

## Summer Relief

Narcissa Malfoy fought the instinct to flinch away as she passed Fenrir Greyback and three of his fellow Werewolves. She hated seeing these beasts walking through her home.

Everything had gone wrong since the Dark Lord's return.

That monster had taken over her beautiful home, inviting in all sorts of dirty, disgusting witches, wizards, and dark creatures. It was awful how they lounged on her furniture like they were welcomed guests. Narcissa could barely stand to be in her own home these days.

For almost twenty years, she had guided Lucius into turning the Malfoys from a family of moderate wealth and standing to the richest and most influential name in wizarding Britain. Their name was at the top of the invite list for any party or function. They'd even managed to wriggle their way into the Ministry despite not having a seat on the Wizengamot. Cornelius Fudge, the Minister for Magic, sought their opinion on every major decision.

And now they were in danger of losing that and so much more.

Narcissa had realized not long into the first war that siding with the Dark Lord was a mistake. She'd fallen for his promises of ultimate wealth and power, only to watch as he hoarded it all for himself like a Dragon of old. He would never share power, only dole it out to those he thought worthy of wielding it in his stead.

But Lucius had never woken up to the truth. He was too enamored with running around in his mask, committing disgusting and depraved acts she never would have thought him capable of when she first married him. He continued to worship the Dark Lord like a dog, begging for scraps from the dinner table until that fateful Halloween night.

While Lucius and the rest of the Death Eaters mourned his loss and vowed to bring him back should they see the signs, Narcissa celebrated. The Dark Lord was hell-bent on destroying their

world and rebuilding it in his own image, and that was something all of them should have feared.

His fall had given them a second chance. Narcissa had used bribery and blackmail to free Lucius. It had left them nearly broke and with many enemies, but gradually, with hard work, they had rebuilt what they'd lost and gained even more. And now, that was all being threatened again.

Her foolish husband was happy about it; worse, he'd convinced her son to be as well. Draco, despite Lucius' best efforts, would never be like his father. He simply didn't have it in him. But Lucius refused to see it. He was set on leading Draco to the Dark Lord like a lamb to slaughter.

Making it to her bedroom, her final sanctuary, Narcissa closed her eyes and took a deep, steadying breath. She needed to get out of this house before she did something foolish and got herself killed. Letting a single thought slip would see her tortured and murdered for the Dark Lord's entertainment.

Walking over to her vanity, she opened the drawer and pulled out her collection of potions. She ran her long, slender finger over the vials until she found the De-aging Potion she wanted. It wasn't as good as some other disguises, but it would work well enough if she were to stick to the Muggle world. It wasn't ideal, but it was the only escape she had.

Grabbing her best, Muggle-friendly wear and putting it in the enlarged interior of her purse, Narcissa donned her robe and made her way back downstairs. Fortunately, she met no one important on her way to the front door. She exited the house, marched down the drive past the peacocks, and stepped through the main gate before Disapparating with a crack.

A moment later, she appeared at the Apparation point in Diagon Alley. Without pause, she turned and walked to the Leaky Cauldron. The wall opened as she approached, and a woman with a young girl stepped aside to let her pass. Narcissa walked by them imperiously, entered the pub through the back door, and set a stack of Sickles on the bar in front of Tom.

"I need a room for the day," she said firmly. "And I expect your utmost discretion."

“Of course,” Tom said, smiling toothlessly as he placed his hand over the Sickles and slid them into his other hand. “Will you be wantin’ lunch?”

“No,” Narcissa replied shortly.

Tom handed her a key, and she glanced at the tag briefly before turning abruptly and climbing the stairs. Finding the appropriate room, she unlocked the door and stepped inside. Her nose wrinkled slightly as she took in the dingy room. Setting her purse on the bed, Narcissa pulled out her Muggle clothes and laid them out before reaching into her robe and pulling out the vial of De-aging Potion.

In a quick swig, she emptied the vial and shivered at the wriggling sensation that ran over her skin. It was unpleasant but brief as the potion worked its magic. When she looked in the mirror, Narcissa saw herself as she had looked in her late teens. The wrinkles around her eyes and the corners of her lips were gone, and her hair reverted to its natural dark brown.

