

Taking a deep, shuddering breath, Narcissa eyes were wet with unshed tears, and she looked entirely lost for a moment. Shaking herself she looked at her cousin, "I requested your presence here, in your formal capacity as Head of House Black, so that you could annul my marriage. I have no desire to remain attached to Lucius, or the name Malfoy, in any way. Given the nature of his crimes, and the conviction he received, he clearly broke our marriage pact."

Sirius looked at her for a long moment before he barked out a laugh, "Why should I? What do you possibly have to offer other than your heartfelt apologies? You spent years making this bed for yourself, Cissy, I think it's only right that you should lie in it."

Harry had to acknowledge the woman's resolve. Despite the blunt refusal, she didn't cry or beg. She was a proud Slytherin and Black so, she knew full-well that she couldn't come empty-handed and expect anything from her cousin. Luckily for her, their conversation had given her a bargaining piece she didn't know she had, "You said that the diary given to Lucius contained a piece of the Dark Lord's soul." She was looking at Harry. For just a moment, he thought he saw a flicker something he could only describe as... interest as her gaze darted briefly along his body.

Swallowing, Harry could feel a bit of heat under the collar, "Yes."

"Lucius wasn't the only one of his most trusted given such a gift," she smiled triumphantly when she saw that she had caught his interest, "He gave an ornate cup to my sister, Bellatrix."

Merlin's beard, bollocks and everything in between. If she can get us to another Horcrux, welcoming her back into the Blacks would be a small price to pay. Harry shared a look with Sirius, "And you know where it is?"

"Yes, as it so happens. And if my cousin agrees to my request, I'd be more than happy to tell you."

Clearly irritated, Sirius breathed out heavily through his nose, "Can you retrieve this object?"

Narcissa stared at her cousin for a long moment, "I believe I can, yes."

Sirius smirked back at her, "Never were keen on giving a straight answer, were you, Narcissa?" She only smiled in response.

His godfather ran a hand down his face, "I will annul your marriage and welcome you back into the House of Black on the condition that you provide us with whatever information you have on the object of Voldemort's and help in its retrieval." She looked absolutely thrilled at the news, but he wasn't finished, "But you will also comport yourself in a manner that I deem fit as a member of this House."

"Meaning?"

"You will behave like a decent human-being toward others for a start. Whether they're pureblood or muggles, or something in-between." Her nose scrunched up in distaste, but she didn't protest, "And you'll do everything in your power to correct your son's abhorrent behavior. I won't tolerate him as a part of my House if he doesn't change."

Narcissa grimaced, "I'll do my best, in both regards. Unfortunately, Draco learned the worst of Lucius' behaviors."

Snorting, Harry couldn't help himself, "You can say that again. Wanker tried killing me on the train."

A deathly chill overtook the room as Sirius's eyes narrowed, "What?"

Cursing his loose lips, Harry explained, "Draco and his buffoons attacked me using Explosive Curses while I was in a compartment with a couple of my friends."

Paling considerably, Narcissa tried to speak, "Sirius..."

His godfather held up one hand to stop her and she fell silent as he stood, "No, I've heard more than enough. I'll drag Bellatrix out of Azkaban myself if that's what's necessary to retrieve the cup, but I **won't** allow you or your son," He spat the word with venom, "into the House Black for all the gold in Gringotts."

"Please, no," Narcissa pleaded, panicked, "think about this! Don't do anything rash!"

"Like throwing curses?" Sirius asked snidely, and his cousin couldn't meet his eye, "That's what I thought. Somehow I doubt you'd be any more forgiving if it was Harry who tried killing your son." With his decision made he stormed out of the room. In his anger, he didn't realize that Harry didn't rise to join him.

Narcissa crumpled in her chair and her body was wracked with broken sobs though still, no tears fell. She struck a stark contrast to the regal woman that he'd met at the Quidditch World Cup. Standing, Harry approached her and rubbed gentle circles against her back, trying to do what he could to soothe her.

For a few minutes, she didn't even seem to register his presence but eventually, she turned to look at him, pressing herself against his leg. Her pale-blue eyes looked desperate as she reached for his hand, and he liked the way it felt small and soft within his own bigger one, "I tell you... I knew nothing of my son's intention or his actions. Neither Severus nor Dumbledore told me anything about it."

"Professor Dumbledore was still getting everyone's account of the story," Harry told the older woman, admiring the fact that even forlorn and hopeless she was still beautiful, "he didn't want to appear biased in my favor despite the fact I was willing to provide a memory of the events." He gave her a reassuring smile, "And for what it's worth, I believe you. I don't think you had anything to do with your son's attack against me... or knew anything about it."

