

## Restoring the House of Black

Harry stumbled out of the Floo and tossed his plum colored robes onto the couch. As he plopped down on the couch with a sigh, Kreacher popped into the room. With a snap of his long, wrinkled fingers, the robe vanished, and a glass of Firewhiskey poured itself before landing on the table in front of Harry.

“Thanks, Kreacher,” Harry said, taking a sip and enjoying the burn in the back of his throat.

“Will Master be needing anything else?” Kreacher asked.

“No,” Harry said. “You can go back to what you were doing.”

Bowing, the aged House Elf wandered towards the door. Just before he left, the doorbell rang throughout the house.

“I’ll get it,” Harry said, levering himself to his feet. “It’s probably for me anyways.”

Making his way to the door, he rested his hand on his wand as he cracked the door open.

“Narcissa?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Good evening, Harry,” the tall, regal blonde replied.

Pushing the door open, she strode inside like she owned the place.

“Come on in. Make yourself at home,” Harry said to himself.

Closing the door, he followed her into the parlor, where Narcissa looking around the room and drinking his Firewhiskey. Shaking his head, Harry poured himself another glass.

“Draco seemed quite pleased when he got home,” Narcissa said.

Harry snorted in disgust.

“Come to brag?” he asked.

He, Hermione, and Kingsley had worked for months on new anti-discrimination laws. Somehow, Malfoy had found out about it before they presented it to the Wizengamot. He already had a list of amendments that, if even half of them passed, would render the new laws virtually pointless. To make matters worse, Malfoy had found an old law stating that Harry had three years from graduating Hogwarts to find wives for both of the houses he was head of or be forced to relinquish one of them.

It was a pretty blatant attempt to take the House of Black from Harry, and there was nothing anyone could do to stop it. He could name an heir, but he'd angered enough Wizengamot members of the last few months that there was a real possibility they might overturn his decision. While Harry didn't much care for the House of Black, he didn't want to see it turned over to Malfoy.

“Not at all,” Narcissa replied. “Quite the opposite, in fact.”

“What do you mean?” Harry asked suspiciously.

Despite having spoken quite regularly with Narcissa since he stood up for her at her trial, he still didn't trust her.

“Draco's influence is tenuous,” she said. “He's using what little funds we have left to fight the new laws you're introducing.”

“So, he’s bribing people,” Harry snorted. “Figures.”

“Yes, it is quite disappointing he’s already resorting to such unsophisticated tactics,” Narcissa agreed.

Harry looked at her and blinked, surprised at the admission.

“I’d hoped that, with Lucius in Azkaban, I could finally get through to my son. Sadly, even when he’s in prison, Draco listens to his father over me,” Narcissa told him sadly. “I tried to talk him out of it. The Dark Lord drained our vault to fund his ridiculous war, and now Draco is set on repeating the mistakes of the past. Which is why I’ve come to ask for your help.”

Harry swallowed wrong in shock, sending Firewhiskey down the wrong pipe and causing him to cough harshly.

“You want *me* to help?” he wheezed incredulously. “Malfoy won’t listen to me.”

Narcissa smirked.

“I don’t expect him to,” she said. “Draco has made his choice, and he will not be swayed. I’m not here to ask you to help him. I’m asking you to help me.”

“How?” Harry asked, his brow furrowed.

With a predatory smile, Narcissa set her glass down on the mantle and walked over to him. Her hips swayed under her robes, and he felt her large breast pressed against his arm as her fingers curled around his bicep. Harry swallowed, trying to ignore the way her soft curves felt against his side as she led him over to the couch.

“I want to rebuild the House of Black,” Narcissa told him.

“You want me to make you the Head of House?” Harry asked incredulously.

Narcissa chuckled, “No, I want you to take me as your wife.”

Harry spun around and gaped at her. His mouth opened and closed several times, but not a sound left his lips. Eyes glittering, Narcissa ran her hands over his chest and then gave him a shove. Harry’s arms wheeled as he fell hard onto the couch.

“I’ll cut straight to the point,” Narcissa said. “I want you to take me as your wife for House Black and give me several children to rebuild the family.”