Stripping out of her clothes, she stood in her knickers and took a moment to enjoy the sight of her youthful body before getting redressed in a pair of bellbottom jeans, A brown and orange striped T-shirt, and a denim jacket. Narcissa checked herself briefly in the mirror before slinging her purse over her shoulder and leaving the room. No one looked at her twice as she approached the front door and stepped out into Muggle London.

Narcissa immediately noticed how much the Muggle’s fashion had changed since she had last been in London. Some of the women walked around in shorts that were skin-tight and tops that left more of their breasts uncovered than not. It was scandalous. Thankfully, not everyone was dressed like that, but one thing was clear.

Narcissa needed a new outfit if she wanted to blend in.

She entered the first clothing store she found and began browsing amongst the racks. A frown marred her face as she looked at the bits of cloth and string meant to be clothing.

“Do you need help, dear?” a shop assistant asked.

“Do you have anything that isn’t quite so... revealing?” Narcissa asked.

“I assume your parents are a little old-fashioned?” the assistant asked, looking over her outfit critically.

Narcissa nodded, unsure how to respond. She’d bought these clothes twenty years ago; how out of fashion could they possibly be?

“Don’t worry, dear, I have just the thing,” the assistant smiled.

Half an hour later, Narcissa left the shop with three new outfits. They weren’t as scandalous as some of the outfits she’d seen in London, but they were far more revealing than she was used to. She’d never worn shorts before, and the pair she currently wore only covered half of her thighs. The shirt she wore was a V-neck that revealed just a hint of cleavage. It didn’t leave her feeling as exposed as the shorts, but it still bared more skin than she ever had before in public.

Narcissa felt self-conscious in her new outfit but gradually grew more comfortable as she explored Muggle London. She even grew to enjoy the appreciative looks she garnered from the younger men she passed.

Feeling adventurous, she decided to have lunch in London rather than go back to the Leaky Cauldron. After a short search, she found an acceptable establishment and walked inside. It was a small, quaint restaurant on the corner serving what it called modern British cuisine. Narcissa wasn’t sure what that meant, but the items were foods she recognized, unlike the four other restaurants she’d passed.

As she waited to be seated, she gazed around curiously at the other patrons and then suddenly froze. Sitting on a barstool and flirting with the attractive waitress was none other than Harry Potter.

Narcissa's first instinct was to leave so she could notify the Dark Lord, but the more analytical side of her mind stopped her. Certainly, turning him in would earn her and her family favor, but even the reward for handing over the Boy-Who-Lived on a silver platter would be fleeting. Even worse, it would surely guarantee the Dark Lord's victory.

If she were honest with herself, Narcissa could admit that she would much rather live in a world controlled by Potter than the Dark Lord.

An outrageous idea occurred to her. Perhaps she could hedge her bets. If she were to help him defeat the Dark Lord, surely he would return the favor once the war was over. It had certainly worked for Severus. Of course, if she were caught, the punishment would be a slow and painful death, but how was that any different from a life under the Dark Lord's heel?

But how could she get close to him? Potter was assuredly under constant guard, and some of Dumbledore's Order were old enough to recognize her as a teenager. Glancing around surreptitiously at the patrons, she didn't see any recognizable faces. Perhaps the young man was chaffing under Dumbledore's control and had slipped his leash?

Turning her eyes back to Potter, Narcissa watched as he was politely rebuffed by the pretty, blonde waitress and smirked to herself.

"Table for one?" an older brunette waitress asked, interrupting her thoughts.

"Yes," Narcissa replied. "Is there any chance you could sit me next to that dark-haired young man at the bar?"

The waitress glanced over her shoulder briefly and smiled knowingly.

"Of course," she said.

Picking up a menu, she escorted Narcissa to the bar and seater her one seat away from Potter. It was close enough to pique his interest but not so close as to be obtrusive.

Perfect, Narcissa thought.

