

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Harry knocks up Narcissa~

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There were arguments for both options. On the one hand, making Narcissa wait would give her something to work towards and look forward to. On the other hand, knocking her up here and now would tie her loyalty to him... or at least align their interests.

In the end, the latter option is simply better. It's much easier for Narcissa to betray him to Bellatrix and whoever her mysterious mistress is if she isn't already pregnant with a boy. However, once Narcissa is pregnant, she suddenly becomes as much of a threat to the shadowy figure culling British wizards as Harry himself is.

And so... he gestures to Narcissa.

"Now is fine. Shall we retire to the bedroom?"

The older witch perks up and nods energetically, before leading Harry out of the parlor and down the hall of her mansion. It's far from Harry's first experience with Malfoy Manor of course, but he just lets her bring him to the master bedroom, where a large four poster canopy bed awaits them both.

Turning to face him, Narcissa sits down on the edge of the bed and crosses one leg over the other, giving her best sultry, seductive look.

"Well, Lord Hallows? Shall we begin?"

Harry gives her an unimpressed look and pulls out the Elder Wand. Narcissa tenses, but he turns his back on her and begins to cast on the walls of the room itself.

“... What are you doing?”

“Taking the necessary precautions. Your wards have loopholes that someone like Bellatrix could slip right through, if she wanted to. So I’m ensuring she can’t. It would be... extremely unfortunate if she interrupted us mid-coitus.”

After all, she’d managed to track him down to Ginevra’s place, probably from overhearing that he was at the Quidditch Match and then the party and then that he and Padma left said party with Ginevra.

By comparison, she shouldn’t know he was at Malfoy Manor because the only person to know where he was going today was Fleur and as far as Harry had been able to tell, there were no hidden alarms or security spells set to alert Bellatrix or her mistress to his arrival at Narcissa’s home.

But Harry wasn’t going to just assume they were free and in the clear. No, he locks things down rather tightly, setting up both protection and early warnings just in case anyone showed up. Only once he’s confident that they’re fully secure does he look back to Narcissa... and flick his wand at her as well.

Narcissa yelps as a spell hits her, washing over her and making her glow for a moment.

“What did you just cast on me?!”

Harry just smirks as he turns his wand on himself and banishes his clothing into a neat, folded pile on a nearby chair.

“A simple gender-selection spell. You want to ensure it’s a boy, right?”

Blinking, Narcissa furrows her brow.

“Yes, of course... but I have a potion for that. I’m meant to take it afterwards, to ensure when the seed is quickening that I get pregnant with a son. I’ve never heard of a gender-selection spell before...”

Oops, well, was it not a thing in this universe? Where had he even picked up that piece of magic? Eh... Harry just shrugs, in the end.

“You should be fine to take the potion as well still, if you want. No harm in doubling up.”

Then, he steps right up to her, ending the conversation as Narcissa finds his naked form right in front of her face. Her eyes dart down to his rising cock and her breath hitches as she reaches out and wraps a hand around his dick.

Harry grunts at her silky smooth palm, watching her with emerald eyes while she gets him to full mast. She seems a little uncertain... perhaps out of practice. Or maybe just inexperienced altogether given her and Lucius had only ever had one son.

Regardless, Harry isn't in the mood for extensive foreplay. As soon as he's erect, he grabs hold of Narcissa's robe and yanks it open, revealing her naked flesh rather roughly. The Malfoy Matriarch gasps at the rude behavior but doesn't fight him as he strips her down by hand, exposing her breasts, her hips... her crotch.

Pushing her onto her back on the bed, Harry manhandles her into position even as he climbs on after her. His hands slide down her sides to her hips, giving them a hard squeeze that has Narcissa moaning in surprise. He places his knees between her legs and pries them open and looks down at her slit to find she's well-groomed down there if nothing else.

She's also glistening in the room's artificial light. Tilting his head to the side, Harry runs a finger along Narcissa Malfoy's pussy lips, causing her to gasp from the sensation even as he finds her rather wet for him. Not extremely wet or anything like that, but certainly on the upper end of moist.

“Already wet. Is it the rough treatment, the competence... or simply the idea of carrying my son to term that you find arousing, Lady Malfoy?”

Narcissa flushes at that, giving him a half-hearted glare.

“D-Don’t flatter yourself, Lord Hallows. This is a simple transaction, n-nothing more. My body is merely preparing itself to uphold its end of that transaction. Now... breed me.”

Her tone is imperious and only the slightest bit breathy as she says those final two words. Harry just grins and shakes his head, moving his hands to her inner thighs and pulling her legs further apart as he brings his cockhead to her slit.

Despite Narcissa’s words, her breath hitches and she can’t keep her eyes off of the place where they’re about to be joined. The older witch even props herself up on her elbows to watch as Harry prepares to penetrate her.

And then he’s inside of her, one large thrust, and Narcissa throws her head back, letting out a truly wanton and involuntary moan. He drives deep into the older witch right then and there, causing her ‘assets’ to jiggle and bounce as he does so. And though he holds himself still for a handful of seconds... Harry doesn’t wait long before he starts to thrust away at her fertile, breedable pussy.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

It should be said that despite being so much older than him, Narcissa doesn’t *look* a day over thirty-five. That’s the beauty of magic, literally... it expands the lifespans of wizards and witches quite a bit, and in doing so pushes back the ravages of time quite a few decades.

If Narcissa were a muggle woman, her ability to have children would be about to pass her by if it hadn’t already. But because she was a witch, her ‘prime’ lasted longer. The average wizard or witch could easily live to be over a hundred if they weren’t foolish about things.

