eyes.

"He's convinced you have him under your control," Daphne said candidly. "Mother had heard some ridiculous rumors about this being a plan between you and Lord Malfoy to take control of the Wizengamot."

Narcissa allowed a small, humorous smile to twitch at the corners of her lips. She had always admired Daphne. The young woman made no effort to hide her contempt if she thought someone was being foolish.

"I can assure you that is not the case," Narcissa told her. "I am curious, though. How do you feel about this?"

"I... would prefer Potter over my other options," Daphne admitted.

"Like I said, Harry won't marry out of convenience, but if you'd like, I can talk to him about giving you a chance," Narcissa offered, dropping her formal tone. "That is, if you don't have a problem with Hermione Granger. I'm fairly certain she'll become Lady Potter in the future."

Daphne quirked an eyebrow, "I don't have a problem with Muggleborns, if that's what you're asking. I... wouldn't be averse to spending time with him."

"Could I give you some advice?" Narcissa asked, to which she nodded curiously. "If you open up to him, you won't regret it. Even if you don't marry, you'll have a friend you can depend on."

"I'll keep that in mind," Daphne said, then gave her a respectful nod. "Thank you for your time, Ms. Black."

“Any time, Daphne,” Narcissa smiled.



Harry sat on the couch in his private quarters, flipping through the latest copy of Quidditch Weekly, while Hermione stood over by the desk, brewing the breast enlargement potion Narcissa had told her about. Stirring her cauldron clockwise three times, Hermione set down the spoon and picked up her wand. With a flick, she vanished the bluebell flames she had used to heat the potion.

“There,” Hermione said. “It just needs to cool, and it should be done.”

Looking over at the book open on the desk, she ran her finger down the instructions, double checking her work. Harry set his magazine aside and pushed himself up from the couch. Walking up behind Hermione, he wrapped his arms around her waist and hugged her from behind.

“Why are you doing this, Hermione?” Harry asked.

“What do you mean?” she asked, furrowing her brow.

“I mean, are you sure you’re doing this because it’s what you want?” Harry asked.

Sliding his hands up to her chest, he cupped her breasts through her dress shirt and bra. Smiling, Hermione placed her hands on top of his and then turned her head to kiss him.

“I’m sure,” she whispered. “Besides, I can always take the antidote, if I want to.”

Satisfied with her answer, Harry smiled and kissed her again. A moment later, they broke apart when they heard the door open. Narcissa walked in and gave them a fleeting smile as she entered the room.

“Hey, everything go okay?” Harry asked, letting go of Hermione.

“I don’t know,” Narcissa sighed. “Severus thinks he might be coming around, but I haven’t talked to him yet.”

Not sure what to say, Harry just reached out and pulled her into a comforting hug. A second later, Hermione’s egg timer dinged loudly. Harry and Narcissa both turned as Hermione walked over to the cauldron and poured a ladle full into a goblet.

“You might want to take your bra off before you drink that,” Narcissa told her.

“Oh, right,” Hermione said with a sheepish smile.

Pulling off her tie, she unbuttoned her shirt, shrugged it from her shoulders, and then slipped off her bra. Hermione looked down and ran her hands over her modest breasts one last time before picking up the goblet.

“Cheers,” she said, smiling.

Taking a mouthful of the potion, Hermione grimaced as she swallowed.

“Urgh,” she groaned. “Disgusting.”

Reaching up to her chest, Hermione started rubbing her breasts with a hiss of discomfort. With a gasp, she moved her hands out of the way as her breasts began growing larger. In moments,

they inflated three cup sizes, yet lost none of their perkiness. Her breasts went from a modest handful to rivaling Lavender Browns in size.

“Whoa,” Harry said, staring at her large, jutting mounds.

“I think I drank a bit too much,” Hermione said, worrying her bottom lip.

“I think you took just enough,” Narcissa said with a smirk.

Walking up to Hermione, she reached out and groped her breasts, the soft, pale mound spilling out around her fingers. Smiling, she grabbed Hermione’s hand and pulled her towards the bedroom. After taking a moment to watch her new tits bounce and jiggle with each step, Harry followed after them. Narcissa led her over to the full length mirror, where Hermione gasped as she looked at herself.

“Oh, wow,” she said, twisting and turning to take in her new figure.

Reaching up, Hermione groped her breasts experimentally and then bounced on her toes, causing her pert mounds to bounce alluringly. Looking over at Harry, she bit her lip and spread her arms out wide.

“What do you think?” Hermione asked.

Harry walked up to her and wrapped his arms around her waist. Leaning forward, he kissed her tenderly before resting his forehead against hers.

“I’ve always thought you were beautiful, Hermione. The question is, what do you think?” Harry asked.

“I kind of like them,” Hermione admitted with a shy smile.

“Then that’s all that matters,” Harry told her.

