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Harry Potter One-Shots/Series

Story: Duties of a Spy (Narcissa Malfoy x Harry Potter)

~ Harry Potter ~

The rain in London didn't fall so much as it drifted, a heavy, greasy mist that coated the cobblestones and turned the neon signs of the Muggle shops into blurry smears of red and blue.

Harry Potter sat in the corner booth of a dingy pub near King's Cross. The place smelled of stale beer, fried onions, and damp carpets—the kind of Muggle stink that would make any self-respecting pureblood vomit on principle.

Which was exactly why he had chosen it. The Snatchers were active across the entire country and more and more muggleborns had started to disappear. He had to make sure that none of them circled around this area.

He took a slow sip of his pint, his green eyes scanning the room over the rim of the glass. He was wearing a faded, oversized Muggle jacket, courtesy of his cousin, his hood pulled down just enough to shadow his face and hide the famous scar. He looked like just another drifter trying to escape the chill. But underneath the table, his hand was resting on his wand, his muscles coiled, ready for a fight.

The bell above the door chimed.

Harry's eyes locked onto the figure stepping inside. Even wrapped in a heavy, dark Muggle trench coat that she must have bought out of sheer desperation, Narcissa Malfoy looked entirely out of place.

She carried herself with a stiff, icy elegance that no amount of cheap polyester could hide. Her pale, aristocratic face was partially obscured by a silk scarf, her platinum-and-black hair pinned up tightly.

She looked around the filthy pub with a subtle twitch of her nose, her disgust palpable. Then, her eyes met Harry's.

A tiny, almost imperceptible shiver ran through her frame.

She didn't hesitate. She walked straight toward his booth, the heels of her boots clicking softly against the sticky linoleum floor.

She slid into the booth opposite him, her movements fluid and graceful despite her obvious tension. For a moment, neither of them spoke. Harry just stared at her, a lazy, confident smirk playing on his

lips. The life he had lived over the last few months had changed the Golden Boy of Gryffindor drastically.

He liked keeping her waiting. He liked the way her chest rose and fell with shallow, nervous breaths under her coat.

"You're late, Cissy," Harry said, his voice a low, casual drawl. He didn't use her full name. He liked the familiar nickname.

Narcissa's pale blue eyes flickered. A faint flush touched her cheekbones, but she kept her composure, her voice dropping to a breathless whisper. "The Dark Lord's inner circle was convened until late. I had to wait until Lucius was asleep before I could slip away. Apparating into the Muggle sector took... precautions."

"Right. Wouldn't want your pathetic husband finding out you're sneaking out to meet the Gryffindor golden boy," Harry bantered, leaning back in his seat and stretching his arms over the back of the booth. He looked entirely relaxed, dominant, and utterly in control, something that could be attributed to the months of intense running and chasing clues the old headmaster had left him. "So, what do you have for me? Make it quick. I have to get back before the other two wake up."

Narcissa swallowed, her throat moving elegantly. She leaned forward, bringing the scent of expensive French perfume and sweet vanilla into his space, completely overriding the pub's foul odour. "He is searching for something. Abroad. He has left the country, Harry."

Harry's eyes sharpened. The lazy demeanour vanished for a split second, replaced by the hard, calculating gaze of a hunter. "Where?"

"Eastern Europe. He is looking for a wandmaker. Not Ollivander—someone else. Gregorovitch." Narcissa whispered the name as if it were a curse. "He believes Gregorovitch holds something he needs to defeat you. To bypass the twin cores."

Harry processed this rapidly.

Gregorovitch.

He remembered the name from the Triwizard Tournament—Krum's wandmaker. Voldemort was looking for him. It fit with the flashes he'd been getting in his head.

"Good," Harry murmured, his green eyes locking onto Narcissa's face, tracing the delicate lines of her jaw, the dark mascara framing her anxious eyes. "Very good, Cissy. You're proving to be a highly valuable ally."

Narcissa's lips parted. A soft, desperate sigh escaped her. The praise seemed to hit her like a physical touch, making her shoulders drop, her posture instantly losing its stiff Malfoy pride. "... I only want to keep my family safe, Harry. I want Draco to survive this. You promised me."

"I promised I'd think about it," Harry corrected, his voice dropping into a rougher, more demanding tone. He leaned forward, his face inches from hers. "And that depends entirely on how cooperative you are and if your dear Draco has kept himself away from any nasty business. It depends on how well you serve me."

Narcissa's eyes dilated. She looked at his lips, then back up to his eyes, her gaze entirely submissive, desperate, and pleading. "I am yours, Harry. Completely. I will tell you anything you want to know. I will do... anything."

