

Summary: Andromeda always knew her sisters were the worst. Narcissa was always such a spoiled brat and Bellatrix... well the less said about her the better. So when her youngest sister shows up unannounced one day, Andromeda is more than a bit peeved, especially when she was just about to treat her new lover to a wild ride between the sheets.

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Black Magic Witch

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There were many things a young witch learned when growing up as a member of House Black. Even decades after being cast out of the family, Andromeda could still recall a great many of the lessons imparted to her, both intentional and not.

She knew curses that could rend the very flesh from your bones. Potions that could kill swiftly and without pain, or slow and make you scream in agony. Andromeda knew rituals to increase one's power, prolong beauty, and crack the very foundations of mortality. But most of all, Andromeda knew how to inflict pain. Whether it be by spells taught by her father or insults screamed by her mother, Andromeda knew the best way to tear at the very being of someone else and reduce them to nothing.

She ran away for that very reason.

There were many other factors that led to her leaving House Black. Love was a big one of course. Ted had been her best friend through the years. Her rock during times of turmoil and eventually her partner who she loved with all her heart, but Andromeda knew even without him, she would have ran away eventually.

Her family had lived for the pain of others- reveled in it. Her sisters more than any.

Bellatrix was insane, playing and simple. Her older sister used to seek out victims to taunt and even torture, when she could get away with it, on a regular basis. Always with a wicked smile on her face while she did so. Narcissa was a bit better.

There was a time years ago when her little sister had been full of kindness and sweet words. Unfortunately, sweet little Cissy did not survive for long. Poisoned by their parents, Cissy was soon replaced by Narcissa. Her smile was gone and a cruel sneer took its place.

She never harmed you physically, she was the perfect pureblood princess after all, but where her spells fell short her words would pierce you like a knife. Andromeda could still hear her sister's voice all those years ago, 14 years old and telling her that she should do the right thing and 'kill the filthy little monster in her womb'.

She had barely been pregnant with Nymphadora for a month then, and already she would have killed for her child. Narcissa came very close to finding that out that day.

Yes, there were many reasons she ran away, and her sisters were certainly a big one.

Still, all that was years ago and she lived her life in- relative- happiness these past two decades. Her daughter and husband were gone, it was true and when they both passed she thought her heart was ripped from her body. Teddy was her only saving grace then and still is today.

Even with the pain of her past and the new pain of the present, Andromeda never had a single moment where she wanted to sink so low as to actually want to hurt others. It was one of the reasons she became a healer after all. She'd rather try to heal the world after her family did everything they could to rip it apart. Others called it kindness, she called it penance.

She held to her vow to never harm and to never use her knowledge of the dark arts for ill.

At least, until the doorbell rang, that was.

It was a bit of a stretch to say she was going to horrifically mutilate whoever the culprit was but not enough to say she was going to leave them unscathed. It had been a long day for Andromeda after all. A double shift at work paired with the usual bouts of stupid patients and Teddy getting in trouble at daycare had her at her wit's end! By the time she got home and had put her grandson to sleep, she was practically ready to guzzle every drop of wine in the house!

Thankfully she was saved from alcohol poisoning by the timely arrival of some much-appreciated company. Harry had strolled up with two take-out containers from her favorite restaurant in one hand, and a ridiculously overpriced bottle of champagne in the other.

Needless to say when he walked in with his gifts and a promise of a foot rub Andromeda had snogged him right then and there. If she hadn't been so damn hungry she'd probably have been content with ripping his clothes off and shagging him against the wall. Unfortunately, her stomach was too loud to ignore, though that didn't necessarily mean she couldn't be fucked against the wall later. The idea was quite tantalizing after all.

As they ate, Andromeda caught herself thanking her luck that Harry came along when he did. Their relationship hadn't started as a physical thing at first. After the war, he had been just as lost as she was. They connected over their shared love for Teddy in the beginning.

Harry would visit his godson when he could, between rebuilding the wizarding world and catching any escaped death eaters. When he stopped by, they'd talk while Harry and Teddy played, Andromeda soon finding herself enjoying their semi-awkward conversations. The small chats quickly turned into lengthy conversations over dinner. Those dinners morphed soon enough into fire-side stories over a bottle of wine, and soon enough, no more talking was needed.

