

## Dangerous Games

### Chapter 1

Harry, Hermione, and the Weasley's huffed as they climbed their fourteenth flight of steps to the top of the stadium, sweat glistening on their foreheads.

"How much further, Dad?" Ron complained, holding a stitch in his side.

"Not much further, now!" Mr. Weasley replied happily as he continued to climb.

True to his word, after just one more flight of steps, they reached the Top Box. Two Aurors, dressed in bright, scarlet robes, standing guard on either side of the doorway, nodded them in as they approached.

"Arthur, my good man!" Corneilus Fudge, the Minister for Magic crowed in delight.

As Minister Fudge and Mr. Weasley shook hands, Harry looked around the rectangular box at the very top of the stadium. Long and narrow, the room was filled with mostly older witches and wizards with stuffy expressions talking in small, scattered groups. To his right, along the back of the room, were three long tables piled high with a variety of food and drinks. A withered, ancient looking House Elf stood next to the tables, using magic to fill a plate for a balding, portly wizard with rosy cheeks. He waved a half empty glass of amber liquid around carelessly as he talked boisterously to a thin, pinched looking witch next to him. Hermione noticed the scene and visibly bit her cheeks as her fist clenched at her sides from the injustice.

To his left, there were long rows of folding, red velvet covered seats, with only a handful of them currently occupied. In front of the seats was a glass balcony, giving them a perfect view of the pitch. The witches and wizards below looked like tiny insects as they ran around the pitch, getting ready for the big game. Harry was immensely glad he got his Omnioculars, or else it might be hard to see the action.

“Harry!” Fudge exclaimed, clapping a hand on his shoulder like a favored nephew. “Come, there’s some people I’d like you to meet.”

Mr. Weasley gave him an apologetic look as the Minister led him around the room, introducing him to several influential business owners and foreign dignitaries. As much as he hated to admit it, it wasn’t all bad. He did get to talk with the owner of Firebolt Brooms, who told him about a new, top of the line racing broom they were working on, and he also got to meet the French Ambassador to Britain. The Ambassador wasn’t much to look at, being a short, slightly rotund wizard with a pointed black goatee, but his daughter, Fleur, was quite possibly the most beautiful witch he had ever met. With perfect curves, bright blue eyes, and long blonde hair, she looked, in a word, perfect.

While Fleur didn’t seem too interested in meeting him, her younger sister, Gabrielle, chattered excitedly in French when she learned his name. After a bit of translation, courtesy of her father, he learned she was a big fan of the stories written about him. Harry wasn’t too happy to hear about someone profiting off of him without permission, but he signed a copy of her favorite book anyways. Something about his interactions with her sister seemed to gain Fleur’s approval. She smiled at him, and her attitude was a bit warmer than before. Unfortunately, his time with them was all too short, as Fudge led him over to the next group like a pony on show.

“And this is Minister Iva-Ivan, ooh, he’s the Bulgarian Minister for Magic,” Fudge said, giving up on the name in frustration. “Minister, I’d like to introduce The-Boy-Who-Lived, Harry Potter.”

Harry cringed at the introduction, especially as Fudge shouted it loudly and slowly. Honestly, if the man didn’t speak English, saying it like that wasn’t going to suddenly make him understand.

“Pleasure to meet you, sir,” Harry said, shaking his hand.

When they left the Bulgarian Minister, they turned just in time to see the Malfoy’s enter the Top Box. Lucius Malfoy swaggered in with his chin lifted imperiously, his cane tapping the floor with every other step. Next to him, and half a set behind, Draco looked around with a sneer at the Weasley’s, his nose wrinkled as if he smelled something foul. Harry fought a smirk as he imagined the Malfoy’s Portkey landing him in the middle of a swamp, and the smell sticking to

his robes no matter how much he cleaned them. Then, his eyes landed on the curvy, statuesque woman standing slightly behind and to the right of Lucius.

Harry guessed she was Draco's mother. Tall and immaculately dressed in fine green robes, she had a figure to give even Fleur a run for her money. She had long blonde hair with a single strip of black going down the left side of her head, piercing blue eyes, and a beautiful face with sharp features. Oddly, when her eyes landed on him, rather than the disgust he expected, they lit up excitedly. She licked her glossy red lips and gave him a predatory smile that sent a shiver down his spine.

"Ah, Lucius!" Fudge greeted him loudly, guiding him over by the shoulder.

"Harry, I'm sure you know young Draco by now," Fudge said, chuckling as if he had just told a joke. "Have you met Lucius and his lovely wife, Narcissa, yet? Lucius is one of my biggest supports in the Wizengamot, you know."

"We've met." Lucius drawled, an infuriating smirk on his lips.

Harry nodded at him, his back straight and eyes locked on his, refusing to be intimidated.

"Minister!" Ludo Bagman yelled from across the room. "There's a bit of a disagreement over who's anthem is played first."

"Oh, for Merlin's sake, we've been over this a dozen times today," Fudge grouched before turning his attention back to Harry and the Malfoy's. "Excuse me for a moment, duty calls."

Fudge walked off quickly, leaving Harry and the Malfoy's staring at each other in a tense silence. With a quick glare at Lucius and Draco, he turned away from them dismissively and marched back over to the Weasley's, who had already found seats.

"Finished giving out autographs?" Ron asked nastily, a glower on his face.

“Oh honestly, Ronald!” Hermione exclaimed in frustration. “It’s not his fault. What was he supposed to do, tell the Minister no?”

“I’m really sorry about that, Harry,” Mr. Weasley said apologetically. “I didn’t think he’d monopolize your time like that.”

“It’s fine Mr. Weasley,” he said, waving off his apology. “It’s worth it if we get seats like this, isn’t it?”

“Too right!” George said agreed.

“A worthy sacrifice,” Fred proclaimed.

Harry grinned at them, and Mr. Weasley smiled in relief before glancing at his watch.

“Well, the match should start in half an hour. If you need to use the loo, I suggest you do it now,” he advised them.

Ron stayed in his seat, staring grumpily at the field as Hermione tried to talk to him. While Fred and George went to take advantage of the free food, Harry decided to take Mr. Weasley’s advice. He didn’t want to miss a single second of the game if he could help it. Leaving the Top Box, he walked down a long, dimly lit hallway to the bathroom. He thought it must be a private bathroom for the Top Box, because it was empty when he entered.

A couple of minutes later, as he was washing his hands, he heard the door open behind him. He didn’t think anything of it at the time and finished drying his hands before turning around. He jerked to a stop when he came face to face with a smirking Narcissa Malfoy, her wand in hand. As he reached for his own wand, she flicked hers and the door locked itself with a metallic *click*.

“You know, if I wanted to attack you, I would have done it *before* you turned around,” she told him as she put away her wand with a teasing smile lifting the corners of her lips.

“Then what do you want?” Harry asked, hand resting lightly on his wand as he watched her warily.

“I want your help, of course,” Narcissa said, her perfect, white teeth gleaming in a wide smile as his eyes widened.

“Er, what?” he asked, completely thrown off balance by her unexpected answer.

She stalked towards him slowly, her wide hips swaying provocatively with each step. Licking her lips as she eyed him with an almost hungry look, Harry swallowed nervously and backed up until his back hit the sink behind him. Narcissa came to a stop just slightly closer than would be normal for two people having a conversation. The two-inch height advantage she had with her heels made it seem like she towered over him as she looked down at Harry with a smirk. The light scent of her flowery perfume wafted through the air, affecting him more than it should have as his pulse raced and his heart pounded. Harry swallowed thickly and tugged at his collar as he suddenly felt uncomfortably hot.

“I want out of my marriage, and to do that, I need your help,” she said softly, forcing Harry to unconsciously lean forward slightly to hear her.

“But-how am I supposed to help with that?” he asked, bewildered.

“I’m guessing that you have a way to get in touch with dear cousin Sirius,” she said, watching him closely.

“I have no idea what you're talking about,” Harry said flatly, his face becoming expressionless.

Narcissa smiled brightly at him, gliding just a little closer.

“Your loyalty does you credit,” she complimented him. “But you don’t need to lie to me, I’m not looking to get Sirius caught, quite the opposite in fact. I want to help get him exonerated.”

“Why?” Harry asked suspiciously, eyes narrowing.

“The Dark Lord is gaining power, and I want nothing to do with that monster,” Narcissa said seriously. “Lucius is bent on serving him again, and he’s going to drag my son down with him. I have no interest in joining them in an early grave. The only way for me to get out of my marriage to Lucius is if the Head of House Black annuls my marriage contract, and for that, I need your help.”

Narcissa stepped even closer to him, her large breasts grazing his chest as she ran her fingers down his arm, causing him to shiver and his member to grow in excitement. Harry swallowed hard and shifted awkwardly with his back arched painfully against the sink behind him.

“You see, I’m certain my dear cousin made you his heir, which means you can make decisions pertaining to the family on his behalf. All you have to do, is go into Gringotts, sign a few papers, free me from Lucius, and take me as your mistress,” she said, finishing in a husky purr.

“M-Mistress!?” Harry stuttered disbelievingly.

Narcissa gave him a smile that made him feel like a fly trapped in a spider’s web. It gave him the uneasy sense that she had already gotten what she wanted and was merely playing with him for fun.

“As the Head of two Ancient and Noble families, you’re going to have two families to take care of. Two wives and however many children you have between them, in addition to whatever job you end up with. You’re going to need someone knowledgeable to manage your investments and guide you through all the politics. Someone to take care of the things you have no interest in,” She purred huskily, drawing lines through his shirt on his chest.

“W-Wives?” Harry asked weakly.

“Oh my,” she said, chuckling softly. “You have so much to learn. But that’s okay, I can teach you. You see? We both get what we want. I get out of a loveless marriage I was forced into, and you get the guidance you desperately need in our world. And there are a few other benefits to our arrangement, if you agree.”

Narcissa smiled sultrily as she opened her robe and slid it down her shoulders, revealing a black, lacey bra underneath. Harry inhaled sharply while his raging erection throbbed needily against his pants, unable to stop himself from staring at the smooth, pale skin of her chest as she worked the sleeves down her arms. Reaching behind her back, she unclasped her bra with a quick, practiced movement, and let it fall down her arms. Her large, smooth globes jutted from her chest impressively, despite her age. Those wonderous, full mounds were capped with long, swollen red nipples that dragged along his chest as she leaned forward.

Grabbing his shaking hands, Narcissa placed them lightly on her breasts, her stiff nipples digging into his palms when his hands squeezed unconsciously. Harry marveled at the softness of her warm skin, and the way her delicate, yet firm flesh gave way under his touch. While he stared in wide eyed fascination at her breasts, Narcissa licked her lips and ran her hands over the hard, well-defined muscles of his chest.

“Will you help me, Harry?” she asked in a soft, pleading tone.

Harry opened and closed his mouth several times like a fish out of water, unable to force any sounds out. Narcissa smirked at the gob smacked look on his face and trailed her hand down the contours of his chiseled abs and continued further to the bulge in the front of his pants.

“Perhaps you need a little more convincing?” she asked teasingly.

Harry gasped as her slim fingers traced the outline of his straining cock through his trousers. Her smile grew, turning darker and more lustful with each rigid inch she felt until her fingertips grazed his sensitive, swollen head, causing him to hiss.

“Mmh, now that feel *very* impressive,” she purred.

Narcissa sank to her knees and swiftly got to work on opening his pants, her nimble fingers making quick work of his button and zipper. Pulling the waistband of his boxers away from his body, she plunged her hand into his underwear and wrapped her long, thin fingers around his hot, throbbing length. Harry stared at her in a daze, his frazzled mind unable to fully comprehend that Draco Malfoy’s mum was on her knees in a bathroom, playing with his cock. She stared hungrily at his long shaft as she stroked him, her fingertips barely able to touch around his girth. With the tip of one long, green painted fingernail, she traced it over the top of his length from base to tip, sending a pleasant shiver down his spine.

Wrapping her long, thin fingers around the base, she lifted him up and rested his length along her upturned face. With her chin touching his balls, his shaft covered the entire length of the center of her face, his tip ending well above her hairline. Holding him in place with the palm of her hand, Narcissa closed her eyes and nuzzled his cock lovingly, her full, pouty lips kissing his shaft lightly. Harry throbbed at the sight, causing his length to bounce between her hand and face. Opening her eyes, she stared up at him with a promising smile as she rubbed him against her soft cheek.

“As your Mistress, it would also be my duty to fulfill each and every one of your deepest, darkest desires.” she said temptingly in a husky voice.

Staring up at him, she wrapped her glistening red lips around his tip and slowly swallowed inch after inch of his shaft, her lipstick leaving a smudged, red trail over his soft skin. Harry’s muscles tensed, locking him in place as his cock was enveloped by her hot, wet mouth. His mouth hung open in stunned disbelief as he panted harshly, a pleasure he had never known was possible coursing through him, overwhelming his senses.

When her lips reached the middle of his shaft, his head pressed against the back of her mouth as she tightened her lips around him and sucked hard. Harry let out a long, deep groan as she dragged her lips back up his length while her tongue unglued against the underside of his shaft. With only the head left trapped between her lips, a wicked gleam entered her eyes as she swirled her tongue around his swollen, throbbing glans. His hips bucked involuntarily, driving another inch of his spit slickened shaft between her sealed lips. Chuckling around him and sending incredible vibrations through his sensitive length, she pulled her mouth off of him.