"I know you will," Harry said, a dark, knowing smile stretching across his face. He reached across the sticky table, his rough, calloused fingers catching her chin. He squeezed, hard enough to hurt, tilting her face up. Narcissa didn't flinch; instead, she leaned into his touch, her eyes fluttering shut with a soft whine of pleasure. "You're just a desperate little spy, aren't you? Fucking the enemy behind your husband's back, begging for crumbs."

"Yes," she whispered, her voice trembling. "Yes, Harry."

"Get up," Harry commanded, releasing her chin. "Go to the back. The single restroom. Lock the door and wait for me."

Narcissa didn't hesitate. She slid out of the booth, her knees visibly shaking beneath her coat, and walked toward the back of the pub where a faded sign pointed to the toilets. Harry waited a beat, took one last gulp of his warm beer, and then stood up, adjusting his jacket.

He walked down the narrow, dimly lit hallway. The door to the single-occupancy Muggle bathroom was closed. He turned the handle, finding it locked. He drew his wand, tapped the wood, and muttered, "*Alohomora*."

The lock clicked open. He stepped inside and shut the door behind him, immediately casting a powerful, non-verbal *Colloportus* to lock it, followed by a muffling charm to ensure not a single sound would escape into the pub.

The bathroom was small, cramped, and dirty. A single fluorescent bulb flickered overhead, casting a harsh, buzzing white light over the cracked green tiles and the stained porcelain sink.

Narcissa was standing in the centre of the small space. She had already taken off her heavy Muggle coat, revealing the stunning, deep emerald silk robes she wore underneath. The fabric clung to her mature, voluptuous curves—her full breasts, her narrow waist, and the flare of her hips. The contrast between her high-class, pristine beauty and the filthy Muggle bathroom was staggering. It made Harry's blood run hot.

"On your knees, Cissy," Harry said, his voice dropping all pretence of gentleness.

Narcissa's breath hitched. She looked at the dirty, tiled floor. For a fraction of a second, the proud daughter of the Black family inside her balked at the idea of kneeling in such filth. But then she

looked up at Harry—at his cold, domineering gaze and intense green eyes, his hard jawline, his absolute authority.

The pride withered and died, replaced by an intoxicating wave of submission.

She slowly sank to her knees. She didn't try to protect her expensive silk robes. She let them drape over the wet, dirty floor. She looked up at him, her hands resting meekly on her thighs, her face tilted upward like a loyal dog waiting for a command.

"Good girl," Harry muttered, stepping closer until his worn jeans were brushing against her face. "You like being dirty for me, don't you? You like knowing that your husband is sitting in his fancy manor while his wife is kneeling on a filthy Muggle floor, waiting to get used."

"I love it," Narcissa whispered, her voice thick with arousal. Her hands trembled on her thighs. "I want to be dirty for you, Harry. Please. I've been thinking about this all week. I can barely sleep. I just... I need you."

"Show me how much you need me," Harry commanded.

He reached down, unbuttoning his jeans with slow, deliberate movements. Narcissa watched with wide, hungry eyes. When he pulled his underwear down, his cock sprang free—hard, thick, and already glistening with a bead of pre-cum at the tip. It was heavy and dark, pulsing with his heartbeat.

Narcissa let out a soft, whimpering gasp. She didn't wait for him to tell her twice. She leaned forward, her hands coming up to grip his thighs, her fingers digging into the denim. She brought her face close to his heat, inhaling deeply, her eyes closing as she breathed in his musky scent.

"Clean it," Harry ordered, his hand coming down to grip the back of her head, his fingers tangling in the intricate, expensive hairstyle she had spent hours preparing.

Narcissa opened her mouth and parted her lips, her pink tongue sliding out to lick the very tip of his cock. She swirled her tongue around the crown, catching the sweet drop of pre-cum, tasting him with an eager, desperate hunger.

"Ah, fuck, Cissy," Harry grunted, his hips twitching slightly as the warm, wet sensation of her tongue hit him. "You're a natural at this. How many times have you done this for Lucius? Or does his limp dick not get you this wet?"

"Never," Narcissa gasped out, pausing for a fraction of a second to look up at him, her eyes bright with unshed tears of pleasure. "Never like this. I've never... I've never wanted anyone like I want you. He doesn't touch me. He doesn't look at me. Please, Harry..."

"Shut up and take it," Harry growled.

He didn't let her ease into it. Grasping her hair tightly, he guided his cock directly to her mouth. Narcissa opened wide, her lips stretching as she took the thick head of his shaft inside.

Harry pushed.

