

ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED WITHIN THIS STORY ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

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Summary - A cupboard, a bit of magic, and a chance encounter between two people that, by all rights, should never have met. Harry had only been trying to sneak down to the kitchens when a patrol of Prefects had forced him to hide in the first broom cupboard he found. Too bad a pretty blonde with a rather icy temper had got there first and was none too pleased by his presence, if the wand pointed at his chest was anything to go by. Narcissa, on the other hand, simply wanted a place to hide from Lucius and his annoying attempts to woo her when James Potter, of all people, barged in.

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To say Hogwarts was a well of magic would be an understatement. Hogwarts was magic. Every stone, tower and corridor practically radiated the ethereal energy that held the physical world together.

It was not always this way, of course.

A thousand years ago, when the four founders placed those stones, raised the castle towers, and carved the corridors from rock, Hogwarts was nothing more than it was built to be, a school. By no means was it still not a wonder of magic all those centuries ago. The castle, even in its infancy, held a plethora of dazzling enchantments and grand feats of spell-craft the likes of which the world had never seen before. The founders were the greatest in their crafts and would accept nothing less than perfection, and perfection they obtained.

Yet not in the ways they perhaps expected.

Years passed. The founders eventually breathed their last, and so too did their children and their children's children. Each generation of eager young minds brought a fresh influx of magic into those old stone walls, saturating the very foundations of Hogwarts.

A few hundred years into its 'life', Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry woke up.

Describing the castle as conscious would be a stretch. It held no soul nor true essence of life to speak of. The castle did not think. It did not want. But that was not to say Hogwarts did not have a will of its own.

It was mischievous by nature, perhaps as part of the chaotic primal magics infused within it. The castle often enjoyed teasing its inhabitants, whether by shifting its staircase at odd times of the day or by shuffling around its many rooms just to confuse even the most tenured of its professors. If the walls could speak, it would not be so odd to hear teasing giggles emanate from the old stone.

Yet mischievous or not, simple pranks were not the castle's true purpose.

Since it awakened all those long years ago, the castle has only ever cared for the young and curious who walked its halls. It could not always protect them as it wished, though. Being but brick and mortar meant even Hogwarts itself could do little when one of its beloved students was on the cusp of falling to darkness.

That was, of course, until the day an opportunity presented itself to change the fate of not just one life, but two, and through them a great many more.

The magic infused within the old castle, built upon and crafted by countless generations of talented young witches and wizards, was great indeed. The feeble restrictions of reality did not bind quite the same as mortals. Time meant little when one was nothing more than rock and stone. The veil separating seconds and years was nonexistent to the ancient landmark—its 'essence', so to speak, existed between all moments as one. Past, future, and present melded together, forming one singular crux from where Hogwarts itself resided on the great weave of magic.

And through that veil, the old stone walls watched as two of its most precious souls fell into step together despite the decades separating them.

One was ice and cutting words. Her steps were sure and poised, yet the tension in her shoulders betrayed the true weight she carried. It was a weight of expectation, a burden of a

future already decided for her. If Hogwarts had lungs, it would sigh sadly for the young soul. It knew what that burden would make of her. Like a diamond, the pressure would compress and shape her into something dazzling to the outside eye, but only after most of who she was had been cut and carved away, until she became nothing more than a soulless, glistening gem—perfect, yet utterly untouchable.

The other soul held a similar weight. But where the gem's was one of societal expectation, his was a burden of prophecy and sacrifice. The gem had her life decided for her by those she called family, but the hero? The weight was deemed his by fate itself before the young soul had even drawn his first breath. Hogwarts knew where that burden would take him. A forest path, a sacrifice made, and a lie—one spoken by none other than its precious little gem. In the end, the hero would see victory. The abomination of Salazar's line would fall, his body crumpling to the earth while the hero remained standing, breath still filling his lungs. A bittersweet triumph. He had already lost so much. Too much. He would never be the same, despite the abomination's downfall, like a pillar of steel long since fractured, the cracks only now beginning to show.