Kissing her again, he moved his hands to her hips before sliding them up to her chest. As his hands enveloped her breasts, his fingers sinking into the smooth, firm flesh, Hermione moaned into his mouth.

“Before you get too distracted, there’s something I need to talk to you about, Harry.” Narcissa interrupted.

“Can’t it wait?” Harry asked with a pout.

“This will only take a few minutes,” Narcissa said, walking up to kiss him on the lips. “Then, we can take our time showing Hermione what we think of her new – improvements.”

Hermione blushed as Narcissa smirked and slowly dragged one of her long, green fingernails across the pale skin on top of her breast. She inhaled sharply when Narcissa’s nail scraped over her pink nipple, causing it to stiffen almost instantly.

“What did you want to talk about?” Harry asked.

“I ran into Daphne Greengrass on my way back. Her father would like to offer you a marriage contract,” Narcissa said.

“What?” Harry asked incredulously. “But I hardly know her!”

“I know,” Narcissa said, rubbing his arm soothingly. “It’s quite common for some Pureblood families, like the Greengrasses, to marry for political gain.”

“That’s horrible,” Hermione gasped.

“That’s how Lucius and I end up together,” Narcissa told her. “Daphne will most likely end up in a similar situation to mine. Her father is very traditional and extremely ambitious. When I explained to Daphne you wouldn’t be willing to marry someone you didn’t genuinely care about, she expressed an interest in getting to know you better.”

Harry opened his mouth, but no words came out. Closing it with a *click*, he turned to look at Hermione. She shrugged, inadvertently drawing his eyes back to her chest.

“You’re going to have to find a Lady Black eventually,” she said quietly.

“That doesn’t bother you?” Harry asked.

“I thought it would,” Hermione said, glancing at Narcissa with a smile. “But, I think I can deal with it.”

“There is an advantage to having other women around,” Narcissa said, leaning in to kiss Hermione.

Harry shook his head, marveling at how much things had changed in such a short time.

“I suppose it wouldn’t hurt to get to know her and see what happens,” Harry said with a smile.

“Good,” Narcissa smiled. “Now that that’s settled...”

Grabbing their hands, she led Harry and Hermione over to the bed. The three of them began kissing as they quickly undressed each other. Once they were naked, he and Narcissa shared a look before they grinned and pushed Hermione down on the mattress. They each took one of her breasts, groping gently and sucking on her stiff red nipples. Hermione moaned, arching her back off the bed.

While Harry kissed and sucked at every inch of her firm orbs, Narcissa crawled up and kissed Hermione's lips. As Harry turned his head to nip at the inside curve of her breasts, he saw Narcissa's chest pressed against Hermione's and realized their busts were now a similar size, with Narcissa's breasts just slightly larger and softer.

Breaking her kiss with Hermione, Narcissa smirked. Threading her fingers through his hair, she pulled Harry up to join them, their tongues dancing in a three-way duel. After a couple of minutes, Narcissa reached down, grabbed his erection, and whispered something in Hermione's ear. Shifting around to lay on her stomach with her face next to Hermione's but facing the opposite direction, she smirked and pulled him forward until he was straddling Hermione's chest. Both of them grinned at him as Hermione pressed her tits together around his cock, and Narcissa let a long line of spit drool down onto his shaft.

Smiling, Harry began to thrust his hips back and forth, dragging his length between Hermione's warm, smooth breasts. The feeling of her lush orbs wrapped tightly around his shaft was much more pleasant than he'd expected, though not as good as being inside of her.

As if she could read his mind, Narcissa leaned forward and wrapped her lips around his tip as it peeked out from Hermione's cleavage. Harry groaned, bucking his hips to try and bury more of his length in her hot, wet mouth. With a deep, sensual chuckle, Narcissa slid back, giving Hermione room to sit up and take his glans between her lips.

"Merlin, that feels good," Harry panted.

Hermione's eyes sparkled as she stared up at him, and then she suddenly lashed at his head with her tongue, drawing another pleased groan from his throat. A moment later, his view of her face was blocked by a head of long blonde hair, and he felt Hermione and Narcissa kissing with his swollen head trapped between them.

"Fuck," Harry grunted.

Bucking his hips, he jerked his shaft with Hermione's tits while the two witches lavished his tip with their voracious mouths. Smiling playfully, Harry pinched Hermione's nipples lightly and rolled them between his thumb and forefinger. She moaned, sending vibrations along his length and causing him to groan.

"I'm going to cum," Harry gasped.

Narcissa pulled her lips away from Hermione's, and the two stared up at him with their cheeks pressed together. With one last thrust between Hermione's wonderful breasts, Harry grabbed his shaft and stroked himself furiously. Smirking, Narcissa turned her head and kissed the corner of Hermione's lips.