“What!?” Harry squeaked.

Smirking, Narcissa reached up and opened the clasp of her robe. She shrugged it off of her shoulders, revealing her lingerie underneath. Harry swallowed thickly as he took in her hourglass figure. Her large breasts sat high on her chest, milky white cleavage spilling out of the top of her lacy bra. Trailing his eyes down her body, he admired her thin waist and wide hips, barely covered by a pair of tiny black panties and a garter belt. Sheer, black stockings covered her long legs, with short suspenders running along her shapely thighs and connecting them to the garter belt.

“In exchange,” Narcissa continued, “You get the wife you need to keep the House. I will give you my full support in the Wizengamot. You get all of the knowledge I have of Pureblood Society, the members of the Wizengamot, and all of my connections.”

Pausing, she climbed over Harry, straddling his lap on her knees. Running her fingers through his hair, she gripped it tightly and surged forward, kissing him fiercely. Harry hesitated before giving in and kissing her back. As he rested his hands on her bare waist, she pulled back and smiled.

“You also get a witch with almost twenty years of pent-up sexual frustration,” Narcissa said throatily. “In public, I’ll be the perfect Pureblood princess. In private, I’ll be your dirty little whore. Lucius hasn’t touched me since Draco was conceived. I’ve got eighteen years’ worth of desires and fantasies to explore.”

Harry closed his eyes as she kissed and sucked at his neck, his erection throbbing excitedly. Slowly, his hands slid down to grip her bum, squeezing it roughly.

“Narcissa,” he growled warningly.

“Does it excite you?” she asked, rolling her hips. “Do you like the idea of getting back at my husband and son by fucking me? Imagine the looks on their faces when they find out I’m pregnant. That I begged for it.”

Harry spun to the side and pinned Narcissa to the couch. A part of him knew he should step away and take time to think about the situation, but a much larger part of him wanted what she was offering. Getting back at the Malfoys was certainly enticing, but more importantly, he wanted the beautiful witch under him. He wanted to plant his seed in her and watch as her stomach grew. He wanted kids. He wanted a family.

Narcissa gasped when he ground his rigid shaft against her mound. Moaning, her hands clawed at his shirt, ripping it open and scattering the buttons. As her nails raked over his muscled chest, Harry gripped the front of her bra. With a bit of magic and a sharp tug, he ripped it off of her. Narcissa’s blue eyes sparkled excitedly as her breasts bounced free. Resting his weight on his elbows, he squeezed her breasts together and buried his face between them, kissing and nipping at the smooth, pale flesh.

A moan left Narcissa’s lips when he took one of her nipples between his lips. Arching her back, she raked her nails down his stomach and reached for his belt. Frantically, she unbuckled his belt, popped open the button of his slacks, and pulled down the zipper. Her hand dove under his boxers, her long, thin fingers wrapping around his hot, hard length. Harry smirked around her nipple as he watched her eyes widen.

“Merlin,” Narcissa breathed, licking her lips. “I need to see it.”

Pushing down his slacks and boxers, she pulled his length free and pushed on his shoulders. Harry sat back on his haunches as she stared lustfully at his cock, her finger trailing along his throbbing shaft. A flush ran from her cheeks all the way down to her heaving chest while her eyes hungrily devoured his impressive length.

“You’re so much bigger than Lucius,” Narcissa said, stroking his shaft.

Harry throbbed against her palm and smirked. Wrapping his hands around the back of her knees, he pushed her legs back and spread them apart. Narcissa gasped, her hand falling away from his cock as he shuffled down between her legs. Bending down, he pressed a kiss against the front of her damp panties, inhaling the scent of her arousal. Narcissa whined, flexing her legs and back to try and grind against his face, but his hands held her in place.

Letting go of one leg, he used the same trick he’d used on her bra to rip off her panties, yet leaving her garter belt untouched. Gripping her leg again, Harry stared at her mound, where a small strip of blonde hair sat above her glistening folds. Gazing up at her, Narcissa panted in anticipation, her muscles flexing impatiently. He grinned before diving forward suddenly, his lips sealing around her clit.