Those were their futures, and the castle mourned the joy that neither would ever get to experience. Their paths would be paved in pain and loss, different but altogether the same. If ever there were a pair of souls the old school would wish to help, it would be them, but what could mere walls of stone and mortar do?

As Hogwarts watched the two souls, it pondered that very question, or at least whatever the equivalent of pondering was for a consciousnessless being of magic infused within a millennia-old fortress.

Its influence was limited, but it was hardly powerless. Where it could not speak or move, it still could claim command over every stone, scone, and floorboard within its walls. Not only that, but the well of magic that first woke the castle all those centuries ago was still at its beck and call.

Oh yes. If Hogwarts could, it would smile in delight as a plan took root. All it would take was the smallest of nudges...

None the wiser to the castle's plan, the two souls continued down their path, their footfalls landing against the exact same stones decades apart in time, until they both stood before the same door.

The gem thought nothing of it. She was simply relieved to have found somewhere to hide as the grating sounds of her betrothed's taunting laughter drew closer. She opened the door and stepped inside what she thought was another dingy broom cupboard, hurriedly closing it with a quiet 'click'. She never saw the way the torches on the wall seemed to almost giggle in anticipation, just as the door disappeared.

The hero, however, hesitated briefly. He knew the castle's halls better than most thanks to the enchanted map in his hands. The door he stood before now did not exist, at least as far as the map was concerned. Despite this, the hero had little choice but to step inside. He'd forgotten his cloak and had nowhere else to hide as the soft footfalls of a prefect patrol grew louder. He, too, closed the door behind him, oblivious to the torches and their flickering of delight while the door disappeared once more.

And inside?

Two souls faced each other far sooner than fate had ever intended. Hogwarts could only watch in excited glee as the future was already beginning to change before its very gaze.

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Narcissa Black cursed her miserable luck for what felt like the thousandth time that night. First, she'd gotten a letter from her father that morning informing her of a betrothal agreement he'd signed between herself and House Malfoy. As if that was not bad enough, the letter also mentioned that she would no longer be apprenticing Healer Pomfrey come June. Instead, she would be spending the summer with her betrothed and his family before finally being wed the second week of September.

Needless to say, Narcissa had promptly incinerated the vile letter right there at the Slytherin table.

That had earned her a few disgruntled looks, but the youngest Black sister was far too incensed to care. Their perturbed gazes were nothing compared to the cold, taunting grey eyes boring into her from the furthest end of the table. Narcissa met Lucius' gaze for but a moment, her normally calm mask slipping into a visage of burning fury before she reigned in her emotions once more. The damage was done, though. Lucius had seen the crack in her armour. The slimy smile that graced his lips proved that he saw her fury as nothing more than a challenge. That only grated her further.

She didn't bother attending any of her classes that day. It was not like it mattered anyhow. She was top three in all her subjects. Besides that pimple-faced bint in Ravenclaw, only one other could claim to be her better academically, and Narcissa had long since come to terms with the fact that Lily Evans would always be an annoying little know-it-all.

Though even if she was not so high in the class leaderboards, Narcissa supposed it would hardly matter now. What use were perfect grades and high NEWT scores to the future Lady of House Malfoy? Her only job would be to host balls and sire children—hardly tasks that required a deep understanding of charms and advanced transfiguration techniques.

It was this thought that stayed with her throughout the day as she sat on her dorm room bed, gnawing at her until, before she knew it, dinner had come and gone and the uncertainty of her future was no longer the only gnawing sensation in her stomach.

Narcissa sighed. She hardly felt like eating but knew if she didn't she would be even more miserable come sun-up than she was now.

With reluctant steps, she traced a familiar path through the dungeons. An imbecile her cousin was, but on nights like these, Narcissa was grateful for Sirius's more meddlesome tendencies. He'd been the one to show her the secret entrance to the castle's kitchens, a discovery that Narcissa had used to its fullest over the years. Tonight was no different.

Which is, of course, when the cursing of her rotten luck truly began.

She had turned the final corner to the kitchens when he appeared. He was with those trolls Crabbe and Goyle, as always. Their eyes met from either side of the long corridor.

A beat passed.