“I haven’t touched a man since before my son was born, and my husband barely qualifies as one to begin with. Help me, and I will do anything you want. I can promise you, there is nothing you can do to me that I won’t enjoy.” she said softly, temptingly.

Grabbing his hips, Narcissa took him back into her sweltering mouth and bobbed her head slowly along the top half of his engorged cock. With her eyes closed, she appeared to be savoring the moment. Unconsciously, Harry’s hand reached out and his fingers combed through her hair. Narcissa moaned around him, tilting her head and leaning into his touch while she continued to bob her head up and down.

Harry trembled as he fought back his climax, desperately trying to prolong this incredible pleasure for as long as possible. Unfortunately, even his best efforts didn’t help much.

“N-Narcissa,” he stuttered in warning.

Opening her eyes, she looked up at him and backed off until just the head of his cock was left trapped between her lips. Sucking rhythmically, her tongue bathed every inch of his sensitive tip. His hands tightened in her hair reflexively as he built to an explosive climax. Harry’s entire body trembled as a thunderous orgasm crashed over him. His cock lurched, cum shooting from his tip each time he pulsed against her tongue. Hot, salty seed filled her mouth, a small dribble leaking from the corner of her lips as she tried to keep up. As his climax waned, she finally wrapped her hand around his jerking shaft. Stroking his length, Narcissa ran her thumb along the underside of his shaft, squeezing every last drop from his cock with a final hard suck that made him shiver.

She let his spent member slip from between her lips, and Harry nearly collapsed on wobbly legs, his grip on the sink behind him the only thing keeping him upright. Narcissa stood in front of him and waited for him to look at her. When he did, she cupped her breasts, pushing them together and lifting them up. Bending her head down and opening her lips, a stream of cum and spit flowed out onto her breasts, covering them in his seed. He watched incredulously as she rubbed his cum into her breasts like it was lotion, coating them completely. Sadly, she then fixed her dress, but tucked her bra into her pocket before wiping her hands clean.

“Talk to Sirius and think about my request,” she said, resting one arm on his shoulder and running the other hand through his hair. “Send Dobby with a letter once you’ve reached a decision, he can get it to me without anyone seeing. Oh, and while you’re watching the game, just remember, I’ll be sitting next to my worthless husband and my useless son with your cum all over me.”

Narcissa smirked when she felt his spent cock jerk against her thigh in excitement. Leaning forward, she kissed him in a surprisingly tender gesture. When she pulled back, she stroked his cheek softly and turned to leave the bathroom, her wide ass swaying enticingly. As soon as the door closed behind her, Harry let out an explosive sigh and turned around to wash his face in the sink. After fixing his pants and mentally gathering himself, he left to rejoin Hermione and the Weasley’s.

The match started a few minutes after he returned. He did his best not to look at Narcissa, who was sitting just a few seats down from him, but only partially succeeded. It was difficult to ignore her when her braless breasts bounced and shook noticeably every time she cheered. He was barely able to focus on the game at all with the thoughts racing through his mind. He needed to talk to Sirius, and soon.

After the game and the Death Eater riot, the need to talk to Sirius was more pressing than ever. Unfortunately, there was no fast way of getting a hold of him. All Harry could do was write a letter explaining everything, and then wait for a reply. Sending letters back and forth with Sirius, Harry learned quite a few things that he felt should have been explained to him sooner.

First, he found out that Sirius had indeed made him his heir. With Sirius being on the run, that made Harry the de facto Head of House Black. Apparently, both the Potter and Black families were part of the Sacred Twenty-Eight, and thus considered Ancient and Noble families. This granted him a seat on the Wizengamot for each house, as well as having to pay less taxes and a few other perks. There were downsides, however, and one in particular was problematic.

In an effort to keep one person from gaining too much power, there were laws to keep one person from having control of multiple houses. Harry could be the Head of both House Black and House Potter, but he had to have separate heirs for each house. This was usually done in one of two ways. One, he could have two children with one wife and name each the heir of a different house. Or, two, he could have a wife for each house and have a child with each of them.

At first, Harry was sure he could just have two children with one wife, but Sirius convinced him to wait on making up his mind. If his wife could only have one child, or one ended up a squib, he would need a second wife or end up in Azkaban. Eventually, they decided to table that discussion and focus on the immediate concern, Narcissa. Sirius thought it would be a good idea to help her, as she would have a lot of information on the Death Eaters and her husband in particular. If they could cripple Malfoy, any return Voldemort might make would be much more difficult.

Voldemort gaining strength was also a growing concern that loomed over them like a storm on the horizon. With everything going on, it was clear something was happening, they just didn't know what. After spending months sending letter back and forth with Sirius, and talking with Hermione to get her opinion, Harry finally made his decision. Sending a letter off to Narcissa with Dobby just before the start of Christmas break, he made arrangements for her to meet him and Sirius at the Shrieking Shack. Harry was a little late getting there and arrived to find Sirius and Narcissa sitting on two worn couches, talking quietly.

"Sorry I'm late," he said, whipping off his invisibility cloak. "I had to avoid Filch."

"Harry!" Sirius yelled excitedly, rushing forward to give him a hug.

"It's good to see you, Sirius," Harry said, stepping back to look at his Godfather. "You look better than the last time I saw you."

"Good food and warm beaches work wonders," he said, ruffling Harry's hair.

"Hello Harry," Narcissa said from her seat, legs crossed and looking slightly anxious. "I take it you've come to a decision?"

"Yes," he said, taking a seat in a vacant chair. "I've thought about it a lot, and, if you're sure it's what you want, I'll do it."

Narcissa's shoulders visibly relaxed and a genuinely happy smile blossomed on her pretty face.

"Cousin, you may want to look away for a moment," she told Sirius as she stood.

Marching purposefully over to Harry, she hiked up her robes to straddle his lap, grabbed his head, and kissed him fiercely. He grunted in surprise but wrapped his arms around her and kissed her back. Her tongue invaded his mouth and his hands had just slid down to grasp her full bum when they were rather rudely interrupted.

"AHEM!" Sirius cleared his throat loudly.

Narcissa pulled back, smiling at him promisingly as she turned around and sat sideways in his lap, arms wrapped around his neck as she leaned against him.

"Jealous Siri?" she asked him teasingly.

"You try spending thirteen years in prison," he grumbled.

"Trust me, being married to Lucius *was* a prison," she said.

"You didn't have Dementors," he fired back.

"True," she admitted. "Tell you what, Sirius. Since you helped me, I'll help you. How about I get you some Polyjuice Potion and take you to Madam Lucinda's for Christmas?"

Sirius perked up excitedly in a rather dog like fashion at the mention of the 'Escort Service' on the corner of Knockturn Alley.

"Really?" he asked hopefully.

"It's the least I can do. I doubt Harry would be here if it wasn't for you." she said, stroking his hair tenderly with a smile before turning back to Sirius. "I wish I had been as strong as you and Andy back then, things might have been so much different."

"Have you talked to her?" Sirius asked.

"No," Narcissa said, shaking her head. "Not yet."

"You should at least send her an owl," he told her.

"I will, but I need to show her I've changed first. Andy always needed to see things to believe them," she said.

"How do you plan to do that?" he asked.

"Actually, I was hoping Harry would help me with that," Narcissa said, looking down at him.

"Me?" Harry asked in surprise. "How?"

"Do you have a date for the Ball yet?" Narcissa asked.

"Er, no, not yet," he admitted.

"Good, then you can take me," she said with a mischievous smile.

Seeing the stunned, slightly frightened look on his face, she laughed softly and kissed him briefly.

“Don’t look so worried. It’s going to get out that I’m your mistress sooner or later. Most likely sooner. This way, we control the information that gets out. We want the public to look at you as the young man saving an abused wife, rather than an old witch looking for a new husband.” She explained.

“I hate dealing with the press,” Harry grumbled quietly.

“I know,” Narcissa said, stroking his hair soothingly. “That’s why you have me. Just relax and let me take care of everything. Trust me.”

“Alright,” he said, giving in. “Just promise me I don’t have to deal with that Skeeter woman.”

“Skeeter?” she asked with a dangerous gleam in her eyes. “Oh, I have just the thing for her.”

Harry raised an eyebrow at her, but she only gave him a predatory smile in return. It was almost enough to make him feel sorry for Skeeter. Almost.

“Alright, love birds. Let’s get this paperwork done so we can send it into Gringotts,” Sirius jumped in, pulling several reams of parchment out of his pocket.

“What did you use for Lucius breaking the contract?” she asked, taking the parchment from him.

Sirius gave a roguish smile. “Turns out, after my father died, ol’ Lucy stopped paying the bride price and the business loans. He’ll have a tough time getting gold out of his vault in the morning.”

Narcissa smiled vindictively as she leaned back against Harry and began filling out the forms, handing the ones he had to sign over to him. He wasn’t too thrilled about all the paperwork,

but glancing at the beautiful woman on his lap, he decided it was worth it. Once they were finished, just before he left to go back to the castle, Narcissa pulled him aside for a moment.

“Harry, I have a favor to ask you,” Narcissa said seriously.

“Sure, what is it?” he asked.

“It’s Draco. I know you don’t like him, and frankly I can’t blame you,” she said. “Lucius has been grooming him to be a Death Eater since the day he was born, and nothing I’ve done has been able to change that. With the way things are going, there’s a good chance he’s going to end up just like his father and you’re going to have to fight him at some point. All I’m asking, if it’s at all possible, is for you to spare his life. Lucius took my son from me a long time ago, but I still don’t want to see him die.”

As a tear rolled down her cheek, Harry hugged her close and stroked her back soothingly.

“I’ll do my best,” he said, no really sure what else to say.

“Thank you,” she said, her voice muffled by his shoulder before pulling back. “You know, I keep hoping that leaving Lucius will be the wakeup call he needs to realize where his life is heading, but I’m afraid it’s only going to make things worse.”

He didn’t know what to say to her, so he just sat with her, providing comfort for as long as he could before he was forced to head back to the castle.

A few days later, Harry was standing in the Entrance Hall, waiting for his date to arrive. Everyone else was there with their dates, and McGonagall was eyeing him impatiently.

“You do have a date, don’t you, Mr. Potter?” she asked for the fourth time.

“Yes, Professor. She’s-”

“Right here,” Narcissa announced as she entered.

She shucked off her heavy winter cloak to reveal a tight, sparkling red dress with a wide, plunging neckline that put her luscious breast on prominent display. Handing her cloak to a dumbstruck Ministry official as she passed him, she smiled brightly at Harry and took his arm.

“Good evening, Minerva. We can start whenever you’re ready,” she said.

Harry nearly laughed at the stunned look on McGonagall’s face as she stared at Narcissa in her rather revealing dress.

“*You’re* his date,” she asked in a strangled voice.

“Yes, and don’t worry, I already checked the rules, it’s perfectly acceptable for Champions to invite a mistress to the Ball,” Narcissa said in a casual tone.

Clearly, she was enjoying the effect she was having on the normally composed professor. Harry glanced around the room as McGonagall struggled to find the words to express her shock. With the exception of Hermione and Fleur, everyone was staring at them in disbelief. Hermione looked worriedly between him and McGonagall, while Fleur eyed him with an intrigued expression.

“Mistress?” McGonagall asked weakly.

“Yes, we’re announcing it today. I’ve wanted to get away from Lucius for years, but it wasn’t until Harry here saved me that I could actually do it,” she said, kissing him on the cheek.



McGonagall's mouth worked silently as she floundered with the situation. Harry decided it was time to take pity on her.

"It's okay, Professor. My *guardian* knows about this and he's fine with it," he told her quietly.

Her head snapped to look at him sharply for a long moment.

"Very well," she said with a light glare, composing herself. "Everyone, line up for the first dance.

Everyone snapped back into motion at her stern command, though they still glanced at him and Narcissa on occasion.

"I hope you know what you're doing, Mr. Potter," she whispered to him.

"I never do, Professor," he whispered back with a smile.

With a long-suffering sigh, she turned and made her way to the doors leading to the Great Hall.

"I think that went rather well," Narcissa commented casually.

Harry smiled and shook his head just as the door to the Great Hall opened. While part of him was nervous about dancing and how everyone would react to him having a former Malfoy on his arm, there was another part that couldn't wait to see the look on Draco's face when he saw his mother was Harry's date.

As they walked past the crowd of students gathered around them, he could hear the gasps and loud whispers as people stared and pointed at him. It was almost a relief when the music started, and he could ignore them in favor of dancing with the gorgeous woman in his arms. Harry struggled to keep up with Narcissa as she glided effortlessly across the floor, her bountiful curves swaying gracefully to the beat of the music. He found himself forgetting about the crowd

and focused on the look and feel of her sensuous figure as she moved against him. Narcissa was shameless as she pressed and rubbed her soft body against his, more than once eliciting scandalized gasps from the people watching them.

Before he knew it, several songs had passed, and the band decided to take a break. Flushed and sweaty, Harry escorted a beaming Narcissa to a table to rest while he went to get them drinks. While he was there, several of his classmates came up to him to ask him how he ended up bringing her as his date. Fortunately, she had already coached him in what to say. Glancing over at Narcissa, he could see she was also being questioned. Unlike him, she looked quite comfortable being the center of attention, surrounded by several girls and even a couple of curious professors asking questions. Eventually, he was able to answer enough questions that he could finally get a couple glasses of punch.

