

The trudge up to the Top Box was honestly a pain in the arse. Harry's calves were burning, and he was pretty sure they'd continue to for about... the next week if he were lucky. Leaning over to Hermione, he whispered, "You'd think considering, you know, magic. There'd be a quicker way up this bloody thing."

If he was having a hard time with the climb, it was far worse for his bushy-haired friend. She huffed out a laugh and nodded her head. When they finally reached the very top of the stadium, he had to say that it really was quite a sight.

They were situated right in the middle of the field between the two goal posts. It would give them a rather good, albeit distant view of the action. *Guess that's what we got the omnioculars for, though.* There were others in the box already, including a house elf for some odd reason.

*Really though... just how did Mr. Weasley get these tickets.* Because with the exception of the lonely house elf, the rest of the Box was filled with important dignitaries, including Minister Fudge and his Bulgarian counterpart.

The way that Fudge's eyes lit up the second he saw him made it painfully obvious just how Arthur had come by the tickets, though he imagined that wasn't done intentionally. He didn't believe Mr. Weasley was simple, or even naïve, but there was a certain kindness about him that left him ignorant of certain motivations. *Or he's fully aware, but why miss out on such an incredible opportunity just because Fudge wants to parade me around for a bit.*

"Harry, so good to see you." Fudge simpered with the best affected political voice he could muster, "Come here, I have someone here who's very interested in meeting you, I'm sure."

Decked out in green to support the Irish team, Harry was paraded in front of the Bulgarian Minister for Magic, Oblansk. The man's eyes lit up in recognition when he saw his scar, and Harry had to wonder if there was anywhere in the wizarding world where the thing wouldn't get recognized. *Maybe some remote parts of South America... no, not worth it, too humid.*

As Fudge tried to speak for him, using gestures as though that'd somehow help, Harry noticed someone coming up the stairs. *We should've bought our own tickets to this ruddy thing.* He wasn't even the biggest fan of crowds, but he'd take the pressing throng of people further down to spending his time with Lucius Malfoy and his insufferable spawn.

That wasn't all of them though, because from Lucius' other side came a truly stunning woman... *The look on her face, not so much.* Harry could only guess that this was Draco's mother. With piercing blue eyes, high, aristocratic cheekbones, full, pouty lips, and lustrous blonde locks, she wouldn't have looked out of place on the cover of a muggle magazine.

Almost regal in her movements, she glided up the stairs. She wore a black dress accented with silver that kissed the ground and hugged every one of her considerable curves. Harry suddenly found himself feeling underdressed, but that was nothing new at this point in his life. Fudge was still blathering on about something, but Harry couldn't find it in him to look away from the top of the stairs.

Seemingly disinterested, the gorgeous older woman surveyed the room. Nothing caught her interest until she found him looking. He saw the dawn of recognition and the slightest curve of her lip before her features fell right back into a mask of indifference. Finally noticing Harry's distraction, Fudge turned to

look at the stairs and was given reason to leave him alone, "Lucius! There you are! And your lovely family."

As Harry made his way toward his seat, he knew he was being watched. It felt like there was a physical heat to it, and he was acutely aware of where it was coming from. *Why the bloody hell is she staring at me?! I'm nothing special!* There was every possibility that it was disdain that drove that look, considering she was almost certainly a supporter of the Dark Lord and at the very least had heard some rather unfavorable stories from her son and husband about him. But when he chanced a glance in her direction as he sat down, he doubted it. There was interest in her bright blue eyes, curiosity, and something else, too, but not disdain.

As he went to take a seat next to Ron, and just in front of the seemingly out-of-place house elf, he couldn't help but notice the snit on his friend's face, "What's your problem, mate?"

The ginger gave him a dirty look, "Nothing, nothing at all. Did you enjoy your time getting fawned over by the Minister?"

Frowning, Harry really couldn't even understand the question, especially coming from someone who'd known him for years, "Every second of it was miserable, but it would've been rude to ignore him... and pretty daft to get on the bad side of the Minister of Magic." Ron scoffed, rolled his eyes and continued to pout as though he didn't believe a word that'd just come out of his mouth.

*You're at the bloody Quidditch World Cup and your pissy about the fact I had to spend a few minutes being civil with a blowhard, as though I wanted to do it!?* As much as he wanted to say just that, he knew it would make a scene, and likely cause him far more trouble than it was worth.

So, deciding he had no interest in dealing with Ron's passive aggressive bullshite, he got up and headed to the other end of the seats on the far side of Arthur and sat down there. The line of seats extended a good way down from there still. The elder Weasley didn't say anything, though from the sympathetic smile that was thrown his way, he figured he'd heard the whole interaction.