She couldn't remember who made the first move. All she could recall was laughing at one of his small jokes. Her eyes crinkled as she sipped on her wine and stared into those vivid emerald orbs of his. One second they were simply looking at one another, studying or, perhaps, searching for the spark they both knew was there. The next thing Andromeda knew, his tongue was in her mouth while she fisted handfuls of his shirt, pulling him closer with muffled whimpers of delight.

The memory of their first night together never failed to make her legs quiver. The sheer intimacy found in his arms coupled with the delicious pleasure that they achieved together was earth-shattering. Even now she could still feel the electric tingles that lit her nerves aflame. His hunger for her was vast and Andromeda had no qualms with feeding it until dawn broke.

Their relationship became somewhat unorthodox after that. They were by no means an 'item'. Andromeda was too old and still too in love with Ted for that, and Harry was far too broken after the war. It was the comfort they sought in each other's bed. Comfort and perhaps to simply feel alive for a little while.

Oh and how alive it made her feel.

Merlin, Andromeda had never experienced anything like it. Sex with Harry wasn't just

sex. It was a frenzy of endorphins and heat. A roller coaster of pleasure that Andromeda never wanted to get off of.

Countless nights had passed with her screaming to the heavens as her lover dominated her folds. He never left her wanting. Not by his tongue or cock, and he never failed to leave her dripping wet with sweat and cum. It was like an addiction, one she had no plans to get rid of.

Tonight was no different.

It started like any other. They ate, drank, and laughed the day's stresses away. Her earlier foul mood had completely faded by the time Harry gave her *that* look. His eyes had bored into her with a burning desire, one that instantly had her knickers wet in anticipation. His hand, which had come to rest comfortably on her knee, soon began to dance its way up her thigh, leaving trails of tingling nerves in its wake. By the time his fingers came to rest on her mound, Andromeda was already shivering with excitement.

She whimpered as he began to rub her through her clothes. Even through the thick material of her healer robes, she could still feel the delicious tingles that coursed through her clit.

His lips descended on her next, nipping and sucking on her bottom lip. Andromeda responded in kind, wrapping her arms around his neck and letting out an erotic moan into his mouth. She heard him hum in response and the next second he was breaking the kiss to descend on her neck, all the while his dexterous fingers worked to free the bindings of her robes.

Every touch brought a new sound from her mouth as her body flushed with giddy excitement. Harry made her feel younger than she ever felt before. Even more

importantly, he made her feel *wanted*. Nothing drove her crazier than seeing the absolute look of *worship* in his eyes when he gazed at her. When he looked at her, touched her, fucked her- Andromeda felt like a goddess made flesh.

The robes came off easy enough, and so too did her kickers. Andromeda nearly sobbed with relief when she felt his hands graze against her bare sex. The heavy scent of her arousal filled the air as he spread her legs apart slowly. The whine that escaped her lips was needy and strained as if she was barely holding her lust back anymore.

Harry looked up at her with that damnable smirk. The one that made her heart beat a million miles an hour and her stomach pool with heat.

He pushed two fingers inside her while staring up at her with that damnable smirk.

Andromeda bit out a sharp cry. The way his fingers stretched her felt so delectable yet it only served to increase the yearning hunger in her core. Nevertheless she rocked her hips back and forth in time with his hand, until the fingers inside her curled up- up-

“F-Fuck!” She squealed and bit back a trembling moan. “Harry p-please-“

Yet Harry ignored her plea. Instead his fingers moved faster, sliding back and forth inside her slick entrance. Each dive into her dripping wet tunnel forced another choked moan from her lips. He was consistently brushing against that oh-so-sensitive spot inside of her and yet never fully committed. It drove Andromeda crazy and she didn’t know whether to pull her hair out in frustration or submit to his whim in hopes he’d allow her a release soon.

”Tsk- So tense Andy. You just need to relax love, I’ll take care of you...” He whispered.

