

Unfaithful

Chapter 4

Wiping her mouth on the thick, cloth napkin, Narcissa Malfoy placed it on the table and stood up. "I need to freshen up," she told her husband.

"Of course," Lucius Malfoy replied, standing up in a gentlemanly fashion to see her off.

Narcissa snaked her way through the crowded restaurant, hearing the chatter of people and the clanking of dinnerware. The restaurant was the finest in all of magical Britain and didn't let just anyone in. Most couldn't justify spending such an amount on one meal. Narcissa was thankful that she was still in a position to be able to eat in a place like this.

Once the Dark Lord fell, she rightly assumed that her family would be one of the first that was taken into custody. Out of the three of them, she was the one that got off the easiest. Having never had done anything heinous, which she proved through the use of Veritaserum, she was let off the hook by being charged a heavy fine. Her son Draco had a similar outcome, though a bit harsher. He had never killed anyone or done anything too bad, but he was branded with the Dark Mark. As such, he too was hit with a heavy fine and was forced to spend a few months in Azkaban. Her husband received the harshest of their penalties.

Both being branded and having done some truly terrible things, he was sentenced to life in Azkaban. It was only after a meeting with Potter that his sentence was reduced to a year in prison and a massive fine. She wasn't sure what had gone down between them, but whatever it was, no one was talking. Narcissa speculated that he had turned over quite a bit of valuable information, likely ratting on his former allies. She was sure that Potter had also guaranteed that he would never commit such crimes again. In fact, his actions had been as clean as they ever had been. She guessed that he was forced to sign a magical contract or make a Wizard's Oath. She only hoped that the people that he turned on wouldn't be coming back and looking for retribution any time soon.

The time when her son and husband were locked up was the hardest for her. Having had to pay so much to the Ministry, she found herself selling anything of value just to keep from losing the house. It wasn't until her husband was released that things got better. He had a few stashes of valuables that he had been hiding for a rainy day, which he promptly sold. He had always been a good businessman and still had connections abroad that he could use. Slowly, their coffers filled up and while they weren't anywhere close to how rich that they were before, they still had extra gold to splurge on the finer things in life.

Having had to experience the worst time of her life, Narcissa wasn't going to sit around and hope for the best. She had been actively making inroads to certain influential people. If her idiot husband ever got himself into trouble again, she would make sure that she didn't suffer again. She was a Slytherin after all.

After finishing up in the powder room, she was just about to make her way back to her table when she was grabbed and pulled to the side. She opened her mouth to let out a shriek before a strong, male hand clamped over her lips.

"You're looking quite delicious tonight, Cissy," Harry teased by whispering in her ear. His hand released her mouth and slid down her body "accidentally" brushing over her dress-covered breast.

"Potter!" Narcissa hissed as he held her body to his. She could feel his raging erection pressed against her bottom. He had pulled her into an empty supply closet and shut the door behind them. Thankfully, there was still enough light to see properly. "What's the meaning of this?"

"Why so cross? You certainly weren't so annoyed the last time I saw you. If I remember correctly, you were screaming YES while wrapping your lovely legs around my waist. I've never met a woman that wanted my cum so badly," he told her, keeping his voice down. He hadn't put up any kind of silencing spell.

Narcissa's cheeks began flaming red. She remembered that night vividly. How could she forget? It was only a few months ago when Lucius had gone out of the country on a business trip. She and Potter had a very strange relationship. Both seemed to hold contempt for the other, and yet, the sex was always explosive. Narcissa always came violently when being stuffed by his enormous cock.

She had begun her affair with him while her husband was in prison. She desperately needed help, and Potter was only too glad to offer it. Of course, later that night while he was railing her previously virgin asshole, she realized that he wasn't the brave and chivalrous Gryffindor that everyone thought he was. Or perhaps he was, just not to her. She pretended to only lay there and take it for the sake of her family, which she repeatedly told him. Oh, how he laughed when she screamed from her first analgasm and squirted pussy juice all over her room. After that, she didn't even pretend to dislike it. She just enjoyed the brutal dickings that she often got.

Once Lucius was released, she assumed that the affair would come to an end. Harry had other plans, however. He took every opportunity to remind her that she was his whore, and that he would claim her anytime and anywhere that he wanted.

"What do you want, Potter? I'm having a pleasant meal with my husband," she whispered with a bit of heat. Meanwhile, his hand was groping her large and perky tit that was snuggly secured in her cocktail dress. She felt him look down, right into her expansive cleavage. His other hand grabbed her shapely thigh.

"I think you know what I want," she heard him say before she was spun around and bent over. Narcissa held onto an empty shelf to keep from falling over.

"Here?" she gasped, exasperated. Harry had already flipped up her dress and was peeling the panties down her body. Harry could see how wet they were. They practically clung to her overheated pussy. Once they were down to her knees, she felt him press his face into her bare ass. He buried himself between her cheeks and started licking the wetness that clung to her taut lips.

