

Chapter 4

At the home of Severus Snape in Spinner's End, a boy with a pale face and light blonde hair sat in a worn, wing-back chair, reading a book on dark curses. Stood in the doorway behind him, Severus watched the boy thoughtfully. The spells in that book, while painful, caused no lasting damage and were only lethal in the most unfortunate of circumstances. The bookcases along the wall held far more power and dangerous knowledge, and yet Draco had chosen something far milder than Severus himself would have, if he were he in the boy's position.

A slight frown marred his face as he continued to watch his godson. Lucius had coddled the boy far too much, he decided. The man had foolishly indoctrinated his son into the beliefs of the Death Eaters, but not given him the knowledge and attitude necessary to ever truly become one. Draco lacked the viciousness, the cunning, and the drive needed to even be anything more than a tool for the Dark Lord. Fodder to be used and thrown away the moment his usefulness had reached its end.

Severus fought the urge to sigh. Even though he believed his mother to have been stolen by his nemesis, and his father unjustly imprisoned, Draco still sought a school yard hex, and not real revenge. As much as he loathed to admit it, even in the privacy of his own mind, Draco would be no match for Potter should he try to enact vengeance. Potter was too skilled, too resourceful, and, as much as it galled him to think it, too powerful for Draco to overcome.

Narcissa was right, Severus decided. He needed to help his godson, he thought as he rubbed the ever-darkening mark on his left forearm. Draco would not survive the war to come if he didn't.

"Draco," Severus called out.

The boy closed his book, marking the page, and turned in the chair to look at him questioningly.

"Come with me, I have something to show you," he continued.

With a furrowed brow, Draco stood and followed Severus as he led him down the hall and to a locked door. With a tap of his wand and a muttered password, the lock clicked, and the door swung open. Severus strode into the room while the boy looked around curiously. The room, clearly enlarged to be bigger than common sense suggested it should be, was a fully stocked Potions laboratory. Even with its increased size, the shelves were overfilled with ingredients, and the ceiling looked almost moss covered with the number of dried plants hanging from it. The only thing out of place, was a large bowl on a pedestal that glowed with a silver light.

"I trust you are aware of what this is?" Severus asked.

"A Pensieve," Draco answered, staring into the swirling silver depths curiously.

Severus nodded and then clasped his hands behind his back as he looked at him.

"What has your father told you of the Dark Lord?" he asked.

Looking startled by the question, Draco blinked a few times before answering.

"He told me how powerful he was, and how he wanted to rid the world of Mudbloods and Muggles once and for all," the boy answered, smirking at the thought.

Barely suppressing a scoff at his lack of knowledge, Severus grabbed the sleeve of his left arm and yanked it up, revealing the lightly writhing snake and skull on his pale skin. Draco's eyes widened as he stared at it, conflicting emotions of fear and desire flickering across his features.

"The Dark Lord is growing stronger," Severus said before pulling his sleeve back down. "With your father in prison, you must be prepared for his return."

Severus stared emotionlessly at the boy as his face paled and he took an involuntary step backwards in fright. Good, Severus thought, perhaps all is not lost. Striding forward, he grabbed

Draco's hand and roughly plunged it into the Pensieve before both of them were sucked into the swirling silvery mist.

After a long fall, Severus landed light on the floor while Draco slammed into the ground painlessly.

"Where are--"

Draco cut himself off as he found himself standing on a grassy hill, surrounded by a dozen masked figures in black cloaks. As he stood, the boy recoiled in horror at the less than human visage of the Dark Lord. Severus kept his face blank as they watched one of the figures approach the tall, hairless, and deathly pale figure of the Dark Lord.

"My Lord," the man greeted.

Draco's eyes widened as he recognized the voice of his father, and then widened even further as he watched the man he had spent his life looking up to drop to his hands and knees and kiss the hem of the Dark Lord's robes.

"Lucius," the Dark Lord hissed. "Were you successful?"

"M-my Lord, I-I tried, but I could not find it. Per-perhaps if I had a few more days--"

"Crucio!"

Severus watched as Draco took half a step forward, as if to protect his father, and then stopped as the man screamed in agony. Behind him, the remained figures shuffled nervously as one of their own was tortured for several long seconds, the sound of his wretched screams echoing off the hillside. He noted the boy's hands shook in fear by the time the curse was lifted.