Andromeda’s breath hitched as she watched him slowly kneel down, his lips coming closer and closer to her swollen clit. God just feeling his breath wash over her sex was

enough to make her toes curl. He was so close now- just a bit further and that aching in her pussy would be soothed. Closer- Closer- Clo-

DING-DING-DING

Andromeda audibly groaned as the chime of her doorbell rang out through her home. Who the fuck visits unannounced at a time like this?! Harry looked at her, shrugging silently as if to say 'your call'. Andromeda huffed and listened impatiently, desperately hoping whoever was at the door would get the hint and GO AWAY.

It seemed fate had it out for her tonight unfortunately as the shrill chime of the doorbell rang out once more.

"Bloody fucking solicitors..." She growled while jumping up and straightening her robes. "I swear if it's that same damn niffler insurance salesman I'll personally show him my Aunt Cassiopeia's blood boiling hex!"

Harry's chuckle at her indigent anger only fueled the fire in her veins, and with a 'hmph!' Andromeda stomped towards the door and wrenched it open. The curse on her lips died almost instantly however. It wasn't the annoying insurance salesman with a combover and bad breath like she expected. Instead her heart and stomach both clenched angrily as she caught sight of a familiar head of blonde hair.

"Andy." The blonde greeted quietly.

"Narcissa." She hissed back.

Her sister swallowed with apparent nervousness, her eyes darting back and forth before flicking back up to her. "I- You look well."

"And you look like shite." It was true. Her usual prim and proper younger sister stood before her in a truly ragged state. Her once luscious blonde hair hung limp and dull

around her deathly pale face. There were dark circles under her eyes and where the was usually expensive jewelry and a designer dress was nothing more than a set of shabby grey robes. Narcissa Malfoy looked nothing more than a pauper in that moment. It was almost enough to make Andromeda laugh.

"What do you want, Mrs. Malfoy? It's late and I've had a very long day." She said tersely. Narcissa nodded and stammered nervously. "I know and I- apologize for the late disturbance. I- " Narcissa paused and seemed to consider her words for a moment. "I need your help."

Andromeda saw red and in an instant had her wand leveled towards the blonde's throat. "You DARE?!" She roared. "After everything you and your ilk did?! After you tore apart my family and the entirety of Britain along with it, you dare come to me asking for help?!"

"I'm s-sorry! I- I kn-know I don't d-deserve it, but I h-had nowhere else to g-go!" Narcissa cried with wide eyes. She raised her hands in surrender and eyed her wand in fear.

Andromeda glared venomously at her sister, wishing nothing more than to end her pitiful existence right then and there. Her hand shook, the words of the Killing Curse on her lips. All it would take was a single incantation...

"FUCK!" She screamed and yanked her wand away from Narcissa's throat. "Just- Leave Cissy. You're not welcome here." She turned away to close the door.

"Sister please-"

Andromeda rounded on the blonde in an instant. "Don't! You lost the right to call me that a long time ago. You are nothing to me! Go back to your sniveling coward of a husband and leave me be!"

"I can't!" Narcissa cried. "I- " She seemed to hesitate, as if what she was going to say pained her to do so. "Lucius he- he left me. Took what little gold was left in the Malfoy vaults and absconded to Switzerland. I have nothing left." Narcissa choked out a sob and it was then that Andromeda saw what a truly pitiful state she was in. Still she felt no pity for her sister.

"Hmph, so the coward finally ran. Well fret not Cissy, I'm sure there's plenty of other egotistical ponces out there for you to sink your claws in."

Narcissa dropped her head in shame with a snuffle. "Andy please- I know I was a horrid sister and I don't deserve your forgiveness, but I ask it of you anyways. Please... don't turn me away."

Andromeda considered the woman in front of her. It was true that she didn't deserve her forgiveness and more than likely never would. There was too much bad blood. Too many painful memories.

And yet she still found herself considering her sister's words. While part of her wished for nothing more than to turn Narcissa away, much like the blonde did to Andromeda when she was cast out of the family all those years ago, another part knew she could never do it. Turning away those in need was a Black family trait and Andromeda hadn't been a Black for a very long time.

She internally sighed. It seemed her evening plans with Harry were ruined then. Even if he and Narcissa didn't have an uncomfortable history together, there was no way she could have sex with her demon of a sister under the same roof... right?