"Thank you." For some odd reason, his belief seemed genuinely important to her as she brightened at the news.

"Unfortunately, it's not me that you need to convince."

"No... it's not." She deflated slightly, "And something tells me, Sirius isn't going to listen to another word I have to say whether in person or in a letter."

Harry rubbed her shoulder comfortingly and she leaned into his touch, "I..."

Suddenly, Narcissa looked up to him her eyes alight, and her pale-blonde hair framing her beautiful face, "You could convince him."

"I was..."

“Please, I’m desperate Harry,” she refused to let him finish, “I won’t keep the name of that vile piece of hippogriff dung.” Her hand found his thigh, and rubbed against it gently, “I know it would be asking a great deal of you, given your history with Draco and my husband, but I would be willing to do... whatever it takes to convince you.” To Narcissa’s mind, this was her one last chance to convince her cousin to agree to her request. And it didn’t hurt that Harry’s mere presence had her quim dripping since his arrival.

Had she simply let him speak, she would’ve been pleasantly surprised to learn that he was perfectly willing to speak to his godfather. *Whatever animosity I feel toward Draco is nothing compared to the hate I have for Tom, and I won’t put our chances of killing him permanently at risk because of his foolishness.*

However, the way her hand stroked against his thigh had certainly pulled him up short. *What harm would there be in having her convince me, at least a little bit,* “What did you have in mind, Mrs. Malfoy?”

“Narcissa, or Cissy,” She purred pressing herself against his leg and looking up at him through hooded eyes, “I don’t ever want to be associated with that bastard again!”

“Alright, Narcissa then, what did you have in mind?” He reached down and ran a finger along the smooth skin of her graceful neck. She shivered at the contact, and whatever sadness had been in her countenance still disappeared with his touch only to be replaced by desire.

But yet, she couldn’t seem to say what was on her mind. Blushing and stuttering, she continued to massage his thigh, her hand drawing closer and closer to her crotch. Harry chuckled slightly, and she looked at him sharply. *Here’s a woman at least twenty years older than me and she’s the one acting like a blushing virgin when I actually was until just a couple weeks ago.*

Stroking her swan-like neck with one hand, he reached his other hand toward his trousers to undo his zipper and snap. He pushed them and his pants down at the waist and they bunched high on his thighs. He managed to get them down far enough that the base of his half-hard cock was visible, as were his heavy bollocks, “Do you want to **suck** and **fuck** my big cock so that I’ll convince my godfather to take you back into the family?”

Gasping at his lewd suggestion, she didn’t say no. Quite the contrary, her attention was fixed on his cock. Her slim fingers moved up to wrap around the base of his shaft, making him groan in pleasure. The older woman pulled him free of his confines. His cock was heavy in her hands, the bright-blue veins pulsing against her grip.

Narcissa was wide-eyed and open-mouthed, shocked at the sheer size of him. Moving his hips slightly, the hard flesh slid through her hand wonderfully until his glistening crown poked her in the cheek, “Well?”

“Yes... I... I want to **suck** and **fuck** your... ridiculous cock.” He couldn’t help but notice she made no mention of anything in return. *I’d wager she happily would have taken a turn on my knob regardless of the situation.* Shakily, she started stroking his hot length, her movements stilted and unpracticed. *Ginny never touched a cock before mine and she seemed more comfortable with it.*

“You’ve never seen one so big, have you?” He teased her, Narcissa moaned and buried her face against his crotch, sniffing the musk of his manhood, “Your tiny-pricked husband took ages just to get hard and even then you could barely feel him.”

“He hadn’t...” she placed soft kisses along his shaft, paying special attention to the ridges of his veins, “touched me... in years... too busy... with some whores... who had no choice.... in suffering his... useless little cock.”

“You should count yourself luck then, Cissy,” He grabbed himself at his base and with a meaty thud, he dropped his length against her face. Bollocks resting by her chin, his tip leaked into her silken tresses. She went cross-eyed as she stared at his meaty shaft and her breathing became heavy at his treatment of her. He pulled back until his dripping tip was sitting at her eager mouth.

Giving it a sloppy kiss, she opened her mouth wide and filled her waiting gob with his bulbous knob. Savoring the taste for a few seconds, she moaned low in her throat before popping off, “You even taste like a man...I want you to ravage me... to make me forget that I even had a husband. I want you to make sure that every time I go to sleep... I dream of you... and what you’re about to do to me.”