“Fuck!” Narcissa cried, head thrown back while her hands scrabbled for a grip.

Harry attacked her clit aggressively, his tongue lashing at the throbbing nub. Narcissa grabbed two fistfuls of his hair, desperately pulling him forward as she bucked her hips as much as she could. Ignoring the pain in his scalp, Harry rapidly drove her towards a climax. Gazing up at her from between her legs, he watched the rapturous look on her face smugly. Seeing the normally cool, composed Narcissa Malfoy completely lose herself to the pleasure he gave her made him feel powerful.

“Harry!” she cried.

Hands pulling his hair painfully, Narcissa climaxed hard. A gush of arousal bathed his chin as he mashed his tongue against her clit, undulating it wildly. She spasmed and twitched on the couch, her head tilted back as she let out a long, shuddering moan. Gasping, she went from pulling his head forward to pushing it away. Pulling back, Harry let go of her legs and wiped his mouth on the back of his arm with a grin. Narcissa closed her legs and groaned, staring at him with a hooded gaze.

“That felt so much better than I thought it would,” she groaned.

Harry arched his brow in surprise.

“No one’s ever gone down on you before?” he asked.

Narcissa shook her head, “Lucius was only interested in fathering a son. He’d rather go humiliate one of his whores than spend time with his wife.”

Shaking his head, Harry crawled forward, kissing his way up her body. Reaching her face and staring into her eyes, he could see just how desperate she was for affection. Caressing her cheeks softly, he leaned down and kissed her tenderly. Narcissa moaned into his mouth, her arms and legs wrapping tightly around him. Harry’s rigid length slid between her folds, causing her hips to rock as she inhaled sharply through her nose. Pulling back, he ground his hips forward, drawing a long groan from her lips.

“Harry, please,” Narcissa whimpered. “I need this. I need a real family with a real husband. I’ll fuck you anytime, anywhere, any way you want. I’ll even help you find a wife for House Potter.”

Kissing her passionately, Harry pulled his hips back and managed to line himself up with her entrance. With a slow push, he slipped into her incredibly tight depths. Narcissa gasped, arching her back as he eased deeper.

“Yes!” she hissed.

Starting slowly, Harry thrust in and out of Narcissa's clutching depths, gradually speeding up. The blonde MILF writhed under him, her nails raking along his back as she dug her heels into his bum. Harry groped one of her bouncing breasts, pinching and rolling the stiff nipple between his fingers. Narcissa bit her lip and moaned, rolling her hips to meet his thrusts. Despite having just started, Harry knew he wasn't going to last long. Fortunately, from the look on her face, she wasn't either.

"I'm not on the potion," Narcissa said, her arms and legs tightening around him.

The thought of getting Narcissa pregnant sent him over the edge. Harry didn't even try to pull out. He drove his hips forward, spearing into her depths and erupting inside of her. Narcissa gasped, her back arching as she reached a climax of her own. Her legs locked him in place, ensuring every drop of his orgasm was deposited as deep as possible.

As Harry collapsed on top of Narcissa, he just prayed this wouldn't blow up in his face.

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Harry woke up and found himself alone in bed. While not unusual, it was unexpected, considering he remembered falling asleep next to Narcissa after hours of sex. Sighing, he climbed out of bed and began to worry, wondering if last night had all been some sort of ploy. Making his way downstairs, he pushed open the door to the kitchen and paused.

There was Narcissa, making coffee in nothing but one of his shirts. Standing in the doorway, he watched her for a long moment. It was the first time he'd ever seen a real smile on her face. Belatedly, he realized he'd never seen Narcissa actually look happy before.

Smiling, Harry walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. Narcissa jumped before looking over her shoulder and sighing.

"You startled me," she said, smacking his arm lightly.



“Sorry,” Harry smiled.

Hugging her tightly to his chest, he leaned in and kissed the crook of her neck. With a contented hum, Narcissa melted against him, her hand reaching back to caress his hair. Harry splayed his hand over her flat stomach.

“Have you thought about my offer?” Narcissa asked.