Unless... no- that would be borderline taboo. And yet it was a tempting thought. After all why should she give up her evening just to accommodate her bitch of a sister? Why

should she sacrifice another part of her life to please a family that abandoned her long ago. No, if Narcissa wanted to crawl to her for room and board then she can damn well live with the consequences of doing so.

It may be the burning arousal still coursing through her veins, but Andromeda didn't care. One way or another she would end the night with Harry's cock inside her.

"...Fine. One night and you best behave yourself. Teddy's asleep and I have a guest."

Narcissa's face lit up in an instant and she hastily nodded along to her sister's demands. "Of course! Of course! You won't even know I'm here!"

Andromeda scoffed and motioned for the blonde to follow. She quickly led the woman inside, slamming the front door behind them with a flick of her wrist. Narcissa was quiet for the most part, following behind her diligently- at least until they reached the living room.

"Everything alright 'Dromeda? I thought I heard some shout-" Harry's eyes widened as he spotted the blonde behind her. Narcissa for her part looked just as taken aback by his presence and was at a loss for words.

"Oh silly me!" She giggled. "Seems I forgot to mention who my guest was! Well Harry, I believe you know my bitch of a sister. Narcissa, this is of course Harry Potter, slayer of your late master and my lover."

"L-Lover?!?" Narcissa sputtered.

Andromeda smirked and moved to Harry's side, who for his part, seemed to be too shocked to argue. "Oh yes, and a very vigorous one at that! In fact, right before you showed up he was just about to show me exactly why parseltongues are the best at eating pussy!"

“Andy- That- I- I should just go!” Narcissa squeaked, her face practically glowing red in embarrassment. The blonde turned on her heel quickly and began to make for the door. Andromeda was having none of that though. Torturing her sister like this was proving far too fun. With a flick of her wand, a chair came screeching out from the corner and scooped the blonde up. Another wave of magic later, her sister was bound to the chair by strong bindings of rope around her hands and feet.

”Tsk ts! Don’t be hasty. You just got here- *sister...*” She growled. “Now I have a date to finish, and you’ll be a good little house guest and keep quiet. You did say I wouldn’t even notice you were here after all...”

Narcissa made to argue, but clamped her mouth shut a moment later. It seemed her sister was far more desperate for a place to stay than she thought. Andromeda smirked. That worked even better.

Turning back to Harry, she grinned and trailed a finger over his jaw line. “Now my love- where were we? Ah yes! You were on your knees and about to bury your face into my pussy, yes?”

”Andromeda I’m not sure about this...”

”Shhh.” She said, silencing him with a finger to his lips. “None of that now. Just pretend she’s not even there. I need you Harry- Please!” She stood on her tip toes to lean close to his ear. “I’m so fucking wet for you already~ Please lover- *fuck me~*”

Like a switch had been flipped, Harry’s eyes darkened with a deep insatiable hunger. Andromeda gasped as he suddenly growled and hoisted her up into his arms with his hands placed firmly on her ass cheeks.

Moments later, she was dumped onto the couch with very little ceremony. She cared not

though. The time for foreplay was long past, now she wanted to be fucked.

He lunged at her like a ravenous beast, and perhaps in that moment he was one. If that was the case, she was only too happy to be his meal. Hands, rough and eager tore at her robes, ripping apart the drab hospital garments in a desperate bid to reach the prize underneath.

Her bountiful chest was on display for barely a moment before he buried his face into her tits. Andromeda gasped loudly as Harry took one of her hardened pink nipples into his mouth. She tugged at his clothes in response. She needed to touch his skin- to feel the hardened muscle hidden beneath before reaching and claiming the beast between his legs.

Harry pulled away, as if hearing her exact thoughts, and quickly shucked off his shirt and began to work on his trousers. Andromeda was too impatient for that though.

Grabbing her wand from her shredded robes, she hit his groin with a silvery spell that vanished all remaining clothing on his body. He gave her a look of mild amusement but she cared not.

Andromeda was on her knees in an instant. She was practically nuzzling his cock against her face, letting the thick shaft rub against her cheek and forehead while she took in his scent. Fuck she would never get used to this.

"Mmm, your cock never fails to amaze me lover~" She purred. Sticking out her tongue, she gave his shaft a long lick from base to tip, reveling in the way it made him suck in a breath.