"You disappoint me, Lucius," the Dark Lord said in a calm, casual tone. "However, I will give you two more days to find me the location of the McKinnons. Is your Lord not merciful?"

"Yes, my Lord. Thank you," Lucius groveled, bowing low from his place knelt on the ground. "I will not fail you again."

"See that you don't," the Dark Lord said, a twisted smile stretching his thin lips. "If you do, then I will just have to find someone else to entertain my Death Eaters. Perhaps your wife could take their place?"

"If-if that is what you require, my Lord," Lucius answered.

Draco gasped in horror, staring in shock and disgust at the man on the ground while the memory dissolved around them. Severus gave the boy a moment before stepping in front of him.

"Do not look so surprised, Draco," he said derisively. "When you serve the Dark Lord, everything you have, everything you are belongs to him. Your wealth, your power, your family, even your very life is his to do with as he pleases."

"Did- did they?" Draco asked, swallowing thickly.

"No," Severus answered after a moment. "Your father managed to procure the location of the McKinnons. We will view that now. It's time you learned what is expected of you."

Half an hour later, Severus yanked Draco out of the Pensieve just in time for the boy to vomit all over the floor. Scowling, he waved his wand and vanished the mess as Draco panted on his hands and knees.

"I-I can't," Draco gasped, his eyes clenched shut to hide from the horrors he'd witnessed while tears ran down his cheeks.

“What will you do?” Severus asked without a hint of sympathy. “Will you refuse the Dark Lord? I thought you wished to punish the Blood Traitors and the Mudbloods.”

“I- I didn’t- that-”

Draco heaved violently, but his stomach was already empty.

“Perhaps now you understand why your mother has fled,” Severus said.

The boy’s head whipped up to look at him, his lips pulling back into his customary sneer.

“Why him? Why Potter?” he asked spitting the name like a curse.

“That’s something you would need to ask her,” Severus answered.

Without another word, he left the room, and the boy to his own thoughts.

While Harry was out flying with his Quidditch teammates, Narcissa made her way into the Hogwarts library. It only took her a quick glance to find the head of bushy brown hair she was looking for. Hermione was surrounded by two large stacks of books, a roll of parchment in front of her as her quill scratched away furiously.

“Hello, Hermione,” Narcissa said with a smile.

The young woman looked up and immediately flushed, something she’d done for the last few days, ever since their little rendezvous. Narcissa smirked at the memory and wondered just how long it would be before Hermione decided to go against her Muggle upbringing and tell Harry how she felt.

“Hi,” Hermione replied, quickly gathering herself.

The smirk on Narcissa lips faded when she remembered why she was there.

“May I talk with you for a few minutes? It’s about Harry. I have a few... questions you might be able to help me with,” she said.

A light of understanding sparked in Hermione’s eyes, and she nodded her head. Gathering her books and parchment, she threw her bag over her shoulder and followed Narcissa out of the library. Rather than head back to her private room, however, Narcissa led her to one of the schools many small courtyards. Taking out her wand, she cast a quick Privacy Charm around the bench they sat on. The courtyard was empty for the moment, but this matter was too delicate to risk eavesdroppers listening in.

“What was that?” Hermione asked curiously. “I don’t think I’ve seen that spell before.”

“I doubt you would have,” Narcissa said, smiling at the younger woman. “It was developed by a friend. You won’t find it in any book. Any who attempt to listen in will hear nothing but an indistinct mumbling. I could teach it to you later, if you’d like.”

“That sounds like it could be useful,” Hermione said with a grateful smile. “So, what did you want to talk about?”

Narcissa straightened her robes, giving herself a moment to consider how she wanted to word things.

“Harry and I had a discussion last night. I thought it would be best for us to get to know each other better,” she said to which Hermione nodded. “He’s told me quite a lot about the adventures you two have been on. Some of it just sounds incredible, and I intend to have him take me down to the Chamber of Secrets soon. The Basilisk, even if it’s half the size he says it is, would be worth a fortune, and I’d be surprised if there isn’t anything else down there.”

"I didn't think about that," Hermione admitted sheepishly before her eyes narrowed slightly. "So, I'm guessing you want me to confirm some of those stories."