“Potter! What did you do to my mother!” Malfoy shouted, stomping over to him with his wand clenched in his fist.

Harry sighed, set down his punch and put his hand in his pocket, palming his wand just in case.

“She asked me for help getting away from your father, so I did,” Harry said with a shrug.

Malfoy’s cheeks were flushed red, and his grey eyes sparkled with anger as he glared at him. He was trying to come off as intimidating, but Harry thought he looked more like a petulant child about to throw a tantrum than anything else.

“Liar!” he shouted, drawing even more attention for the people around them.

“Stop it, Draco!” Narcissa hissed from behind him, causing him to whirl around in surprise. “You’re making a fool of yourself.”

“Mother, whatever he’s done to you, you need to fight it,” Malfoy said, grabbing her arm tightly.

“That’s enough!” she told him sternly, yanking her arm free and moving to stand next to Harry. “He hasn’t done anything to me. I left Lucius of my own free will.”

“You wouldn’t,” Malfoy said flatly in denial. “You love father.”

“I never loved Lucius, Draco. I was forced to marry him because of a contract. The only good thing he ever gave me was you, and he even took that away from me,” she said in a mixture of sadness and anger.

Harry wanted to comfort her, but he knew that would only make things worse right now.

“What are you talking about? I’m right here,” Malfoy said in confusion.

“Your father is hell bent on destroying our world and he’s convinced you to follow him. I’d ask you to come with me, but I know you’ll always choose your father over me,” she said emotionlessly.

“Father is a great man,” Malfoy growled angrily, his eyes narrowing.

Narcissa straightened her shoulders and looked down at him imperiously.

“Your father has done things that would leave you sick, Draco. He would rather force himself on defenseless Muggles than spend time with his own wife. He hasn’t touched me since before you were born, because he can’t get hard without hurting a woman first. Does that sound like a great man to you?”

Malfoy growled and raised his hand to slap her, but Harry caught his wrist long before he could make contact. He snarled at Harry and wrenched his arms free with a venomous glare.

“You’ll pay for this!” he hissed, spit flying from his lips.

Spinning around, he stomped away, shoving his way through the gathered crowd.

Harry wrapped his arm around Narcissa's shoulders and guided her out of the Great Hall and down an empty hallway.

"You okay?" he asked.

"I'll be fine. I knew this would happen," she said, leaning into him.

They walked silently for a couple of minutes before Narcissa took a deep breath and straightened her shoulders.

"Let's go back to the Ball. I haven't had a decent date in years, and I refuse to let my foolish son ruin it," she said with determination as she led him back to the Great Hall.

Dragging him back onto the dance floor, she pressed herself tightly against him and swayed to the music, her eyes locked on his. Harry slid his hands up and down her wonderful curves, stopping just short of groping her as they moved. Their dancing grew more heated as the night grew late. More than once, they ended up snogging in the middle of the dance floor for an entire song, heedless of the numerous people staring at them. Eventually, the clock struck twelve and the music came to an end.

"Do you want me to walk you to the gate?" Harry asked as they left the Great Hall.

Narcissa clutched his arm between her breasts with a smirk on her face as she turned and led him deeper into the castle, away from the grounds.

"Actually, as your mistress, I was able to convince Dumbledore to give us married quarters." she said with a smirk.

Slowing their walk, she placed her lips next to his ear. "I'm not leaving this school until you've had my on every piece of furniture in that room," she whispered huskily.

Harry swallowed thickly, and the erection he'd been sporting for most of the night gave a needy throb. With a throaty chuckle, Narcissa pulled him down the hall and up to the second floor. There, they stopped at a portrait of three naked nymphs dancing in a forest.

"Freedom," Narcissa said.

Giggling and waving, the portrait swung open as the nymphs went back to prancing around between the trees. Harry followed Narcissa inside, closing the door behind him. Fluttering her eyes at him, she slowly walked through the sitting room and towards the open bedroom door. Her hips swayed exaggeratedly as she lifted her dress up over her head and dropped it to the floor, giving him a perfect view of her round, panty clad ass. Next, she took off her bra, dropping it just outside the door as she disappeared inside. Harry quickly threw off his robes and nearly ripped his shirt off as he rushed after her.

The moment he entered the bedroom and dropped his shirt on the floor, Narcissa pushed him onto the bed and opened his belt. Unzipping his pants, she pulled them off his legs, along with his boxers, allowing his rigid erection to bounce free and stand at attention. Staring at his cock lustfully, she peeled her black panties down her legs and stepped out of them. Climbing over him, Narcissa straddled his waist and ground her hot, moist slit along his rigid length. Tossing her head back, she let out a long, low moan as she rocked her hips, fingernails digging into his chest.

Lifting herself up, she lined his red, swollen head up with her drooling entrance and slowly sank down on him. Narcissa's hot, silky walls hugged his shaft tightly as his girth stretched her open, forcing a pleased gasp from her lips. Inch after inch of his hard, hot length pierced her fluttering core, her damp lips dragging along his veiny shaft. With her eyes closed and head tilted back, she panted through slightly parted lips as she took him to the hilt, her round, soft bottom resting on his muscled thighs. Harry's head swam from the feeling of her clutching walls surrounded his sensitive cock in a wet, sweltering cocoon. Grabbing her hips, he flexed upwards, straining to drive himself even deeper. Narcissa trembled as his length swelled inside of her and leaned over him, propping herself up with her hands on either side of his head.

Harry couldn't resist the temptation of her breasts as they dangled above him. Sliding his hands up her thin waist and tight stomach, he grasped her pillowy mounds firmly, his fingers sinking into her soft flesh. Narcissa gave him a sexy smirk and rolled her hips, causing him to groan while his eyes nearly rolled into the back of his head.

"Your cock feels so good, Harry," she moaned, rolling her hips slowly and grinding her bald mound against his pelvis. "I'll make you a deal, you be my stud to ride and fuck whenever I want, and I'll be your whore to use anytime, anywhere."

Before he could say a word, his cock answered for him, throbbing needily within her clutching depths. She smirked down at him with dark satisfaction, her slick arousal leaking out around his girth.

"I'm going to enjoy corrupting you," she said huskily.

Abruptly, Narcissa dropped down to her elbows on either side of his head, mashing his face with her breasts and leaving only the top half of his length buried in her depths. Harry sucked and kissed at the smooth skin of her mounds, his teeth gently grazing her delicate pale skin on occasion. Gradually, she picked up speed, rocking faster and lifting herself higher before lowering back down again. As she moved deeper on his shaft, her breasts were dragged down over his face. Harry opened his mouth and latched onto one of her nipples, sucking hard to hold it in place. As she slowly took more and more of his throbbing length, her soft orb stretched away from her chest until it finally slipped from his lips with a loud *pop* as she bottomed out again.

Narcissa's blue eyes were dark with lust and hunger as she bounced on him, raising halfway up his shaft before dropping down hard and swallowing his full length into her grasping, dripping core. Grabbing a handful of hair at the back of his head, she roughly pulled him up and into a fiery kiss, her lips mashing into his with bruising force. Harry's mind was fogged in a cloud of pleasure and arousal, leaving him feeling like he was in a dream he never wanted to end. As she broke the kiss to ride him even harder, the bed squeaking under them, and his hands slid over her smooth, soft skin to caress every inch of her voluptuous figure. Narcissa let out a steady stream of grunts, gasps, and moans while she continued to ram his straining cock into her quivering core.

With her plump breasts bouncing and shaking wildly as she rode him at a near frantic pace, Harry panted, his peak growing ever closer. Closing his eyes, he thought of McGonagall and Madam Pince in their underwear, desperately trying to hold off his approaching climax.

“No.” Narcissa barked firmly, causing his eyes to snap open and meet her hungry gaze. “Don’t hold back. Cum for me. Fill me.”

She rode him desperately, her lips lifting nearly off the end of his cock before slamming herself back down and drilling his throbbing cock into her quivering depths. A wild look sparkled in her eyes as she felt him tense under her, his muscles coiling and his length swelling.

“Cum for me. Cum for your mistress,” she demanded, nails digging into his skin painfully.

Harry gave into and tipped over the edge, grunting as his cock lurched inside of her tightening walls. Thick, powerful streams of cum leapt from his tip to splash forcefully within her, flooding her fluttering depths. Suddenly, Narcissa went rigid, her neck straining with her face tilted towards the ceiling. A tremble ran through her body just before a scream left her lips, every muscle pulled taught. A wave of arousal gushed out of her, drenching his shaft and the bed under them as an intense climax racked her body. Harry continued to pump jet after jet of his hot, potent seed into her core as she trembled, her scream cutting off as she sucked in a desperate breath.

After his climax had waned, Narcissa collapsed on top of him, her body continuing to quiver as she moaned. Harry wrapped his arms around her, his hands stroking her curves soothingly while the intensity of her climax slowly lessened. Finally, after a couple of minutes, she went completely limp when her orgasm ended. For several moments, they lay pressed together, panting heavily. Pushing herself back up on her arms, Narcissa smiled down at him and kissed him lovingly on the lips.

Eventually, Narcissa lifted herself off of him, and they spent several minutes just kissing and exploring each other slowly and gently.

Abruptly, she sat upright and alert, looking sharply around the room. Before Harry could ask what was wrong, she pulled her wand from seemingly nowhere and snapped out a wordless stunning spell. A moment later, an ugly, fat beetle fell motionlessly to the bed. With a triumphant smirk, she picked up the beetle and stood.

“Cissy?” Harry asked curiously.

“It seems we have a voyeur,” she said with a smirk.

Harry cocked his head in confusion as she set the beetle on the ground and waved her wand. Suddenly, the beetle grew and morphed until the unconscious form of Rita Skeeter was lying on the floor.

“She’s an Animagus?” he asked in shock.

“Yes, and an illegal one,” Narcissa said triumphantly.

With a couple more waves of her wand, Rita was floated over to a chair before ropes bound her arms and legs. One last blue spell hit her in the chest, and she groggily began to stir.

“Hello, Rita. Lovely to see you again,” Narcissa said pleasantly.

As Rita snapped her head up and struggled against her binds frantically, Narcissa sat down on the end of the bed casually and crossed her legs, unconcerned with her nudity.

“I would guess you’ve been taking notes all night. How about a sneak peek at tomorrow’s headline?” she asked.

Flicking her wand, a familiar looking notepad flew from Rita’s pocket and straight into Narcissa’s hand. Harry scooted to the end of the bed next to Narcissa to read over her shoulder.



“Tsk. Tsk. Oh my, Dark witch ensnares Boy-Who-Lived. Disgraced former Lady Malfoy seduces innocent young student. You even liken me to a succubus, draining the life from a promising young lad to further my own nefarious goals. Dear, oh dear, my reputation will be in ruins if you print this,” Narcissa said mockingly, seemingly untroubled by what she was reading.

Harry, on the other hand, huffed angrily and glared menacingly at Rita as she slumped in the chair, realizing she wasn’t going to get away.

“What do you want?” Rita grumbled defeatedly.

“I’m guessing from some of this that my ex-husband put you up to this?” Narcissa asked, though she didn’t bother to wait for an answer. “I think it might be...beneficial, if you were to hear the other side of the story. About how this brave, selfless young man went out of his way to rescue a frightened woman from an abusive marriage. I mean, it really wouldn’t be good for someone in your position to be seen supporting a powerful and influential figure like Lucius Malfoy right before his arrest.”

“Arrest?” Rita asked, her curiosity peaked.

“Well, as his wife, it was illegal for me to implicate him in a crime unless it was against me, but now, since Harry saved me, I’ve been able to tell Madam Bones all about the dirty little secrets my former husband doesn’t want people to know. Not even the Minister will be willing to stick his neck out for him this time,” Narcissa said, finishing with a self-satisfied smirk.

“Well, I’m always willing to listen to new information,” Rita said with a smile. “If you’ll let me go, I’d love to hear what you and Harry have to say.”

“Hmm, not quite yet,” she said, turning her attention to Harry and running her hands over his chest.

“You can’t leave me tied up like this,” Rita complained, tugging at the ropes binding her to the chair.

“Really?” Narcissa asked with a dangerous smile. “Right now, you’re an illegal Animagus who’s broken into Hogwarts for unknow reasons. Why, you could be here to kill us for all we know. Of course, we could call in the Aurors to straighten this all out, if you want.”

“No!” Rita shouted frightenedly. “Look, I’ll do what you want. Just don’t call the Aurors. I can help you. I can make the public see things the way you want them to.”

“I know, and that’s the only reason your still here and not in a Ministry holding cell. Normally, I wouldn’t make you wait like this, but this is the first real sex I’ve had in years, and I’m not ready to stop just yet,” Narcissa said, reaching over to stroke Harry’s erection back to life. “Just sit and watch, we both know how much you enjoy that. Who knows, if you behave, maybe I’ll let you have a turn.”

With a mischievous grin, she waved her wand and vanished all of Rita’s clothes. Harry’s eyebrows shot up, shocked that Narcissa would go that far, but unable to stop himself from looking. Rita was thin and pale, with decent sized breasts, long, slim legs, and a small strip of short blonde hair above her pink slit. Her perky tits were capped with pale areolas and hard nipples just a shade pinker than her skin. All in all, he had to admit, Rita was quite attractive. Even her face would be pretty, if she didn’t wear so much garish makeup.

Narcissa chuckled deeply as his cock throbbed in her hand, telling her what he thought. Feeling bold, Harry spun and pushed her back on the bed, crawling over her. She looked up at him with an excited sparkle in her eyes as he towered over her, his large, rigid length poised above her slit.

