

Narcissa's Reckoning

Part 1

Narcissa Malfoy sat in the dimly lit parlor of Malfoy Manor with her slender fingers curled around a delicate porcelain teacup. The rain tapping against the windows only underscored the silence that had overtaken her once bustling home. She wore her usual expression of icy composure, but her heart pounded with a frantic desperation as her eyes traced the intricate patterns of the rug at her feet. The sudden flutter of wings grabbed her attention, and she glanced up to see a regal, brown-feathered owl perched atop a silver candelabra. In its beak was a blood-red envelope.

She set her teacup down without a sound and strode across the marble tiles. Her footsteps echoed in the emptiness of the large house. With a trembling hand, she broke the seal and withdrew a single slip of parchment. The letter was from Gringotts. Narcissa scanned the contents, expecting another demand for payment or a formal warning. Instead, she found the words far more damning. The Malfoy vault had been frozen and all assets seized. A quick calculation told her that the family fortune that had been carefully cultivated over centuries had been reduced to the paltry contents of her personal purse ... which was a few scattered knuts and perhaps a single sickle if she was lucky.

Narcissa crumpled the letter in her fist. Lucius was rotting in Azkaban, clinging to the last shreds of sanity in a cell that smelled of piss and mold. Draco, her only son, was now the subject of daily headlines as his trial for multiple uses of Unforgivable Curses unfolded in the Wizengamot. Every day, the Prophet ran a new story about the Malfoy legacy of cruelty and corruption, and every day Narcissa found fewer and fewer friends willing to take her calls. She had always believed that her family would survive anything, but now, it was in complete ruin.

She paced the length of the parlor and let her mind race. She could not turn to her family. The Lestranges were either dead or in hiding, and Andromeda would sooner hex her than offer a loan. Most of her old Slytherin contacts vanished after the War, and the few who remained in England openly enjoyed her humiliations. There was no one left. No one but ...

She shuddered at the thought, and her pride warred with her terror. Harry Potter had been the architect of her husband's downfall, the judge of her son's fate, and the reason her name now drew hisses in Diagon Alley. Yet he was also the only wizard in Britain who might have the resources and the influence to help her ... if she could convince him to do so.

Narcissa stood before the frosted window, watching the rain streak down the glass in ever-thickening rivulets. She straightened her back and moved to her husband's old office where she kept her stationery. Her hands barely shook as she selected the finest parchment, uncapped a bottle of ink, and began to compose a letter. The words came slowly, and each one was meticulously chosen and accompanied by a fresh surge of shame. She did not beg, but she

laid out her plight in plain terms, and by the end, she could only hope that Potter would read between the lines.

She folded the letter, sealed it with the Malfoy crest, and summoned the waiting owl. As it soared off into the storm, Narcissa felt the last of her dignity evaporate. This was her last hope. This was what utter defeat felt like. She turned from the window with her jaw clenched with determination. If she had to crawl, she would crawl. She would do anything to survive.

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The owl had returned the following morning. Narcissa had not slept. Instead, she paced the corridors until dawn, wondering if Potter would reply. When she heard the sharp click of its beak against the window, she was already standing there with her arms nervously crossed.

She untied it with fingers numbed by dread. Potter's reply was short and written in a firm, almost inelegant hand.

I'll arrive at eight. Be alone.

She burned the letter in the fireplace, then spent the day making preparations. The manor was cold and cavernous now, but she made the drawing room as welcoming as possible. She ordered the house-elves to polish every candelabra, to scent the air with lilies, and to stack the fires high with fresh pine logs. When she saw herself in the gilded mirror above the hearth, she was startled by the purple half-moons beneath her eyes. She re-applied her makeup three times. Each time, she wiped it off, unable to decide whether she wanted to look strong or beautiful or both.

It was nearly eight when she took up her post by the fireplace, standing with her back straight and her hands folded at her waist. The minutes moved uncomfortably slowly, and the sound of the grandfather clock ticking away tested her patience.