Lucius smiled once more, all sharp polished teeth and slimy arrogance. He said nothing as he took a step forward, his eyes flashing with not-so-innocent intent. Narcissa felt her stomach turn to ice as he continued his path towards her. It was instinct that forced her legs into action. She had just made it back around the corner when she heard Lucius' taunting laughter echo down the hall.

She reached for the first door she saw and wrenched it open, uncaring what was on the otherside as she dashed inside. Despite her panic, she shut the door as softly as she could behind her.

She stayed deathly still, freezing the very breath in her lungs lest her exhale give away her hiding spot. A moment passed. Then another.

It was only when the third swept by that she finally released a relieved sigh. She couldn't leave yet, though. Narcissa did not wish to chance running into the slimy ferret again. She'd have to make herself comfortable...wherever she was.

Frowning, the blonde pulled free her wand and summoned a mote of light. The darkness of her surroundings faded, revealing what appeared to be an oddly cosy broom cupboard.

In lieu of decades-old cleaning supplies, the shelves were stocked with a variety of snacks and drinks. The floor was clean and dust-free, with a thick purple carpet covering half of the room, while the other half was taken up by a veritable mountain of cushions and thick, fluffy blankets. Despite herself, Narcissa couldn't help but snort. It seemed she had stumbled upon one of Hufflepuff House's notorious secret hideaways. No doubt there were a few joints of giggle-root stashed away somewhere.

Before she could ponder her current hiding spot further, the sound of a door creaking open split the silence. Narcissa spun, wand raised, a curse already hissing along the length of hawthorn. But it was not grey eyes and silver-blond hair that entered her vision as she had expected. Raven-black hair fell in artful disarray, careless and rakish instead of boyish and untidy. Recognition stirred in her chest. She knew those untameable locks, but then what in the hell was James Potter doing down here of all places?

She faltered for the barest of moments, but that was all James needed to gain the upper hand. In the blink of an eye, her wand was torn from her hands before another burst of light collided with her chest. She was sent tumbling back, hitting the nest of pillows in a heap of linen and indignation.

Narcissa growled and clawed at the mess of blankets and felt around her, fury blazing behind her blue eyes with a snarl. By the time she was free, he was already standing over her.

“Give me back my wand right this instant, James or so help me—!” Her words died on her lips. Because the man standing before her was most certainly *not* James Potter.

Oh sure, the resemblance was there, undeniably. The same dark hair, the same sharp, sculpted features, but where James held himself with a careless swagger that he postulated everywhere he went, there was something almost predatory in the way the man before her carried himself. Almost as if the relaxation in his shoulders was nothing more than a cover for the coiled muscles beneath. He held himself like someone who expected danger around every corner but had the confidence to know he would come out the other side unscathed.

Narcissa could not stop herself from being drawn in.

He possessed the same roguish disposition as James. Perhaps it was the way his mouth set itself in a line, as if it was more accustomed to smirking than smiling. Or maybe it was the sharpness of his cheekbones and the refined edge of his jaw that gave the appearance of someone more accustomed to rule-breaking and unapologetic defiance.

He was handsome. Devilishly so. Narcissa was not ashamed to admit it.

He did not possess the aristocratic polish that James had. There was an edge to him. A faint roughness at his jaw, sleeves pushed back just enough to reveal lean forearms, posture relaxed but undeniably dominant, but all of that mattered little when she caught her first look at his eyes. Green—unlike anything she’s seen before. Bright and vivid, with just a hint of shadow in the inner rings that made her just want to sit and stare into them for hours on end. Part of her found them familiar, but she would remember seeing eyes like *this* before...wouldn’t she? Regardless, they still stole the breath from her lips.

Merlin help her.

Pushing her traitorous thoughts away, Narcissa pushed herself to her feet and shot the mystery man her most icy glare.

“You’re not James Potter,” she said simply, her tone terse and demanding.

The man met her glare without flinching. If anything, his gaze sharpened, as though he found her fury amusing.

“I thought that was rather obvious,” he shot back, his voice smooth and teasing.

To her surprise, he held up his hand, offering back her wand handle first without a second thought.