“You want to be my little cock-slut, don’t you, Narcissa?” Harry didn’t know where the words came from, but they just felt right.

From the way she shuddered as though he’d just flicked her clit, he imagine they were, “Please...” Her plea was desperate and needy, and more than enough to put him to action.

Slotting his cock back in her mouth, he thrust his hips forward. His cock passed through the warm heat of her welcoming oral cavity until he reached her throat. *Glugh*. She spat and gagged around his knob clearly unused to such treatment, but she didn’t tell him to stop, “Girls less than half your age have put up a better effort than that Cissy. If you want to be my cock-slut you **must** be better.” With his cock still buried in her mouth, she nodded her head obediently.

Leaning down, he gripped at the top of her dress and pulled hard. There was a sharp tearing as the expensive material gave and ripped apart. Her perky, creamy tits shook as they were exposed to the air made to look all the better by the black corset underneath her dress. He wanted to appreciate everything she had to offer as he used her.

Pulling his hips back languidly, he started humping back and forth against the beautiful older woman’s face. Every time he reached her throat, there was another gag. But that didn’t mean that Narcissa wasn’t trying, because with each plunge into her mouth he managed to go fractionally deeper. A half a centimeter at a time, maybe less, he started making use of her throat.

It wasn’t without great effort though, her chin became soaked with thick rivulets and strands of spittle that seeped down to her tits and made her lovely mounds glisten. And by the time he reached her absolute limit there were still a few inches of his cock that hadn’t enjoyed the heat of her mouth. That wasn’t to say they were dry though, because the sexy little bitch reached one of her delicate hands up and stroked the stretch of his length that she couldn’t take.

There was more that Harry wanted though, much more, and he pulled himself free from the tight seal of her lips with a pop. Narcissa whimpered at the loss and reached for his cock trying to bring it back to her

mouth. Giving her cheek a light slap, he got her attention, "Now, now, Cissy, don't fret you'll have it back in just a moment."

Pulling her out of the chair, there was a damp spot on the cushion where her juices had leaked profusely. Narcissa gasped as he turned her around and bent her over. He didn't remove her dress, instead ripping it again. Something about seeing this regal woman in a tattered dress of such fine quality was a massive turn on for him, especially since she loved every second of it.

When he discarded enough of it and found his prize waiting underneath, he had to chuckle, "Oh, Cissy, you really are a desperate little slut." She wore a pair of black stockings and garters, but no knickers. Her dripping slit stained the tops of her thighs. Running a hand along the jutting curve of her beautiful bum, he gave the perky cheek a firm slap, "And I thought Hogwarts robes were a shame. Why would you hide such a magnificent arse underneath so much clothing?" It wasn't particularly big, but it was perfectly sculpted.

"It's... not proper," Narcissa whimpered out as his fingers toyed with the oversensitive lips of her desperate pussy.

"Not proper..." Harry laughed at the claim, "something tells me you're not as concerned with propriety as you'd like to pretend. No, do you want to know what I think?"

"Wh...what?" Her voice came out strained and breathy as he pushed on her shoulders, forcing her bum up and her back to arch obscenely. While her mouth had left something to be desired, she had the back-arch of a proper slut.

"I think you've just been desperately waiting for the right man to come along... who would treat you kindly and sweetly most of the time... but would use and abuse this beautiful body to their heart's content the second you were alone." He pressed her cheek against the cushion of the chair right where her pussy had leaked, Narcissa could only groan and push her hips back toward the prize she so desperately desired, "I'd say I have the right of it."

"Please... please..." The older woman resorted to begging as she pressed her thigh against the spongy crown of his cock. Pinned as she was, she couldn't get him inside of her without his help.

"Is this what you want?" Harry nestled his cock between her engorged, puffy pussy lips pulling an immediate whimper of approval from the older woman.

"Yes... fuck me... use me... please... I need IT!" She screamed the last as he snapped his hips forward and buried himself in her desperate hole. Dripping wet and ready, she was still tight as a virgin as he burrowed deep in her depths with one steady thrust, "Stretching... so big..." Her eyes glazed over in undeniable pleasure.

Years indeed. Reveling in the way her sheath gripped at every inch of his invading member, he smacked her ass again, "It's a crime that you haven't gotten every bit of what you've desired over the years! You, and your body, were meant to be fucked, and filled over and over and over again... And I intend to do just that." He heard no complaints as he started pounding into her naughty hole.