When the Floo lit up with a sudden, roaring emerald flame, Narcissa almost cried out. She steadied herself and watched as Harry Potter stepped out and brushed the soot from the shoulders of his black coat. He was taller than she remembered, and broader at the chest, but his hair was still untamable even as an adult. His eyes swept the room and landed on her. It was not a kind gaze.

"Mrs. Malfoy," he said. His voice was almost gentle, but his eyes had the steady, unsentimental glint she associated with Aurors and other members of the Ministry.

"Mr. Potter. Thank you for coming," she said. She extended a hand, but he only nodded, so she let it fall.

There was a moment of silence, and then Narcissa gestured to the table where a decanter of wine and two glasses stood ready. "Would you care for a drink?"

He shook his head and walked the perimeter of the room. His eyes raked over the portraits, the bookshelves, and the marble mantel. She realized he was cataloging exits and threats. Perhaps he wasn't as dumb as he looks, Narcissa snidely thought.

He moved to stand across from her with his arms folded. "You said it was urgent. What do you need from me?"

The words were quick and to the point, as if he couldn't wait to get out of her house. Narcissa stepped forward while her mind flickered through the speech she had composed and rehearsed all day. "I need your help. My son's trial ..."

"Will proceed according to the law," Harry interrupted with a clipped tone. "I can't pardon Draco, and I won't bribe the Wizengamot. I already disregarded my better judgment and spoke in Draco's favor. The Wizengamot assured me that he will be shown some leniency if found guilty."

Narcissa bristled as her shame and anger battled for dominance. "That is not what I am asking," she said. "Draco will face justice. There is nothing you or I can do about that. Believe me ... I have tried everything. But the Ministry has seized all our assets. I have nothing left, Mr. Potter. And if the sentence is as severe as they predict, Draco will have nothing when he gets out."

She saw the flicker in his eyes. It wasn't out of sympathy for her, but merely curiosity. "So you want money?"

She nodded in an almost imperceptible way. "I want ... a loan. Enough to keep the house. Enough to give Draco a future when ..."

Harry let out a small laugh, and Narcissa felt her cheeks burn. "You realize how many people would pay to watch the Malfoys lose everything? How many families have you ruined, Narcissa?"

She didn't look away. "I know exactly how many."

Harry watched her for a long moment. Then he said, "So. What are you offering me in return?"

Narcissa's heart hammered in her chest. She had known, even before the owl returned, that this was a possibility. After all, she had nothing else to offer. She had told herself she would be prepared. But now, with the man himself standing before her, she felt her pride take a nose dive.

Instead, she stepped forward until she was near enough to smell the faint aftershave on Harry's jaw. She reached out and laid one trembling palm flat against his chest. It was like touching a

stone wall, only much warmer. She stared up at him, not bothering to conceal the shame in her eyes.

"This," she said. "You want the truth? Fine. I will let you have me, Mr. Potter. You can have the wife of your enemy, if that is what it will take."

Harry's lips curled up in a very annoying smirk. He made no move to touch her, but he did not pull away. "That's what I thought," he said in a flat voice. "Slytherins will do anything to survive."

She felt the heat blossom in her face and hated him. She hated herself even more. "Let's not do this here," he said in an almost conversational tone. "Why don't we go to your bedroom and get comfortable?"

Narcissa's mouth went dry, but she nodded nonetheless.

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When the bedroom door closed behind her, Narcissa's heart pounded so hard she thought it must be visible even through the stiff bodice of her dress. The room was cold and formal, as all Malfoy bedrooms were, with the four-poster bed looming over everything. She walked to the foot of the bed with her hands tightly clasped, waiting for the next indignity. Narcissa told herself that she knew what would happen. Potter would be no different than her husband or any other man. This would be a simple transaction that was quick and efficient. She would lie back, and Potter would take what he wanted in the clumsy, forgettable way that all men did. He would finish a few minutes later, and then he would leave, and the only evidence would be a damp patch and a pile of galleons.

Harry didn't move at first. He stood just inside the bedroom door, letting his eyes roam over the room before settling on her. The silence dragged out, and for the first time Narcissa felt the urge to speak. She hated that. She was not the sort of woman who babbled to fill silences, especially not with men like Potter.