Potter looked over at her with a polite smile, a gesture she returned, and took a second to look him over closely. He'd certainly grown up since she'd last seen him at the Quidditch World Cup. He looked much more sure of himself than he had back then, and she wondered if that was because he felt more comfortable in the Muggle world. As his eyes drifted over her body, Narcissa unconsciously straightened her back, subtly drawing his eyes to her breasts. She noted his bright green eyes, handsome face, and the light stubble on his cheeks.

"Are you new around here?" Potter asked suddenly.

"What makes you ask that?" Narcissa wondered.

"I don't recognize you," he replied.

Narcissa arched an eyebrow.

"I doubt you know everyone that lives in London," she said before turning to glance over the menu.

Potter looked around quickly and then leaned close.

"I meant from Hogwarts," he said, glancing down. "Your shorts don't do a great job hiding that wand."

Following his gaze, Narcissa looked at her lap and frowned. Her shorts had pulled tight against her leg when she sat down, causing her wand to bulge against the denim. She'd enchanted the

pocket to be larger in the changing room to fit it in there in the first place, but it appeared she hadn't made it quite large enough. Narcissa was reluctantly impressed as she scrambled to make up a believable story. He wasn't a fool, which boded well for his success against the Dark Lord, but it would also make her job that much harder.

"I go to Beauxbatons," she said after a moment. "I was born in London, but my father wanted me to attend an all-girls school."

"Really?" Potter asked curiously. "Do you know Fleur?"

"Delacour?" Narcissa asked, relieved she could recall the French Champion's last name. "Vaguely. She's a couple of years ahead of me."

Potter nodded, and she hoped that he wouldn't ask Delacour about her. It was unlikely, but there was a chance she would check with the school and discover her lie before Narcissa was ready.

Turning her body to face Potter, she held out her hand, deliberately pressing her breasts together between her arms. It had been many years since she'd had to resort to using her body to distract a man, but if his glance at her enhanced cleavage was anything to go by, it was as effective as ever.

"I'm Cissy," she said.

"Harry," he replied, shaking her hand.

"I thought I recognized you," Narcissa said, smiling flirtatiously. "Do you live around here?"

"No, I live in Surrey," Harry said. "I just needed to get away for a bit, you know?"

“Yes, I can imagine,” Narcissa replied.

“Hi, I’m Lauren. I’ll be your server,” the blonde waitress said, stopping in front of Narcissa with a smile. “What can I get for you?”

“The club sandwich,” she said, handing the menu to her.

“And to drink?” Lauren asked.

“Water is fine,” Narcissa said.

Lauren nodded and jotted down the order on her pad.

“Coming right up,” she said and walked away.

“So, do you live here over the Summer, or are you just visiting?” Harry asked.

“Just visiting,” Narcissa replied. “I’m staying at the Leaky Cauldron.”

“Any special plans?” he asked.

“No,” she said, giving him a considering look. “I’m just looking for some fun. Maybe you can show me around?”

Harry chuckled, “I’d love to, but I haven’t spent much time in London.”

“Then maybe we can explore it together,” Narcissa suggested.



Harry smiled crookedly and nodded just as her food arrived.

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After leaving the restaurant, Narcissa spent hours following Harry around London, allowing him to explain all of the Muggle contraptions to her. It was impressive what they'd managed to accomplish without magic, even more so when you considered just how quickly they'd achieved it. So much about their world had changed in the twenty years since she'd last set foot in the Muggle world. It only reinforced her decision to work against the Dark Lord. Undoubtedly, starting a war with them would be their demise.

The most surprising thing she witnessed, however, was Harry. He was nothing like she expected. Draco had always talked about how arrogant and self-obsessed he was, but Narcissa witnessed none of that. Harry was humble to a fault. Annoyingly so at times. He intentionally shirked away from his fame and power for foolish reasons. The confidence she'd seen earlier only seemed to be surface-deep. Underneath it lay a frightened, uncertain young man crying out for guidance.

What irked her the most was just how much potential he had that was being wasted. She'd seen enough of him during the Triwizard Tournament to know he was smart and talented. All he needed was someone in his life to give him a firm direction, but in talking to him, it seemed like his only aim was to survive.

