

Making her way through the halls of Malfoy Manor, Narcissa was waddling, but given how far along her pregnancy was, there was no avoiding it. *And I'm not going to bother trying to hide it when there's no one around to put on a show for.* You couldn't tell it from looking at her, a glamour tied to an ornate, emerald-encrusted necklace that hung around her neck ensured it.

Lucius cared so little about her comings and goings that he'd barely even thought to question any of the changes to her body.

They didn't share a bedroom, not once since marrying, and so, he'd never once encountered her morning sickness. He neither cooked nor bothered with the elves that did it for them, and so had no knowledge of her cravings. And since the elves in their employ hated him, not even one considered telling their master about the changes. *Or the many letters that have come and gone.*

But she still had to suffer his presence, and she reserved her energy for acting for those fleeting moments. As it happened, she was headed toward exactly that.

Standing in front of the door to her husband's study, she straightened and took a deep breath. *Knock. Knock. Knock.* Her knuckles rapped firmly on the wood.

"Enter." His muffled, silken reached her. Opening the door, she found him sitting behind his ostentatious desk. A piece of parchment there sitting there.

He stared at it with such obvious fury she was surprised that it didn't spontaneously burst into flames, "Sit." His words were clipped, his lips pursed. There were only a few times in their unpleasant time together that she could remember seeing him so obviously incensed. *After Dumbledore's return in Draco's second year, and the Dark Lord's first defeat come to mind.*

Pushing the parchment across the desk toward her, he commanded, "Read it."

The truth was, she didn't need to read it. She already knew exactly what it said. Her machinations were a large part of the reason why it existed in the first place. That didn't stop her from scanning it, slowly and carefully. While she'd never pretend to truly like the man, whatever her realizations about halfbloods and muggleborns, she had to admire Ted Tonks capability as a solicitor. *I still think Andromeda could've done better though.*

As she sat back in the seat, Lucius was tapping on the desk irritably, "Well?"

"What would you like me to say, Lucius?"

That only made him scowl, "Did you know about this?"

That actually made her laugh, “There’s nothing that Draco tells me that you didn’t hear about days, weeks, or months before. So no, I had no idea.”

“This could be catastrophic...”

“You don’t need to tell me, ,” Her lips were pursed as she feigned irritation, “I remember the lessons my mother taught me very well. Perhaps you should’ve been more diligent about teaching Draco the same thing.”

“Watch your tongue, woman.” He bit out, but his anger wasn’t really for her. It was for himself and for Draco, “What are we going to do about this?”

Narcissa tried not to scoff at him. *Now it’s we, is it? That must be the first time in our entire marriage.* Though, she had every intention of taking advantage and leading him toward the ends that she intended.

“I don’t think there’s anything we can do.” Narcissa kept her voice even, trying to placate him, “Our son challenged the last heir of an Ancient House to a formal duel and didn’t show up.” Not to mention his antics with informing Filch, “We both know that it’s not only a forfeit, but an insult. Potter is well within his rights to ask for whatever pleases him from the House of Malfoy... and we both know that you’re obligated to give it.”

“I’m aware of the laws.” He waved his hand dismissively, “I’ve never let such trivial matters as that stop me in the past.” There was an evil glint in his eye, one that she’d seen more than once in their time together, “Of course, there’s every possibility that the problem will simply take care of itself... the tournament could bring an end to young Mister Potter.”

Humming low in the back of her throat, Narcissa couldn’t help but disagree, “You’ve read the papers, Lucius. His performances have been nothing short of exemplary. If you’re relying on that, it seems you’ll be sorely disappointed.”

“Well, if not that... anyone can have an accident, my dear.” That self-satisfied look made her want to pull out her wand and curse him. *Calm yourself, you’re not some brash Gryffindor.*

“They can, but it’s unlikely to happen in the next three days.” She pointed to the bottom of the parchment, “Or did you not notice?”

Pulling the paper toward him, he read it with snit on his face. In his hurry to find a solution to their new problem, he hadn’t reached the scheduled arbitration of the issue that was written there. He threw the paper back down to the desk with a snarl, “I refuse to be outmaneuvered by some up-jumped halfblood! His demands will be enough to ruin me. Years of hard work destroyed because of Draco’s stupidity.”