“Well, I’d be a right git to turn you down now,” Harry said. “Especially if you’re already pregnant.”

Spinning around in his arms, she kissed him softly.

“I lied about not being on the Charm,” Narcissa admitted, causing his eyebrows to shoot up. “I just wanted to tease you with the possibility.”

“Oh,” Harry said, unable to hide his disappointment.

Narcissa smiled as she pressed herself against his chest.

“All you have to do is agree to take me as your wife for House Black, and I’ll be glad to have as many children as you want,” she said softly.

“Why do you want this so badly?” Harry asked, his hands drifting down to her bum.

“I never agreed with my parents or Lucius about Muggleborns,” Narcissa confessed. “I was just never brave enough to do anything about it. I went along with what they wanted, and I let that monster lead my family to ruin – twice. Watching my son follow in his father’s footsteps... I realized just how little meaning my life has. I want to rebuild the Black family, turn it into a name I can be proud to carry. I think I owe it to Sirius and Regulus to at least try.”

Harry watched her closely as she looked up at him pleadingly.

“I’ll be a good wife,” she whispered temptingly. “I can keep you happy and satisfied. I can give you the family I know you want. I’ll help you with the Wizengamot, with your businesses. I’ll even help you find a wife for House Potter. There are a lot of good young witches that would love to spend time with you if they thought they had a chance.”

“What do you mean if they thought they had a chance?” Harry asked.

“Your fame makes approaching you quite... intimidating,” Narcissa said, biting her lips as she ran her hands over his chest. “And it doesn’t help that everyone thinks there’s something going on between you and Hermione.”

Harry rolled his eyes. He loved Hermione, but neither of them had any interest in dating each other. Last he knew, Hermione was quite happily dating Penelope Clearwater.

“And they’d be fine with me having another wife?” he asked.

Narcissa smirked, “Oh, you’d be surprised. Any witch that grew up in the magical world and even a lot of Muggleborns know you’re likely to end up with multiple wives. If you showed any interest, you’d be flooded with marriage contract proposals.”

Harry frowned thoughtfully.

“I’m just worried they’d be interested in the Boy-Who-Lived and not me,” he said.

“But you’ll never know how they see you if you don’t give them a chance,” Narcissa pointed out. “Take some time and think about it. But, for now...”

Smirking, Narcissa dropped to her knees.

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Narcissa basically lived at Grimmauld Place over the next month. She spent every night in his bed, only returning to Malfoy Manor to get fresh clothes every few days. In that time, when they weren't having sex in every room of the house, she helped him counter every move Draco made in the Wizengamot. It was incredibly satisfying seeing him so frustrated without having a clue his own mother was behind Harry's recent decisions.

Narcissa also continued teasing Harry about impregnating her every chance she got. She constantly pushed his buttons, daring him to remove the Contraceptive Charm protecting her. After considering her proposal long and hard, and having several conversations with Hermione, he decided to do it. Narcissa Malfoy would once again become Narcissa Black.

Surprisingly, she wasn't interested in a big, expensive wedding. Just a month after deciding to get married, Harry and Narcissa were wed in a private ceremony where only close friends and family were invited. Up to that moment, it was the happiest day of Harry's life. Voldemort was gone, he had his friends, and he had a wife that couldn't wait to have his children.

And it didn't hurt that Draco looked constipated throughout the ceremony. To say the blonde git was upset with the situation was an understatement. Unfortunately, Draco had spent so much money fighting the law Harry had recently passed that the Malfoy family was nearly broke. Narcissa had gleefully informed her son that if she didn't marry Harry, both of them would be out on the street in a month. As much as Draco hated the idea of Harry marrying his mother, apparently, he hated the idea of being homeless and broke even more.

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After spending a week on Black Island in the Caribbean for their honeymoon, Harry and Narcissa Flooded back to Malfoy Manor. Narcissa looked like an entirely different person from the woman that had lived there for the last twenty years. Her pale skin had a beautiful tan, and she practically glowed with happiness.

As they stepped into the kitchen, Draco looked up from his breakfast with a scowl. Harry couldn't hold back a smug grin as he wrapped his arms around his wife.