“It my turn now.” Harry said in a deep, husky voice as he leaned down to kiss her passionately.

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 fell 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, he 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.”

### 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 shinning 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.

At the home of Severus Snape in Spinner's End, a boy with a pale face and light blonde hair sat in a worn, wing-back chair, reading a book on dark curses. Stood in the doorway behind him, Severus watched the boy thoughtfully. The spells in that book, while painful, caused no lasting damage and were only lethal in the most unfortunate of circumstances. The bookcases along the wall held far more power and dangerous knowledge, and yet Draco had chosen something far milder than Severus himself would have, if he were he in the boy's position.

A slight frown marred his face as he continued to watch his godson. Lucius had coddled the boy far too much, he decided. The man had foolishly indoctrinated his son into the beliefs of the Death Eaters, but not given him the knowledge and attitude necessary to ever truly become one. Draco lacked the viciousness, the cunning, and the drive needed to even be anything more than a tool for the Dark Lord. Fodder to be used and thrown away the moment his usefulness had reached its end.

Severus fought the urge to sigh. Even though he believed his mother to have been stolen by his nemesis, and his father unjustly imprisoned, Draco still sought a school yard hex, and not real revenge. As much as he loathed to admit it, even in the privacy of his own mind, Draco would be no match for Potter should he try to enact vengeance. Potter was too skilled, too resourceful, and, as much as it galled him to think it, too powerful for Draco to overcome.

Narcissa was right, Severus decided. He needed to help his godson, he thought as he rubbed the ever-darkening mark on his left forearm. Draco would not survive the war to come if he didn't.

"Draco," Severus called out.

The boy closed his book, marking the page, and turned in the chair to look at him questioningly.

"Come with me, I have something to show you," he continued.

With a furrowed brow, Draco stood and followed Severus as he led him down the hall and to a locked door. With a tap of his wand and a muttered password, the lock clicked, and the door

swung open. Severus strode into the room while the boy looked around curiously. The room, clearly enlarged to be bigger than common sense suggested it should be, was a fully stocked Potions laboratory. Even with its increased size, the shelves were overfilled with ingredients, and the ceiling looked almost moss covered with the number of dried plants hanging from it. The only thing out of place, was a large bowl on a pedestal that glowed with a silver light.

“I trust you are aware of what this is?” Severus asked.

“A Pensieve,” Draco answered, staring into the swirling silver depths curiously.

Severus nodded and then clasped his hands behind his back as he looked at him.

“What has your father told you of the Dark Lord?” he asked.

Looking startled by the question, Draco blinked a few times before answering.

“He told me how powerful he was, and how he wanted to rid the world of Mudbloods and Muggles once and for all,” the boy answered, smirking at the thought.

Barely suppressing a scoff at his lack of knowledge, Severus grabbed the sleeve of his left arm and yanked it up, revealing the lightly writhing snake and skull on his pale skin. Draco’s eyes widened as he stared at it, conflicting emotions of fear and desire flickering across his features.

“The Dark Lord is growing stronger,” Severus said before pulling his sleeve back down. “With your father in prison, you must be prepared for his return.”

Severus stared emotionlessly at the boy as his face paled and he took an involuntary step backwards in fright. Good, Severus thought, perhaps all is not lost. Striding forward, he grabbed Draco’s hand and roughly plunged it into the Pensieve before both of them were sucked into the swirling silvery mist.



After a long fall, Severus landed light on the floor while Draco slammed into the ground painlessly.

“Where are-”

Draco cut himself off as he found himself standing on a grassy hill, surrounded by a dozen masked figures in black cloaks. As he stood, the boy recoiled in horror at the less than human visage of the Dark Lord. Severus kept his face blank as they watched one of the figures approach the tall, hairless, and deathly pale figure of the Dark Lord.

“My Lord,” the man greeted.

Draco’s eyes widened as he recognized the voice of his father, and then widened even further as he watched the man he had spent his life looking up to drop to his hands and knees and kiss the hem of the Dark Lord’s robes.

“Lucius,” the Dark Lord hissed. “Were you successful?”

“M-my Lord, I-I tried, but I could not find it. Per-perhaps if I had a few more days-”

“Crucio!”

Severus watched as Draco took half a step forward, as if to protect his father, and then stopped as the man screamed in agony. Behind him, the remaining figures shuffled nervously as one of their own was tortured for several long seconds, the sound of his wretched screams echoing off the hillside. He noted the boy’s hands shook in fear by the time the curse was lifted.

“You disappoint me, Lucius,” the Dark Lord said in a calm, casual tone. “However, I will give you two more days to find me the location of the McKinnons. Is your Lord not merciful?”

“Yes, my Lord. Thank you,” Lucius groveled, bowing low from his place knelt on the ground. “I will not fail you again.”

“See that you don’t,” the Dark Lord said, a twisted smile stretching his thin lips. “If you do, then I will just have to find someone else to entertain my Death Eaters. Perhaps your wife could take their place?”

“If-if that is what you require, my Lord,” Lucius answered.

Draco gasped in horror, staring in shock and disgust at the man on the ground while the memory dissolved around them. Severus gave the boy a moment before stepping in front of him.

“Do not look so surprised, Draco,” he said derisively. “When you serve the Dark Lord, everything you have, everything you are belongs to him. Your wealth, your power, your family, even your very life is his to do with as he pleases.”

“Did- did they?” Draco asked, swallowing thickly.

“No,” Severus answered after a moment. “Your father managed to procure the location of the McKinnons. We will view that now. It's time you learned what is expected of you.”

Half an hour later, Severus yanked Draco out of the Pensieve just in time for the boy to vomit all over the floor. Scowling, he waved his wand and vanished the mess as Draco panted on his hands and knees.

“I-I can’t,” Draco gasped, his eyes clenched shut to hide from the horrors he’d witnessed while tears ran down his cheeks.

“What will you do?” Severus asked without a hint of sympathy. “Will you refuse the Dark Lord? I thought you wished to punish the Blood Traitors and the Mudbloods.”

“I- I didn’t- that-”

Draco heaved violently, but his stomach was already empty.

“Perhaps now you understand why your mother has fled,” Severus said.

The boy’s head whipped up to look at him, his lips pulling back into his customary sneer.

“Why him? Why Potter?” he asked spitting the name like a curse.

“That’s something you would need to ask her,” Severus answered.

Without another word, he left the room, and the boy to his own thoughts.

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While Harry was out flying with his Quidditch teammates, Narcissa made her way into the Hogwarts library. It only took her a quick glance to find the head of bushy brown hair she was looking for. Hermione was surrounded by two large stacks of books, a roll of parchment in front of her as her quill scratched away furiously.

“Hello, Hermione,” Narcissa said with a smile.

The young woman looked up and immediately flushed, something she’d done for the last few days, ever since their little rendezvous. Narcissa smirked at the memory and wondered just how long it would be before Hermione decided to go against her Muggle upbringing and tell Harry how she felt.

“Hi,” Hermione replied, quickly gathering herself.

The smirk on Narcissa lips faded when she remembered why she was there.

“May I talk with you for a few minutes? It’s about Harry. I have a few... questions you might be able to help me with,” she said.

A light of understanding sparked in Hermione’s eyes, and she nodded her head. Gathering her books and parchment, she threw her bag over her shoulder and followed Narcissa out of the library. Rather than head back to her private room, however, Narcissa led her to one of the schools many small courtyards. Taking out her wand, she cast a quick Privacy Charm around the bench they sat on. The courtyard was empty for the moment, but this matter was too delicate to risk eavesdroppers listening in.

“What was that?” Hermione asked curiously. “I don’t think I’ve seen that spell before.”

“I doubt you would have,” Narcissa said, smiling at the younger woman. “It was developed by a friend. You won’t find it in any book. Any who attempt to listen in will hear nothing but an indistinct mumbling. I could teach it to you later, if you’d like.”

“That sounds like it could be useful,” Hermione said with a grateful smile. “So, what did you want to talk about?”

Narcissa straightened her robes, giving herself a moment to consider how she wanted to word things.

“Harry and I had a discussion last night. I thought it would be best for us to get to know each other better,” she said to which Hermione nodded. “He’s told me quite a lot about the adventures you two have been on. Some of it just sounds incredible, and I intend to have him take me down to the Chamber of Secrets soon. The Basilisk, even if it’s half the size he says it is, would be worth a fortune, and I’d be surprised if there isn’t anything else down there.”

“I didn’t think about that,” Hermione admitted sheepishly before her eyes narrowed slightly. “So, I’m guessing you want me to confirm some of those stories.”

“No, no, that’s not what I meant,” Narcissa said quickly. “I believe him, although, I’d very much appreciate hearing things from your point of view. No, what I wanted to ask you about is what happened to him before Hogwarts. I noticed he doesn’t talk about his childhood much.”

“Oh,” Hermione said, looking away as she nibbled her bottom lip. “What has he told you?”

“Not much, only that he grew up with his Muggle aunt, uncle, and cousin,” Narcissa said, watching her closely. “I gathered that he doesn’t get along with them, but all he said was that they didn’t like magic. I didn’t want to push him on it too soon, and I hoped you might be able to fill me in on just how bad it was for him.”

“I’m... not sure if it’s my place to say anything,” Hermione said slowly.

Narcissa let out a frustrated sigh but nodded.

“I understand,” she said. “I think I can guess most of it. It’s not unusual for some children to be treated that way, unfortunately.”

“Really?” Hermione asked.

Narcissa nodded, “Some Muggles just can’t handle the knowledge that magic is real and they take it out on their children. Keep this to yourself, but Professor Snape’s father became villainously cruel to his family when he learned his wife and son were magical. Part it was because she didn’t tell him until *after* Severus was born, but that is no excuse for what he did. I remember him returning to Hogwarts with bruises on more than occasion.”

Hermione blinked in surprise and sat looking thoughtfully for a moment.

“I don’t really know that much for certain, but he’s said some things over the years,” she said eventually. “I don’t think he was physically abused, or if he was it was rare. I think most of it

was just insults and neglect. I know a little more, but I think he should be the one to tell you about it.”

Again, Narcissa nodded in understanding before glaring off into the distance.

“Now, the question is, why would Dumbledore allow that to happen?” she asked angrily.

“For what I understand, he put up some kind of powerful blood wards around the house,” Hermione said in the headmaster’s defense.

“Still, that’s no excuse,” Narcissa said firmly, careful not to direct her anger at the younger woman. “If he had to stay there, then they should have been threatened or compelled into behaving. I’ll be having words with Dumbledore about that. He will not be going back to those people if I can help it.”

“Good,” Hermione said in relief. “I hated watching him go back there.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll take care of him,” Narcissa said with a smile, nudging the girl's shoulder with hers. “Listen, I need to take Harry to Gringotts before school starts again. Would you like to come with us? I’m sure he would appreciate having you there.”

“What do you need to do there?” Hermione asked curiously.

“We need to combine my account with his and see if we can get him declared an adult. Between the Tournament, Sirius, and essentially being married, I think we can manage it,” Narcissa said with a smirk. “Once Harry has his seat in the Wizengamot, the Minister is in for a world of problems.”

“What do you mean?” Hermione asked.

“Fudge can overrule an underage witch and wizard easily, but it’s much harder to do that to a member of the Wizengamot,” Narcissa explained. “Between the evidence I have against him thanks to my ex-husband, and the evidence Harry gave me last night, we should be able to get Sirius a trial. Actually, I’d be surprised if Fudge keeps his job. The man has knowingly put out a kiss on sight order for a member of the Scared Twenty-Eight while knowing he was never convicted. If there’s one thing that can bring the other members on board to our side, it’s self-preservation.

“If it could happen to Sirius, it sets a dangerous precedent that it could happen to them. I’ve been working closely with Madam Bones to make sure everything is airtight before we make a move. When Harry makes his debut at the Wizengamot, it’ll be to utterly destroy one of the most powerful men in the nation.”

Narcissa rubbed her thighs together at just the thought of it. She’d always found power attractive, and Harry had that in spades. With her help, he would become the most powerful wizard seen in centuries.

“Harry’s alright with that?” Hermione asked skeptically.

“I’ve talked to him about it,” Narcissa said with a smirk. “Harry hates his fame, but I’ve convinced him to use it for good. Between his name and having the Potter and Black seats in the Wizengamot, Harry can make a huge difference in our world.”

Watching the girl closely, she caught the look of suspicion in her eyes, even if it did only last for a second. While part of her wanted to be offended, Narcissa knew she would be thinking the same thing in her position. With how her husband and son had acted over the years, and then her appearing out of nowhere to change everything, it did look as though she was just doing this for her own selfish reasons.

“I know this may not mean much,” Narcissa said, “but I promise you, I’m not doing this just for myself. I really do want to help him.”

“I didn’t-”

“You thought it,” she interrupted, though not unkindly. “It’s alright, really. Honestly, I’d be insulted if you weren’t suspicious.”

Hermione chuckled at Narcissa’s haughty tone and lifted chin, her shoulders relaxing. After a few seconds of silence that was steadily growing more uncomfortable, Narcissa was just thinking about leaving when Hermione spoke up.

“So, how are things with you and Harry?” she asked softly.

Narcissa allowed a true, happy smile to light up her face.