She braced herself for his approach, assuming he would paw at her, or perhaps push her back onto the bed and rut away in a fast and graceless manner. Instead, he said, "Turn around," with a voice so calm and steely that she obeyed before she even realized what she was doing. She faced the tall windows that overlooked the moonlit gardens. She heard him cross the carpet, and then he was behind her. He was so close that she could feel the heat radiating off his body.

He touched her hair first, brushing it aside and letting it tumble over her right shoulder. Then his hands ran down her back, and his fingers grazed the row of tiny mother-of-pearl buttons that held her dress together. He unfastened them with quick, practiced precision. With each button undone, the dress loosened and slipped further down her back until, with a final tug, it dropped to her waist. Narcissa's skin prickled in the chilly air. Her entire nude back was bared to him. She stood still, refusing to tremble, as Harry pulled the dress over her hips, leaving her in

nothing but her black thigh-high stockings, a dark green pair of lace-trimmed panties, and a matching bra. He then grabbed her hips and spun her around to face him.

Harry dropped to one knee so suddenly that Narcissa's heart skipped. She felt the brush of cool air on her thighs as he reached up and closed both hands around her panties' waistband. The look in his eyes was neither hungry nor cruel, and he didn't bother to tease or leer. He simply peeled the expensive lace down her hips, then let it bunch at her knees. Narcissa's pale, bare mound was now eye-level with him.

Narcissa froze. She had never been naked like this before a man who wasn't her husband, and even then, never with the lights on, never standing, and never with herself so fully exposed. Her cheeks bloomed red. She had prepared for so many indignities, but not this one.

Harry's face was so close she could feel the warmth of his breath on her mound. Narcissa's upbringing screamed at her that this was perverse. It was a thing that was never done in decent society. Panicking, he thought back to the lessons of her mother. Sex was a duty that was best performed in the dark, beneath blankets, and with the minimum amount of fuss and exposure. Her role was to bear it and say nothing, and under no circumstances should she draw attention to the act of sex, nor to herself.

Good women didn't do such things. Good women didn't open their legs, let alone for a Potter. She remembered the Pureblood etiquette books, and the warnings about Gryffindor men and their perverse, bestial appetites. Her lips parted, but she was at a loss for words. He was waiting for her to say something, but the moment stretched into a strange, silent standoff.

When her voice returned, it was brittle and sharp. "What are you doing?"

Harry didn't answer. Instead, he reached up and parted her thighs with both hands. His grip was firm but not rough. His touch sent a jolt through her, and she realized that he was forcing her to stand wider, and to expose herself even more. Narcissa's knees nearly buckled, but she held steady, staring down at the man who had once been her enemy and was now her only hope.

She tried to reclaim some dignity by reasserting control over the scene. "Is this how you treat your conquests?" she asked in a tone that was laced with acid.

He looked up, and his eyes glittered with something unreadable. Narcissa thought it was possibly amusement, which annoyed her even more. "No," he said. "I usually take my time. But I don't think you can handle that."

She was about to reply when she felt his hot breath on her delicate lips, and her body gave a shameful little shudder. She clapped her hands over her mound, but Harry gently pushed them aside and held them behind her back. The bastard was doing whatever he wanted, and all Narcissa could do was stand there and take it.

She tried to distract herself by looking at anything but the man at her feet, but his presence drew her eyes back to him again and again, until she could not look away.

Finally, her panties dropped around her ankles, and the bastard balled them up and tossed them away, as if she wouldn't be needing them anymore.

Narcissa had watched entire lines wiped out with a casual flick of a wand, but she had never felt as helpless as she did in that moment, with Harry Potter kneeling at her feet and looking up at her with those infuriatingly bright green eyes. She struggled to recapture her composure, but all she could muster was, "Are you going to sit there and stare, or are you ..." The words died in her throat as Harry's hands closed like vices around the backs of her thighs. With a single, effortless tug, he pulled her forward and up, forcing her to straddle his broad shoulders. Narcissa's feet dangled above the thick carpet, and her field of view suddenly tilted as Harry rose smoothly to his feet, carrying her as though she weighed nothing at all.