He wasn't the only one to vocalize their shock as Narcissa too gasped at her actions. She looked over to see her sister staring wide eyed at her kneeling in front of Harry with

his cock in her hands.

Andromeda rolled her eyes and leaned forward to quickly lather the tip of Harry's cock with a decent layer of saliva before slowly pumping it with her hand.

"Oh don't be such a prude Cissy." She said without looking towards the blonde. "You should be used to seeing a blowjob- after all I seem to remember catching you sucking off Michael Pucey to get out of detention once or twice."

Narcissa let out a choked gasp but said nothing. Andromeda smirked regardless, enjoying her small victory before she leaned forward and fully engulfed Harry's cock with her mouth.

He let out a satisfied groan in response and laced his fingers through her brown locks. She took this as a sign to keep going and rocked her head forward, taking more of his thick length into her mouth inch by inch.

There was a certain enjoyment she always got when sucking Harry's cock. It was akin to a rush of power one felt when being in control. Here she had the most powerful wizard in all of Britain before her and he was completely under her whim. To feel his thick hard rod pulse with excitement between her lips meant that he was under her control. It was a feeling she reveled in.

Pitching her head forward, she began to bob back and forth even faster, letting his moans of pleasure fuel her actions as she worked on swallowing his cock. She didn't know when her fingers had made their way down to her pussy, nor when they buried themselves inside her tight depths. All she knew was that her fingers were a blur of activity, raking themselves in and out of her cunt in time with her mouth around Harry's cock.

"Fuck. *Fuck!*" Harry groaned, tightening his grip on her hair. "Andy I'm- Fuck I'm close!"

He was, she knew he was. Already she could feel the swell of his balls against his chin as she throated him. She was close as well. Her fingers had zeroed in on her precious g-spot and were attacking it relentlessly. Soon she'd be a squealing mess as he deposited his load down her gullet. In that moment nothing sounded sexier than that.

His own orgasm triggered her own. Feeling the pulse of his cock in her mouth as he came was the spark she needed for her own climax to burn bright and powerful. Her moans came out muffled and gargled as she trembled in climax while swallowing his sticky white seed. Her hand was trapped tightly between her thighs and being soaked with her juices as she came as well. Exactly how she wanted.

Once she felt Harry's climax ebb away, Andromeda wasted no time before pulling off him with a gasp. His cock was still hard and her pussy wetter than ever. She *needed* him inside her.

Pulling him forward but his arms, Andromeda spun her lover around and planted him on the sofa. She settled onto his lap easily enough with his cock poised at the entrance to her folds. They let out twin moans of pleasure as she sank down onto his length. Her walls stretched wide to accompany him, giving way to the familiar thick rod like her pussy was made for it.

Perhaps it was, she thought as she began to bounce vigorously on his lap. Only something fated to happen could feel this good. His magnificent cock stretched her in ways nobody else could. It filled her to the brim, leaving no part of her inner depths untouched as he speared her over and over again.

Harry's hands settled on her ass as she kissed him, biting at his bottom lip until she

tasted the faintest hint of copper. Whether it hurt him or not, Andromed didn't care. Her peak was on the horizon, coming closer and closer with every bounce of her ass. Merlin she was so close! She just needed a bit more-

SMACK!

Andromed howled in climax as her ass stringed painfully from the blow. Harry's fingers dug into her ass before pulling back and coming down for another spank. The blow landed with another audible crack of flesh and Andromeda felt her pussy tremble once more as she came.

She didn't give him an opportunity to distract her with another slap against her ass. Pushing him onto his back and pinning him to her sofa with a hand on his shoulder. She used him as her anchor, taking his cock deep and hard with each vicious roll of her hips. His fingers dug into her ass, encouraging her. She would have new bruises from him when this was over, something that thrilled her more than she'd care to admit.

"Harry!" She gasped as her first grasp bled into another. Digging her nails into his shoulder, she slammed down a final time on his cock as her legs gave out. He thrust up to meet her and then, with a ragged groan, came to a shuddering finish deep inside her. She sat still for a few moments, letting her orgasm shake away as he finished seeding her womb with his hot cum. Her eyes were clenched shut as her breaths came out in ragged gasps. The afterglow of their couplings was always awash with a layer of exhaustion. He always did fuck her like she was a woman 20 years younger...