*You branded yourself with the mark of an 'up-jumped halfblood'. You were tortured by him, killed for him, and worse.* That was something that she learned from Harry in their correspondences. The Dark Lord had gone to great lengths to hide his lineage, making his followers believe that he was a pureblood heir of Slytherin. It only gave more credence to her dispossession with his ideals.

*And it was just as much your stupidity as Draco's.* Lucius might've known the laws himself, but the only thing he'd ever taken the time to teach their son was the superiority of the Malfoy family. *Otherwise, he wouldn't have felt comfortable insulting an heir and heiress to their face in the middle of the Great Hall.*

"It **is** an exorbitant amount, isn't it?" She couldn't quite hide the smirk at the corner of her lips.

Lucius clearly noticed, "Do you find this funny, dear?"

"Not at all." That couldn't be farther from the truth. She found the entire situation hilarious and brilliant all at once, "But the Slytherin in me can't help but admire it."

"I'd prefer if the Slytherin in you would devise a plan to fix this situation we've found ourselves in." It was rare that Lucius involved her in business, but she had a better understanding of the Houses and their dynamics than he did. It was the reason that he insisted that she negotiate Draco's marriage contract.

There was a time when she thought to make a good match for him. But as she saw him grow into Lucius's shadow, she went with the favorable terms offered by the Parkinson's. *At least Pansy seems to enjoy his company, which is more than I can say for any of the others.*

"He's a young man, and if Draco is to be believed, prone to impulsive decisions." She knew from the stories he'd shared with her that the latter was true, though she was trying to temper some of the worst of it, "You only need to offer him an alternative. Something he'll be willing to accept that holds less value to you than the wealth that allows your many plans and schemes to continue."

"Perhaps the Parkinson contract..." It was where she expected his mind to go, but she knew that Harry would never accept.

"I believe she's been just as much party to Draco's foolishness as Gregory and Vincent," The fact that the only two people willing to suffer her son's company were those two lumbering oafs spoke volumes about the young man he'd become, "The contract would be worth less than nothing to him." And that was to say nothing of his ongoing relationship with Emma Vaisey.

Frowning, Lucius tapped the desk in front of him as he stared at her. It happened then, his eyes brightened, and he looked like the cat that caught the canary, “As you said Narcissa, he’s a young man, with a young man’s faults. So, I know exactly what I’m going to offer him.”

“And?” She knew what was coming and had to hide how giddy the idea made her. *It’s a good thing that I’ve perfected this act over the years.*

“You, my dear.” He said it as though it were obvious.

“You must be joking!” She charged to her feet, a look of utter fury on her face, “You would sell me to that... that... boy!” Just because she knew that couldn’t be further from the truth didn’t mean she wouldn’t play her part.

“He’s a Lord now, the Goblet of Fire saw to that.” He was completely unbothered by her anger, “And yes, unfortunate as it might be, I’ll happily give you to him if it means my other assets remain untouched.”

“I’m not just a piece of property to be passed from one hand to another!”

“That’s exactly what you are, Narcissa.” Lucius grinned, a nasty thing that made her skin crawl, “The contract your parents agreed to made you mine to do with as I please.” He waved a hand at her dismissively, “Rail against it all you like, but should Potter agree to it, your protests will mean nothing.”

“What will the others think? Hmm?” She knew giving up now would be suspicious, that he’d question her willingness if she didn’t fight hard enough, “Your friends and colleagues in the Wizengamot will think you a fool and cuckold! A man that cannot keep his own wife makes for a poor leader.”

“They’ll think what I tell them!” He roared loud enough that the trinkets on the shelves behind him rattled in their cases, “As will you!” He calmed as he continued, “I’ll tell them the truth, that my foolish heir put me in an untenable position, that I made a hard choice that serves for the betterment of our long-term goals rather than my own personal fortunes.”

Her voice was dead, her eyes watering at the edges as she finally conceded, “As you command, Lucius.”