"My husband's waiting for me!" she gasped quietly so that no one would hear. Her mouth was open, and her eyes were fluttering as she felt his tongue travel from her pussy up to her ass. His warm and wet tongue wiggled around her crinkled hole as his hands caressed her smooth thighs. Her breathing intensified when he began sucking on the delicate skin of her ass cheeks.

"You're going to leave a mark!" she squeaked out a complaint, but the brute didn't even pay her any mind. His hand started creeping up the inside of her thigh until his fingers touched her bare pussy.

"You're so wet, Cissy," he teased as he softly nipped at her bottom. His fingers were rubbing up and down the length of her slit, spreading her lips open slightly, and massaging her pink insides. The small closet was soon filled with the scent of her aroused pussy. Narcissa couldn't help but enjoy the assault that she was experiencing. The bastard couldn't just bend her over and expect her to take it. Unfortunately for her, she let out a moan as his fingers began toying with her hard and sensitive clit. That prompted him to stand up and undo his belt. He pulled down his trousers and let out his beastly cock. As he slapped his shaft against her wet and naked pussy, she was forced to endure the indignity of it. She hid her face in embarrassment at the sticky, wet sound that her pussy made as he beat his cock against it.

She didn't have to put up with the embarrassment for long, however. He pressed the tip against her dripping opening and pushed forward. A whorish whine left her lips as her pussy was forced open, and she was stretched around the massive girth of his horsecock. Narcissa was so wet that his cock bottomed out with no problems. Holding her hips tightly, he moved his hips around, and she felt his cock moving inside of her. Her hands squeezed the shelf tightly when his cock rubbed against her recently neglected g-spot. Harry then leaned in and whispered in her ear, "Play with your clit."

Narcissa blushed and bit her lower lip sexily. She wanted to tell him to fuck off, but she hadn't had an orgasm since the last time that he had fucked her. Her body's wants won out, and her hand dipped between her legs. Her trembling fingers traveled over her hairless mound and found the hard, little nub hiding right above her cock-filled slit. Closing her eyes in shame, she started slowly working her fingers around her clit, massaging it until she felt the familiar pleasure. Just then, Potter began thrusting into her. His massive cock was hitting every pleasurable spot that she had. Her g-spot was being continuously assaulted, and her cervix wall was rammed and battered. The perverse wet sounds only got louder as her tight tunnel gripped his fat cock and tried desperately to milk a load of cum from his balls. Beads of warm arousal were dripping from her stuffed pussy and dropping down to the floor underneath her parted legs. A small puddle formed underneath her and only grew larger with every mighty thrust of his cock.

Suddenly, she felt his thumb touch her asshole. Warm, slick liquid gushed out of his wand and covered her shapely, lily-white ass. Narcissa clenched her jaw shut as his finger wiggled around her ass. Feeling the tip slide in, she turned her head and moaned as he went knuckle deep. In and out his finger pistoned, lubricating her tight hole for future use. She was already near orgasm just from him brutally fucking her pussy, now he pulled out and pressed the wet tip against her backdoor.

"Gently!" she squealed quietly as he pushed in. The head popped in, followed by an inch of the shaft. Adding more lubrication to his cock, Harry pushed in a little more. He smiled at her cries and mewls of pleasure as he slowly fucked her deeper and deeper. She liked to pretend that she wasn't a whore, but Harry knew otherwise. She always came on his cock while being fucked in the ass.

"You're my little anal-whore, aren't you?" Harry teased her as her fingers blurred while rubbing her hard clit. Narcissa turned to glare at him but moaned when he pushed all the way in. Holding her by the back of her neck, Harry's hips moved faster and faster. He was pulling out until only the head was in and pushing all the way back in with a single powerful thrust. Narcissa's legs were quivering and shaking, barely able to keep her on her feet. Narcissa was seeing stars when his hands slid underneath the front of her dress and cupped her dangling tits. His talented fingers pinched and rolled her hard, crinkled nipples and even tugged on them while her asshole clenched his big cock.

"I can't take it anymore!" she squealed, her eyes wide with panic. "Silence the door! Please!" she begged. Harry smiled and flashed his wand, tossing up a quick Silencing Ward. With a hard slap on the ass, he told her to let go. Harry grabbed her hair and pulled her head back as he began filling her asshole with his seed.

Narcissa screamed bloody murder as her asshole clamped down tightly on him. Pussy juice sprayed from her dripping cunt and flooded her shoes. With every thrust, her analgasm grew in intensity which made her squirting more violent. Thankfully, once he was done cumming in her ass, he pulled out and let her body calm. Breathing heavily, she rested her head against her forearms while Potter continued to molest her breasts and nipples. Finally, after catching her breath, she straightened up and used her wand to freshen up. She was just about to leave the closet when she grabbed him and kissed him passionately before slapping him in the face. Turning with as much dignity as she could muster, she went back to her husband who was none the wiser.