“Wonderful,” she said happily. “It’s so... freeing, to be with someone who actually cares for me. I don’t have to hide my feelings or pretend. I can just relax and enjoy myself for the first time since I was a little girl. Harry has truly been... perfect.”

“I’m happy for you,” Hermione replied with an honest smile.

Narcissa caught the wistful look in her eyes and decided to tease the younger woman a bit.

“The sex is great, too,” she added.

Hermione stared at her with wide eyes and an open mouth before breaking into an incredulous laugh. Narcissa joined in with a laugh a moment later, feeling truly free and happy.

“What’s it like?” Hermione asked once they’d both calmed, acting far more like a normal, gossiping teenage girl than she usually did.

“Incredible,” Narcissa gushed, feeling as if she was a schoolgirl herself. “I don’t have much experience, mind you. I was contracted to Lucius in my fifth year, and I was a virgin at the time.



Still, Harry's given me more orgasms in the last week than Lucius did during our entire marriage. Harry's also bigger than he was, much bigger."

Both of them broke into another short fit of giggles before collecting themselves.

"It's not just that though," she added. "It's the way he looks at me, the way he touches me. He just makes me feel wanted. People have told me my whole life that I'm beautiful, usually while staring at my breasts, but Harry the first person to actually make me *feel* beautiful."

Hermione gave another small smile before chewing her bottom lip again, a thoughtful look on her face as she stared off into the distance.

"Have you thought on what we discussed?" Narcissa asked.

While she was willing to give the girl time, a part of her was hoping to move things along. It was clear she and Harry cared deeply for each other, and Hermione had been rather accepting of her as well. There was also the fact that with Harry's power and Hermione's brains, the two of them would be practically unstoppable together once they got a foothold.

"I've thought about it," Hermione admitted quietly. "I'll admit, I really do care for him deeply. I'm just still worried about what will happen if things don't work out, or how I'll feel about sharing him with not just you, but likely someone else as well."

Those were valid concerns, Narcissa thought, but she didn't think it was the whole truth. She had too much experience reading people not to see the signs of nervousness and insecurity.

"There's something else bothering you, isn't there?" she asked gently.

Hermione gave a short, humorless laugh while shaking her head.

“Am I really that easy to read?” she asked.

“I have a lot of practice,” Narcissa told her with a soft smile.

Hermione sighed and looked down in contemplative silence for several long seconds. Narcissa gave her time, wondering if the girl trusted her enough to talk about whatever was bothering her.

“Can we keep this just between us?” she finally asked quietly.

“Of course,” Narcissa assured her.

“I- Well, I’ve always been the one that Harry goes to for help. Now that you’re here though...”

“You feel like he might not need you anymore,” Narcissa finished for her.

Hermione bit her lip and nodded while avoiding her eyes.

“Alright, just two things. Firstly, Harry still needs you. I’m not trying to replace you, and even if I were, there’s no way that I could. Secondly, do you really think Harry thinks so little of you? That he only sees you as a tool to be discarded when he thinks you’re no longer needed?” Narcissa asked, arching her brow.

Hermione ducked her head, looking properly scolded as she shook her head.

“Hermione, when Harry and I discussed our lives, he mentioned you constantly,” Narcissa said. “You’re a huge part of his life, and that’s not going to change just because I’m around. He simply has one more person by his side, that’s all.”

Hermione wiped a stray tear from her eyes and nodded. Cautiously, Narcissa wrapped an arm around her shoulders and hugged her to her side. Surprisingly, Hermione willingly leaned into her, resting her head on Narcissa's shoulder.

"Thank you," she said softly.

"You're welcome," Narcissa replied.

She rubbed the brunette's shoulder soothingly while she thought about a better way to help her. Unfortunately, issues with insecurity could take years to get over. There was, however, one issue she could help Hermione with. If she was worried about how she would react when seeing Harry with someone else, well, then she would just have to experience it to know for sure.

"Why don't we go back to my quarters, and I'll make you some tea?" Narcissa asked.

While Hermione nodded and allowed herself to be guided back down the hall, Narcissa smirked as a plan began to form in her mind. When they entered her and Harry's private quarters, she discretely palmed her wand and put an Alert Ward outside the portrait guarding the entrance before locking it behind her.

After getting comfortable, Narcissa spent a good hour and a half talking with Hermione. In that time, she could easily see why Harry liked her so much, but there was one thing she had to correct her on.

"You tried to free the House Elves?" Narcissa asked.

"They shouldn't be slaves. It's wrong!" Hermione replied sharply.

"That may be, but have you considered how that would affect the Elves?" she asked.

“Of course I did. They’d be free like Dobby to live their lives,” Hermione said heatedly.

Narcissa sighed, wondering how to explain what she wanted without Hermione taking it as a personal attack. One thing she had noticed about the girl was her tendency to jump to conclusions when she felt strongly about something.

“I know you’re passionate about this, but please calm down and really think about this for a moment,” Narcissa said. “All House Elves, or at least all the ones I’ve met, have been servants for generations. For them, being freed is a disgrace. They see it as being judged unworthy to serve, which is probably the greatest insult to a House Elf.”

“But that’s wrong,” Hermione argued.

“That may be,” Narcissa interjected before Hermione could continue, “but it’s how they feel, and you need to respect that. You also have to understand that, because they’ve been servants for so long, they don’t know how to function otherwise. Essentially, what you’re doing would be like saving a child from an abusive family by kicking them out on the streets. They’d be free, but they’d have no way to take care of themselves.”

Hermione’s brow furrowed and she lost some of her confrontational stance.

“But couldn’t they just get hired by another family?” she asked.

“A few may, but that would be the exception,” Narcissa told her. “Most families would be very reluctant to hire a free House Elf. Besides the fact that a free Elf is looked at as a disgrace, there’s secrecy to consider. House Elves see everything that goes on in a house. If an Elf isn’t bonded, there’s nothing to stop them from telling someone else your secrets if they quit, they’re fired, bribed, threatened or even just because they’re angry.

“If you want to truly free House Elves, it’s going to take years, possibly decades of work. Not only do you have to convince Elves it’s acceptable, but you need to convince wizards to accept them. Then you need to teach them how to survive when they’re not working for a family and

come up with a way to ensure they can't betray their current and former masters. It would take an entire Ministry department dedicated to House Elves to even have a chance at achieving that."

Hermione bowed her head in defeat.

"I didn't think of that," she muttered.

"There's one last thing you need to consider," Narcissa said, causing Hermione to look up at her. "As much as they may resemble us, they're not human. I'll admit, I know very little about them outside of what's commonly known, but I'm willing to bet they have their own culture and beliefs you'll need to understand. Forcing them into freedom will only make them, and wizards, resent you for your ignorance."

Narcissa sighed and shook her head, "We really do need that wizarding culture class you were talking about. Speaking of which, I think I may have found a candidate to be the professor."

"Who?" Hermione asked, looking relieved at the change of subject.

"My sister, Andromeda Tonks. She grew up as a Black, but she's married to a Muggleborn and lives in a Muggle town. She understands both worlds, and her daughter recently left Hogwarts, so she may be looking for a job to occupy her time." Narcissa said.

While all of that was true, she did have a bit of an alternative motive. This would work great as a proverbial olive branch in reaching out to her sister. If Andy took the job, that would give them plenty of time to catch up over the next couple of years, until Harry graduated.

"That's a great idea. Maybe we could get her husband to take over as the Muggle Studies professor. I took that class last year and it was horrible," Hermione complained. "It's easily a hundred years out of date, and the teacher barely knows anything."

Fortunately, before Narcissa had to admit she didn't know much about that, she felt a tingle in her spine for the Alert Ward. Jumping up, she grabbed Harry's cloak off the coat rack and handed it to Hermione.

"Put this on," she said quickly.

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"I still can't believe they cancelled Quidditch," Katie bemoaned. "Viktor Krum is here for Merlin's sake. How can they cancel Quidditch when the best seeker in the world is here!"

Harry smiled and wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

"You know, they never said we *couldn't* play Quidditch, just that the Cup was cancelled," he reminded her. "I'm sure we could get most of the teams together and play some pickup games."

Katie came to a dead stop and blinked up at him just outside the door to his new quarters.

"Why the hell didn't any of us think of that?" Katie asked rhetorically. "Harry, that's brilliant! I'll talk to Angie and Alicia. Maybe we can even get the Durmstrangs to play. Just think about it, you could kick Krum's ass in the Tournament, and at Quidditch!"

"I'm not *that* good, Katie," Harry said, rolling his eyes.

"Hey! You've never lost without outside interference, and you're not going to start now," Katie said fiercely. "Besides, we all know you'd be in first place if Karkaroff would score fairly. Stupid git."

"I doubt it, but thanks for the support, Katie," said Harry, smiling at her affectionately.

“You’re a lot better than you give yourself credit for, Harry,” she replied, shaking her head.  
“Anyways, I’ll go talk to them before dinner. We still need a new Keeper though.”

“Ron’s pretty good. I practiced with him over the summer,” Harry told her.

“As long as he’s better than that prick, McLaggen. I don’t trust that slime ball not to try and take a peek while I’m in the showers,” Katie said, shivering in disgust.

“If he tries that, he’ll find a Bludger where the sun doesn’t shine,” Harry threatened.

Katie giggled, “I’d love to see that. Anyways, I should get back. I’ll talk to you later, Harry.”

“See ya, Katie” Harry said, pulling her in for a brief hug.

Katie looked a bit surprised before smiling and hugging him back. He thought she might have blushed before taking off down the hall, but her cheeks were already flushed from flying in the cold air. She waved to him one last time before disappearing around the corner, which Harry returned. Turning, he smiled at the portrait guarding the entrance to his quarters.

“Freedom,” he said.

To his surprise, the portrait didn’t move. He tried the password again, only to get the same result. Frowning, Harry knocked on the frame.

“Cissy!” he yelled.

Just as he was starting to get worried, the lock clicked, and the portrait swung open. Stepping into his quarters, he found Narcissa on the couch wearing her silk robe.

“Sorry, Harry,” she said. “I took a shower and locked the door out of habit.”

“S’fine” Harry said with a shrug and a smile.

Leaning his broom against the wall and taking off his heavy winter cloak, Harry walked over to the couch and bent down to give her a kiss. When he stood back up, Narcissa grabbed his hand and pulled him down to sit next to her.

“Your hands are cold,” she complained.

“Really?” Harry said with a smirk.

With his free hand, he reached over and tried to slip it inside her robe.

“No!” Narcissa gasped.

She let out a squealing laugh as she fell back on the couch while Harry crawled over her. After a bit of wrestling, he managed to slip a hand under her robes and touch his ice-cold fingers against the warm skin of her stomach. Narcissa shrieked and swatted his hand away, a grin on her face as her eyes sparkled playfully. As they continued to wrestle, her robe fell completely open, revealing her gloriously nude body underneath. Their innocent playfulness gave way to arousal as Harry pinned Narcissa’s arms above her head and took one of her excited red nipples between his lips. The curvaceous blonde moaned and arched her back off the couch.

As Harry let go of her hands, Narcissa clutched the back of his head while he teased her nipples until both of them were hard and swollen from his attention. When the glistening, red nub popped free of his hungry lips, he started kissing his way up to her lips. Narcissa moaned while they kissed, her hands moving down to slip under his thick, woolen jumper to caress the firm muscles of his abs and chest. Supporting his weight on one hand, Harry took one of her spit slickened nipples gently between his cold fingers. Narcissa inhaled sharply through her nose and arched her back while her nails left fiery trails down his chest.



Slipping out of her robe, Narcissa then grabbed the hem of his jumper and undershirt before yanking them up over his head. Excitedly, Harry sat up and threw them to the side before standing up to kick off his shoes and open his pants. While he stripped, Narcissa gave him a hungry, sultry gaze. Slowly, she rolled onto her stomach, tucking her knees under her while arching her back. Harry practically tore his clothes off the rest of the way as she wiggled her full, jutting ass at him, her damp pink folds peeking out from between her thighs.

With his impressively sized cock standing at complete attention, Harry knelt behind Narcissa and thrust into her hot, welcoming depths. Both of them moaned as he buried himself to the hilt in her soft, silky core. His hands groped and squeezed her full cheeks, spreading them apart so he could watch his length sink repeatedly into her depths. Starting slowly, Harry gradually increased the speed and force of his thrusts, luxuriating in the feel of her hot, clutching walls.

“You feel so good, Cissy,” Harry groaned.

Narcissa moaned as she pushed back against him, driving his cock into her depths forcefully. Harry slid his hands under her body and squeezed her swaying tits, the large, soft orbs filling his hands. Bending down, he kissed and sucked at her neck, intent on leaving a mark for everyone to see. It certainly wouldn't be the first time he left her a love bite to cover up. Unfortunately, with the way she was bent over, Harry had a hard time enjoying her body as much as he wanted to. Smirking against her skin, he decided to change that.

Wrapping his arms around her waist, Harry lifted Narcissa up as he shifted to sit normally. The voluptuous blonde moaned and leaned her back against his chest while turning her face to kiss him. Harry cupped her breasts, groping them roughly as Narcissa planted her feet on the couch, knees bent, and legs spread wide. Her hips rolled as she started bouncing on him, spearing herself on his rigid shaft over and over again. Panting heavily, she pulled her lips away from his, closing her eyes with a moan while she leaned against him. Harry's lips immediately attacked her neck again, kissing, sucking, and nipping at the pale, delicate skin.