Ah, so not James but still very much a foolish Gryffindor.

Quick as a flash, Narcissa snatched her wand back and pressed the tip against the doppelganger’s throat.

“Who are you?” she demanded

The man hardly seemed fazed by the hawthorn wood poking against his Adam’s apple. If anything, it seemed to amuse him further.

“You first,” he bit back, lips tugging into a smirk.

Narcissa ignored him and pressed her wand deeper into his flesh.

“Why are you here?” she hissed.

"Same reason as you, I suppose," he shrugged. "Needed a place to hide, saw a door, and now I'm here."

Narcissa narrowed her eyes. She couldn't detect any falsehoods in his words, but that hardly meant he was being truthful.

"Who says I was hiding?"

The mystery man snorted. "The wand jabbed into my throat for starters."

Narcissa flushed red and pulled her wand the barest of an inch back.

"Fine, I'm hiding. Not that it's any of your business."

He shrugged. "Probably not."

"Why did you need a place to hide?" Narcissa bit back.

Again, he shrugged, his amusement no longer hiding away behind a veil of nonchalance.

"The usual. Fancied a trip down to the kitchens. Ran into a couple of Prefects along the way, ducked into the first room I saw, and now I'm being threatened by a pretty girl. Honestly, not bad for a Tuesday night," he crossed his arms with a click of his tongue and an insufferable smirk that Narcissa did not find the least bit charming. Nope, not at all, thank you very much. So what if he thought she was pretty?

"See how easy that was? Your turn."

Narcissa huffed, her annoyance and curiosity battling against one another before the latter eventually won out.

"You're not going to leave until I tell you I'm guessing?"

"Nope."

"Ugh," she dropped her wand with a groan, giving the mystery man one last icy glare before she sighed. "Narcissa Black."

She didn't miss the way his eyes widened ever so slightly at her name, though Narcissa supposed it made sense. Her family name was pretty well known. Honestly, it was a surprise

this stranger hadn't already recognised her. Regardless, he shook off his surprise quickly enough and offered up his hand.

"Harry. Harry Potter."

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"You really expect me to believe you're from the future?"

"Up to you. I don't really care either way."

"You're insufferable."

"So I've been told."

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"Draco?!"

"What? I didn't name him."

"Yes, but *Draco*?! In no possible reality would I ever choose to name my only child something as ridiculous as *Draco*."

"Oh yes, because *Narcissa* is so modest and down to earth."

SMACK!

"Ow! I thought we agreed no more slapping?!"

"We agreed no more slapping as long as you stopped saying things that made me want to slap you. It seems we're both disappointed now."

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"Wait, there's something I don't get."

"What is it?"

"Well, the nose thing I understand. After all, he's supposed to be the heir to Slytherin and all that, so the snake motif sort of makes sense...but then why did he choose to come back *bald*?"

"Well, because...You know now that I think about it, it does seem like an odd choice."

"Right?!"

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“...”

“Don’t.”

“You started a cult.”

“It was not a cult.”

“You started a cult with Professor Dumbledore as your centralised figurehead.”

“I thought it was a good idea at the time!”

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“That’s—Harry, I’m so sorry.”

“It’s alright. The prophecy is my burden to bear. I’ve long since come to terms with that fact.”

“That doesn’t mean it’s fair.”

“I never said it was. It just simply...is. There is one silver lining, though.”

“And what’s that?”

“At least I know there’s a chance I can kill the bastard.”

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“No! Bella— She could never— She *wouldn’t*—”

“I’m sorry.”

“Sirius, he— H—He dies?”

“He does. He... did. I—I couldn’t save him.”

“...*Fuck*.”

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Narcissa stared unseeing at the remaining droplets clinging to the inside of her bottle. They had long since raided the shelves—first for snacks and then for something a bit stronger when their conversation reached more sensitive topics.

While it wasn’t as strong as firewhiskey, the dozen or so wine coolers they’d found helped soothe the raw emotions Harry’s tale brought forth. This was her fourth so far. If it weren’t for the

despair she felt coiled tightly in her chest, then she would probably enjoy the light buzz she felt humming behind her eyes.