"Oh, Draco," Narcissa smiled. "We have some wonderful news!"

"You're getting divorced?" Draco asked hopefully.

"Of course not," Narcissa bristled before relaxing as Harry kissed her neck. "I'm pregnant!"

*Smash!*

Draco stared at his mother pale faced and shocked as his glass of pumpkin juice smashed on the floor.

"What?" he asked in a strangled voice.

"Isn't it wonderful?" Narcissa asked, a beaming smile on her face. "You're going to have a brother or a sister!"

Draco looked like he was going to be ill as he fled the room. Harry couldn't hold back anymore and chuckled while he tightened his arms around Narcissa.

"Did you enjoy humiliating my son?" she asked, grinding her perfectly round bum against his groin. "Do you like reminding him you're fucking his mother?"

Groaning, Harry cupped one of her breasts and slipped his hand under the waistband of her skirt. Narcissa moaned when he teased her surprisingly damp folds.

“It looks like I’m not the only one that enjoyed it,” he whispered huskily.

Walking her forward, he bent her over the table and lifted up her skirt. Staring lustfully at her beautifully tanned bum and glistening folds, he gripped her globes and squeezed them roughly, his thumbs grazing her lips.

“Harry, Draco could come back any minute,” Narcissa panted even as she arched her back.

“Do you care?” Harry asked.

Narcissa gasped as he pressed his straining erection against her folds. Giving her bum a light smack, he reached for his belt.

“Wait,” she said, straightening up.

Harry was a bit disappointed when she grabbed his hand and pulled him out of the kitchen. He’d have loved to have watched Draco eat at the table for breakfast after he fucked Narcissa over it. That disappointment turned into curiosity when, instead of leading him toward the master bedroom, she pulled him into the den.

Generations of Malfoys stared down at them from their paintings. Most scowled and sneered, but a few, all of them witches, watched curiously as Narcissa came to a stop and spun to face him.

“I want you to take me here,” she said excitedly. “Show them how a real wizard treats his wife.”

“How dare you!” one of the portraits shouted.

“Disgraceful!” called another.

Grinning, Narcissa dropped to her knees, swiftly opening his trousers and yanking them down. Harry's length leapt free, causing his wife to giggle as it tapped the bottom of her chin.

"Oh my," one of the witches gasped.

"Well done, Narcissa," another witch cheered. "He's even bigger than Philipe was."

"What!?" the wizard next to her shouted.

The witch glared at him with disdain.

"Oh please, like I didn't know about your little dalliances," she said. "While you were out fucking your whores, I was out back having my own fun with the gardeners."

Smirking, Narcissa wrapped her hand around Harry's length, stroking him lightly as they kissed. They broke apart briefly while they stripped out of their clothes before coming together again, his hands groping her breast and causing her to moan.

"This is all your fault!" A wizard hissed to the witch sharing his portrait. "I knew any children I had with you would be weak. Now, my son has lost his wife to a Half-Blood!"

"Like you were some sort of Casanova," the witch bit back. "In our forty years of marriage, the only pleasure I ever found was with my own wand."

Narcissa's eyes sparkled with excitement as Harry backed her up against the wall. Hooking her left leg under his arm, he lifted it and lined himself up with her dripping entrance. The arguing around stopped when he plunged into her depths, drawing a loud, wanton moan from her lips.

"How dare you befoul the house of your ancestors, witch!" one of the older portraits roared angrily.

Grasping one of Narcissa's breasts roughly, Harry dipped his head and sucked the nipple harshly. Narcissa shuddered, her head thudding against the wall as she moaned.

"That's it! Give it to her, lad," a witch shouted. "Show these useless bastards how it's done!"

Narcissa clawed at his shoulders as her legs began to tremble. Letting go of her breast, Harry wrapped his free hand around her bum and lifted her up. Her legs wrapped around his hips as he carried her over to a small table. Knocking the vase to the ground, where it shattered, he sat her down on the edge and thrust hard.

"Yes!" Narcissa hissed, her depths fluttering around his throbbing length. "Harder!"