It was enough to make her indignant on his behalf, and it gave her an idea. Narcissa couldn't fulfill the role of the dutiful wife, but she knew a young woman who could. Someone her son had been trying unsuccessfully to catch the attention of for years. Draco would hate her if he ever found out, but a plan solidified in her mind.

As the hour grew late, Narcissa invited Harry back to the Leaky Cauldron and was surprised when he refused.

"Sorry, I wish I could," Harry said. "I have to catch the train back to Surrey, and it's a two-hour ride."

“Ah, pity,” Narcissa said.

“What about tomorrow?” he asked eagerly. “I can get here around eleven.”

“Tomorrow it is, then,” Narcissa smiled.

Standing on the tips of her toes, she kissed him firmly. When he ran his tongue over her bottom lip, she opened her mouth and allowed him to deepen their kiss for just a moment before pulling back.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” she purred, knowing the anticipation would only make their next meeting more passionate.

“Tomorrow,” Harry nodded, his cheeks flushed as he caressed her hips.

Smiling promisingly, Narcissa stepped back out of reach.

“Good night, Harry,” she said.

“Night,” Harry replied.

With a wide smile etched on his face, he took two steps back before spinning around to walk away. He barely made it two more steps before glancing back over his shoulder. Giving him a wave, Narcissa realized for the first time that not only did she look like a teenager, she felt like one, too.

Making her way back to the Leaky Cauldron, she walked straight up to her room and took the antidote for the De-aging Potion. After changing back into her normal clothes, Narcissa walked downstairs and stopped at the bar on her way out. When she caught Tom’s attention, she set down a small stack of Galleons.

“For the rest of the week,” she said simply.

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Narcissa woke the next morning to the sound of a tortured scream. Angrily climbing out of bed, she took a hot shower and got dressed. The screams continued sporadically throughout her morning ritual, and when she arrived downstairs, she finally found the cause.

Bellatrix was teaching Draco how to cast the Cruciatus Curse on one of the new recruits.

“You need to mean it,” Bellatrix instructed.

Narcissa frowned as she watched her son’s face contort angrily.

“Crucio!” he snarled.

The young man standing across from him screamed and dropped to his knees, but the curse didn’t last more than a couple of seconds before it failed.

“Pathetic!” Bellatrix spat. “You’re too soft.”

“I’m not,” Draco insisted, sounding more petulant than determined. “I can do it.”

“Then do it!” Bellatrix barked. “You have to want him to feel pain. You have to enjoy it.”

Narcissa turned and walked away before he cast the curse again. A part of her wanted to step in and tell him to stop, but she knew it wouldn’t do any good. Draco was determined to follow the Dark Lord. Marching back upstairs, she grabbed her purse and turned to leave.

“Where are you going?” Lucius asked, leaning against the doorframe.

“Out,” Narcissa replied shortly. “I have no interest in watching my sister turn my son into some petty thug.”

“He needs to learn if he’s to serve the Dark Lord,” Lucius said.

Narcissa bit back a scathing reply and brushed passed him. Walking downstairs, she marched out the door without a backwards glance. The moment she reached the gate, she Apparated to Diagon Alley and retreated to her rented room. Sitting on the bed, she closed her eyes and took a deep breath to get her emotions under control. Thankfully, she still had plenty of time before Harry arrived.

It felt more important than ever that she help him destroy the Dark Lord before it was too late.

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Hours later, a De-aged Narcissa sat on a bench outside the Leaky Cauldron, waiting for Harry to arrive. She’d spent the morning buying some more revealing Muggle outfits to catch his attention, including the one she wore now. The white skirt the assistant had helped her pick was much shorter than she was used to, coming only to mid-thigh, but it was by no means the shortest in the store. She’d paired it with a pink top that had a plunging V-neck, which, along with the help of what the woman called a shelf bra, left the top half of her breasts uncovered.

Narcissa felt almost naked, but her determination to seduce Potter overrode her sense of modesty. If she was going to entice him into trusting her once she revealed her true identity, she’d have to pull out all the stops.