"No, no, that's not what I meant," Narcissa said quickly. "I believe him, although, I'd very much appreciate hearing things from your point of view. No, what I wanted to ask you about is what happened to him before Hogwarts. I noticed he doesn't talk about his childhood much."

"Oh," Hermione said, looking away as she nibbled her bottom lip. "What has he told you?"

"Not much, only that he grew up with his Muggle aunt, uncle, and cousin," Narcissa said, watching her closely. "I gathered that he doesn't get along with them, but all he said was that they didn't like magic. I didn't want to push him on it too soon, and I hoped you might be able to fill me in on just how bad it was for him."

"I'm... not sure if it's my place to say anything," Hermione said slowly.

Narcissa let out a frustrated sigh but nodded.

"I understand," she said. "I think I can guess most of it. It's not unusual for some children to be treated that way, unfortunately."

"Really?" Hermione asked.

Narcissa nodded, "Some Muggles just can't handle the knowledge that magic is real and they take it out on their children. Keep this to yourself, but Professor Snape's father became villainously cruel to his family when he learned his wife and son were magical. Part it was because she didn't tell him until *after* Severus was born, but that is no excuse for what he did. I remember him returning to Hogwarts with bruises on more than occasion."

Hermione blinked in surprise and sat looking thoughtfully for a moment.

"I don't really know that much for certain, but he's said some things over the years," she said eventually. "I don't think he was physically abused, or if he was it was rare. I think most of it was just insults and neglect. I know a little more, but I think he should be the one to tell you about it."

Again, Narcissa nodded in understanding before glaring off into the distance.

"Now, the question is, why would Dumbledore allow that to happen?" she asked angrily.

"For what I understand, he put up some kind of powerful blood wards around the house," Hermione said in the headmaster's defense.

"Still, that's no excuse," Narcissa said firmly, careful not to direct her anger at the younger woman. "If he had to stay there, then they should have been threatened or compelled into behaving. I'll be having words with Dumbledore about that. He will not be going back to those people if I can help it."

"Good," Hermione said in relief. "I hated watching him go back there."

"Don't worry, we'll take care of him," Narcissa said with a smile, nudging the girl's shoulder with hers. "Listen, I need to take Harry to Gringotts before school starts again. Would you like to come with us? I'm sure he would appreciate having you there."

"What do you need to do there?" Hermione asked curiously.

"We need to combine my account with his and see if we can get him declared an adult. Between the Tournament, Sirius, and essentially being married, I think we can manage it," Narcissa said with a smirk. "Once Harry has his seat in the Wizengamot, the Minister is in for a world of problems."

“What do you mean?” Hermione asked.

“Fudge can overrule an underage witch and wizard easily, but it’s much harder to do that to a member of the Wizengamot,” Narcissa explained. “Between the evidence I have against him thanks to my ex-husband, and the evidence Harry gave me last night, we should be able to get Sirius a trial. Actually, I’d be surprised if Fudge keeps his job. The man has knowingly put out a kiss on sight order for a member of the Scared Twenty-Eight while knowing he was never convicted. If there’s one thing that can bring the other members on board to our side, it’s self-preservation.

“If it could happen to Sirius, it sets a dangerous precedent that it could happen to them. I’ve been working closely with Madam Bones to make sure everything is airtight before we make a move. When Harry makes his debut at the Wizengamot, it’ll be to utterly destroy one of the most powerful men in the nation.”

Narcissa rubbed her thighs together at just the thought of it. She’d always found power attractive, and Harry had that in spades. With her help, he would become the most powerful wizard seen in centuries.

“Harry’s alright with that?” Hermione asked skeptically.

“I’ve talked to him about it,” Narcissa said with a smirk. “Harry hates his fame, but I’ve convinced him to use it for good. Between his name and having the Potter and Black seats in the Wizengamot, Harry can make a huge difference in our world.”

Watching the girl closely, she caught the look of suspicion in her eyes, even if it did only last for a second. While part of her wanted to be offended, Narcissa knew she would be thinking the same thing in her position. With how her husband and son had acted over the years, and then her appearing out of nowhere to change everything, it did look as though she was just doing this for her own selfish reasons.

“I know this may not mean much,” Narcissa said, “but I promise you, I’m not doing this just for myself. I really do want to help him.”