Still, Harry certainly wasn't going to let Ron's sour mood spoil his excitement of the moment. There was an entirely different problem just a few short seconds later when someone sat down in the seat next to him. She smelled wonderful, flowery and sweet all at the same time, "Hello, Mr. Potter, it's nice to meet you. I've heard a great deal about you over the years." The pinched look that had been on her face when she first arrived up to the Top Box was gone, instead there was a soft smile that transformed her whole face and made it just as pleasant as the rest of her.

And for the life of him, he couldn't imagine why in the world it was being directed toward him, "Hello, Mrs. Malfoy, nice to meet you, too, though I'm afraid I can't say the same. Draco tends to talk about his father far more than you. Or at least the things his father's going to hear about." He didn't know what this woman was expecting from him, but he wasn't going to hold his tongue just because it might offend her.

As it happened, he really didn't need to worry, "I've been telling him for years to stop with that nonsense. His ambitions should reach further than running behind his father's robes every time someone challenges him."

"Or just ruffles his hair a bit." Harry quipped back.

She tried to stifle her laugh, and just about managed it, “He does spend an inordinate amount of time on it. More than me, I’d wager.”

“Really?” He was looking at her golden blonde locks, and he couldn’t believe it for a second, “Because yours certainly come out looking better for it in the end, Mrs. Malfoy.”

“Narcissa,” She corrected as her fingers just grazed against his forearm, “And thank you, Mr. Potter.” It sent a spark of excitement right down his spine.

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“Harry, then.” He smiled at her, at least a bit nervous that a woman was paying him such close attention, but then she found it quite hard not to. Her husband was much too busy ingratiating himself as usual to care about her actions, and Draco was too enamored with his father to leave his side.

Narcissa didn’t particularly care for quidditch and never had. The last time she remembered willingly going to a quidditch match was during Hogwarts and that had absolutely nothing to do with the game. She made exceptions for her son, of course, but even that became less and less of a drive for her as Draco became evermore her husband’s creature.

He was entitled, arrogant, and brash. Narcissa wouldn’t pretend for a second that she didn’t share some of those same qualities, but as a Black there’d always been certain expectations. Namely, that they be able to carry the weight of their name and everything that came with it, with matching skill. Draco wasn’t useless, far from it, but he wasn’t what she would call exceptional either.

His father bought his way onto the Slytherin quidditch team, he made himself look a fool with the hippogriff and nearly got the creature killed as a result, and regularly found himself bested by the young man sitting next to her. A young man who, imprudent or not, she couldn’t seem to stop looking at him.

He was handsome, there was no doubting that. *Just like James.* Lucius had mentioned after the whole fiasco in Draco’s second year how ‘*Potter’s spawn looks just like him*’, though she hadn’t expected it to be quite so obvious, even down to the untamable hair that made you want to run your fingers through it. There were some differences though, his cheekbones were the less obvious ones unless you’d really looked at James, which she certainly had, but then there were the eyes. They were the same arresting emerald as his mother’s. If there was only one thing she could see that her son had ever gotten right in his estimation of Harry, it was that he dressed rather poorly. *Lucky for him, that’s quite easily fixed.*

“I’ve heard you’re quite the seeker.” She leaned over the arm of her own seat to get that little bit closer to him.

“Certainly not from Draco. I doubt he’d compliment even to save his own skin.”

She tittered at that, “That’s probably true, but it’s easy enough to discern when you read between the lines. You managed to beat him to a snitch despite him having the better broom and a rogue bludger chasing you. If that doesn’t speak to your skill, I don’t know what does.”

It was the sort of thing his father would’ve done, too. The sort of thing that made her go and watch his games, even after any talk of them being paired together had been shot down a dozen times over. Narcissa could remember begging her mother to talk to her Aunt Dorea when she was twelve years old. But the Potters weren’t the Blacks, they didn’t do things the same way as the older families. *And they*

*certainly didn't have the same view on blood purity.* And so, when James met Lily, there was no one else for him.

Narcissa even had to begrudgingly admit that the muggleborn witch was exceptionally beautiful and skilled. She was one of those individuals that put those old beliefs to the test... a test that they failed. The entire idea of blood superiority came crashing down for her when she found out the Dark Lord had tried to recruit not only James but Lily too. *Not that I would ever let Lucius know such a thing.* His crusade had nothing to do with purebloods, not really. It was a convenient excuse to get the politically powerful on his side. And that's all he was really interested in, power and talent. And both Lily and James had it in spades.