It didn't take long for him to pull Narcissa's first orgasm from her body. Years of sexual deprivation, along with less than satisfactory experiences to begin with, made her an easy target. Her pale skin

flushed and her body shuddered. Her girl-cum gathered creamy and thick at the base of his cock, as she shook through the first cock-induced orgasm of her entire life. Her legs nearly gave out, but Harry's grip upon her waist kept her up, "There you go, good little slut. By the time we're done you're going to be a cock-drunk mess."

They fucked like rabbits, Harry forcing orgasm after orgasm out of the beautiful pureblood's body. What was once Lucius' study reeked of sex, and drops of his wife's essence, pulled from her by a prodigious half-blood cock, stained the floor, and half the surfaces as well, "Do you like that half-blood cock?" He goaded her at one point, tweaking her nipple as her perky tit bounced on her tit.

"I love it!" she exulted to the ceiling, "Anytime you want... you can use... my pureblood pussy... and stretch it on your... stupidly fat prick."

Through it all, Harry managed to hold off even one orgasm. He didn't know how he was doing it, but imagined it was a consequence of his magic's entwinement. With Narcissa bent over the ornate, blackwood desk there was one more thing he wanted before he finally gave her the load that she'd worked for so diligently.

Pulling Narcissa's pert bumcheeks apart, he watched her miniscule little pucker pulse as he fucked her through another orgasm. Her blue eyes rolled to the back of her head, as he continued to plunge into her undulating sheath. The woman was entirely fuck drunk, and given the pleasure he'd extracted from her body, he doubted that he'd get any complaints about what he intended next. *The Malfoys have always been a massive pain in my ass. It only seems fair.*

Pulling his cock free, thick drips of Narcissa's cum leaked from her gaping hole and stood in stark contrast to the black of the desk they fell to. Bringing his vividly engorged cockhead to her pucker, he pressed his glands against the absurdly tiny hole. That certainly got Narcissa's attention, and even in her exhausted state, she turned to look at him with a bit of fear, "I've never..."

"Me neither." Harry told her honestly, "But I think a proper cock-slut should be able to take it in all her holes." He leaned over and brushed her sweat soaked hair from her face, "I'll be gentle... at least at first."

Giggling, she leaned down without any further protest, though he could still see a hint of fear in her eyes. Chest pressed against the hard wood, Narcissa reached back and pulled her own arsecheeks apart in invitation, "I want to be yours." She said it so quietly he barely heard.

His cock popped into her butt with a great deal of effort, but the copious amount of sexual juices that stained his cock and her pucker served as a fantastic lubricant. He didn't know how long it took, but he had to stop himself from cumming when his bollocks rested against her dripping pussy. This was an entirely new experience for Harry, and one that set him immediately on edge. It was the tightest hole he'd ever been in and gripped in a way entirely different to a warm, welcoming pussy, "I won't last much longer..." He warned.

"You can finish... wherever you want." Her eyes were closed as she fought the mixture of pleasure and pain.

"You **are** a perfect cum-slut." Shocking Harry, his compliment caused her to shudder through a tiny climax that only served to make her already incredible hole that much better.

His thrusts weren't as fierce as the ones that he gave her womanhood, but they were still hard enough that his bollocks bounced against her puffy pussy lips and came away stained with more of her juices with every plunge. He hadn't been lying when he said he wouldn't last much longer, as he could feel his bollocks tightening against his shaft.

"Cum..." Narcissa was looking at him from where her face was pressed against the desk, one blue eye meeting his own emerald ones, as her voice carried to him like pure sin, "please cum... I need it. I need it... sooo badly." She reached one hand underneath them both and started playing with her clit, he could feel her hard nails against his bollocks the next time he filled her bum.

Growling, he couldn't stop his orgasm this time. Pulling harshly against her hips, he gave her one last truly ferocious thrust that drove the air from her lungs. His cock pulsed and expanded in the stupidly tight confines of her ass, and he unleashed his load balls deep in that wonderful hole.

A keening wail escaped from deep in her throat as Narcissa shook through one last peak of her own. Her bum cheeks shook and her back arched in a way that looked painful as she squirted for the first time in their carnal encounter and soaked the desk beneath her.

Pulling free of her gripping depths, he watched as her hole gaped briefly before instantly starting to close back up. She didn't lose a single drop of his seed. Giving her lovely cheeks a gentle slap, he got her attention though her eyes were exhausted... and satisfied, "I'll talk to Sirius. I promise. Hell, I was going to before any of this."

"Worth it," Narcissa as her she fell asleep right there on the desk with her ass still in the air. *Worth it indeed.*