

Summary - Harry and Narcissa Malfoy find themselves at the most debaucherous Pureblooded party of the year, The Masquerade. At this party, anything goes.

Masquerade

Narcissa Malfoy sat at her Vanity and fixed up her hair. It was elegantly pulled up into a perfect bun, showing off her slender neck. With a wave of her wand, her hair turned from her normal blonde to a deep black. Nodding in satisfaction, she grabbed her makeup kit. She spent the next half an hour meticulously applying her makeup as perfectly as possible. There wasn't a valid reason for this, but it had been ingrained in her way of life for so long that it became a habit. With another wave of her wand, her facial features blurred until she was unrecognizable. Standing up, she walked over to her full-length mirror and looked at her nude form. Even though she was an older woman now, she still had an incredible body. It was all thanks to eating healthy, good genes, and of course illegal anti-aging potions, but nobody needed to know about that.

Her hand slid down her breast, and her nipple hardened when her fingers grazed the crinkled nub. It slid further down, over her flat belly, and down her smooth, hairless mound. Her fingers rubbed her clit for a second before slipping between her damp folds. Narcissa groaned and removed her fingers. She held them up to the light and saw that they were coated in her arousal. Slipping them between her lips, she sucked them clean of her drippings and moaned at the taste. Turning around, she looked over her shoulder and examined her ass. It was still toned and perky for a woman of her age. In fact, it looked good enough to belong to a twenty-five year old. She spread her cheeks apart and saw her tight asshole, bleached until it matched the rest of her pale skin. A woman of her caliber had to look perfect, even if that meant doing embarrassing or painful treatments. Narcissa walked to her closet and searched the long, full racks for something proper to wear. Tonight was an important party in Pureblood society. The Summer Equinox only came once a year, and it was an important day in the magical world.

She hadn't been able to attend this particular party for the last few years. All the trouble with the revival of the Dark Lord saw to that. Then after his defeat by Harry Potter and the subsequent arrest of her husband Lucius, she just didn't have time for parties. She was too busy trying to get her house in order. Her idiot son hadn't been doing his part either. He was too busy going around with that gold-digging chippy, Astoria Greengrass. He was often gone, so that left the running of House Malfoy to her. After a lot of long and hard work, she had finally gotten things to where they needed to be. Narcissa could finally take a break. Thankfully, it was just in time for her favorite party of the year, The Masquerade.

The Masquerade happened only once a year on the Summer Equinox. It was a day for celebrating "The Old Ways" in Pureblood society. The old ways weren't practiced anymore, except for the one day. It was a secret party that Purebloods went to while in disguise. During the party, anything could happen. Men or women could fuck a complete stranger right there on the dinner table, and no one would say anything against it. In the old days, witches and wizards used masks to hide their identities, but since then, spells were created that did a better job.

Narcissa loved this party for one particular reason. During her marriage, Lucius kept a firm eye on her extramarital activities, meaning she didn't have any. He on the other hand could fuck anyone he desired. Unfortunately, that's how Pureblood marriages usually worked. The only day that she could get any side action was at the party. Now that Lucius was spending the rest of his wretched life in prison, she could fuck anyone she wanted. Even so, she still loved the party. Getting fucked in such a public place without fear of getting caught always gave her such a rush. It was incredible. She looked forward to it every year and would continue to do so for years to come.

Finding a brand new cocktail dress that was very low cut, she put it on and checked herself in the mirror. She thought that she looked as good as she was going to get. Of course, she didn't wear panties. They wouldn't look good with the dress, and she wouldn't need them. Now she just needed a few touch-ups and she could be fashionably late for the party.

Masquerade

Harry Potter was standing near a corner of the room taking everything in. His face was blurred just like everyone else's. He had heard rumors of this party for several years now but was finally able to score an invite. He wanted to see the things that went on here for himself. He showed up on time, and it seemed that nothing would be happening for a while. It wasn't surprising. People usually didn't start getting crazy until they had gotten a bit sloshed. The wine and liquor were flowing, so it wouldn't be long until the real party started. He had been there for around forty-five minutes and the other attendees were starting to become a bit more boisterous. Everyone was laughing more and talking louder than they did at the beginning. That was when he noticed a woman walking into the party later than everyone else.

His eyes raked over her slim, fit form. She was wearing a sleek, shimmery red cocktail dress that had straps over both shoulders. It bore an insane amount of cleavage, and he was shocked that the dress held everything in, if he was being honest. Her back was completely bare all the way down to the cute, little dimples above her bum. There was a long slit up the skirt which showed off her long, smooth leg. On her feet were red, strappy high-heels. Her face was of course blurred, but she did have jet black hair that was pulled up into an elegant bun. On her neck, ears, and wrists were gold and diamond jewelry. She obviously came from a wealthy family. Harry wanted to meet her, so he made his way over to her.

Narcissa saw what appeared to be a young man walking toward her. She smirked to herself. She had only been here for a few minutes and already she had men lining up for her attention. She knew that he was fairly young based on the style of his clothes and the way that he carried himself. As he came up to her, she raised her hand and offered it to him. Like a gentleman, he kissed the back of it gently, but he didn't let it go. He used it to gently pull her closer to him.