Their quiet post sex highs were interrupted though, by a muffled squeak from the other side of the room.

Andromeda immediately snapped her gaze over, eyes widening as she took in the sight

before her.

Somehow, Narcissa had gotten her hands free while she had been busy riding Harry like her life depended on it. Yet instead of trying to fully escape the bindings, her bitch of a sister was using her newfound freedom to viciously play with herself under her robes. The squeak Andromeda heard was from the blonde's failed attempt at covering up her orgasm.

The two Black sisters stared at one another for a long stretched out moment. One in shock and the other in embarrassment. Until finally Andromeda sputtered in disbelief.

"You- That is- Merlin you're such a slut!"

Narcissa reeled back at her sister's exclamation before her ey narrowed in offense.

"ME?! You're the one who tired me up and forced me watch the two of you have sex!"

The blonde witch scoffed.

Andromeda stood abruptly, Harry's cock pulling free from her cunt along with rivers of his white sticky cum.

"Oh my apologies Lady Malfoy! I should've known you wouldn't be able to handle seeing such 'disgraceful' things. After all, I'm sure your coward of a husband hasn't touched you in years. I'm surprised your cunt is still able to get wet at all!"

Narcissa visibly seethed with anger. "You- You- !"

"Oh spit it out already!" Andromeda shouted.

"YOU MUDBLOOD FUCKING WHORE! HOW DARE YOU-"

CRACK

Narcissa's face was flung to the side by thee force of her slap. Spittle flew from the blonde's mouth and there was already a nasty red welt forming on her cheek.

"Say another word *sister*, I dare you." Andromeda growled with her hand poised for another strike. Narcissa wisely said nothing. The blonde held her glare for only a few moments longer before casting it downwards in defeat.

Andromeda tried to cool the fire in her veins. This was obviously a bad idea. Maybe she had taken it too far with the whole voyeuristic turn of events but regardless it only proved that her sister would never change. She was still the same conceited, judgmental, sadistic whelp she'd always been. One that was in serious need of being taken down a peg...

Her eyes flicked over to where Harry was still sitting on the couch. He was looking between the two of them with an unreadable expression until his eyes met hers. A beat passed as he held her gaze, a look of reassurance on his features.

But Andromeda wasn't in the mood for comfort. Anger still pulsed in her chest with a sense of vindication.

It was then that her eyes landed on his cock, still hard and glistening with their combined juices. An idea passed over her at the sight... a terrible, wicked, and absolutely delicious idea.

"Harry my sweet, would you come here?" She asked with a smile.

Harry stood with a look of confusion but did as he was bid. As he approached he seemed to be watching the tied up blonde, as if wary of her very presence. Andromeda rolled her eyes and tugged him closer until he stood right in front of Narcissa's bound form.

The blonde's gaze snapped up to him, or more specifically, his cock that stood inches from her face.

“A-Andy?” Her sister asked nervously.

Andromeda merely smirked down at the busty witch and reached forward to slowly pump Harry’s cock. “Oh don’t act all pure and innocent now Cissy! Not after touching yourself while watching this very same cock stretch my pussy apart! It’s funny- you’ve always acted like such a proper pureblood lady and yet this entire time you’ve really been a nympho slut behind closed doors! Well now’s the time to prove it sister-” She tittered. “Suck his cock.”

Narcissa gaped up at her, seemingly lost for words. The look only caused Andromeda to snort derisively. “Oh don’t give me that! Either suck his cock or get out. You can sleep out on the streets for all I care after what you said!” She growled.

“Andy this may be taking things a bit too far.” Harry whispered with cancer, though Andromeda didn’t miss the way his cock was jumping with excitement in her hand.

“Maybe it is- but don’t tell me you’ve never thought about it love. The mother of your worst enemy, Narcissa Malfoy, on her knees in front of you like a good little whore while she services your cock!” His length pulsed in her hand at her words causing Andromeda to smirk. She had him. “So Cissy? What do you say? Would you rather stay here or out in the slums of Knockturn. Either way, you’ll most likely be sucking a cock or two by the end of the night if the stories are anything to go by...”