"I didn't-"

"You thought it," she interrupted, though not unkindly. "It's alright, really. Honestly, I'd be insulted if you weren't suspicious."

Hermione chuckled at Narcissa's haughty tone and lifted chin, her shoulders relaxing. After a few seconds of silence that was steadily growing more uncomfortable, Narcissa was just thinking about leaving when Hermione spoke up.

"So, how are things with you and Harry?" she asked softly.

Narcissa allowed a true, happy smile to light up her face.

"Wonderful," she said happily. "It's so... freeing, to be with someone who actually cares for me. I don't have to hide my feelings or pretend. I can just relax and enjoy myself for the first time since I was a little girl. Harry has truly been... perfect."

"I'm happy for you," Hermione replied with an honest smile.

Narcissa caught the wistful look in her eyes and decided to tease the younger woman a bit.

"The sex is great, too," she added.

Hermione stared at her with wide eyes and an open mouth before breaking into an incredulous laugh. Narcissa joined in with a laugh a moment later, feeling truly free and happy.

"What's it like?" Hermione asked once they'd both calmed, acting far more like a normal, gossiping teenage girl than she usually did.

"Incredible," Narcissa gushed, feeling as if she was a schoolgirl herself. "I don't have much experience, mind you. I was contracted to Lucius in my fifth year, and I was a virgin at the time. Still, Harry's given me more orgasms in the last week than Lucius did during our entire marriage. Harry's also bigger than he was, much bigger."

Both of them broke into another short fit of giggles before collecting themselves.

"It's not just that though," she added. "It's the way he looks at me, the way he touches me. He just makes me feel wanted. People have told me my whole life that I'm beautiful, usually while staring at my breasts, but Harry the first person to actually make me *feel* beautiful."

Hermione gave another small smile before chewing her bottom lip again, a thoughtful look on her face as she stared off into the distance.

"Have you thought on what we discussed?" Narcissa asked.

While she was willing to give the girl time, a part of her was hoping to move things along. It was clear she and Harry cared deeply for each other, and Hermione had been rather accepting of her as well. There was also the fact that with Harry's power and Hermione's brains, the two of them would be practically unstoppable together once they got a foothold.

"I've thought about it," Hermione admitted quietly. "I'll admit, I really do care for him deeply. I'm just still worried about what will happen if things don't work out, or how I'll feel about sharing him with not just you, but likely someone else as well."

Those were valid concerns, Narcissa thought, but she didn't think it was the whole truth. She had too much experience reading people not to see the signs of nervousness and insecurity.

"There's something else bothering you, isn't there?" she asked gently.

Hermione gave a short, humorless laugh while shaking her head.

"Am I really that easy to read?" she asked.

"I have a lot of practice," Narcissa told her with a soft smile.

Hermione sighed and looked down in contemplative silence for several long seconds. Narcissa gave her time, wondering if the girl trusted her enough to talk about whatever was bothering her.

"Can we keep this just between us?" she finally asked quietly.

"Of course," Narcissa assured her.

"I- Well, I've always been the one that Harry goes to for help. Now that you're here though..."

"You feel like he might not need you anymore," Narcissa finished for her.

Hermione bit her lip and nodded while avoiding her eyes.

"Alright, just two things. Firstly, Harry still needs you. I'm not trying to replace you, and even if I were, there's no way that I could. Secondly, do you really think Harry thinks so little of you? That he only sees you as a tool to be discarded when he thinks you're no longer needed?" Narcissa asked, arching her brow.

Hermione ducked her head, looking properly scolded as she shook her head.

"Hermione, when Harry and I discussed our lives, he mentioned you constantly," Narcissa said. "You're a huge part of his life, and that's not going to change just because I'm around. He simply has one more person by his side, that's all."

Hermione wiped a stray tear from her eyes and nodded. Cautiously, Narcissa wrapped an arm around her shoulders and hugged her to her side. Surprisingly, Hermione willingly leaned into her, resting her head on Narcissa's shoulder.

"Thank you," she said softly.

"You're welcome," Narcissa replied.

She rubbed the brunette's shoulder soothingly while she thought about a better way to help her. Unfortunately, issues with insecurity could take years to get over. There was, however, one issue she could help Hermione with. If she was worried about how she would react when seeing Harry with someone else, well, then she would just have to experience it to know for sure.