Now here she was with their son... and she wasn't sure she'd ever been more singularly attracted to someone in her entire life. It could be the results of years spent in a contractual marriage without any genuine love or affection, but she didn't think it was that alone. *No, there's just something about him.*

Ludo Bagman's voice boomed around them, but she didn't really hear the words. Instead, she just kept looking into the emerald eyes, "Though from what I've heard quidditch is the least exciting thing that happens to you any given year. Cave trolls, the Chamber of Secrets, Dementors, I don't remember Hogwarts being quite that dangerous in my time."

"It seems to follow me around like a shadow." He just seemed... resigned to that fact.

"Or it's deliberate." Things like that could only happen so many times before they constituted a pattern. Especially when, whether she liked him or not, one of the most skilled wizards in the world served as Headmaster and yet they persisted, "At the very least, I'd be preparing myself to ensure that you're in the best possible position the next time something like this happens, if as you say it's following you like a shadow." Despite only just having properly met him, she didn't like the idea of him getting hurt in the slightest.

Someone sat down next to her, but she didn't pay any mind, no more than she paid the look from Arthur Weasley any mind. She was much too interested in the conversation. Though there was something that caused a slight intrusion, "And the Bulgarian team!" The stands shook with the cheer that went up and even they couldn't ignore the commotion, and then the Veela mascots came out from the tunnel.

With so many of the ethereal creatures together, their allure absolutely suffused the stadium. Every red-blooded man in the stadium attracted to women, save for those with the natural fortitude, tried to climb the stands to get to them until they were held back by the witches there. Though that didn't mean witches like her weren't affected, too. It was just more subtle as her dripping twat could attest.

Narcissa glanced to her other side to see Minister Oblansk next to her instead of her own husband. He was two seats down from her and controlling himself with ease. *Not surprising really, I'm quite sure he's a bit bent at least.* Draco was fairing far worse, and if it weren't for his father's cane holding him back, he would have jumped to a rather nasty end. *How disappointing.*

Turning back to Harry, that heat in her sex only grew when she found that he was in perfect control of himself, as was the elder Weasley next to him. It wasn't because he wasn't interested, far from it, she saw the obvious attraction when he looked at her for the first time, but he, unlike most unattached

young magicals, had the fortitude to resist. And that was a far bigger turn on than anything going on down on the field.

She didn't know if it was the air of pressing desire, or just the fact that she found him genuinely charming, or that for the first time since she was a teenager she wanted to do something just for her, but subtly, and aided by the general distraction of those around her, she slid her hand up along her thigh and found the tiny string of her knickers.

Sliding them down her pale, slender legs she managed to get them off without anyone noticing and clenched them between her fingers, the damp gusset wetting her palm. As the press of the allure lessened until it was gone, she still felt a headiness as her heartbeat quickened in her chest.

What she was contemplating doing was terribly dangerous, and forward, and the sort of thing that a witch her age shouldn't be doing to a wizard the same age as her son, but none of those things were convincing enough to keep her from going through with it. So, subtly she reached across to Harry's hand and placed her knickers into his palm, making sure he curled his own grasp around them. Leaning in, she whispered in his ear, "Do you know what those are?"

For a second, he looked confused as his grip tightened, they were silky smooth and skimpy enough to be provocative. He was clearly far from the dullard that her son liked to pretend as his eyes widened and he nodded his head slowly. Narcissa couldn't help but give him a sultry little smile as she felt him shudder as her warm breath tickled his ear. Teasing him was addictive, but she didn't just want to be a tease, "If you follow me two minutes after I get up, I think we'll both have... a very pleasant time."

He swallowed and tightened the grip on her knickers, "Thank you, Narciss. I'll keep that in mind." She was a bit surprised by the rather clinical answer but then she looked around him to see Arthur giving them an odd look, she understood.

Sitting back in her seat, she effortlessly fell into a sense of calm. Harry turned to Arthur and started speaking to him in hushed tones. Whatever was said was enough for the elder Weasley to relax and turn his attentions back to the game.

Eager as she was, Narcissa wasn't foolish enough to get up right away. For the next few minutes, she idly watched the game while sitting there looking prim and proper. The Minister next to her looked at her more than once, appreciating her beauty but she couldn't care in the slightest. It was taking considerable willpower not to rub her thighs together thinking about what was to come.