"Not a bad party, huh?" he said, leaning close to her. She could hear his breathing deepen and knew that he was smelling her perfume. She smiled and answered him.

“I wouldn’t know. I just arrived,” she smirked as he brushed his finger down the middle of her palm, creating a tickling sensation. That action alone had her pussy dampening.

Harry smirked behind his blurred cloak of magic as well. He knew that scent well. The size and body type, along with the sound of her voice clinched it. This was Narcissa Malfoy. He would regret it if he didn’t take the opportunity to stick it to his rival, Draco Malfoy. Malfoy may not have been as much of a git as he used to be, but Harry still had to repay him for all his annoyances over the years. Fucking his mother would be a good start. So Harry turned on the charm. He got them both drinks to loosen their inhibitions, and soon they were flirting with one another. To get away from the noise, they went to the second floor of the ballroom. They could see down to the floor below, the drop only being blocked by a fancy, low, wooden railing. As they looked down, they could see both men and women getting groped. The real party had nearly started. Narcissa was leaning against the railing, and Harry was pressed against her.

Narcissa moaned when the young man kissed the side of her neck. His hand went up the slit in her dress and brushed over her naked pussy.

“No panties?” he moaned into her neck.

“I figured that I wouldn’t need them tonight,” she returned his moan, bending her neck to give him better access.

“You certainly won’t,” Harry grunted, his fingers exploring her wet slit. Harry decided to use a move that he had been developing with the help of Ginny Weasley. She would always let Harry sexually experiment with her. He gently pinched Narcissa’s clit between his fingers and wandlessly used a spell that was the opposite of the Cruciatus Curse. It brought blinding pleasure to the one that it was used on. Like the Cruciatus, you had to be careful so as to not damage a person’s mind.

Narcissa’s eyes bugged out as pure pleasure struck her pussy like a bolt of lightning. She screeched loudly as she came over his hand. She could feel the juices dripping from her naked slit and landing on the marble floor beneath her. Unbeknownst to her, her squeals of pleasure had drawn the attention of many on the floor below. They looked up at her. Harry saw this and smirked.

“Are you ready for some real fun?” he asked sexily, nibbling on her earlobe as she rode out her orgasm. Narcissa nodded rapidly, still gasping too much to reply verbally.

Narcissa gasped as her dress disappeared from her body, but luckily it reappeared on a chair next to them. Her partner’s clothes were next to hers, meaning he was equally naked. She couldn’t see for herself, because he slipped behind her and lifted her leg up, giving him room to work. She shuddered when she felt the largest cock that she had ever taken, slide between her wet lips and batter her cervix. Her body was still shivering from her recent orgasm when he grabbed her behind her knees and lifted her up, her legs spread open like a common whore.

Her body was turned, and she saw it. Everyone below was looking up at her! She gasped out as he started to furiously fuck her.

She saw the perverted men below eagerly looking at her naked form and enjoying the pornographic show that her partner was putting on for them. Then she felt the pure magic and pleasure shoot from behind her knees and travel throughout her body before slamming right into her G-spot. She choked out as her pussy exploded in a torrent of juice. Her partner's fat cock was spearing her tight, pale folds causing the juices to escape in droplets squirting from her pussy. She looked down wide-eyed as disgusting men and women opened their mouths and tried to catch her ejaculate in their mouths. Her pussy was convulsing and clamping down on the offending cock still battering her cervix. Her eyes fluttered, and she rested the back of her head on his shoulder as he held her legs open. He sat her down on the low railing so that her legs were hanging over the side. He pulled his cock from her and slid his fingers inside of her pussy. Violently, his fingers started thrusting as he injected his magic into her.

"FUCK!" she yelled, her pussy squirting all over the crowd below. She watched as one naked, old man let her pussy juices fall on him as he furiously stroked his cock. Narcissa was seeing spots as her orgasm went on and on. Her partner's hand rubbed at her clit, and Narcissa had to slap it away. It was too sensitive! Apparently, he was not having it. He grabbed her again and fucked her in the same position. This time, he carried her down the stairs. She was getting brutally fucked by the biggest cock of her life as he carried her through the crowds. Hands reached out and squeezed her breasts and legs. Brave men even tried to get a feel of her pussy. She shuddered violently as he fucked her right in the middle of a massive crowd. Her tight, Pureblooded body was being groped and violated from every direction. Her pussy clamped down on him, a powerful orgasm rocking her to the core. She choked out and squealed and begged. One man pressed his face closer to her pussy and received a faceful of her cum as she squirted. Her pussy drenched the crowd as she felt her partner's cock inject his seed into her.

She was tired as he slowly fucked her, his cock spurting load after hot load into her well-fucked pussy. She just let him do whatever he wanted. Her pleasure was making her loopy in the head. He let his cock slip from her pussy, and immediately someone began licking and sucking the cum from her violated cunt. She looked down and saw an older woman sucking her partner's cock clean of her juices. She leaned back and claimed his lips in a passionate kiss. She knew that the party was just getting started, and quickly wondered what else her new lover had in store for her.