"Why don't we go back to my quarters, and I'll make you some tea?" Narcissa asked.

While Hermione nodded and allowed herself to be guided back down the hall, Narcissa smirked as a plan began to form in her mind. When they entered her and Harry's private quarters, she discretely palmed her wand and put an Alert Ward outside the portrait guarding the entrance before locking it behind her.

After getting comfortable, Narcissa spent a good hour and a half talking with Hermione. In that time, she could easily see why Harry liked her so much, but there was one thing she had to correct her on.

"You tried to free the House Elves?" Narcissa asked.

"They shouldn't be slaves. It's wrong!" Hermione replied sharply.

"That may be, but have you considered how that would affect the Elves?" she asked.

"Of course I did. They'd be free like Dobby to live their lives," Hermione said heatedly.

Narcissa sighed, wondering how to explain what she wanted without Hermione taking it as a personal attack. One thing she had noticed about the girl was her tendency to jump to conclusions when she felt strongly about something.

"I know you're passionate about this, but please calm down and really think about this for a moment," Narcissa said. "All House Elves, or at least all the ones I've met, have been servants for generations. For them, being freed is a disgrace. They see it as being judged unworthy to serve, which is probably the greatest insult to a House Elf."

"But that's wrong," Hermione argued.

"That may be," Narcissa interjected before Hermione could continue, "but it's how they feel, and you need to respect that. You also have to understand that, because they've been servants for so long, they don't know how to function otherwise. Essentially, what you're doing would be like saving a child from an abusive family by kicking them out on the streets. They'd be free, but they'd have no way to take care of themselves."

Hermione's brow furrowed and she lost some of her confrontational stance.

"But couldn't they just get hired by another family?" she asked.

"A few may, but that would be the exception," Narcissa told her. "Most families would be very reluctant to hire a free House Elf. Besides the fact that a free Elf is looked at as a disgrace, there's secrecy to consider. House Elves see everything that goes on in a house. If an Elf isn't bonded, there's nothing to stop them from telling someone else your secrets if they quit, they're fired, bribed, threatened or even just because they're angry."

"If you want to truly free House Elves, it's going to take years, possibly decades of work. Not only do you have to convince Elves it's acceptable, but you need to convince wizards to accept

them. Then you need to teach them how to survive when they're not working for a family, and come up with a way to ensure they can't betray their current and former masters. It would take an entire Ministry department dedicated to House Elves to even have a chance at achieving that."

Hermione bowed her head in defeat.

"I didn't think of that," she muttered.

"There's one last thing you need to consider," Narcissa said, causing Hermione to look up at her. "As much as they may resemble us, they're not human. I'll admit, I know very little about them outside of what's commonly known, but I'm willing to bet they have their own culture and beliefs you'll need to understand. Forcing them into freedom will only make them, and wizards, resent you for your ignorance."

Narcissa sighed and shook her head, "We really do need that wizarding culture class you were talking about. Speaking of which, I think I may have found a candidate to be the professor."

"Who?" Hermione asked, looking relieved at the change of subject.

"My sister, Andromeda Tonks. She grew up as a Black, but she's married to a Muggleborn and lives in a Muggle town. She understands both worlds, and her daughter recently left Hogwarts, so she may be looking for a job to occupy her time." Narcissa said.

While all of that was true, she did have a bit of an alternative motive. This would work great as a proverbial olive branch in reaching out to her sister. If Andy took the job, that would give them plenty of time to catch up over the next couple of years, until Harry graduated.

"That's a great idea. Maybe we could get her husband to take over as the Muggle Studies professor. I took that class last year and it was horrible," Hermione complained. "It's easily a hundred years out of date, and the teacher barely knows anything."

Fortunately, before Narcissa had to admit she didn't know much about that, she felt a tingle in her spine for the Alert Ward. Jumping up, she grabbed Harry's cloak off the coat rack and handed it to Hermione.

"Put this on," she said quickly.

"I still can't believe they cancelled Quidditch," Katie bemoaned. "Viktor Krum is here for Merlin's sake. How can they cancel Quidditch when the best seeker in the world is here!"