If Harry's story was true, then the future fucking *sucked*.

Even putting the fact that she would eventually marry Lucius and be forced to bear his children—the whole of Magical Britain being engulfed in not one, but *two* wizarding worlds was borderline apocalyptic news. Worse, it seemed her family was fated to tear itself apart by serving the megalomaniac who would start both wars just to gain more power for himself. Sirius would be the only one to see sense out of all the Blacks, and he would die for it, or so Harry said.

There was hope, though, she supposed.

Harry had told her of the prophecy, of his connection to Voldemort, and the burden he found thrust upon him by a combination of fate and the machinations of others.

Narcissa did not claim much faith in the idea of fate and destiny, but be it prophecy or not, if anyone could bring an end to Voldemort, she believed it to be Harry. There was something about him—a power she could not name that clung to him like a second skin. She knew just from speaking with him and hearing his tales that he was an extraordinary wizard, but something told her that was just a droplet of water compared to the ocean of potential within him.

“Think we should try the door again?”

Narcissa eyed the wooden fixture with a withering glare. It hadn't been long after Harry had told her he was from the future that they had discovered the door to their impromptu hideaway was sealed shut, trapping them inside. That had been a little over four hours ago.

Sighing, Narcissa shrugged and tossed her empty bottle aside.

“I don't think there'd be any point. I doubt Ravenclaw herself could dispel whatever ward is keeping us stuck here.”

Harry gave a hum of acknowledgement and stood, stretching his arms over his head. The action forced his shirt to ride up a good few inches, exposing the toned expanse of his mid-drift, a sight that Narcissa couldn't help but drink up greedily with only a small bit of guilt.

Unaware of her staring, Harry tossed his bottle to the side with a sharp '*clink!*' as it joined the others in their slowly growing pile.

"Want another?" he asked, already grabbing two from their dwindling supply of liquor.

Narcissa hummed to herself before nodding.

"Why not? With as shite as my future will be, I'll probably become an alcoholic anyway. Might as well start practising."

Harry rolled his eyes but popped open the fruity cocktail anyway. Narcissa took it greedily, downing half the bottle in two gulps before falling back into the bed of cushions with a sigh.

Harry joined her a moment later. Neither mentioned how their knees bumped together, and yet neither of them pulled their legs away. Narcissa couldn't say she truly minded.

"It doesn't have to be you know."

"Hmm?" she sounded, lips wrapped firmly around the bottle neck as she took a single, slow sip. The action seemed to short-circuit Harry's brain for a moment. She certainly didn't miss the way his eyes traced the path of her tongue as she licked a stray droplet from the rim of her bottle.

Be it the alcohol in her system or the whirlwind of emotions that had plagued her entire day, but Narcissa felt a rush of heat envelope her from his reaction. A feeling of smug satisfaction settled somewhere beneath her breast.

"You were saying?" she replied, a knowing smirk tugging at her lips.

Harry blinked dazedly for a moment before seeming to realise he'd been caught, though he hardly seemed sorry if the way the corner of his lips twitched upwards ever so slightly.

"I said it doesn't have to be like that—Your future, I mean. Your life doesn't have to play out that way."

"Oh?" Narcissa questioned, one manicured brow raised. "And what makes you say that?"

Harry shrugged, bringing his own bottle up to take a sip.

“Well, I figure whatever brought us together—magic, fate, or even Merlin himself—it probably happened for a reason right? Maybe it was so we could change things. You could give the future a better chance using everything I told you about what’s to come,” he explained. “Maybe that means you can give yourself a better future as well.”

Narcissa couldn’t help herself. She snorted, her laughter falling freely from her lips in an entirely unladylike manner.

“What’s so funny?” Harry asked with an entirely exasperated tone while his brow furrowed in bewilderment.

Narcissa’s giggles only worsened at the, frankly, cute look of confusion marring his handsome features.

“You are,” she giggled, her laughter slowly ebbing away into an amused sigh. “Or your faith in my capabilities at least. I’m not like you, Harry. I don’t have the freedom to live as the person I wish to be. Those choices have long since been decided for me...”