Glancing up and down the sidewalk, her stomach fluttered when she spotted Harry walking towards her.

The secrecy, the seduction, the fact that she was even thinking about doing this with the sworn enemy of her husband and son, it all gave Narcissa a thrill she'd never felt before. Just watching the young man approach made her more excited than she'd ever been in her life.

When she had been at Hogwarts, the boys had lined up to gain her attention. There had never been a point where she had to work to keep their interest like she did now with Harry. It was a foreign yet exciting prospect that left her shockingly aroused.

Standing as he approached, they shared a smile. Narcissa's turned into a smirk when his eyes raked appreciatively over her body.

"Hello, Harry," she said pleasantly.

"Hey," Harry smiled, his eyes jumping to her face. "Do you want to get something to eat?"

"That sounds lovely," Narcissa replied.

Looping her arm through his, she let him lead her down the sidewalk. She could feel his eyes gazing down her top as her breasts trembled with every step.

Perhaps keeping his attention wouldn't be as difficult as she expected, Narcissa thought with a smirk.

For his part, Harry seemed set on impressing her. He took her to an upscale restaurant a half an hour's walk from the Leaky Cauldron. The hard part for Narcissa was keeping the conversation about him. She knew the less she talked about herself, the less likely she was to get caught in a lie.

It wasn't easy. Harry worked hard not to mention the war, his fame, or various adventures, which left him struggling to find interesting things to talk about. It didn't help that he seemed

genuinely interested in learning about her. He was just so open and earnest that Narcissa couldn't help but talk more than she wanted to.

Towards the end of their meal, she resorted to lightly touching his arm and subtly flashing her cleavage to distract him. It worked to an extent, but Harry wasn't as susceptible to her wiles as she initially suspected. Quite honestly, it only made him more attractive to her.

Once they were finished eating, they walked back outside, and Narcissa guided him back towards the Leaky Cauldron. Stopping outside the entrance, Harry gave her a questioning look.

"I want to show you something," Narcissa said, smiling coyly.

Taking him by the hand, she led him inside and up the stairs to her room. Harry looked around the room curiously as she closed the door and turned the lock. As soon as he turned around to face her again, Narcissa pounced. Their lips crashed together as they fell back on the bed and bounced. Harry's hands cupped her bum under her skirt and drew a moan from her lips. When her leg slipped between his, she felt his erection brush her thigh through his jeans. She could practically feel it throb with youthful exuberance while one of his hands trailed up her body to grasp one of her breasts firmly.

Narcissa hadn't expected him to be so forward or forceful. Feeling like she was losing control of the situation, she pulled back from his lips. Her words turned into a breathy gasp when he latched onto her throat, sucking and kissing at the pulse point.

Suddenly, Harry yanked her top down under her bra, slipped his fingers inside, and pinched her hard nipple. A loud, guttural moan escaped her lips before she could stop it, and she unconsciously ground herself against his thigh. Reaching into her bra, his rough, calloused hand squeezed her firm, perky mound as his excitement pulsed against her thigh.

Pressing her hands against Harry's chest, Narcissa pushed him roughly against the mattress. She took a deep breath to calm her racing heart and bit her lip when it caused her bra to scrape against the hard brown nipple peeking out of her shirt. Meanwhile, Harry squeezed her bum with both hands, his fingers slipping under the edge of her knickers to palm her bare skin.

Flashing him a sultry smile, Narcissa slid backward and dropped to her knees. Her hands quickly opened his belt while Harry pushed himself up to his elbows, his green eyes sparkling with anticipation. His hips lifted when she tugged his trousers down, and his erection sprang free. Narcissa gasped lightly as his sizable length slapped against his stomach.

He was far larger than Lucius, and he was the only partner she had ever bedded. She felt a brief moment of intimidation as she gazed at him before it was overwhelmed by curiosity and desire. Reaching out, she slowly wrapped her fingers around his girth. His member pulsed lightly in time with the beat of his heart. Narcissa couldn't remember if Lucius had ever been so hard and eager for her. If he had, it was a long time ago.