It was humiliating. Narcissa's knees hooked over his shoulders, and her thighs squeezed against his neck as Harry pressed his face directly into her bare, exposed mound. She could feel the stubble of his jaw rubbing against her pale inner thighs, and the heat of his breath was so intense she thought she might combust. Her first instinct was to shriek, but her composure reasserted itself just enough to let her bark, "POTTER! What in the world are you ..." before the rest of her protest was strangled by another helpless yelp. Harry had started to move his head in a way that was both deliberately humiliating and completely deranged. He shook his face back and forth, nuzzling deep between her legs, and Narcissa had no control over the humiliating squeal that escaped her lips.

She clapped her hands to her mouth, mortified at the undignified noise she had made, but Harry didn't give her a chance to regroup. He adjusted his grip and pulled her even closer, until her lower body was canted upward at an obscene angle and her back was arched. She could see the reflection of them both in the tall gilded mirror across from the bed, and the sight of her elegant, dignified self splayed open on Harry Potter's shoulders like a common tart was almost enough to make her faint.

Harry, for his part, seemed utterly unbothered by her outrage. In fact, his eyes flashed with something close to delight as he buried his face between her thighs and inhaled deeply, as though savoring an expensive perfume. Narcissa tried to twist away, but his hands held her steady, and then his tongue was suddenly and shockingly tracing a slow line across her most sensitive flesh. Narcissa's toes curled, and a wave of heat shot up her spine, leaving her lightheaded. She tried again to speak, to protest, or to demand some measure of control, but the only sound she could make was a desperate gasp.

The humiliation deepened. Harry's tongue moved with infuriating skill, sweeping from bottom to top. It swirled softly around her clit, and then darted inside her with a slow, maddening rhythm that made her knees go weak and her brain fog over. Narcissa had no frame of reference for this kind of sensation. Sex, for her, had always been a brief and unpleasant affair. It was

something to accept and endure with stoic silence. But now her body betrayed her. It arched, trembled, and leaked down Harry's chin. Each time he paused, she thought it was over, but then he would change his angle, or flick his tongue at a new spot. Narcissa would yelp and clamp her thighs tighter around his head, only to realize she was physically holding on to him and riding his face in a way that was utterly depraved.

She caught a glimpse of her own reflection. Her face was flushed crimson. Her blonde hair tumbled wildly over her shoulders, and her breasts heaved under her green bra. She looked like she had been conquered by the man who was the root of all her family's problems. The worst part was the undeniable, ever-building coiling heat between her legs that made her want to beg and plead. But she would not. Narcissa Malfoy would never.

Narcissa bit her lip and kept her mouth shut, desperate to keep the next whimper trapped in her throat. But Harry must have known exactly what he was doing, because he drew back just enough to lock eyes with her. Then, with a maddeningly smug flick of his tongue against her swollen clit, he sent her over the edge. Narcissa's composure shattered, and a loud, keening cry escaped her. Her hips bucked uncontrollably against his face, and she smeared her juices all over him. She clutched at his hair with both hands as her whole body spasmed and trembled in a frenzy of sensations she had never experienced.

When it was over, Harry gave her one last, gentle lick before letting her slide slowly down his torso. She would have collapsed onto the carpet if he hadn't caught her and set her upright again. Of course, the Halfblood bastard steadied her by palming and squeezing her wide, jutting ass with both hands. Narcissa's knees wobbled, and she nearly fell before regaining her footing.

She tried to gather the tattered shreds of her dignity, but all she could do was glare at him with her cheeks ablaze. "You're an animal," she hissed. She couldn't help but notice how wet his face was, and it filled her with even more shame.

Harry smirked, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and said, "Tell me something I don't know."

He then gently shoved her back onto her bed. Her body bounced as she hit the soft mattress, and her legs accidentally spread open for a moment. She saw him staring at her wet, exposed pussy with a smirk, and Narcissa quickly snapped her legs shut in shame. Then the insufferable piece of shit chuckled amusedly, and Narcissa's cheeks burned even hotter. It was then that he began undressing, and Narcissa's heart really started hammering.