Growling, Harry pounded his hips forward with such force that the table slammed against the wall, chipping away the plaster. Meanwhile, the portraits continued to hurl insults.

"She belongs in Knockturn Alley!"

"Disgusting whore!"

Harry turned them out, far more interested in listening to his wife's cries and watching her breasts bouncing alluringly. Suddenly, Narcissa screamed, her depths pulsing around him while bathing his cock in a gush of arousal. Growling possessively, Harry slammed into her clutching depths, causing her beautiful blue eyes to roll back in her head. Burying his length as deep as possible, he erupted inside of her while he sucked at the side of her neck.

By the time he'd finished emptying himself, his lips had left a purple bruise on the side of her neck. Narcissa panted and watched as he slipped out of her a moment later. As his seed leaked from her puffy, swollen lips, she reached down and caught it with her finger. Smirking at the portraits, she brought it to her lips, sucking it clean with a moan.

Harry and Narcissa laughed at the renewed outrage.

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“Evening Uncle Lucy,” Tonks grinned.

Lucius Malfoy pushed his stringy blonde hair away from his face and looked up at her with narrowed eyes.

“I got a letter for you,” she said, taking an envelope out of the inner pocket of her leather jacket. “It’s from your wife.”

Lucius stood as she thrust the envelope through the bars. Just as his hand touched it, Tonks smirked and let go, the letter fluttering to the floor. Lucius glared, his nostrils flared while he ground his teeth.

“Whoops,” Tonks smiled.

Huffing a breath through his nose, he bent over and picked up the envelope. He opened it as he returned to the uncomfortable stone bench. Pulling out the contents, a newspaper clipping, several pictures tumbled out and landed in his lap.

Tonks grinned when she watched his eyes fall on one of the pictures. It was of Harry and Narcissa, both of them naked, with his arms wrapped around her obviously pregnant stomach. Holding back a laugh at the look of rage blossoming on his face, Tonks walked away.

“POTTER!”

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“How do I look?” Narcissa asked.

Harry looked up as he continued buttoning his shirt and smiled. Even six months pregnant, she looked amazing in her forest green dress. The V-neck of her dress put her plump breasts on display. Over the last couple of months, she swelled a full cup size, and even her areolas and nipples were visibly bigger. Perhaps he was a bit biased, but Harry thought she looked more beautiful than ever.

“You look great,” he smiled. “Though I prefer seeing you without the dress.”

Narcissa smirked at his reflection in the mirror before putting on her bright red lipstick.

“I’m not sure our guests would appreciate that,” she said.

Smiling softly, Harry hugged her from behind and kissed the side of her neck.

“You don’t have to do this, you know,” he whispered. “I’m more than happy with just you.”

“And I’ve told you, I will not be responsible for you giving up one of the oldest names in magical Britain,” Narcissa replied softly.

Spinning around, she kissed him on the lips and then wiped the lipstick off with her thumb.

“I knew what I was getting when I married you,” she told him. “Now, come on. They’ll be here soon.”

They finished dressing and made their way down to the living room. Harry frowned when he spotted Draco lounging on the couch in a set of nice robes. In the six months he’d been staying at Malfoy Manor, Draco had yet to find a job. He was convinced real work was beneath him. Instead, he attempted a string of get-rich-quick schemes that always cost more money than

they made. The only reason Harry gave him the money in the first place was in the vain hope that one of them would work out so Draco could get a place of his own.

Now, he was wondering if he should talk to Narcissa about putting their foot down and forcing him to find work. Meanwhile, under Narcissa's expert guidance, Harry owned and operated some of the most profitable businesses in magical Britain. In six months, he'd learned more from her than Draco had in nearly twenty years. How he could maintain his confidence after a string of nothing but failures was beyond him.

Harry was shaken from his thoughts when the Floo flared to life, the emerald green flames dancing wildly as a tall, elegant blonde woman stepped out. She was followed by two more witches, both of whom he recognized.

"Madam Greengrass, it's a pleasure to finally meet you," Harry said, taking her hand lightly and brushing his lips across the back of it.

"Evelyn, please," she smiled.