Harry sat up and scooted to the edge of the mattress, moving his length closer to her face. Knowing what he wanted and remembering the impatience of youth, Narcissa licked her lips and tilted her head to plant a wet kiss on his shaft. The deep, rumbling moan he let out sent a shiver of excitement down her spine. Rapidly kissing her way to his swollen tip, she opened her mouth wide and wrapped her lips around the head.

With another moan, Harry's hand landed on the top of her head. Narcissa froze, worried overeagerness had gotten the better of him, and he was preparing to ravage her mouth. When a moment passed, and his fingers only massaged her scalp, she relaxed and swirled her tongue around his tip.

Narcissa's sex life with Lucius in no way prepared her for this moment. She needed to give Harry more than the mechanical movements of a dutiful wife to keep him coming back to her. Instead of going off of experience, she instead used inspiration from the many romance novels she'd read throughout her life.

Dipping her head, she deliberately gagged around his intruding shaft. Harry hissed and barely restrained himself from bucking his hips. If she had been able to, Narcissa would have smirked around him. As a reward for his impressive restraint, she sealed her lips tightly around his shaft and sucked hard as she slowly ascended to the tip. The muscles in his legs tensed and trembled while he let out a pleasure groan. As she descended back down his length, Narcissa slipped a hand under her skirt and touched her knickers.

They were wet with her excitement.

Even as she focused on bobbing up and down on Harry's length, she slid her hand inside her knickers and teased her folds.

"Merlin, Cissy," Harry groaned. "That feels amazing."

Lifting her eyes to gaze at his face, Narcissa descended until she gagged hard. Her free hand gripped the bottom half of his shaft, her thumb caressing the underside. Keeping eye contact with him, she choked herself harshly on his length. She wanted him to feel powerful in her presence. A thick strand of saliva fell from her chin and landed on her exposed breast, where it cooled rapidly.

When Narcissa finally pulled back, she was out of breath, her cheeks ached, her eyes burned, and she never felt more alive. As she caught her breath, she traced her fingers admiringly along his impossibly hard shaft. He throbbed incessantly, the head swollen and dark purple, looking like it was ready to burst.

Narcissa knew he wouldn't last much longer and decided to end it in a memorable way. She wrapped her hand tightly around his base and focused on the sensitive tip. Harry's groan turned into a whine, and he wiggled restlessly like it was taking all of his self-control not to shove himself into her throat. The power dynamic had completely shifted, but Narcissa was having too much fun to stop.

Twice, she felt his base swell and pulse against her tight grip. Without her hand keeping it at bay, he would surely have cum. Narcissa was impressed with his patience. She didn't think many young men could have lasted so long without resorting to begging or trying to take control.

Harry did neither. He allowed her to have her fun and soaked in the pleasure she provided for as long as possible. When he began to swell and pulse for a third time, Narcissa relaxed her grip and prepared herself.



He practically roared as he exploded in her mouth. She nearly choked on the first eruption and quickly swallowed before the second arrived. After that, it just kept coming. Narcissa felt like she was drinking it from a tap as he emptied himself over and over again in her mouth. Finally, after a full thirty seconds, his climax waned, and his shaft began to soften between her lips.

Sucking out every last drop, Harry groaned as she let him slip free of her mouth with a smirk.

“I take it you enjoyed that?” Narcissa asked smugly.

Harry lifted his head, his green eyes blazing. He sat forward quickly, and the next thing she knew, she was lying on the bed on her back, his powerful hands holding her legs spread wide open. Before she could gather her wits, Harry kissed her damp, heated mound over her knickers, drawing a gasp from her lips.

Narcissa hadn't wanted to go this far today. She wanted to build up over the week, but she couldn't bring herself to tell him to stop. Harry kissed her knickers twice more, and then he yanked them off of her and threw them across the room. Lunging forward, he buried his tongue in her folds. Narcissa tangled her fingers in his messy hair and let out a moan that would make the witches of Knockturn Alley blush.