With that in mind, Narcissa is a Grade A MILF. Sure, she’s not on the level of a woman like say, Morticia Addams... but considering Harry had never fucked the real Morticia out of respect for Gomez, he wasn’t complaining about plowing Narcissa silly now. She was a difficult woman to get along with, but she was NOT a difficult woman to enjoy the body of.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The more he fucks her, the harder Narcissa finds it to actually hold her tongue. More moans leave her lips, giving proof to the lie that this was a 'simple transaction' for her. As he plunges in and out of her depths, she gets much wetter, until she really is sopping... and finally, lets out a telltale cry that lets Harry know she's cumming for him.

Grinning, Harry takes that opportunity to reach up and grab Narcissa's full, bountiful breasts with both hands. In the midst of her orgasm, he gropes her sensitive tits, squeezing them firmly and making the Malfoy Matriarch cry out all over again.

Her first climax rapidly rolls into a second as he kneads and mauls her breasts. Her second soon turns into a third as he continues to fuck her senseless right there on her bed... her marital bed, for all Harry knows.

But the widow doesn't have a husband for him to cuck at this point. Lucius is long dead. Harry takes some enjoyment out of the knowledge that the man is likely rolling over in his grave, all things considered.

Finally, after bringing Narcissa to more orgasms than he can count, Harry tips over the edge at long last and lets out a low grunt. He cums deep inside of the Lady Malfoy, filling her womb with his seed. And though it technically doesn't work that way, he knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that he's bred her right then and there. It'll take a bit of time of course, but she will get pregnant with his child... specifically, she'll get pregnant with a baby boy.

Narcissa lets out a rattling breath as she lays there under Harry for a long moment after it's done. Finally though, she looks at him with lidded eyes, even as he begins to pull out of her... and quickly brings her legs up to try and clamp them down around him.

"W-Wait... let's go again... another load... deliver at least one more load to my womb."

Harry snorts... and promptly pries Narcissa's legs from around his waist, easily escaping her as he shakes his head and climbs off of the bed.

"Not right now, Narcissa. You've gotten what you wanted from me. And if for some reason the seed doesn't take, we'll do this again... but not today. Today, we're ending this meeting before anyone truly notices I'm here. I don't think I have to tell you to swear your House Elves to secrecy, now do I?"

Narcissa sits up and pouts at him.

"Why?"

Harry gives her the benefit of the doubt. She's probably still a little bit dazed. He nevertheless can't help but roll his eyes a little bit.

"Because Narcissa, you're going to hold up your end of the bargain by trying to get in contact with Bellatrix. And you really don't want her or anyone else to have any clue that you were in contact with me before that happens... now do you?"

The haze of pleasure vanishes from Narcissa's face at his meaningful and pointed tone. Finally, she comes out of her fucked stupor and realizes what he's saying, even as Harry uses magic to dress himself as quickly as he did to take his clothes off in the first place.

"... That's a fair point. V-Very well. I will... I will begin making inquiries and putting out feelers to try and get Bellatrix to speak to me."

Harry gives her a pointed look.

"And you'll start looking into who Lady Slytherin is as well."

Narcissa swallows hard at the idea, clearly a little nervous... but she nods all the same.

“Y-Yes. I will.”

Does he trust her? Eh, he trusts her more now that she has his seed quickening in his womb. At the very least, Harry trusts Narcissa’s own self-interest and for the time being he’s her best bet at securing a Magical World safe for her son to eventually be born into and grow up in.

That will have to do for now. He gives Narcissa one final nod... and departs.

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Of course, the problem with relying on Narcissa is that it means Harry has to wait for her to come through for him. Fortunately, he still has plenty of other things to be doing in the meantime. For instance, he’s well aware at this point that it was Daphne Greengrass who was behind the request for all those different types of magical blood.

He’s delivered the last shipment of magical blood to Tracey at this point. The Greengrass’ go-between had taken it and paid him handsomely for his trouble, but truth be told, it was never about the money for Harry.

Instead, using the trackers he’d place on each shipment, Harry has followed the blood to where it’s being kept. And as it’s all come together in one location, he’s managed to pinpoint the precise day that they’re most likely to be doing a ritual on.

After all, dates are rather important when it comes to a ritual of this magnitude. You either do it right or you don’t do it at all, and it’s become obvious that Daphne doesn’t consider the latter an option. When Harry arrives to spy on the proceedings, watching from under his invisibility cloak, he quickly figures out why.

Astoria Greengrass. Daphne’s younger sister and a witch who suffered from a blood curse that cropped up in the Greengrass Family just often enough to kill one of them and then disappear again. It wasn’t something the Greengrasses

had ever managed to fix... but it seemed Daphne had found the motivation, all things considered.

Harry watches as Daphne and Tracey painstakingly use the blood he collected for them to create an absolutely massive ritual circle. He watches on as they actually do a really good job of it... though not a perfect job. There are mistakes, as is expected of a situation like this. Normally, a ritual of this size would take at least a dozen magical people acting in concert and checking over each other's work.

But Tracey and Daphne only have each other, given Astoria has been put to sleep in the center of the circle for the duration of the ritual. When Harry sees them both miss the first of their mistakes, he twitches but doesn't act. When he sees them miss two mistakes, however, it starts to become an issue. Especially because it's not just two minor mistakes but rather rapidly balloons to over a dozen.

Does he step in? Does he help out? He probably should unless he wants to see all three women lose their lives. But at the same time... he can't say for *sure* that none of them are involved with Bellatrix or her mystery mistress. He could be exposing himself for the sake of an enemy...

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!