“Harry,” Narcissa panted breathlessly.

Just the sound of his name rolling off her dark red lips had him throbbing inside of her. Letting go of one of her breasts, he ran his hand down her body to her drooling lips. Dampening his

fingers in her gushing arousal, he brought them back up to her clit and teased around the outside of her hooded nub. Narcissa gasped, a shiver running through her body before she let out a wanton moan. Her breath came in shuddering pants as she worked her hips frantically.

Harry couldn't help but smile a tad smugly as she lost her rhythm, her movements becoming jerky and uncoordinated. Rolling her nipple between his fingers and furiously rubbing her clit, Narcissa tipped over the edge. With a short shriek, she hunched forward and writhed in his lap, her face scrunched up as her mouth hung open. Harry groaned from the feeling of her folds fluttering around his length and soaked him in her arousal. When the stimulation became too much, Narcissa pushed his hand away from her mound, panting as she collapsed limply against him.

In search of his own release, Harry pulled out of her and then laid her down back first on the couch. He swore he heard her gasp as he lined his straining cock back up with her flooded entrance. Sinking back into her depths, Harry showed zero restraint as he thrust furiously, their pelvises meeting with a loud wet slap. Narcissa's breasts jiggled wildly on her chest with each powerful plunge that jerked her body forwards.

"That's it, Harry. Fuck me. Give me that beautiful cock," she panted.

Harry groaned, huffing for the effort of his titanic thrusts.

"Mmh, maybe I should see if any of the other Pureblood wives are ready to give up their useless husbands," Narcissa told him with a lustful smirk. "Carmella Zabini just lost another husband. Maybe I should show her what a real man is like."

Merlin, I love when she talks dirty, Harry thought as his cock jerked excitedly.

"Or what about Pansy's mother, Helena, she's quite beautiful actually," Narcissa continued. "Or Elizabeth Nott. Not too bright, but she's got massive tits and she does this trick with her tongue that I know you'd love."

Harry grunted as his peak rapidly approached, the thought of fucking the mothers of all the Slytherins that bullied him quickly pushing him to the edge.

“Anastasia Greengrass is just as beautiful as her daughters, and I know she can’t stand her husband,” Narcissa said before placing her lips next to his ear. “And I know she doesn’t have a gag reflex either.”

With the image of Daphne Greengrass looking up at him while his cock was buried in her throat, Harry groaned and flooded Narcissa’s depths. His body tensed as his cock swelled and pulsed, jets of thick, hot cum coating her walls. As his climax came to an end, Harry collapsed on top of her while she stroked his back soothingly. He buried his face in the crook of her neck and closed his eyes with a contented sigh.

He never noticed the smile on Narcissa’s face as a flushed and sweaty Hermione materialized out of nowhere, hung up his cloak, and then slipped silently out of the room.

## Chapter 5

The next day, Harry and Hermione both got permission to leave Hogwarts for ‘Family Business.’ The majority of the morning was spent at Gringotts, signing a mountain of paperwork that made Harry officially emancipated. For all intents and purposes, he was now an adult. While normally he would have needed to at least pass his OWLs first, by forcing him to compete in the Triwizard Tournament the Ministry had essentially named him an adult already.

While the Goblins normally had a certain disdain for working with Witches and Wizards, they seemed almost happy to help him if it meant screwing over the Ministry.

When they were finally done, they climbed into a cart and headed deep into the tunnels. Harry quite enjoyed the ride, but Hermione and Narcissa both clung to him tightly throughout the trip. Harry had thought there was a lot of money in his trust vault, but he soon discovered that it was nothing compared to the rolling hills of gold, silver, and bronze waiting in his family vault.

Along with the money, they found furniture, portraits, clothes, a full library's worth of books, and boxes of personal belongings. It wasn't until Harry asked that the goblin told them that his parents had brought most of their things into the bank just before they went into hiding.

Cautiously, almost reverently, Harry, Hermione, and Narcissa went through the boxes. Inside, they found pictures, jewelry and, most importantly, his mother's diary. Eventually, they finished getting what they needed and headed back to Hogsmeade. As they walked through the gate and back up to the castle, they spotted a couple of people standing in the Entrance Hall.

As they grew closer, Harry could make out an older, professional looking witch with long, curly black hair and a face that looked somewhat familiar. In stark contrast, the witch next to her was young, with bright purple hair, and a bright grin to match. Her clothes were mostly Muggle: a pair of tight, ripped jeans and a Weird Sisters shirt, except for the thick, light blue cloak that she wore.

Narcissa noticed them a moment after Harry and slowed to a stop, a nervous expression on her face.

"Cissy?" Harry asked.

"That's my sister, Andromeda, and her daughter Nymphadora," she said quietly.

Harry knew she was worried and anxious to reconnect with the sister she hadn't spoken to in years. Reaching out, he took her hand in his and gave it a reassuring squeeze. Andromeda, who was watching them closely from about twenty yards away, narrowed her eyes slightly at their hands.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Just nervous," Narcissa admitted. "We didn't leave on good terms the last time we spoke."

“She wouldn’t be here if she wasn’t ready to forgive you,” Harry told her.

Narcissa finally took her eyes off her sister to look at him with grateful smile. Leaning forward, Harry kissed her tenderly.

“Ready?” he asked as they pulled apart.

Taking a deep breath, Narcissa looked back up at her glaring sister and nodded.

“Harry, maybe we should let them talk alone,” Hermione suggested.

“No. I’m staying with her,” Harry said firmly.

That earned him another smile and a grateful squeeze of the hand. Together, the three of them met the other two witches at the entrance to the castle.

“Hello Andy,” Narcissa said with a soft smile. “It’s really good to see you again.”

“Narcissa,” Andromeda replied curtly.

The silence that followed was tense and awkward. Hoping to ease the tension, Harry took a step forward and held out his hand.

“Hi, I’m Harry,” he said with a smile.

Surprisingly, when Andromeda turned to him, her eyes softened, and she gave him a warm, genuine smile.

“Hello, Harry. It’s wonderful to see you again, dear,” she said, shaking his hand.

“Have we met?” Harry asked curiously.

“A long time ago,” Andromeda admitted with a tinge of sadness. “I was friends with your mother during and after Hogwarts. I used to babysit you when your parents went to meetings. You and Nymie used to be as close as brother and sister.”

“Mum,” Nymphadora whined, “don’t call me that.”

“Oh, stop complaining,” Andromeda said in exasperation. “It’s a beautiful name.”

“Yeah, right,” Nymphadora scoffed, then turned to Harry with a bright grin. “I’m Tonks, *just* Tonks. It’s good to meet you again.”

“Er, nice to meet you too,” Harry said, surprised and a tad overwhelmed. “So, you knew my mum?”

“I did,” Andromeda confirmed with a smile.

“Could you tell me about her sometime?” Harry asked eagerly. “I really don’t know much about her.”

“I’d be happy to,” Andromeda replied kindly.

Narcissa smiled at Harry affectionately and let go of his hand to run her fingers gently through his hair. Seeing the display of affection, Andromeda turned back to her sister with a glare while crossing her arms over her chest.

"Can we talk?" Narcissa asked.

With a curt nod, Andromeda turned on her heel and stalked off towards an empty classroom down the hall.

"Do you want me to come with you?" Harry asked.

Narcissa smiled at him but shook her head.

"That's sweet of you, but no," she replied. "This is something my sister and I have to resolve between the two of us."

"Alright," Harry acquiesced.

Smiling at him, Narcissa kissed him briefly before following after her sister.

"So, you're the one shagging my aunt?" Nymphadora asked with a smirk.

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"What are you playing at?" Andromeda nearly shouted the second Narcissa closed and silenced the door.

"I'm not *playing* at anything," Narcissa said calmly.

"You expect me to believe that?" Andromeda scoffed. "I swear to Merlin, if you're just using that poor boy--"

"I'm not using Harry," Narcissa said, her anger rising at the accusation. "Is it really that hard to believe I've changed?"

“It is when you haven’t given me reason to,” Andromeda said with narrowed eyes. “And what big epiphany did you have that made you finally decide to leave?”

Narcissa could understand her sister’s anger. They hadn’t parted on the best terms, and at the time she’d been convinced her sister was throwing her life away for a Mudblood. Still, it hurt and angered her that her sister was being so dismissive.

“You mean like when, two weeks after our wedding, Lucius wanted to whore me out for political favors?” Narcissa asked. “Or how about the fact my ex-husband would rather rape and torture Muggles than sleep with me? Or, what about how he sold our souls to the Dark Lord and now wants our son to do the same?”

By the time she was finished, Narcissa had tears in her eyes. What she had told her sister was just a fraction of the hell she’d lived over the last twenty years being married to a monster. Andromeda’s expression softened and her shoulders relaxed slightly.

“I’m sorry,” she said quietly. “But why now? Why Harry?”

“Lucius is convinced the Dark Lord is returning,” Narcissa said. “The mark on his arm is growing darker and I will not allow that monster to have control over me again. As for Harry, he’s Sirius’ godson and heir. He was the only one that could annul my marriage contract.”

“Well, you got what you wanted. Why are you still with him?” Andromeda asked, though not as unkindly as Narcissa expected.

She gave a humorless laugh, “You wouldn’t believe me.”

“Try me,” her sister said firmly.

“Because I care for him, and I want to help him,” Narcissa confessed. “Harry has the chance to change our world for the better, and I want to help him any way I can.”



Andromeda eyed her closely for several long moments before she spoke.

“I don’t know if I totally trust you, or believe you,” she admitted, causing Narcissa’s face to revert to an emotionless mask in an effort to hide her pain. “But I’m willing to give you a chance to prove me wrong.”

Narcissa lost the blank look and gave her sister a small smile. It wasn’t what she had hoped for, but it was better than she probably deserved. It’s a start, she thought.

“Thank you,” she said gratefully.

When they stood up, Andromeda surprised Narcissa by walking up to her and hugging her softly.

“It’s good to see you Cissy,” Andromeda murmured softly, before pulling back and fixing her with an intense stare. “But I’ll warn you now, if you hurt that boy...”

“I won’t,” Narcissa said seriously.

Andromeda gave her a nod, and the two sisters made their way back to the Entrance Hall where they found Harry, Hermione, and Tonks chattering away like they’d been friends for years. Harry was laughing at some joke Tonks had made when he spotted them and gave Narcissa a questioning look. She smiled at him, letting him know things had gone well, and he smiled back at her happily.

As she came to stand next to him, Harry wrapped his arm around her waist and kissed her on the lips. It was the first time he had kissed her in public like that, and it sent a thrill of happiness through her.

“What was that for?” Narcissa asked teasingly.

Harry, blushing lightly, shrugged his shoulders. Smiling at him, she kissed him on the cheek.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

His arm tightened around her, pulling her flush against his side. Cautiously, Narcissa looked over to Andromeda to gauge her reaction. She was watching them closely with a neutral expression, which Narcissa supposed was better than the frowns and glares from earlier.

“So, your letter said something about a job,” Andromeda prompted.

“Oh, I’d almost forgotten,” Narcissa exclaimed. “Why don’t you and Nymphadora-“

“Don’t call me that!” Nymphadora barked, her hair briefly turning red. “It’s Tonks, just Tonks.”

“My apologies,” Narcissa said, fighting a smirk. “Why don’t you and Tonks come back to our quarters so that we can talk?”

“Alright,” Andromeda agreed.

Grabbing Narcissa’s hand, Harry smiled and led the way.

“How did you change your hair like that?” Hermione asked Tonks as they walked. “Do you know wandless magic?”

“Oh, I’m a Metamorphmagus,” Tonks answered cheerfully.

“Really, that’s fascinating!” Hermione said before launching into a barrage of questions.

“What’s a Metamorphmagus?” Harry asked Narcissa quietly.

“It’s someone who has the ability to change their looks at will,” Andromeda answered for her.

“Oh,” Harry said a smile growing on his face. “Wish I could do that.”

After a few minutes, they reached their private quarters on the sixth floor. Harry held the door open for everyone, then grinned when Tonks passed him.

“I see you survived the inquisition, oof,” he joked before Hermione poked him in the stomach.

Tonks laughed, “It wasn’t too bad. I’ve been asked worse.”

Harry took a seat in the middle of the couch, while Narcissa sat on his left, and Hermione took his right. Tonks sprawled out on the love seat like she owned the place, much to her mother’s consternation. Finally, Andromeda took a seat in the last remaining chair. The moment everyone was settled, Dobby popped in with a pot of tea and a tray of snacks.

“Er, thanks Dobby,” Harry said, surprised by the arrival.

“You is most welcome, Harry Potter, sir!” Dobby said happily just before he disappeared.

Just as Narcissa was about to speak, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her against his side. While he was always affectionate in private, this was the first time he’d acted this way with anyone else around, including his friends. It took Narcissa a moment to realize he was trying to show her sister that they really did care for each other. A pleased smile tugged at the corners of her lips as she leaned into him and threaded her fingers through his, before pulling his hand into her lap.

Andromeda raised an eyebrow at the sight, but said nothing for the time being.

“A couple of days ago, Hermione came to me with the idea of introducing a new class at Hogwarts,” Narcissa explained. “She made the very good point that Muggleborn and Muggle-raised students aren’t being taught enough about the magical world and our government. We are preparing to make a proposal to the Board of Governors. However, I thought it would be best to have a professor lined up for the position before we do. We were hoping you would like to teach the class.”