His cock slid past her teeth, over her tongue, and pushed deep into her throat. Narcissa's eyes went wide, a muffled, choked gasp escaping her throat as her gag reflex kicked in. Her hands clutched frantically at his thighs, her manicured nails digging deep through his jeans, but she didn't try to pull away. She stayed completely still, letting him stretch her throat.

"Yeah, take it all, you dirty little pureblood," Harry muttered, his voice rough and deep.

He began to move his hips. He didn't pace himself. He was stressed, angry, and horny, and Narcissa was his perfect, willing outlet. He pushed his cock deep into her mouth, bottoming out against the back of her throat with a wet, slapping sound.

Narcissa choked, her eyes watering, tears finally spilling over her thick lashes and tracking down her pale cheeks. She looked up at him through her tears, her expression one of absolute, blissful devotion.

She loved the pain. She loved the degradation. She loved the power he brought with him.

Harry began to fuck her mouth in earnest. He held her head firmly, his fingers tangled so tightly in her hair that several pins fell out, letting her platinum locks tumble down around her shoulders in a wild, messy halo. He rammed his cock deep into her mouth, over and over, his thumb pressing into her jaw to keep her mouth wide and receptive.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

"Fucking hell, Cissy," Harry groaned, his head tilting back as the tight, wet heat of her mouth threatened to bring him to the edge too quickly. He looked down, watching his thick cock slide in and out of her red, stretched lips. Her cheeks were flushed, her nose running slightly from the intensity of the deep throating. She looked completely ruined, and they had barely started. "You're so fucking tight. Suck it. Wrap your lips around it and suck."

Narcissa complied instantly, ignoring the burn in her throat. She wrapped her lips tight around his shaft, creating a powerful suction as he continued to thrust. She moved her head in rhythm with his hips, bobbing up and down, her hands moving up to clasp his calves, anchoring herself to him.

Harry fucked her face rougher, driving his cock deep, holding it there at the back of her throat while she gagged and whimpered, her chest heaving as she tried to breathe through her nose. He let her struggle for a few seconds, enjoying the feeling of her throat pulsing around him, before pulling back out to the tip, only to plunge right back in.

"That's it, take it all," Harry hissed, his hand gripping her hair tighter, forcing her to look up at him.

"Look at me, Narcissa. Look at the boy who's going to kill your master, fucking you in a dirty Muggle toilet."

She forced her tear-filled eyes open, locking them onto his green ones. The raw intensity of the moment made her heart hammer in her chest. She was completely at his mercy, and she had never felt more alive.

Harry pulled his cock out of her mouth with a loud, wet *pop*. A thick string of saliva connected his glistening shaft to her lips. Narcissa sank back on her heels, panting heavily, her lips swollen and wet, her chest heaving.

"Stand up," Harry ordered, his voice raw.

Narcissa scrambled to her feet, her legs shaking so violently she had to catch herself against the dirty porcelain sink. She looked at him breathlessly, her heart pounding.

Harry didn't waste any time. He stepped close, his hands grabbing the collar of her beautiful, expensive emerald silk robe. With a sudden, violent jerk, he ripped the front of her dress open.

The sound of tearing silk echoed in the quiet room. Narcissa let out a sharp gasp, but there was no anger in it—only a thrilling jolt of fear and excitement.

Underneath her ruined dress, she was wearing a delicate, sheer black lace bra that did nothing to hide her pale, full breasts. Her nipples were already hard and erect, pressing hungrily against the lace.

"Look at you," Harry whispered, his hands roaming over her exposed skin, his rough palms scraping against her soft, pale stomach. "Lucius spends all his gold buying you these pretty things, and I just rip them apart. Do you care, Cissy?"

"No," she gasped, her hands coming up to grip his shoulders. "I don't care. Tear it all off. I don't want his clothes. I want your hands on me."

"You want to feel like a whore?" Harry asked, his eyes dark with lust.

"Yes," she whimpered, her head falling back. "Your whore. Only yours."

Harry grunted, his hands reaching behind her to unclip her bra. He flung the lace aside, exposing her heavy, mature breasts to the cold air of the bathroom. They were gorgeous—pale, full, and perfectly shaped, with dark, sensitive aureoles that puckered instantly in the chill.

Harry didn't hesitate. He grabbed her breasts, squeezing them roughly, his fingers digging into the soft flesh. Narcissa cried out, a high, needy sound, her back arching as he pinched her hard nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

"Please, Harry... they hurt," she whimpered, though she was rubbing her hips against his, seeking the hard ridge of his cock.

"You like the pain," Harry muttered. He leaned down, burying his face in her cleavage, inhaling her scent before sliding his wet cock up between her breasts.