The next few moments were a bit of a blur. He drove her close to the edge twice, both times breaking his rhythm to strip them of their remaining clothes. Narcissa wasn't sure if it was intentional or not, but she didn't really care. She couldn't remember the last time she'd experienced a climax that she didn't give herself, and she was desperate to experience it again.

Just as she felt herself nearing her crest for the third time, Harry stopped entirely and climbed over her. Whining frustratedly, Narcissa bucked her hips and felt his renewed erection brush her folds. Looking up at Harry's questioning gaze, she gripped his length and guided it to her opening. With a single thrust, he buried himself in her depths.

Narcissa screamed as she crashed over the edge. Her nails dug into his naked back, leaving behind dark red scratches as she wailed and trembled under him. Harry gave her no respite. He

pounded into her at a rapid but controlled pace. She didn't know if he did that out of experience or natural skill, but it prolonged her intense climax and sent her careening rapidly toward another.

Kissing her passionately, Harry's hands explored every inch of her body. Narcissa returned the favor, marveling at the feel of his strong muscles and his smooth skin, interspersed with rough scars. His long, thick shaft, so incredibly hard, reached and stretched parts of her that had never been touched before. Occasionally, he would hit a spot that made stars burst in her vision.

Gripping his bum, she urged him to move harder and faster. A part of her wanted to goad him. She wanted to feel what it was like when this young man lost control. Taunts about who she was and who her husband and son were sat on the tip of her tongue, but she stopped herself.

It wasn't the time for that. Not yet.

"Fuck me," she begged breathily instead.

It was the first time those words had ever left her lips, and she nearly cried them out again when Harry sped up his thrusts. Her breath came in short, sharp gasps as her body was pummeled into the mattress by his muscular frame. A low whine built in her throat when she felt another climax begin to build in her core.

"Where do you want me to cum?" Harry huffed softly in her ear.

"In me," Narcissa panted.

Her arms and legs wrapped around him tightly, as if her body wanted to ensure he did just that. She fought back her impending climax as she felt his thrusts lose their coordination slightly and muscles tense. Biting her lip and digging her nails into his skin, she held on desperately, intent on reaching their ends at the same time. Harry's needy thrusts tested her resolve, but eventually, she felt his shaft swell in her depths.

With a final thrust to plant himself as deep as physically possible, he erupted with a growl, and Narcissa let herself go. Her entire body contracted and quivered as she felt his warmth flood her depths. The world began to dim as her vision darkened, and for a moment, she thought she was faint. Then, she sucked in a deep breath, not realizing she'd stopped, and the world came back into focus. Letting out a long, low moan, she clutched at his body as they rode out their climaxes.

It took a couple of minutes before Harry caught his breath enough to move. Narcissa moaned disappointedly when he slipped from her depths and climbed off of her, but she didn't have the strength to move. Chuckling, Harry slid behind her and cradled her to his chest. She leaned back against him, enjoying the solid warmth of his body and her post-orgasmic bliss.

They lay like that for several minutes, and just as Narcissa began to drift off to sleep, she felt Harry's excitement swell against her bum. Her eyes shot open wide when he lifted her leg and slipped back into her depths.

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It was hours later when Harry finally left to catch the train back to Surrey. Narcissa remained in her bed as the door closed behind him before reaching down to touch her swollen, leaking folds.

She'd forgotten just how randy teenage boys could be.

Four times, Harry had had his way with her. Lying back on the pillow, a smile stretched across her lips. Although she was exhausted, Narcissa had never felt more desired and fulfilled in her life. Perhaps Andromeda had been right when she'd told her to follow love instead of power all those years ago.

Narcissa tried to get more comfortable but sighed when she touched the mess on the sheets and wrinkled her nose. Climbing out of bed, she picked up her wand and banished the sheets to the corner of the room. She tapped a small bell on the nightstand, and a moment later, a House Elf appeared in front of her.

“I need new sheets and tell Tom I would like dinner served in my room,” Narcissa said.

“Right aways, miss,” the House Elf said eagerly.

Ignoring the creature as it went about its tasks, she put on a robe, sat down at the desk, and picked up the quill. It was time to solidify the second part of her plan.