“And there is the ever-dutiful wife that I’ve come to expect.” He stood and walked around the desk. Dragging one finger along her smooth arm, she had to force herself not to recoil at his touch, “Don’t worry though, I’m sure it will be a temporary arrangement.”

He said it with such confidence that she couldn’t help but be curious, “Really?”

“Oh yes, my dear,” He undid the fasteners at his wrists and pulled up the sleeve to reveal his forearm. The Dark Mark was there surprisingly vivid against his pale skin. She remembered the way that Lucius looked at it in despair after it faded following his master’s defeat, “It grows darker by the week, and I can only imagine that means one thing. Potter won’t get lucky a second time, I can assure you.”

Narcissa stared for a few breathless seconds before she finally looked up at him, “Will that be all?”

As he rolled up his sleeve, he told her, “Yes, thank you. You’ve been most helpful.”

As she left the room, there was a small sense of elation as she felt things fall into place. But that last bit of information was enough to give her pause. The return of the Dark Lord was something she feared because of what it meant for Harry. *That monster won’t touch another hair on his head.*

Rubbing her belly, she felt a gentle kick from the life they were bringing into the world together. *It hasn’t happened yet, and forewarning can make all the difference.*

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“Are you ready for tonight?” Emma asked him as they sat together down by the Black Lake. There was a large rock along the banks of it that hid them from view unless someone deliberately came looking for them.

They were taking the opportunity to relax before what he knew was going to be a trying night. The brunette was sitting between his legs with her back against his chest. His fingers gently ran through her dark tresses.

“As ready as I can be.” He assured her, “Hard to be sure without knowing what will be in the maze.”

“You found out about the dragon before you were meant to.” She reminded him, “Have you not been tempted to do the same thing again? You could’ve tried mapping it in the night even.”

“No...” It made sense when she said it, but honestly, it never occurred to him. *Too many other things to worry about.* The business with Lucius had only concluded two weeks prior, and he couldn’t be more pleased with the outcome. Narcissa was his, gifted to him by Lucius rather than losing money that Harry had neither a need nor a want for.

He knew now that had been her plan all along, from the second that she found out about Draco’s stupidity. She planted the thought in his mind with her comments at the Ball, and when he came to her with questions, she was all too happy to answer. Emma proved to be an invaluable source of information in her own right.

“Really?” she quirked an eyebrow as she looked back at him, “You have a broom and an invisibility cloak, you could’ve visited in the night and learned it by heart.”

His fingers found her side and he tickled her relentlessly. As she giggled, he questioned, “You couldn’t’ve told me about this brilliant idea of yours before tonight?”

She struggled, wiggling against him as she tried to get away from his dancing digits. Grabbing his hands, she was breathing heavily as she held them tight against her stomach, “Harry... stop... I give.” Kissing the top of her head, he just smiled. It was odd to him that this relationship with Emma never really felt wrong. There was a bit of guilt that first night at the Yule Ball, but Narcissa’s constant reassurance and support was enough to set him at ease. *Now if only I could figure out how to explain everything to her.*

He still hadn’t told her the specifics of his agreement with Lucius, much less about his upcoming introduction to parenthood. There was a part of him that just didn’t know how to approach the situation, but there was another that was afraid. There was every possibility that she’d, quite rightfully, be infuriated with him. Selfishly, he didn’t want to lose her even if he knew there was no way of hiding it. *I don’t have any intention of abandoning Narcissa or our baby.*

But the way she was wiggling against him, telling her his secret was the furthest thing from his mind. Not even the looming final task felt all that relevant. She turned to look at him over her shoulder, a sly smile on her lips as she moved back slightly just enough that her bum was pressed against a growing problem, “Harry... is that?”

The question hung in the air as he coughed awkwardly before admitting, “Yeah...”

Instead of moving away, as he would’ve expected, she pushed back into him wiggling her hips against his crotch more deliberately. Emma always proved herself to be a proper pureblood lady with all the etiquette and refinement that entailed, but when they were in private, she was witty and funny, and clearly a little bit naughty like any other young woman. There was something undeniably appealing about that dichotomy in her. *Just like it’s irresistible in Narcissa.*

His finger tightened on her stomach as he groaned low in his throat. She giggled as his fingers pressed against her stomach, slipping beneath the hem of her shirt to touch the soft, tight tummy beneath.