He pressed her full tits together, sandwiching his thick shaft between the soft, pale flesh.

"Oh, Merlin," Narcissa breathed, her eyes rolling back as she felt the hot, hard length of him sliding against her sensitive breasts.

Harry grabbed her tits, holding them tight around his shaft, and began to thrust. He fucked her breasts, his cock sliding in and out of the deep cleavage she provided. The friction was incredible, the soft, smooth skin of her chest wrapping tightly around him.

"You're so fucking soft, Cissy," Harry growled, his pace picking up. He moved his hips in a hard, grinding rhythm, sliding his cock deep between her breasts, his pubic hair rubbing against her lower chest. "Look down at it. Look at my cock sliding between your tits."

Narcissa looked down, her breath catching. The sight of his thick, dark cock disappearing between her pale, squeezed breasts was incredibly erotic. She felt a heavy, throbbing heat pool between her legs, her own pussy soaking her underwear, begging for him to slide inside her.

Harry let out a low groan, his hand coming up to cup her chin again, forcing her head back up. He leaned in, capturing her lips in a brutal, bruising kiss. It wasn't gentle; he bit her bottom lip, his tongue invading her mouth, tasting his own pre-cum and her saliva on her tongue. Narcissa matched his intensity, kissing him back with a desperate, wild hunger, her tongue wrapping around his, her hands clutching his back.

As he kissed her, he continued to fuck her breasts, his thrusts becoming faster, rougher. He slapped her tits with his open palm, the sharp *crack* of his hand against her pale skin leaving pink marks that turned her on even more.

"Harry, please," she murmured against his lips, her voice broken and desperate. "Please, I need you inside me. I'm so wet. I can't bear it anymore. Please fuck me."

Harry pulled back, a dominant, wicked smirk on his lips. "You want my cock inside you, Cissy? In this dirty Muggle bathroom?"

"Yes! Please, yes!" she begged, her eyes wide, her hands sliding down to claw at her own hips, trying to pull the rest of her silk dress down.

"Turn around," Harry commanded. "Bend over the sink."

Narcissa didn't need to be told twice. She spun around, her heart racing. She gathered the ruined

skirts of her emerald silk dress, pulling them up over her waist to expose her lower body.

Underneath, she was wearing a pair of matching black lace panties. They were completely soaked, a dark, wet patch clinging to her slit, weeping with her desire.

Harry stood behind her, taking in the view. Her pale, round ass was perfectly framed by the green silk, her hips wide and inviting. He reached out, his large hands gripping her hips, his fingers digging into her flesh to leave faint bruises that would remind her of him for days.

"Push your ass out," Harry muttered, his voice dropping to a gravelly whisper.

Narcissa leaned forward, her elbows resting on the cold, stained porcelain of the sink. She arched her back, pushing her plump ass out toward him, presenting herself like a bitch in heat. She looked at herself in the cracked mirror above the sink—her hair a wild mess, her makeup smudged, her breasts hanging heavy and bare, her expensive dress hiked up to her waist. She had never looked so thoroughly degraded, and she had never felt more beautiful.

Harry reached down, sliding his fingers under the elastic of her panties, and ripped them down her legs. They pooled around her ankles.

Her pussy was fully exposed—pale, plump, and glistening. A thick trail of clear, sticky arousal was dripping down her inner thighs.

Harry spit on his palm, rubbing the wetness over his cock, then reached forward, his fingers sliding over her wet folds. He found her swollen clitoris and gave it a sharp, agonizingly perfect pinch.

Narcissa shrieked, her back arching higher, her fingers clawing at the edges of the sink. "Oh, merlin! Harry!"

"You're dripping wet, Cissy," Harry whispered, leaning over her back, his hot breath tickling her ear. "You've been waiting for this all this time, haven't you?"

"Yes... yes, please, fuck me, Harry. Put it in. Please, I beg you," she pleaded, her voice cracking with desperation.

Harry didn't make her beg any longer. He lined the thick, pulsing head of his cock up with her wet, throbbing opening. He didn't ease it in. He grabbed her hips with a iron grip and shoved his entire length inside her with one hard, ruthless thrust.

"Ahhhhh!" Narcissa screamed, her head flying back, her eyes rolling as her tight, hot pussy was violently stretched to its absolute limit.

Harry bottomed out, his pubic bone slamming hard against her round cheeks. He stayed there for a second, letting her adjust to his massive size, his cock buried deep inside her, throbbing against her internal walls.

"Fucking hell, Narcissa," Harry gasped, his eyes closing as the incredible, suffocating heat of her pussy squeezed his shaft. "You're so tight. You feel fucking amazing."

