

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 wonderful, 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 ungulated 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 unknown 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 you're 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.