She wasn’t lying. Knockturn had gotten better in the months since Voldemort’s fall, but not enough for a lone witch to traverse it during the night. A cruel fate to be sure.

Narcissa seemed to share her thoughts as she gulped once with hesitation before leaning forward to lightly graze the tip of Harry’s cock with her tongue. She flinched slightly at the taste, no doubt some part of her mind was reminding her that she was

tasting not just Harry Potter's cum, but her own sister's as well. Nevertheless, after taking a breath, Narcissa leaned forward once more and took a healthy lick of his veiny shaft. Harry groaned in enjoyment as the blonde's tongue slowly lavished his cock, but Andromeda was anything but happy.

She huffed at her sister's slow pace with impatience. "For merlin's sake, at this rate we'll all die of old age before you make him cum!" She exclaimed. With a grasp of her sister's blonde locks, Andromeda pitched Narcissa's face forward and forced Harry's cock deep into her throat. She smirked as her sister gagged loudly around the thick shaft blocking her airway. "Much better! Now suck!"

At first it seemed as if the blonde would fight the order. The wet squelching gags coming from her throat certainly made it seem that way. Thankfully, Narcissa seemingly knew the futility of fighting her older sister's orders and instead tried her best to relax.

Andromeda watched in fascination as the busty blonde began to slowly rock her face back and forth, loudly throating her lover's cock as she fought against her gag reflex.

Harry moaned as the blonde throatated his shaft. Andromeda watched with a wide smile as her lover began to thrust roughly against her sister's face, the blonde's large breasts bounced wildly, popping free from her shabby grey robes with little difficulty.

It was better than Andromeda had hoped. Watching her bitch of a sister get brutally face fucked proved to be the highlight of her day, even more so than the mind blowing orgasm she experienced just a few minutes prior.

To make things even better, Narcissa was showing her true colors as well. Andromeda didn't miss the way her sister's loud gags were replaced with slutty moans, nor the way one of her hands traveled up to play with her rippling breasts while the other snuck

down to once more tease her folds. The sight almost made Andromeda laugh. Narcissa Malfoy, the princess of pureblood sluts!

Thick, stringy globs of saliva dripped down her chin and onto her body as she relentlessly plunged her mouth down onto Harry's rigid length. Narcissa's eyes opened to stare up at him with a hooded gaze as her fingers delved between her folds. Loud, wet gags sounded throughout the living room as her sister battered her own throat with Harry's thick cock. Her usually immaculate makeup was now a ruined mess from the tears and saliva running down her face, streaks of dark red lipstick ran along the shaft of the thick member between her lips.

Instead of pushing her fingers deeper into her depths, Narcissa rubbed her clit rapidly. Andromeda watched as Harry gripped the witch's blonde hair tightly as he ruthlessly drove into her tight throat over and over again. It continued to amaze her that, despite the tears running down the blonde's eyes and the loud squelches and gags that came from her throat, Narcissa was still enjoying herself immensely. For some reason, that fact alone made Andromeda's pussy flush with arousal once more.

Finally, with a loud groan, Harry buried his cock in her sister's throat. Narcissa's gullet expanded around his shaft as it swelled. The first shot was fired directly into her stomach before her lover pulled back. With his cock resting on her tongue, the busty blonde moaned wantonly and swirled her tongue around as his release spilled into her mouth. As his climax came to an end, Harry tried to pull out from her mouth yet she continued to suck him dry.

Harry hissed at the overstimulation, yet Narcissa was far too gone in her lust to care it seemed. It was only when Harry's hips began to buck wildly in protest that the blonde

finally released him, only doing so because of the trembling moan that escaped her lips a moment later as she came.

“Like I said- “ Andromed laughed. “You truly are such a slut dear sister.”

Narcissa’s icy glare would have been more effective if it weren’t for the cum and drool that stained her bare breasts.

Andromeda smirked back at the blonde. Perhaps a night or two wouldn’t be the worst thing in the world...

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Author’s Note

For those who thought this would be a Black sister reunion fic... THINK AGAIN! Turns out Andromeda has some of that Black vindictiveness in her as well. Hope you all enjoyed!

Thanks for reading!