Harry grunted as he reached his peak, and his first shot streaked across both of their faces, leaving a white line starting at Hermione's chin and ending in Narcissa's hairline. Again and again, he pulsed, decorating their beautiful faces with streaks of hot, white cum. As his climax waned and the last drops dribbled between Hermione's breasts, Narcissa turned and licked the brunette's cheek clean before kissing her heatedly.

Harry had barely softened before he hardened again, watching the two witches kiss and lick each other clean.

"Looks like someone enjoyed that," Narcissa smirked.

"How could I not?" Harry asked, grinning.

Bending down, he gave each of them a short, passionate kiss before climbing off Hermione's chest. As they sat up, the girls shared a short, whispered conversation, causing Harry to twitch in excitement, wondering what they had planned next.

His question was answered when Narcissa rolled onto her back, and Hermione got on all fours with her head between the older witch's thighs.

“Are you going to-” Narcissa broke off with a wanton moan, “-join us?”

“Definitely,” Harry grinned.

Crawling up behind Hermione, he groped her bum and kissed one of her cheeks. Leaving a trail of kisses up her spine, Harry reached around and cupped one of her breasts as his hips rested against her backside. Hermione moaned when his rigid length pressed against her sweltering folds and wiggled her hips expectantly.

Straightening up, Harry grabbed his shaft and ran his swollen head between her glistening lips several times before placing himself at her dripping entrance. Suddenly, Hermione pulled her lips away from Narcissa’s mound and looked back at him.

“Harry, can you do that thing you did last week?” she asked nervously.

He looked at her questioningly, and her cheeks flushed red.

“With my bum,” she whispered while looking away.

She’d said it so quietly that it took Harry a moment to realize what she’d said. When he did, he grinned and bent down to kiss her tenderly.

“Anything you want, ‘Mione,” he told her.

Blushing heavily, Hermione gave him a small smile before burying her face between Narcissa’s thighs to hide her embarrassment. Narcissa smiled and ran a hand through her hair as Harry straightened up. Spreading her cheeks with one hand, he slipped the two middle fingers of his other hand into her slick depths. Once they were nice and wet, he placed his middle finger against her wrinkled hole and pushed gently.

As he sawed his finger back and forth, slowly going deeper, Narcissa suddenly rolled off the bed and stood up. Walking over to the pile of clothes on the floor near the foot of the bed, she rummaged around before straightening up, wand in hand.

“Here,” she said.

Tapping her wand to Hermione’s tight back door, a clear, slick fluid coated it and Harry’s finger. As he pulled his finger out to coat it in the lube, Narcissa gave him a passionate, tongue-filled kiss before climbing back onto the bed. Harry smiled at the sight of her voluptuous ass swaying as she crawled away. Looking over her shoulder, she gave him a wink and then rolled over onto her back. While she scooted back into position, he turned his attention back to Hermione.

This time, his finger sank in with ease, thanks to the lube Narcissa had conjured. Harry was quickly able to go from one to two fingers pumping in and out of her bum while Hermione moaned. As he added a third finger, he reached for Narcissa’s wand and used the Lubrication Charm on his cock.

“Ready, Hermione?” Harry asked.

Looking over her shoulder, her lips and chin glistening with the evidence of Narcissa’s climax, Hermione bit her lips and gave him a tentative nod. Under her, Narcissa scooted forward, so they were face to face, and smiled reassuringly as she stroked her cheek.

Harry pushed his fingers deep one last time, twisting them back and forth to try and loosen her up as much as he could. Hermione moaned loudly and trembled as Narcissa caressed her breasts and kissed her neck. Pulling his fingers out, he shuffled forward and placed his tip at her puckered entrance. He started to push in, but Hermione tensed up almost instantly.

“Relax,” Harry said, rubbing her back soothingly.

Hermione took a deep breath and relaxed under him.

“You’ll be fine, Hermione,” Narcissa told her. “You know Harry won’t do anything to hurt you, and you enjoyed the feeling of his fingers, right?”

“Yes,” Hermione admitted quietly.

Harry pressed his head against her tight ring and teased her entrance until she stopped tensing in anticipation. The next time he was lined up, he pushed in until her puckered entrance gave way and swallowed his head.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped. “It’s in!”

“That’s just the tip, Hermione,” Harry told her with a chuckle.

“Does it hurt?” Narcissa asked curiously.

“No,” Hermione replied. “It feels a bit – odd, but it doesn’t hurt.”

Grabbing Hermione’s hips, Harry pushed in another inch before pausing and drawing back.

“Oh, that – the feels good,” Hermione stammered.

“I told you it would,” Narcissa said with a smirk, then looked over Hermione’s shoulder at Harry. “Keep going.”