"Harry," he replied with a smile of his own before turning to the two younger women. "Daphne, Astoria, it's good to see you again."

"Narcissa, you look wonderful," Evelyn said, taking his wife's hands and staring at her stomach. "Do you know what you're having?"

"A girl," Narcissa smiled.

"Have you picked a name?" Evelyn asked.

"We've tossed around a few ideas," Narcissa said. "I think we're both partial to Rhea at the moment."

“Or Artemis,” Harry smiled.

As Narcissa and Evelyn debated the merits of each name, he noticed Draco leering at Daphne and Astoria. Even wearing rather modest dresses, their pronounced curves weren’t easy to hide. Kissing his wife on the cheek, he excused himself and made his way over to make sure Draco wasn’t being too much of a prat.

“...It’s only a matter of time before we take over the entire market,” Draco bragged.

“I’m sure,” Daphne said in a bored tone.

“Evening, ladies,” Harry smiled, earning him a glare from Draco. “What have you been up to since leaving Hogwarts?”

“I just started training as a Healer,” Astoria said.

“And I’ve been working on my Charms mastery,” Daphne replied.

“That’s impressive,” Harry said. “You were looking to get into the Department of Mysteries, weren’t you?”

Daphne narrowed her eyes.

“How did you know that?” she asked.

“I work there,” Harry told her. “Turns out dying and coming back to life gave me a deeper understanding of magic.”

“Really?” she asked interestedly.

“Now you’ve done it,” Astoria giggled. “Now she’s going to want to study you.”

“Better her than the creepy spooks I work with,” Harry grinned.

All conversation came to a halt when there was a *pop*.

“Dinner is served in the kitchen,” Kreacher said, bowing low.

“Thank you, Kreacher,” Harry said.

As they all moved into the kitchen, Harry took turns holding out chairs for the ladies. Narcissa sat last, and he took a moment to press a kiss to her lips.

“I have to say, I don’t think I’ve ever seen you this happy before,” Evelyn smiled.

“I haven’t been,” Narcissa beamed, resting her hand on Harry’s thigh under the table. “Marrying Harry is the best decision I’ve ever made.”

Draco scowled and downed half a glass of wine in a single gulp. Seeing that, Daphne smirked as she took a sip of water. Catching her eye, Harry winked. Dinner passed quickly as Harry got to know the Greengrasses better. Evelyn and Narcissa had been best friends since Hogwrats, and he was glad to finally meet her.

Draco jumped into the conversation regularly, trying to boast about his business dealings and successes in the Wizengamot. As much as Harry wanted to bite back and reveal the truth, Narcissa held him back with a look. He didn’t know why, but fortunately, the girls didn’t seem the least bit fooled by his bragging.

“So, I heard Lucius and Markus were in talks about a marriage contract before they were arrested,” Narcissa said as they finished eating.

Harry noticed Daphne stiffen in her seat and the expression on her face closing off.

“Yes,” Evelyn nodded. “Markus was trying to talk Lucius into entering a contract between Draco and Daphne.”

“I’ve always hoped for a stronger tie between our families,” Narcissa smiled.

Draco puffed up his chest and smirked while Daphne’s eyes hardened into chips of ice.

“Only if you want to, of course,” Narcissa continued, looking at Daphne. “I’m sure you’d make a great wife for Draco or Harry.”

“What?” Draco yelled.

“Harry?” Daphne asked, surprise breaking through her mask.

“Well, he does need a wife for House Potter within the next two years if he doesn’t want to lose it,” Narcissa said.

Harry took a sip of wine to cover his smirk. Draco’s cheeks turned red as he huffed angrily. It must’ve irked him that if he hadn’t pushed the issue in the Wizengamot, none of this would’ve happened in the first place.

“Is that something you’d be interested in?” Narcissa asked.

“I’d like to get to know Harry a bit better before making a commitment,” Daphne replied.

Draco stood angrily, the legs of his chair screeching across the floor. Throwing his napkin onto his plate, he stormed from the room.

“How about Harry takes you on a date this weekend?” Narcissa smiled.

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Walking into the master bedroom, Harry wrapped his arms around his wife and caressed her stomach.