Her voice was barely above a whisper, breathy and hot. “Did you like that?”

Harry had a hard time finding the words as she kept rotating her hips in little circles. Still, he managed to rasp out, “Yes...”

“Good,” she turned her head, placing a kiss just below his ear. Her breath was warm and sent a shiver down his spine, “Because I like it too.” They’d been together since the Yule Ball and never done anything more than snog, not that he minded, but he certainly wasn’t complaining about this turn of events.

Turning in his arms, she sat herself down right on his aching length. He could feel the heat of her sex through the damp fabric of her knickers. They were so wet that he could already feel a small patch forming as she started grinding down against him.

One of her hands went to his shoulder as his own drifted down to her hip, slipping beneath the hem of her shirt again. His knees were bent as he held himself up with his other arm. His lips went to her neck as she scraped her fingers through his dark hair.

“I need you to know... I... I...” Biting her bottom lip, the words caught in her throat as her eyes rolled to the back of her head. She grinded her hips hard, working one particular spot that she found truly euphoric before she finally managed to get the words out again, “I can’t... I can’t do more than this, Harry.”

They rolled their hips together, chasing that tantalizing friction. He groaned low in his throat. It was almost a whine. Because truthfully, he wanted nothing more than to reach for the soaked silk covering her warm pussy and pull it to the side. He wanted to fill her with his fingers and his cock.

But this wasn’t just about his selfish wants. And he cared too much about Emma not to respect her wishes. Nipping against her neck, he assured her, “We won’t, Em, I promise.”

“Oh... it’s not that I don’t... don’t want to...” he pulled her into a kiss because there was simply no need to explain. He was ecstatic to take whatever she was offering, there was no reason to make apologies.

And besides, he’d been diligently digging into the expectations, protocols and laws associated with the old families of the wizarding world. *So, she really doesn’t need to explain.* He already understood that regardless of her desires there were other things that needed to come first.

Her every movement became more pointed, more demanding. They were accompanied with breathless, sexy whimpers that went right to his cock. Her eyes closed tight and her nails scraped along his chest as his hand drifted toward her covered tits. When his fingers slipped beneath the lace of her bra and found her sensitive little nipple her entire body went stiff. She started bucking against him erratically as she gasped for air.

The front of his pants grew wet as she kept humping her needy pussy on him through her peak. He let her ride it out, as she twitched and spasmed. When her eyes opened, they

were glazed over and she had a dopey smile on her face, “Hi...” there was still a light blush of arousal on her face as she told him giddily, “Thanks!”

“My pleasure.” He couldn’t help but chuckle.

“No, it was mine.” She moved her hips gently and a look of utter consternation filled her as she felt his turgid length still, “You didn’t...”

“No, but it’s alright.” He didn’t want to make her feel obligated.

“It’s not.” Emma insisted, “A lady should never leave her gentlemen wanting, especially when he did such a good job taking care of her.”

Slipping down so she was laying on her stomach between his legs, she looked up at him, her beautiful blue eyes sparkling. They were dark, and she looked incredibly sexy as she told him, “Besides... I want to see it.”

Her dainty hands found the snap of his trousers. He lifted his hips and helped her push them down around his knees. She rested her cheek against his upper thigh as her pouty lips pressed against his covered length. He hissed as she reached through the hole in the front of his pants to pull him into the open air.

Her soft, small hand wrapped around his girth, and she gave it a tentative tug. Her eyes were wide, and he could tell she was slightly intimidated. When her eyes met his again, she sounded almost embarrassed, “It’s bigger than I imagined...” He couldn’t help but smile at the thought that she’d been doing that to begin with, “and I’ve never done this before...”

Her experience, or lack thereof, didn’t faze him at all. She already had him desperate from humping her sexy little body on him, and her hand felt exquisite. He was going to tell her that, but it was lost in his throat as she chose that exact moment to lean in and kiss just below his dome.