“What, exactly, would I be teaching?” Andromeda asked.

Narcissa looked over at Hermione and motioned for her to answer.

“Oh,” Hermione said in surprise and then straightened up. “Well, you would be teaching first through third years about how wizarding homes work, how the government works, basic laws that we have to follow. Basically, anything that we would need to know once we leave school. It’s ridiculous how little we’re taught about even basic things. I mean, they haven’t even told us how to call the Aurors or St. Mungo’s in case of an emergency.”

“You do make a good point,” Andromeda said, then looked at Narcissa. “Why me?”

“You’ve lived and worked in both worlds,” Narcissa explained. “And, if I’m honest, I was hoping it would give us a chance to try and rebuild our relationship.”

Andromeda looked at her thoughtfully for a long moment before leaning back in her chair.

“Will I need to live in the castle?” she asked eventually.

“No, I’ve already talked to the headmaster about that,” Narcissa said. “Because you’d only be teaching three years, you would only need to work four days a week, and you can go home after dinner.”

“We were also hoping your husband might be willing to take over as the Muggle Studies professor,” Hermione added tentatively. “I took the class last year and it was awful. Half of what they teach is wrong, and the other half is a hundred years out of date.”

“I’ll have to talk to Ted about that, but I wouldn’t count on it,” Andromeda said. “He works as a defense barrister, and I don’t think he’d be willing to leave his job.”

“Oh,” Hermione said disappointedly.

“I’m sure we’ll be able to find someone before Professor Burbage retires,” Narcissa assured the younger woman, then turned back to her sister.

“I’ll need to talk to my husband first,” Andromeda mused. “But it does sound interesting, and I am getting lonely with Nymphadora gone and Ted at work all day.”

“I understand,” Narcissa said.

“There’s something else we need to talk about,” Harry said. “Sirius.”

Andromeda stiffened, and Narcissa looked at Harry sharply. He squeezed her hand reassuringly but kept his gaze on Andromeda.

“What about him?” Andromeda asked tonelessly.

“He’s innocent,” Harry said, then launched into the tale of how he met Sirius and found out what really happened that night.

“Bloody hell!” Tonks gasped. “Is your life always that insane?”

“Pretty much,” Harry said with a shrug and a smile.

“You knew?” Andromeda asked Narcissa.

“Yes,” Narcissa answered. “I would have told you, but Sirius asked me not to.”

The sisters both turned to look at Harry with identical raised eyebrows. Nervously, he scratched the back of his neck.

“You’re family,” he said with a shrug. “Sirius should have told you. He’s just being stupid about it.”

Tonks snorted, Hermione rolled her eyes, and Narcissa smiled at him affectionately before shaking her head. Andromeda, on the other hand, was staring at Narcissa thoughtfully.

“How long have you known?” she asked.

“Since this Summer,” Narcissa said. “I overheard Lucius ranting to one of the portraits about Draco losing the House of Black if people learned of his innocence. That’s when I decided to seek out Harry.”

“You knew, and you didn’t say anything?” Andromeda asked incredulously, then turned to Harry before she could answer. “She didn’t try to blackmail you?”

“No,” Harry answered firmly. “She just asked for my help. Honestly, I’m really glad things worked out the way they did, Cissy’s helped me a lot. She got me emancipated, she’s teaching me about how the Wizengamot works so I can take my seats, and she’s helping me to try and clear Sirius’ name.”

Andromeda's look softened as she turned to her sister and stood up. Pulling Narcissa to her feet, she hugged her tightly with tears in her eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Andy," Narcissa said, her voice thick with emotion as tears rolled freely down her cheeks. "I should have left when you and Sirius did. I was just so scared."

"It's not your fault," Andromeda whispered. "I've missed you Cissy."

"I missed you too," Narcissa whispered back.

When they pulled back tearfully almost a minute later, Narcissa curled up against Harry with a wide smile on her face. For the next hour, they talked about more pleasant topics, joking and laughing merrily as they exchanged stories. The smile never left Harry's face, to the point that his cheeks ached. This is what having a family should be like, he thought to himself.

Eventually Tonks and her mother left, but not before Andromeda made plans to have dinner with Narcissa the next week. Harry was filled with joy as he watched them hug goodbye. Tonks even surprised him by giving him a hug and promising to see him soon with a wink. Harry didn't know what she meant by that, but he would be glad to see her again.

As soon as the mother and daughter left the room, Narcissa spun around and pulled Harry into a searing kiss, their tongues entwining languidly.

"Um, I-I'll give you two some privacy," Hermione stammered.

Narcissa pulled her lips away from his and turned to his best friend.

"Wait," she said quickly, then turned back to Harry. "Why don't you go grab a quick shower. I need to talk to Hermione for a minute."

“Er, okay,” Harry said.

Giving Narcissa one last kiss, he smiled at Hermione and then went to the bedroom.

When the bedroom door closed, Narcissa cast a Muffliato Charm and pulled Hermione back over to the couch.

“We really haven’t had a chance to talk about what happened last night,” Narcissa said, referring to when the brunette had watched her have sex with Harry while hidden under his invisibility cloak. “How did it make you feel?”

“I... I don’t know,” Hermione mumbled with a blush.

Narcissa was getting a bit tired of beating around the bush, so to speak, and decided it was time to push the girl a bit.

“Did it hurt?” she asked. “Did you feel a deep, heart wrenching pain when you saw us together?”

“Well, no,” Hermione said quietly while staring down at her hands.

Smirking, Narcissa scooted closer and rested her hand on the other girl’s knee.

“Did it excite you?” she asked huskily while sliding her fingers just under Hermione’s skirt. “Did seeing us together make your pulse race and your loins flutter?”

“Um, I...” Hermione trailed off shyly as she blushed brightly.



Narcissa knew the answer, but she wanted Hermione to at least admit it to herself. Slowly, she slid her hand up the brunette's smooth, toned thigh. Her breath hitched as Narcissa's fingertips brushed the edge of her panties. Unconsciously, Hermione spread her legs slightly to give her better access.

"You don't need to hide it," Narcissa said. "If not for me, at least admit it to yourself. You loved watching us, didn't you?"

Hermione opened her mouth to speak, only to let out a gasp when Narcissa ran the tips of her fingers over her panty covered lips.

"It could be you, you know," Narcissa whispered. "It could be you kissing Harry, feeling his big strong hands all over your body, taking his nice, fat cock inside your tight little pussy."

The brunette gasped and moaned at the combination of her language and the feeling of Narcissa's fingers tracing lightly down the edge of her lips. Leaning in, Narcissa kissed her jaw and pale, delicate throat. Working back up the side of her neck, she kissed all the way back up Hermione's jaw, lightly tugging on her ear lobe with her teeth.

"Is that what you want?" Narcissa asked huskily.

"Yes," Hermione breathed out with a trembling breath, her eyes closed as she panted lightly.

"Mmh," Narcissa moaned in delight while sucking at the skin on the side of her neck. "And is Harry the only one you want?"

Hermione hesitated, so Narcissa slipped her fingers under the gusset of her panties and caressed her bare, damp folds. The brunette sucked in a sharp breath and bucked her hips.

"Don't you want me, Hermione?" Narcissa asked in an innocent, vulnerable tone as her index finger pushed between her lips.

“Yes,” Hermione whimpered. “Oh God, Cissy”

Chuckling against her skin, Narcissa continued to tease her slit as she sat up. When Hermione opened her eyes and turned to look at her, she pressed their lips together lightly.

“Let’s go surprise our man,” Narcissa said with a grin.

Standing up, she held out her hand to a dazed looking Hermione and helped her to her feet. With the moment of truth at hand, and no pleasurable haze to distract her from her thoughts, she could see the younger witch growing nervous as they entered the bedroom with only a closed door separating them from a showering Harry.

Before she could overthink things again, Narcissa pulled her close and kissed her deeply. Hermione went stiff for just a moment before she relaxed and kissed her back. While she preferred men, Narcissa had to admit that she greatly enjoyed being with women as well. There was just something different and slightly taboo about it that got her pulse racing.

Slowly running her hands over Hermione’s firm, gentle curves, Narcissa grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head. Underneath, Hermione wore a plain white bra that held her breasts tightly, making them look smaller than they really were.

Taking her time, Narcissa enjoyed the feel of having another woman in her arms as she gradually stripped them both out of their clothing. When they were both naked, Narcissa’s much larger bust engulfing Hermione’s smaller, firmer breasts in her soft flesh, she reached down and cupped what she thought of as the other woman’s best feature. Her ass.

Hermione’s long legs, toned from carrying a heavy, book filled bag up and down countless sets of stairs on a daily basis, led up to her incredible rear. Like two halves of a ripe melon, her small, perfectly round cheeks jutted out from her thin body. Narcissa cupped them firmly and pulled Hermione close, causing her to groan in a mixture of surprise and enjoyment. Even with her small hands, the younger woman’s delicious backside barely filled her grasp. She couldn’t wait to watch Harry maul the girl with his big strong hands.

Hearing the shower stop, Narcissa pulled back from Hermione and led her over to the bed. Positioning her at the head of the bed, Narcissa crawled on top of her. Before they could kiss again, Hermione reached up and gently cupped her dangling breasts.

“I wish mine were this big,” Hermione said wistfully as she gently squeezed the soft mounds of flesh.

“I think you’re beautiful the way you are,” Narcissa told her truthfully. “However, there are potions for that if you really want to make them bigger.”

As if to prove her point, Narcissa bent down and took one of Hermione’s hard, delicate pink nipples between her lips. The girl moaned and arched her back while gripping the back of Narcissa’s head. She smirked around the nub in her mouth as she heard the bathroom door open, followed by a gasp.

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Harry wrapped a towel around his waist and pulled open the door to the bedroom, only to freeze at the sight in front of him. Cissy and Hermione were in his bed, completely naked as his mistress sucked on his best friend’s beautiful nipple.

Neither of them seemed to notice he was standing there, staring in awed disbelief. He’d always known Hermione was pretty, but he had no idea she looked this incredible under her robes. He’d had no clue her breasts would be that big, or that her legs would be so long and muscled. Watching as Narcissa dragged her large, heavy breasts over Hermione’s to kiss her on the lips, the front of his towel tented like he was trying to smuggle a broom under it.

Harry opened his mouth to call out to them, but all that left his lips was a choked squeak. Still, that sound was enough to draw their attention to him. Hermione blushed and stared at him wide eyed, her gaze falling to the tented towel, while Cissy turned to him with a smirk.

“It’s about time you joined us,” she said with a sultry smirk. “If you took much longer, I was going to start without you.”

“It looks like you already have,” was the only thing Harry’s befuddled mind could think to say.

Narcissa’s smirk widened. “Oh no, love. This is just the warm up.”

The voluptuous blonde rolled off of Hermione, giving Harry his first unobstructed view of his friend’s tight, youthful figure. Nervously, she sat up, covering her chest and crossing her legs while Narcissa sat behind her. With her legs outside of Hermione’s, Narcissa pulled her back against her chest.

“Let him see you, love,” he heard his mistress whisper. “Let him see how beautiful you are.”

After giving him a brief glance, Hermione shakily lowered her arms and straightened her legs. Harry cock jerked against the towel as if trying to leap at her from across the room.

“That’s better,” Narcissa said encouragingly. “Don’t you think she’s beautiful, Harry?”

“Gorgeous,” he said as he watched Cissy slowly trail her fingers slowly up the inside of Hermione’s smooth thigh.

“I told you,” Narcissa whispered to Hermione, then turned back to Harry just as her fingers reached Hermione’s taut pink folds, drawing a gasp from her lips. “Well, are you going to join us?”

Feeling like he was in a trance, Harry whipped off his towel, revealing his towering, throbbing erection to the room. Hermione’s eyes locked onto the pillar of flesh with a lustful gaze as he climbed onto the bed and crawled over to them. Stopping just short of his best friend, he forcibly tore his eyes away from the sight of Narcissa’s hands caressing Hermione’s flawless pale skin to look her in the eyes.

“Cissy, are you sure?” he asked with barely repressed lust.

Narcissa's eyes widened for just a moment before she smiled at him.

"Harry, I'm your mistress," she reminded him.

"That's not the point. I care about you – both of you," Harry said, looking at Hermione meaningfully, "and I don't want to do something that's going to hurt either of you."

Narcissa gave him a bright, watery smile.

"I knew going into this that I would have to share you with other women," she told him. "Thank you for considering my feelings, I really do appreciate it. But I wouldn't have brought Hermione here if I had any problem with this at all."

Satisfied with her answer, Harry looked down at Hermione. Wordlessly, she nodded at him. Because of their years of close friendship, he felt like he could read exactly what she was thinking. Or, possibly, it was because the emotion he saw in her eyes mirrored what he was feeling. Attraction and deep trust, tinged with worry and uncertainty.

Crawling forward, Harry knelt between their legs. Slowly, he leaned forward, his eyes locked with Hermione's as he drew closer and closer. Just before they met, he paused and licked his lips nervously. Closing his eyes, Harry pressed his mouth to hers softly.

The moment their lips touched it was like fireworks were going off in his head. He was finally doing it. He was finally kissing his best friend and first crush. What had started off as a tentative kiss quickly turned into desperate, lust filled snogging. Hermione moaned into his mouth, her fingers threading through his hair and pulling him forward to mash their lips together. Even then, it didn't feel like they were close enough.