It was as Ireland scored their second goal that she stood and headed toward the Top Box's bathrooms, they were away from the rest of the box behind a wall, and she knew that no one else was in the lady's at the time. As she walked down the row, she glanced back at Harry but she already knew that those emerald eyes were on her. She smirked when she realized that he had to glance up from her bum to look her in the eye. *Good, he wants this as badly as I do.*

The restroom was lavish just like the rest of the Top Box, there were essentially separate rooms for each of the loo's but she waited by the sinks for Harry to arrive. And all the while, her heart was absolutely hammering in her chest. In all their years together, regardless of how unsatisfactory it'd been, she'd stayed loyal to her husband... but that was the furthest thing from her mind now.

The seconds ticked by, each one feeling like an eternity as she dreaded the idea that he might not come. That really, she'd misread the situation and that the young man would simply ignore her and use the situation in his, seemingly one-sided rivalry, with her son.

All those doubts that crept into the forefront of her mind evaporated as she heard a soft knock on the door. She opened it to see a nervous Harry waiting on the other side. Looking out just to make sure no one came up behind, she pulled him into the room and didn't even let him speak before she guided him toward the loo and shut the door behind them.

They had plenty of room in there and it kept them away from prying eyes. For a second, they just looked at each other, and she noticed that he was a good deal taller than her. His tongue darted out and wetted his lips, and then he made to speak, "Narcissa..."

But she wasn't interested in talking to him, not one bit. She captured his lips in a kiss that sent electricity straight down her spine. He was unpracticed, but it was filled with such obvious passion that she couldn't care in the slightest. There was far more emotion in that one desperate kiss than any of the cold, detached ones she'd ever shared with Lucius.

The distraction of the game was a welcome thing, but their absence wouldn't go unnoticed for long, so she was going to make the most of this mad, erotic moment she'd found herself in.

And it seemed to her that he was of a similar mind. His hands were busy running along the smooth skin of her full thigh up to cup her full bottom. Her breath hitched as he grabbed her. It was thrilling, and as she started kissing along his jaw, she felt his finger brush against the damp petals of her sex from the back, "You feel that? You feel how wet I am for you, Harry?" He groaned deep, his eyes dark with a carnal hunger.

Her fingers found his belt, it was cinched tight around his athletic waist holding far-too-big trousers up. *I'm going to buy this man a proper wardrobe and send it to him at Hogwarts.* Though on the list of things she intended to do for him, that was quite low. With his belt free, it didn't even take any effort on her part to get them down to his ankles and his pants followed too. What thwacked out onto her stomach was impressive and made her pussy throb with need.

Narcissa had only ever seen her husband's before and this was something else entirely, like the sort of thing that you would read about in one of those romance novels... not that she did that sort of thing. There certainly weren't half a dozen of them hidden around the manner. Just looking at it she was sure it would end up somewhere near her bellybutton by the time she had it buried in her cunt.

Dropping to her knees, she decided to do for this handsome young man something she'd never even considered for Lucius before. Her plump lips parted, and she took his purple knob into her mouth. His skin, precum, everything about him was just heavenly... manly. One of her soft hands wrapped around the exposed length of his cock because she was woman enough to admit that there was no way she could possibly take all of him considering her own inexperience.

But Narcissa was still a Black, and they didn't do anything by half. Her lips glided down his length until she nearly gagged before retreated. Using her other hand, she gathered some of that moisture and worked it into the rest of his length. It left his blue veins glistening with her spittle, and she loved the sight.

Enjoying every second of her ministrations, his hand found her golden tresses, "Oh... Narcissa... that's so fucking good." She smiled around him as she gave him her absolute best effort. For the first time, maybe in her entire life, Narcissa felt like she was where she belonged.

He started to hump his hips into her mouth, and she scraped the nails up the inside of his thigh all the way to his hanging, cum-filled bollocks. There was nothing in the world she wanted more than to make him finish, to fill her mouth and her tummy with his seed. Or at least that's what she thought.

But it seemed he had something else in mind as he pushed her off his cock. There was a thick string of saliva that connected them as she mindlessly stroked his length. But it broke as he pulled her to her feet and pushed her back against the wall.

Narcissa had never been manhandled like that in her life, and until that moment she didn't know just how badly she needed it. His big hands found the straps of her dress and he pulled them down to reveal her full, creamy bosom. They were quite impressive and she caught foolish men staring at them far too often, but the heat in his gaze, the unhidden desire, left her feeling flushed, "Are you going to fuck me, Harry?"

He growled low in his throat as he pushed her dress up to her thighs like a belt and took himself in his hand, "I'm going to ruin you."