“You are so bad,” he grinned.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Narcissa said, leaning back against his chest with a smile.

“You knew exactly how Daphne would react,” Harry said, cupping and squeezing her breasts.

“It’s not my fault Draco won’t listen to me,” she said, moaning when he tweaked her fat, swollen nipples. “Besides, compared to you, how could she possibly choose anyone else?”

Grinning, Harry kissed her shoulder and guided her over to the bed.

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5 years later

“Daddy! Daddy!” five-year-old Rhea Potter-Black yelled excitedly.

Her black hair covered her face as she jumped up and gripped the quilt to pull herself up onto the bed. Green eyes glittering, she crawled up the bed and shook Harry's chest.

"Daddy, wake up, it's Cwistmas," Rhea said.

"Alright, I'm up," Harry yawned.

"Go wake your brother, and we'll be down in a minute," Narcissa said.

"Okay, mummy," Rhea said.

Beaming, she climbed over her Aunt Daphne and carefully dropped down to the floor. Her little feet padded loudly across the floor as she ran out of the room.

"What time is it?" Daphne groaned.

"Seven," Narcissa replied as she climbed out of bed.

Harry smiled as he took in her naked figure. Even after three children, she somehow managed to get back into the same shape she'd been in when Harry met her. Throwing on a robe, she walked over to the bassinette in the corner and checked on six-month-old Artemis. Rolling over, Harry kissed Daphne's neck.

"Time to get up, love," he murmured.

Daphne grumbled as she threw off the blankets and stretched. His eyes raked over her perky breasts, causing his wife to smirk knowingly.

"Don't get too excited," Daphne told him.

Climbing out of bed, she swayed her hips teasingly before pulling on her robe, causing Harry to pout. Laughing, Daphne tossed her robe at his head.

“You can ogle me later,” she said. “We need to get downstairs but the kids get into the presents.”

Smiling, Harry threw on his robe a moment before Rhea ran past their bedroom door, leading three-year-old James behind her. Cursing under her breath, Daphne ran after them.

“Be careful going down the stairs,” she yelled.

Artemis giggled as Narcissa lifted her up to her shoulder. With a grin, Harry kissed his daughter’s forehead. Turning, Narcissa kissed him on the lips. They left the bedroom and walked downstairs. Rhea and James sat impatiently in front of the Christmas tree.

“Can we open presents now?” Rhea asked.

“Go ahead,” Narcissa said.

Daphne picked two presents out from under the tree and handed them to the kids. Rhea opened hers eagerly while James cared more about shredding the wrapping paper and throwing it into the air than what the present actually was.

An hour after all the presents had been opened, Tonks and Andromeda arrived, followed shortly after by Draco and Pansy. Narcissa had finally put her foot down and forced him to get a job. Of course, his eagerness to leave may have had something to do with the fact Narcissa had Harry fuck her all over the house, in places he was sure to catch them. It likely wasn’t a coincidence that he moved in with Pansy just days after walking in on his mother getting eagerly buggered on the kitchen table.



“So, what’d you get good for Christmas?” Tonks asked.

“Harry got us these beautiful lockets,” Narcissa said, holding up the pendant.

Popping it open, she showed Tonks and Andromeda the moving family portrait inside.

“Actually, I have one more present for you,” Harry smiled. “Andromeda agreed to catch the kids for a few days so we can take a vacation to Black Island.”

“Really?” Narcissa asked, looking at her sister.

Andromeda smiled and nodded. Narcissa beamed, hugged her, and then turned to give Harry a kiss.

“Well, since we’re giving out secret presents, I have one more for you,” Daphne smiled. “I’m pregnant.”

“Seriously?” Harry asked.

Smiling, Daphne nodded. Hopping out of his chair, Harry lifted her from the couch and spun her around while kissing her on the lips. Everyone took turns congratulating them, except Draco, who sulked.

“Geez, Harry. If you keep this up, you’ll have enough kids to fill your own Quidditch team,” Tonks joked.

Grinning, Harry sat down with one wife in his arms and the other at his side. He finally had the family he’d always wanted.