Eventually, breathing became an issue and they parted to gasp for breath. When their eyes met, both of their faces broke into wide, goofy grins. Suddenly remembering they weren't

alone, Harry looked at Narcissa. She was watching them with a mostly happy, partly naughty smile on her face. Reaching up, he stroked her cheek tenderly.

“Thank you,” Harry said with as much gratitude as his voice could convey.

Still smiling, Cissy pulled him in for a short but passionate kiss just over Hermione’s shoulder.

“Just don’t keep her all to yourself,” she said teasingly when they broke apart.

At his questioning look, Cissy smirked. Grabbing Hermione’s chin lightly, she turned her head and then kissed her hard. Harry gaped as he watched Hermione not only willingly, but enthusiastically kiss Narcissa, their tongues slipping and sliding along each other between their lips.

Not wanting to be left out, Harry pushed the two back against the pillows, so that they were nearly flat on their backs, and then began kissing and sucking on Hermione’s neck. Meanwhile, his hands slid up the smooth skin of her stomach to cup and squeeze her firm breasts.

Pulling back from Narcissa, Hermione let out a low, wanton moan and ran her hands over his muscled back. Moving them around to the front of his hips, she tentatively reached out to grab his rigid length. Harry gasped in surprise and then moaned as she slowly stroked him with jerky, unsure movements. She may have been inexperienced, but for Harry, *who* was doing it was much more thrilling than how well she was doing it.

A second gasp, this time from Hermione, drew his attention. Sitting up enough to look down, he witnessed Narcissa’s hand between his best friend’s legs, two of her fingers slowly sawing in and out of her taut folds.

“You’re so wet,” Narcissa whispered throatily. “You really want his big cock, don’t you?”

“Oh fuck!” Hermione gasped as Cissy sank a third finger into her drooling depths.

“Say it,” Narcissa growled. “Tell him what you want.”

“Oh God,” Hermione panted. “Harry, please.”

The desperate, pleading tone of her voice, like nothing he’d ever heard from her before, had his cock throbbing needily. Narcissa shifted her fingers in a way that caused Hermione to let out the most sensual, depraved sounding moan he’d ever heard. Harry started to shuffle forward but Narcissa held up her hand, wordlessly telling him to wait.

“Please what?” Narcissa asked in a deep, lustful tone. “Tell him exactly what you want. Let him know you’re willing to be a dirty, needy little slut for him.”

Hermione bucked her hips and let out a groaning whine of need and frustration.

“Harry, please,” she begged in desperation. “Please, fuck me. I need it. I need you.”

“Good girl,” Narcissa praised.

Hermione shivered, her eyes heavily lidded and glazed over as she stared at him lustfully. She let out a disappointed groan when Narcissa pulled her fingers free of her grasping lips, leaving them glistening and dripping in her arousal. Grabbing Hermione’s thighs, Narcissa spread her legs wide and kissed the side of her neck.

“Take her, Harry,” Narcissa said heatedly. “Make her yours.”

Shuffling forward, Harry placed the swollen, purple head of his cock at Hermione’s tiny entrance and pushed firmly. Harry groaned as the walls of her pussy stretched and conformed to the shape of his length. Hermione threw her head back, resting it on Narcissa’s shoulder as she shuddered and moaned. Slowly, Harry eased inch after inch of his meaty cock into her grasping depths.

“That’s it, Hermione,” Narcissa said encouragingly. “Look at you, taking his big cock so well. It feels good, doesn’t it?”

“So good,” Hermione gasped.

Smiling, Narcissa caressed the younger woman’s face and body tenderly as Harry bottomed out inside of her. Pausing, he spent a moment just enjoying the feeling of being fully encased in his best friend’s tight pussy while she adjusted to his size.

As Cissy continued groping Hermione, Harry leaned down and kissed her passionately before beginning to work his hips. At first, he just rolled them, rubbing her clit with his pelvis. When Hermione moaned pleurably in response, he pushed himself up on his arms and thrust slowly.

“Yes,” Hermione hissed.

Smirking, Cissy began groping her a bit more roughly, pinching her nipples and raking her long, manicured nails across the girl’s pale, sensitive skin. Hermione went speechless under their combined ministrations, the only sounds leaving her mouth were whines, gasps, and moans. Harry looked down at where they were joined, watching as her bald, taut lips clung to his shaft each time he pulled back.

“Harry,” Hermione whimpered suddenly.

Looking up, he continued his slow, deep thrusts as he watched her beautiful face scrunch up. He would’ve thought she was in pain if it wasn’t for the bucking of her hips and the loud, desperate whines and cries coming from her lips.

“Cum for us,” Narcissa breathed.



With one hand, she pinched and rolled Hermione's still, pink nipple while the other slipped down to her leaking pussy and rubbed her hooded clit. The brunette gasped, her body hunching in on itself as she writhed and shook between them. Harry picked up his pace, pulling nearly all the way out before relentlessly driving his full length back into her grasping, fluttering depths.

Hermione's breath caught in her throat, and for several seconds, she stopped breathing.

"WAHHH!"

Hermione cried out loudly, the muscles and tendons in her neck straining against the skin as she reached a stunning climax.

"Don't stop!" Narcissa barked.

Harry, captivated by the sight of his best friend's orgasm, had stopped thrusting for a moment. At Cissy's yell, he resumed his pace with his eyes still riveted to her shivering, shaking form. While Harry pounded his cock in and out of her wildly spasming depths, Narcissa furiously rubbed back and forth across her clit with all four fingers.

After nearly a minute of being held at her peak, Hermione reached her limit and shoved Narcissa's hand away from her swollen clit before pressing her hands to Harry's stomach and making him stop. He made to pull out of her, but she wrapped her legs around him to keep him in place.

"Just-give me-a minute," Hermione panted.

Harry smiled at her and then leaned down to kiss her on the lips.

"Do you have any idea how hot you looked just now?" he asked.

Hermione blushed heavily, causing Harry to chuckle. Looking up at Narcissa, their eyes met with a lustful gaze, and he knew she would want a turn after Hermione. Just the thought had him throbbing excitedly inside of Hermione, causing her to moan.

“I have an idea,” Harry said with a grin.

Grabbing Hermione’s legs, he unwrapped them from around his hips and pulled his dripping cock out of her incredible depths. Hermione moaned at the loss.

“Roll over,” he told her.

With a groan, Hermione rolled over to find herself on all fours, face to face with Narcissa. The older blonde smirked as she pulled the younger witch in for a searing kiss. Harry stared in amazement at Hermione’s amazing ass. Not for the first time, he cursed the horrible school robes they had to wear. He really wished they could wear something like the tight, silky robes that the Beauxbatons wore.

Gripping her ass, Harry fondled and massaged her cheeks, amazed at just how full and firm they were, and how perfectly they fit into his hands. Pulling them apart, he heard Hermione gasp, no doubt from the fact that he was staring at her most private places. From this angle, he had a perfect view of her tight pussy and puckered hole. Having enjoyed anal with both Rita and Cissy, he was fascinated to try it again. He hadn’t really thought about it too much since then, but here, now, staring at the most incredible ass he’d ever seen, the thought wouldn’t leave him alone.

Grabbing his cock, Harry guided it between Cissy’s lips, just below Hermione’s, and fed himself into her. She moaned into Hermione’s mouth as the two continued to kiss heatedly. As he rocked back and forth at a relaxed pace, he sank two fingers into Hermione’s dripping entrance. Once his fingers were liberally coated in her arousal, he moved them up to her bum.

“Harry!” Hermione gasped in shock while turning to look back at him.

"I'll be gentle, and I'll stop if it hurts," he assured her.

Below them, Narcissa chuckled.

"I knew you wouldn't be able to resist once you saw that bum," she said to him, then cupped Hermione's cheeks and turned her face to hers. "You know neither of us will hurt you or force you into something you don't want to do. Please, trust me and give it a try. It will feel incredible, and you know Harry will be gentle. If you say stop, he stops."

When Hermione didn't answer for several seconds, Harry realized he was being selfish and pushing her too far for their first time.

"Never mind," he said, caressing her back. "I shouldn't have asked."

"Have you done it?" Hermione asked Narcissa

"Yes, I have," she answered.

"Doesn't it... hurt?" Hermione asked nervously.

"No," Narcissa said. "It can be a little uncomfortable at first, and you'll feel him stretch you, but it doesn't hurt. Once you get used to it though, you won't believe how good it feels."

After a few more second of silence, Hermione turned and looked back at him, her face flushed red.

"You can try, if you want to," she said nervously.

"You really don't have to do this, Hermione," Harry told her.

“No, it’s okay,” she said. “I was just surprised at first, and honestly, I’m kind of curious now.”

Smiling, Harry shook his head and leaned forward to kiss her softly. While continuing to gently thrust into Cissy, he soaked his fingers in Hermione’s arousal and moved his fingers back up to her bum. Spreading open her small bubble butt, he teased her crinkled hole until he was sure it was lubed enough, then pressed his finger into her.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped when the tip of his index finger sank into her rear.

Chuckling, Narcissa stroked her cheek and then pulled her down for a slow, passionate kiss.

Over the next several minutes, Harry slowly and gently stretched Hermione open and was able to fit two fingers all the way up to the third knuckle in her tight little bum. Over the last couple of minutes, the sounds of her panting, moans, and gasps had been growing louder and more frequent.

Under him, Narcissa was also slowly working her way towards her peak as she and Hermione kissed and caressed each other. Harry, despite the excitement of the situation, was still a ways off from his own climax. That didn’t bother him though. He was having far too much fun with the two beautiful witches to want it to end anytime soon.

Pulling his fingers back until just the tips were inside of her, Harry slowly and gently sank them back in as far as he could. Hermione groaned loudly from the feeling and arched her back. Grinning, Harry covered his finger in the arousal dripping from her folds and then pressed three fingers at her back entrance. He tried to keep them apart so he could stretch her open more, but her ring was so tight that it practically crushed his fingers together.

Still, the extra girth had Hermione moaning long and low, driving her ever closer to her peak. Knowing that she was still far too tight to take his cock, Harry decided to just focus on making this feel as good as possible for her. With three fingers knuckle deep in her ass, he pumped them vigorously while increasing his pace inside Cissy.

Harry felt a burst of pride as he heard the two stunning witches moan under his attention. Pumping his fingers vigorously, Hermione came first, her wrinkled hole strangling his fingers as it tightened around his digits. Arching her back, her entire body trembling with pleasure, Hermione collapsed to the side, gasping for breath.

With her out of the way, Harry leaned over Narcissa and drastically increased his pace. After going at a slow, gentle pace for so long, the sudden deep, powerful thrust sent the gorgeous blonde tumbling over the edge with a helpless cry. Even as she climaxed under him, Harry continued pounding her. Narcissa stared up at him with wild, lust filled eyes as he hammered her into the mattress.

Hearing a moan not from the woman under him, he looked over to see Hermione watching them lustfully while playing with herself.

“Fuck me,” Narcissa panted, drawing his attention back to her.

Grunting, Harry did just that. With her feet dangling uselessly in the air, and her large breasts bouncing wildly on her chest, Harry plowed into Narcissa roughly in chase of his own climax. Throwing her head back, she moaned loudly and bucked her hips up. Groaning, Harry could feel his end nearing and his thrusts began to lose his rhythm.

“Cum on me, Harry. Paint me with it,” Narcissa panted.

Hermione groaned at the request, and Harry’s cock twitched excitedly. With just a few more powerful thrusts, he yanked his cock out of her at the last second, gripping it tightly to keep from going off too soon.

Narcissa propped herself up on her elbows and gave him a sultry smirk before opening her mouth and closing her eyes. Stroking himself furiously, Harry let go. With such a long build up, and such exciting circumstances, he unloaded a truly massive amount of cum.

His first shot left a white stripe from the bottom of Cissy's breasts to the top of her forehead. Again and again, long, powerful streams of cum rocketed out of his raging purple head to splatter against the pale skin of Narcissa's breasts and face. By the time he was done, it was dripping off of her chin and breasts, looking like she'd been covered by four men, and not just one.

"Oh my god," Hermione gasped.

Carefully opening her eyes, Narcissa smiled at the younger witch, scooped up some cum on her finger, and sucked it into her mouth.

"I knew you'd be backed up, but I didn't expect that much," she said with a smile.

"Sorry," Harry panted, completely exhausted from his climax.

"Don't be. That was incredible," Narcissa told him, then turned to Hermione. "Are you glad you stayed?"

Harry, who was feeling very relaxed, suddenly tensed and looked at his closest friend. Smiling softly, she took his hand in hers.

"Yes," she said, "I'm very glad I stayed."

With a smile of her own, Narcissa leaned over and whispered something in Hermione's ear. Biting her lip, she looked to be deliberating over something before she nodded. With a smirk, Cissy pulled Hermione to her, smearing Harry's cum between them, and then kissed her languidly. Harry's cock, which had gone soft, now started to rapidly reharden as he watched.

Looking over at him, Hermione gave him a naughty smile he'd never seen from her before, and then bent down to blatantly lick one of Narcissa's cum covered breasts.

“Bloody hell,” Harry breathed.

Both women broke down into giggles at his reaction.

“Come on, let’s go take a shower and get clean,” Narcissa said.

Still smiling, both women climbed off the bed and headed towards the bathroom, Hermione walking a bit gingerly. Pausing, she looked back at him.

“Are you coming?” she asked.

As if snapping out of a trance, Harry practically ran to catch up with them.