Harry gladly did as she asked and gently rocked his hips back and forth, going just a bit deeper each time he pushed in. It took several minutes, but eventually, he bottomed out. Hermione gasped and moaned loudly as his thighs came to rest against her bum.

“You did it,” Narcissa told her. “You took all of him. How do you feel?”

“Full,” Hermione panted.

Narcissa chuckled and kissed her lips.

“It feels good, though. Really good,” she admitted.

“If only your classmates could see you now,” Narcissa smirked. “Perfect little Hermione Granger, on her hand and knees, taking a big cock up her ass.”

Harry grunted as Hermione gasped and tightened around him.

“Bloody hell, Hermione,” he groaned.

Rocking his hips, Harry thrust slowly, drawing deep, sensual moans from Hermione’s lips.

“Faster,” Hermione panted.

Smiling, Harry pulled almost halfway out before sinking back into her clutching depths. Both of them groaned as he bottomed out. The incredible heat of her tight, silky walls around his length was one of the most intensely pleasurable feelings he’d ever experienced.

“You love it, don’t you?” Narcissa asked.

“Yes,” Hermione gasped.

“Tell him,” Narcissa whispered. “Tell Harry how much you love being his dirty little slut.”

“I love it, Harry,” Hermione panted. “I love having your big c - cock in my bum.”

Harry throbbed excitedly and thrust harder into her fluttering depths. Leaning over her back, he kissed and sucked at the skin of her shoulder as he buried himself over and over. Not that he was really moving, he was quickly building towards his peak.

“Make sure to pull out, Harry,” Narcissa reminded him.

“No, don’t,” Hermione gasped. “I want to feel it.”

“Are you sure?” Narcissa asked. “It will be quite uncomfortable later.”

“I don’t care,” Hermione said with a low moan. “I want to feel his cum in me when I go back to the common room.”

“Bloody hell, Hermione,” Harry said, his length pulsing excitedly.

“Oh God, Harry, I – I’m –” Hermione stammered.

Suddenly, her body stiffened, and she cried out as she came. Her depths flexed around Harry, dragging him over the edge into a powerful climax. Wrapping his arm around her chest, he buried his cock as deep as possible, his hips flexing in time with the pulses of his cock.

“Harry!” Hermione exclaimed, her voice shuddering with her body.

With one last trembling moan, she collapsed on top of Narcissa. Harry’s cock slipped out of her, leaving her red hole gaping with a small stream of white leaking out of it. Chuckling, Narcissa hugged Hermione and caressed her back.

“Harry, could you go draw a bath? Hermione and I will join you in a moment,” Narcissa said.

“Sure,” he said.

Rolling over, Harry kissed Narcissa and climbed off the bed.



The next morning, Harry sat next to Hermione in Charms as they waited for class to start. A smug smirk tugged at the corners of his lips as she wiggled uncomfortably in her seat and bit her lip.

“Good morning, class,” Flitwick said with a beaming grin as he climbed onto a platform made of books so he could be seen. “This semester, we’ll be working on charming objects. In addition to the normal spell work, I’m going to have you split up into pairs for a project. You and your partner will find and charm a normal household object to perform a specific task. Now, find a partner and be creative!”

Harry turned to Hermione with a smile.

“So, what do you want to work on?” he asked.

“I think you should ask Daphne if she wants to be your partner,” Hermione said quietly.

“Really?” Harry asked, glancing over at the pretty blonde witch.

Hermione rolled her eyes and gave him a nudge.

“Go,” she said.

“Alright, alright,” Harry said, standing up.

Taking a deep breath, he walked over to the Slytherin side of the room. He was acutely aware of the number of eyes on him as he approached Daphne and her friend, Tracey Davis.

“Hey, Daphne? I was wondering if you wanted to be my partner.” Harry said.

Daphne looked at him with a raised eyebrow before turning to Tracey.

“Do you mind?” she asked.

“Who am I supposed to work with?” Tracey asked annoyedly.

“Hermione could use a partner,” Harry suggested.

Tracey folded her arms over her chest and looked back at Daphne. They seemed to have a silent conversation before Tracey sighed.

“Fine,” she sighed, standing from her desk.

“Thank you, Tracey,” Daphne said.

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever,” Tracey said.

As he walked over and plopped down heavily in the chair next to Hermione, Harry took her old seat next to Daphne and smiled.

“Finally get tired of the Mudblood, Potter?”

Harry tensed but ignored Malfoy and opened his book. Next to him, Daphne raised a brow.

“I think that’s the first time I’ve seen you ignore one of his insults,” she said quietly.

“I promised Narcissa to try and ignore him,” Harry whispered.

Daphne smirked, “I imagine it helps to know you’re sleeping with his mother.”

“A bit,” Harry said, smiling back. “So, any ideas for this project?”

“I have a couple,” she said.

Together, they pulled out a sheaf of parchment and began making notes.