"You're so big... oh, merlin, Harry, you're stretching me so wide," she whimpered, her voice filled with a mix of pain and pure, unadulterated pleasure. She shifted her hips, trying to draw him even deeper, her pussy pulsing around him in tight, rhythmic spasms. "Please... move. Fuck me. Hard."

"As you wish, Cissy," Harry muttered.

He pulled back, sliding almost all the way out until only the head of his cock remained inside her wet warmth, and then drove back in with a brutal, relentless force.

Slap!

The sound of their bodies colliding echoed off the tiled walls. Narcissa let out a breathless moan, her head shaking from side to side as Harry began to establish a hard, driving rhythm.

He didn't hold back. He fucked her like he wanted to break her, his thrusts deep, fast, and unforgiving. He gripped her hips, pulling her back onto his cock with every stride, his fingers leaving deep, angry red marks on her pale skin.

"Oh, merlin! Yes! Just like that! Harder!" Narcissa screamed, completely abandoning her aristocratic dignity. She was crying, her voice raw, her hands slipping on the wet porcelain of the sink as she tried to hold herself up.

Harry was relentless.

He leaned over her, his chest pressing against her back, his sweat dripping onto her pale skin. He grabbed one of her heavy breasts from beneath, squeezing it tightly, his other hand remaining on her hip to guide his brutal thrusts.

"Is this how you wanted it?" Harry growled in her ear, his breath hot and fast. "Fucked like an animal in a Muggle bathroom? Does Lucius fuck you like this, Cissy? Does he make you scream like a whore?"

"No! No! He doesn't touch me! Only you!" she wailed, her head thrashing. "You're my master, Harry! You're my owner! Please... fuck me harder! Wreck me!"

"I am," Harry hissed, his pace turning frantic.

He was getting close, the tight, milking friction of her pussy driving him to the absolute brink. He pulled his cock nearly all the way out and slammed it back in, over and over, his balls slapping against her clitoris with every deep, heavy stroke.

Narcissa was in ecstasy.

The sheer, overwhelming dominance of the saviour of the wizarding world claiming her, filling her, and treating her like his personal, dirty secret was more than her mind could handle. Her pussy began to clamp down around his shaft in violent, uncontrollable spasms.

"Harry! I'm cumming! I'm cumming, oh merlin!" she screamed, her head falling forward onto the sink, her body trembling violently as her orgasm hit her. Her internal muscles squeezed his cock so tightly it was almost painful, dragging him over the edge.

"Fuck, Cissy... I'm finishing inside you," Harry roared.

He didn't pull out. He didn't even think about it. He wanted to brand her. He wanted her to carry his mark, his seed, back to Malfoy Manor.

He drove his cock as deep as it would go, bottoming out against her cervix, and held her tightly against him. With a low, guttural growl, Harry came.

He pulsed inside her, shooting thick, hot ropes of cum deep into her womb. Narcissa screamed again, her body shaking as she felt the burning heat of his seed filling her up, her own orgasm intensifying as he painted her insides.

Harry stayed buried inside her, his chest heaving, his heart hammering against her back as he continued to twitch, pumping load after load of warm cum deep into her tight, wet pussy.

They stayed like that for several minutes, the only sound in the bathroom the buzzing of the fluorescent light and their ragged, heavy breathing.

Slowly, Harry began to pull out. With a soft, wet sound, his semi-soft cock slipped from her stretched opening.

As soon as he retreated, a thick, white mixture of his cum and her juices began to leak out of her pussy, dripping slowly down her inner thighs, stark against her skin.

Narcissa sank down onto the dirty floor, her legs completely giving out. She sat there, her ruined emerald dress spread around her, her chest bare, her face smudged with tears and makeup. She looked completely wrecked, thoroughly used, and utterly content.

She looked up at Harry, her eyes filled with a terrifying, absolute devotion.

Harry buckled his jeans, his movements casual and calm, as if he hadn't just thoroughly ruined a pureblood matron. He looked down at her, a confident, lazy smirk returning to his lips.

"Clean yourself up, Cissy," he said, his voice smooth and commanding. "And don't forget to keep your

ears open. I'll want more information next week."

Narcissa crawled forward, her knees dragging on the dirty floor, and pressed a soft, adoring kiss to his cock, through the fabric of his jeans. "Yes, Harry. Anything you want. I will be ready."

Harry smirked, turning on his heel.

He unlocked the door with his wand, stepped out into the damp London air, and left his beautiful, dirty spy kneeling on the floor, filled with his seed, a subtle Confundus charm in the air to deter anyone from walking in on her.

Harry was not willing to share this prize with anyone.