Her voice trailed off, all traces of amusement having long faded from her words as the reality of her future was brought back to the forefront of her mind.

What could she, of all people, possibly do to prevent such a future? She couldn’t even prevent her own parents from selling her off! She wasn’t like Andromeda, who had the bravery to run away from everything she knew for the love she’d chosen. Nor was she like Bella, ruthless and cunning, who commanded respect from wizards and witches decades her senior.

She was just Narcissa. The obedient little sister who always did as she was told. She was not meek by any means, but Narcissa would never claim to be particularly courageous either.

It was easier that way, wasn’t it?

She was torn from her thoughts by the feeling of a hand resting against her arm. Narcissa looked up, surprised to find tears blurring her vision, only to see Harry staring back at her, his smile soft and comforting.

“Then make one now.”

“What?” Her voice cracked, emotion clinging tightly to her throat and choking her.

“Make a choice. Any choice. It can be something small, but regardless, it will still be *yours*.”

Make a choice? She made choices all the time, didn’t she? Not every decision was made for her...

But that’s not what he meant, is it? He wanted her to make a choice now, any choice at all, as a start—a statement.

He was calling her hand, daring her to prove that her situation was as helpless as she claimed.

And damn him, Narcissa *hated* feeling helpless.

If she made a choice now, one entirely just for her, it would be a start. A small one, yes, and entirely inconsequential in the grand scheme of things, but a start nonetheless. One that could maybe one day lead to taking back control of her life entirely.

But what should her choice be? There wasn’t exactly a plethora of options in a sealed broom cupboard. She highly doubted that deciding something as mundane as opening another spritzer would give her the courage needed to change the future for the better. Harry said something small, but she still wanted it to *mean* something.

Unbidden, her eyes pulled upwards to the man in question.

Well, there was *one* option...

She felt her cheeks flush as a new idea took shape in her mind.

He was certainly handsome, roguishly charming too in a way that both infuriated her and made her want to snog the annoying smirk off of his face. The mere thought of the latter made her spine tingle in ways that brought a hitch to her breath. Her mind could easily conjure up even more uses for those rakish lips of his besides snogging...

Yet as appealing as the thought was, Narcissa still felt uncertainty tug harshly in her gut. She hardly had any real experience when it came to the pleasures of the flesh. What little she did

had come from books and the occasional experimentation she'd done alone in her bed at night. Sex was still a distant unknown in her mind, and it scared her more than she'd like to admit. Then again, it would have to happen eventually. If their plan failed and she was forced to marry Lucius, she'd be expected to consummate their nuptials and continue to do so until she birthed him an heir. It would be an unpleasant affair, no doubt. Lucius didn't exactly strike her as a caring bed partner. She refused to subject herself to such a fate without so much as having a half-decent shag first.

It was settled then.

Narcissa stood, her gaze even with Harry's own as he looked to her in question. She said nothing, far too focused on staying the nervous tremble in her hand as she reached up and unfastened the clasp of her robes.

They fell away in a heap at her feet. Narcissa shivered despite the warmth of the room, gooseflesh prickling at her bare skin. She stood only in her underwear now, her cream coloured knickers and plain black bra a stark contrast against her pale skin. And through it all, her eyes had never left Harry's.

He stared up at her, his expression frustratingly unreadable. Why wasn't he saying anything?! He was still just looking into her eyes, his glowing green irises never so much as stealing a quick glance at her half-naked body.

Did he not want this? Did he not want her? Was she not pretty enough?

No...

No, that wasn't it.

She could see it now—the desire in his eyes. She could see it in the way his breath had quickened just a beat faster, in the way his knuckles whitened as he gripped the bottle in his hands tightly. He wanted her; he was just keeping his desires under control. He was waiting for her to make the first move. He was waiting for her to make this choice hers and hers alone.

Narcissa smiled.

Slowly, she stepped forward, each step accentuated with a sway of her hips. Her smile morphed into a smirk as she watched his self-control wane. Every step closer made another chink in his armour, created another crack in his resolve. It was when she was all but standing over him that he finally relented, his eyes slipping down to greedily drink in every inch of her figure. Narcissa gave him a closer look by straddling his waist.