Harry smiled and wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

"You know, they never said we *couldn't* play Quidditch, just that the Cup was cancelled," he reminded her. "I'm sure we could get most of the teams together and play some pickup games."

Katie came to a dead stop and blinked up at him just outside the door to his new quarters.

"Why the hell didn't any of us think of that?" Katie asked rhetorically. "Harry, that's brilliant! I'll talk to Angie and Alicia. Maybe we can even get the Durmstrangs to play. Just think about it, you could kick Krum's ass in the Tournament, and at Quidditch!"

"I'm not *that* good, Katie," Harry said, rolling his eyes.

"Hey! You've never lost without outside interference, and you're not going to start now," Katie said fiercely. "Besides, we all know you'd be in first place if Karkaroff would score fairly. Stupid git."

"I doubt it, but thanks for the support, Katie," said Harry, smiling at her affectionately.

“You’re a lot better than you give yourself credit for, Harry,” she replied, shaking her head.
“Anyways, I’ll go talk to them before dinner. We still need a new Keeper though.”

“Ron’s pretty good. I practiced with him over the summer,” Harry told her.

“As long as he’s better than that prick, McLaggen. I don’t trust that slime ball not to try and take a peek while I’m in the showers,” Katie said, shivering in disgust.

“If he tries that, he’ll find a Bludger where the sun doesn’t shine,” Harry threatened.

Katie giggled, “I’d love to see that. Anyways, I should get back. I’ll talk to you later, Harry.”

“See ya, Katie” Harry said, pulling her in for a brief hug.

Katie looked a bit surprised before smiling and hugging him back. He thought she might have blushed before taking off down the hall, but her cheeks were already flushed from flying in the cold air. She waved to him one last time before disappearing around the corner, which Harry returned. Turning, he smiled at the portrait guarding the entrance to his quarters.

“Freedom,” he said.

To his surprise, the portrait didn’t move. He tried the password again, only to get the same result. Frowning, Harry knocked on the frame.

“Cissy!” he yelled.

Just as he was starting to get worried, the lock clicked, and the portrait swung open. Stepping into his quarters, he found Narcissa on the couch wearing her silk robe.

“Sorry, Harry,” she said. “I took a shower and locked the door out of habit.”

“S’fine” Harry said with a shrug and a smile.

Leaning his broom against the wall and taking off his heavy winter cloak, Harry walked over to the couch and bent down to give her a kiss. When he stood back up, Narcissa grabbed his hand and pulled him down to sit next to her.

“Your hands are cold,” she complained.

“Really?” Harry said with a smirk.

With his free hand, he reached over and tried to slip it inside her robe.

“No!” Narcissa gasped.

She let out a squealing laugh as she fell back on the couch while Harry crawled over her. After a bit of wrestling, he managed to slip a hand under her robes and touch his ice-cold fingers against the warm skin of her stomach. Narcissa shrieked and swatted his hand away, a grin on her face as her eyes sparkled playfully. As they continued to wrestle, her robe fell completely open, revealing her gloriously nude body underneath. Their innocent playfulness gave way to arousal as Harry pinned Narcissa’s arms above her head and took one of her excited red nipples between his lips. The curvaceous blonde moaned and arched her back off the couch.

As Harry let go of her hands, Narcissa clutched the back of his head while he teased her nipples until both of them were hard and swollen from his attention. When the glistening, red nub popped free of his hungry lips, he started kissing his way up to her lips. Narcissa moaned while they kissed, her hands moving down to slip under his thick, woolen jumper to caress the firm muscles of his abs and chest. Supporting his weight on one hand, Harry took one of her spit slickened nipples gently between his cold fingers. Narcissa inhaled sharply through her nose and arched her back while her nails left fiery trails down his chest.

Slipping out of her robe, Narcissa then grabbed the hem of his jumper and undershirt before yanking them up over his head. Excitedly, Harry sat up and threw them to the side before standing up to kick off his shoes and open his pants. While he stripped, Narcissa gave him a hungry, sultry gaze. Slowly, she rolled onto her stomach, tucking her knees under her while arching her back. Harry practically tore his clothes off the rest of the way as she wiggled her full, jutting ass at him, her damp pink folds peeking out from between her thighs.