From his reactions so far, she didn't think that he was that experienced. His kisses were unpracticed, and he reveled in what she did with her mouth, but the look in his eye... it told her that he was serious, that it wasn't just some empty boast. He meant it, and he didn't seem like the sort of young man who didn't follow through. It made her gush. *If I had to suffer years of unsatisfying marriage just for this moment... I think it might just be worth it.*

"Prove it." She bit out through gritted teeth. The young man was happy to do just that.

The 'might' in her early thought was wiped from her mind as he stretched her around his girth, "Oh... oh gods." Her nails dug into the firm muscles of his arms as her eyes rolled to the back of her head. She was so terribly aroused that she could feel a trail of her sweet, sticky juices dripping down to her ass. She felt like a virgin again, not that it was surprising considering her near nonexistent sex life.

His turgid member glided into her tiny sheath without much struggle. He was too persistent, and she was incredibly wet. Narcissa was sure she could feel every ridge of his piercing prick, and it was utter bliss. When she felt his hips knock against her it took her breath away. For a second, he just stood there looking at the magical spot where they were joined together but it wasn't enough for her, "Please..."

The grip on her hips was bruising as he eased himself out of her and then snapped his hips back. She didn't know if it was instinct or experience or simple curiosity that brought him to this technique, but she didn't care... all she knew was that the slow retreat followed by a body-shaking return was making her twitch around his cock as he did it again, and again. It could've been seconds or minutes, she didn't care, all she knew was that it was wonderful, "So good... you're so good... "

Leaning down until their foreheads touched, it was an incredibly intimate moment, one that shouldn't have been possible after such a short time of knowing one another, but it was there all the same, "You're amazing..." His voice was deep and filled with raw need, and something more that had no right to be there yet.

Something deep and animalistic inside of her needed him to truly use her, ruin her, just like he promised, "Harder... harder..." Her demands were met with thunderous thrusts. Her tits jiggled on her chest hypnotically as he worked her over with all his youthful vigor.

*Clap... Clap... Clap!* They fell into a symphony of moans and whimpers each of them reveling in getting every ounce of pleasure out of the other. Her first peak came... and rocked her to her core. It was the first time in her life that she achieved such mind-numbing euphoria. And she knew in that moment that she would happily risk everything to feel it again with him. Lucky for her, he managed to extract another toe-curling climax when he reached down and pinched one of her dark pink nipples between his fingers.

Then the moment came where she could feel his movements become more selfish, more erratic. She knew that warmth and tightness of her twitching twat was too much, that he could only hold off his own release for so long. With Lucius, it came within the first minute, sometimes less and she always welcomed it. In all fairness, she welcomed it now, too, but for an entirely different reason, "That's it, Harry... Fill me up..."

He looked at her with such intensity, and such genuine concern, "Are... are you sure?"

The next words that came out of her mouth came from somewhere deep within, they were filthy and insane, but it was what she really wanted, "I want... every drop... I want you... to breed me." She meant it, picturing it in her own mind a clear as day. Magic could hide it easily enough if it actually happened, and she knew she would cherish that baby with all her heart. Feeling him throb, she could only giggle, "You like that idea... don't you? Giving Draco a little sibling... with emerald... emerald EYES!"

One of his hands found the curve of her neck as he thrust hard and deep and she felt his cock shudder and pulse right against the back of her tunnel. Warmth, hot, liquid warmth suffused her body as she felt his white seed bathe her grippy tunnel. Her fingers scraped along the nape of his neck and she struggled to hold onto consciousness, but she refused to fall into that oblivion. *I want to remember every second of this.*

He kept giving shallow pumps of his hips that sent little jolts of pleasure through her body as he twitched through the last of his climax. When he pulled free of her clutching sex, he was still half hard. A drop of his thick white spunk tried to escape her puffy, reddened pussy lips, but she cupped her hand over it unwilling to allow such a travesty to occur. As he leaned back he looked down at the state he'd left her in and smiled, "So what do you think, did I manage it?"

She grinned back at him, quite sure she knew what he meant, "I'm happy to say you did." And she was hoping that he managed her last command too. His cock twitched again, and she was of half a mind to go for another round.

The sound of the door opening sobered her of that thought. Silently, they both dressed and with a bit of magic, got Harry out of the ladies' room undetected. He hurried over to the gent's before ending the spell, and waited for her to head back to her seat.

Walking past her husband with a womb full of Harry Potter's thick seed was a heady experience all its own. And when the dark-haired youth joined her at their seats a few short minutes later, they couldn't help but share a secretive little smile. *Never thought I'd have such an incredible night.*

Little did she know, he was thinking much the same.