“Are you sure?” he murmured, his hands ghosting over the bare flesh of her thighs.

Narcissa nodded. “This is my choice.”

He kissed her first.

His lips tasted like the strawberry of their drinks and the faintest hint of mint. It was a combination that she quickly found herself becoming addicted to as she felt his tongue swipe against her lips, seeking entrance. She gave it freely, allowing him to explore her mouth to his heart’s content as his hands roamed her body unhindered. Narcissa moaned, the sound no more than a whimper against his tongue. Everywhere he touched brought fire and electricity to her naked flesh. Trails of flames followed his hands, licking up her ribs and back until he found the clasp of her bra. She nodded at his unasked question, sucking lightly on his bottom lip as he unfastened the hooks on her straps.

Her bra fell away, and so too did Harry’s lips, before they quickly returned, wrapping around the plump nub of one of her nipples while his thumb circled the other. This time, Narcissa’s moan echoed freely off the walls, the fire dancing along her flesh sparking something hot and smouldering within her core.

Her hips began to move of their own accord, rocking back and forth against something hard and unyielding that was pressed against her centre.

It was Harry, she could feel it was from the moan that rumbled deep in his throat as he lavished her breasts with his tongue. She was grinding herself on his cock. She was grinding on his cock, and it felt *incredible*.

Her knickers felt wet and sticky, but Narcissa couldn't care less about that, not when the fire in her core was now a steady inferno. She cried out as Harry's teeth bit softly at her nipple, sending a sharp jolt of electric pleasure down her spine. Paired with the tendrils of pleasure that lapped upwards from her pussy, the blonde soon found herself losing focus entirely as her nerves lit up in ecstasy.

"Gyah!" she cried, her back arching and hands clawing desperately at Harry's hair as something inside her suddenly snapped.

White-hot pleasure washed over her. Her limbs spasmed, and the stickiness in her knickers was now a drenched wetness that coated her inner thighs. She fought to bring her body back under her control, slowly regaining some of her senses through the haze of pleasure.

The world shifted, and Narcissa felt herself being gently laid down onto a particularly soft cushion.

Green eyes filled her vision once more. Narcissa didn't even think before wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him close. She moaned as their lips met once more, her legs unbiddenly spreading open so that his hips could slot between hers.

Her hands found the hem of his shirt just as his found the waistband of her underwear. They were peeled off as once, joining her robes on the floor as she reached for his belt next. Her blue eyes remained locked with his as she pulled away the last of his clothing, only breaking away when something weighty and hard landed on her stomach. Narcissa felt her eyes widen as she caught her first glimpse of his hardened cock.

Morgana, he was big.

It was a bit intimidating, poised before her now. How could something like *that* possibly fit inside her? It went all the way up to her navel, and that wasn't to mention how thick it was! She highly doubted her hand would even fully wrap around it.

Suddenly a lot more nervous, Narcissa glanced up and met Harry's gaze once more. Her hesitation must have been obvious as he leaned down, brushing his lips against hers while his hand cradled her cheek.

"We'll go at your pace, yeah?" he murmured.

Narcissa nodded and took a breath to steel herself. Harry gave her a reassuring smile and leaned forward to kiss her once more. She melted into the kiss, allowing her body to relax as his hands eased her legs further apart.

She felt the tip first. It gently swiped up and down against her entrance, teasing her folds in a way that made Narcissa's legs tremble with anticipation.

A thrust of hips, a gasp against the other's lips, and he was finally slipping inside of her.

Narcissa couldn't stop the low whimper from escaping her lips as he filled her. *Merlin, it was too much!* He was splitting her in two! Narcissa broke the kiss with tears in her eyes as she buried her face in the crook of his neck. He was still sliding deeper inside of her. There almost seemed to be no end. The sensation was indescribable. Pleasure and pain clashed in an overstimulating mess that lit up every nerve in her body.