With his impressively sized cock standing at complete attention, Harry knelt behind Narcissa and thrust into her hot, welcoming depths. Both of them moaned as he buried himself to the hilt in her soft, silky core. His hands groped and squeezed her full cheeks, spreading them apart so he could watch his length sink repeatedly into her depths. Starting slowly, Harry gradually increased the speed and force of his thrusts, luxuriating in the feel of her hot, clutching walls.

“You feel so good, Cissy,” Harry groaned.

Narcissa moaned as she pushed back against him, driving his cock into her depths forcefully. Harry slid his hands under her body and squeezed her swaying tits, the large, soft orbs filling his hands. Bending down, he kissed and sucked at her neck, intent on leaving a mark for everyone to see. It certainly wouldn’t be the first time he left her a love bite to cover up. Unfortunately, with the way she was bent over, Harry had a hard time enjoying her body as much as he wanted to. Smirking against her skin, he decided to change that.

Wrapping his arms around her waist, Harry lifted Narcissa up as he shifted to sit normally. The voluptuous blonde moaned and leaned her back against his chest while turning her face to kiss him. Harry cupped her breasts, groping them roughly as Narcissa planted her feet on the couch, knees bent, and legs spread wide. Her hips rolled as she started bouncing on him, spearing herself on his rigid shaft over and over again. Panting heavily, she pulled her lips away from his, closing her eyes with a moan while she leaned against him. Harry’s lips immediately attacked her neck again, kissing, sucking, and nipping at the pale, delicate skin.

“Harry,” Narcissa panted breathlessly.

Just the sound of his name rolling off her dark red lips had him throbbing inside of her. Letting go of one of her breasts, he ran his hand down her body to her drooling lips. Dampening his

fingers in her gushing arousal, he brought them back up to her clit and teased around the outside of her hooded nub. Narcissa gasped, a shiver running through her body before she let out a wanton moan. Her breath came in shuddering pants as she worked her hips frantically.

Harry couldn't help but smile a tad smugly as she lost her rhythm, her movements becoming jerky and uncoordinated. Rolling her nipple between his fingers and furiously rubbing her clit, Narcissa tipped over the edge. With a short shriek, she hunched forward and writhed in his lap, her face scrunched up as her mouth hung open. Harry groaned from the feeling of her folds fluttering around his length and soaked him in her arousal. When the stimulation became too much, Narcissa pushed his hand away from her mound, panting as she collapsed limply against him.

In search of his own release, Harry pulled out of her and then laid her down back first on the couch. He swore he heard her gasp as he lined his straining cock back up with her flooded entrance. Sinking back into her depths, Harry showed zero restraint as he thrust furiously, their pelvises meeting with a loud wet slap. Narcissa's breasts jiggled wildly on her chest with each powerful plunge that jerked her body forwards.

"That's it, Harry. Fuck me. Give me that beautiful cock," she panted.

Harry groaned, huffing for the effort of his titanic thrusts.

"Mmh, maybe I should see if any of the other Pureblood wives are ready to give up their useless husbands," Narcissa told him with a lustful smirk. "Carmella Zabini just lost another husband. Maybe I should show her what a real man is like."

Merlin, I love when she talks dirty, Harry thought as his cock jerked excitedly.

"Or what about Pansy's mother, Helena, she's quite beautiful actually," Narcissa continued. "Or Elizabeth Nott. Not too bright, but she's got massive tits and she does this trick with her tongue that I know you'd love."

Harry grunted as his peak rapidly approached, the thought of fucking the mothers of all the Slytherins that bullied him quickly pushing him to the edge.

“Anastasia Greengrass is just as beautiful as her daughters, and I know she can’t stand her husband,” Narcissa said before placing her lips next to his ear. “And I know she doesn’t have a gag reflex either.”

With the image of Daphne Greengrass looking up at him while his cock was buried in her throat, Harry groaned and flooded Narcissa’s depths. His body tensed as his cock swelled and pulsed, jets of thick, hot cum coating her walls. As his climax came to an end, Harry collapsed on top of her while she stroked his back soothingly. He buried his face in the crook of her neck and closed his eyes with a contented sigh.

He never noticed the smile on Narcissa’s face as a flushed and sweaty Hermione materialized out of nowhere, hung up his cloak, and then slipped silently out of the room.