Fortunately, he soon bottomed out inside her. Narcissa could not recall a moment she had even felt *this full*. Even the handful of times she'd pleased herself over the years had been nothing more than a few explorative touches and at most a couple of fingers. Now though? Narcissa could feel his cock through her very stomach.

Fuck, she was so *fucking full*.

Harry remained motionless inside of her, something Narcissa was wholly grateful for. She held him there with all her might, not wishing him to move as she adjusted slowly to his girth. Harry obeyed silently, placing soft kisses against her lips and neck for comfort. It took some time for the pain to finally subside, but when it did, Narcissa was surprised to find how desperate she was for him to finally start moving.

She communicated this by pushing her tongue inside his mouth and rolling her hips. Thankfully, Harry got the message. He began to rock gently within her depths. The pain returned, stinging with every small thrust yet there was an undercurrent of something else there. As his thick cock continued to push and pull out of her stretched cunt, jolts of pleasure began to make themselves known. They slowly but surely overcame the stinging sensation and soon the blonde felt her body relax as her walls finally accepted the intruding length.

“Faster,” she gasped, her voice descending into a quiet cry as Harry obeyed her command. He quickened the pace of his thrusts, each slam of his hips jolting her entire frame back and forth. Narcissa could feel her breasts jiggle up and down in time with his hips. Unconsciously, she grabbed them, her own hands pawing at her plump mounds to keep them steady. For some reason, the act seemed drive Harry wild. Narcissa had little time to ponder why before her legs were suddenly shoved back until her entire lower half was nearly lifted off the cushions below.

‘SCHLAP SCHLAP SCHLAP!’

The white-hot pleasure returned. She could feel her nerves lighting up one by one, her limbs going taut, and the impossibly tight knot of pleasure in her core coming undone all at once. With a shuddering wail, Narcissa came, her entire body contorting into the air as Harry hammered his cock inside her with wild abandon. She didn’t know how long her climax lasted, only that when she came to, Harry was still atop her, his hips never losing their rhythm as he fucked her from one orgasm into the next.

On it went. Narcissa lost count after her fourth climax of the night as she was fucked into a heaven of pleasure. Words had long failed her. Where in the beginning, she would cry out her demands for him to go faster, to fuck her harder, now the only sounds she made were loud keening cries and animalistic grunts.

She allowed him to take her however he wished—On her back as they had begun. On her hands and knees with her face buried into a pillow. On top, as she bounced her ass up and down until her legs gave out—it mattered not. Narcissa even allowed him to use her mouth

whenever her pussy became too overstimulated to take more of his insatiable thrusts. What she lacked in oral skills, she made up for by allowing him to bury his cock down her throat. Who knew that lacking a gag reflex would be so useful for sex?

She wasn't alone in her climaxes either. The first time Harry spilt inside her, she'd been too far gone in her own climax to notice. It wasn't until she felt the sticky wetness of his climax stain the inside of her thighs that she realised what happened.

For a moment, she had been worried. She hadn't cast the contraceptive charm after all, but that hardly mattered now. She could always pick up a morning-after potion from the Hospital Wing anyway. Pomfrey was sure to have some on hand.

After that, she happily allowed Harry to deposit his loans wherever he wished. Inside her pussy, on her tits—she even brought him to an explosive end with just her mouth alone. She hadn't been able to swallow it all, but she was still proud of her accomplishment.

In the end, it was only when neither of them could go on that they finally collapsed into a heap atop the mountain of cushions. Narcissa's eyes had already begun to close by the time Harry tossed a blanket over their naked flesh and pulled her in close.

He was right in a way, she mused as sleep finally took her. One way or another, this night together was bound to change something.

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The Daily Prophet

Excerpt from the issue dated May 9th, 1998

...in other news the Ministry of Magic has announced that the annual ball held to celebrate the anniversary of the terrorist Tom Marvolo Riddle Jr's defeat, will be postponed as the guests of honour, Lord & Lady Potter, are currently out of the country on their Honeymoon. Readers should note that Lord Harry Potter, who defeated Tom Riddle Jr in single combat during the latter's resurrection in Lord Potter's fourth year, married Lady Narcissa Potter, nee Black, late last month after a lengthy courtship...