Her flexible pink tongue lashed at the spot incessantly as she jerked his length with her hand. His cock flexed and a bead of precum escaped from his slit. Gathering it on her thumb, she worked into his sensitive shaft.

His fingers dug into the soft ground around them as she kept diligently working on him. Carefully, she moved up from that wonderful spot to open her mouth and take his aching tip into her wonderful warmth. Her other hand slipped beneath her, finding her damp petals. She moaned around him as he heard the wet *slick* of her digits driving into her slit.

Harry felt his control slip, a thick strand of warm, white cum leaked from his slit, “Oh... fuck, Em!” Gathering it on her tongue greedily, Emma nursed it out of his cock. The next rope exploded out of his cock almost violently. It knocked against the back of her throat,



and she pulled off with a surprised gag. Her gasp turned into a giggle as she kept pumping him with a tight fist. His next explosion shot into the air just above her head only to land in her hair and along the top of her face. She pressed his spongy crown to her cheek and milked the rest of his load out onto her face, staring into his eyes the whole time. *Bloody hell, first Narcissa and now her.*

“Wow...” she was smiling with her cheek resting against his thigh, she gave one of his bollocks a quick peck, “You must’ve been really pent up.”

He was ready to respond, but before he had the chance he heard footsteps.

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Removing the Disillusionment Charm, Narcissa stepped out from behind the boulder feeling very hot and bothered and walked toward the young pair, “Well, he knows that I like it when he saves it up for me, dear.”

Harry jumped at the sound of her voice, but Emma only turned to look at her with a smile, “Hello, Cissa... how are you?”

“Brilliant,” She replied with a smile, trying not to chuckle at the look of absolute shock on her lover’s face. She rubbed at her stomach, which looked perfectly normal but was well past the point of feeling like it needed to pop, “Just waiting for this one to finally arrive.”

She was more than two weeks post-term, something that would be troubling if she were a muggle, but really made no difference for a magical.

Patting Harry on the leg, Emma stood, her face still a crisscross of thick white lines. The naughty young lady, made her way over to Narcissa, a smile on her face, “Well, I look forward to meeting them this summer. I know mother is too.”

“Just what the bloody hell is going on?!” Harry’s stunned silence finally broke at the sight of their easy interactions.

“It’s probably best if you explain,” Emma commented. Touching the younger woman’s cheek, she gathered a bit of his warm spunk on her fingers in the process, before it disappeared with a wave of her wand. She left with a grateful smile.

With that she was left alone with her lover, and new Lord. It was the first time they had properly seen each other since Christmas. While she was now for all intents and purposes his concubine, that didn’t mean she was allowed in Hogwarts. Though there were other plans in motion that would allow them to spend considerably more time together in the coming days.

Pushing her digits into her mouth, she savored the flavor, before finally moving to sit beside her lover. Gently, without words, she tucked him back into his pants and helped him pull up his trousers, "There. Probably best not to have that temptation in my condition."

"Narcissa," He couldn't hide his confusion, "tell me what's going on."

"I've known Emma since she was a little girl and watched her grow into a fantastic young woman." She always knew that she'd have to explain things to him, but it was always easier in her head, "Her mother is Natalie Vaisey nee Rosier, a very good friend of mine when I was in school here."

"And?" He was looking at her expectantly, but she was happy to see there was no anger, merely curiosity.

"And I spent the summers since her first year, your second, hearing some of the stories about you." It was clear that she had something of a crush on the school's resident hero, "They were far more complimentary than Draco's, and more accurate too."

"That really doesn't explain anything."

Tutting him, she insisted, "I'm getting to that... you only need to be patient." Laying her head on his shoulder, she continued, "After our encounter at the World Cup, I spoke with Natalie, and Emma overheard. She was... frustrated with me, and I can understand why?"

"So, you pushed me toward her as some sort of apology?"

"Well, yes and no." There was some truth to it, but that was far from the full story, "I knew she'd make a good match for you, someone acceptable and your age. And as much as I wanted to keep you to myself, I knew that wasn't realistic. There are only a few ways to dissolve my marriage and even as your concubine, I still remain tied to the House of Malfoy."

"What else?" he asked with a soft smile.

"And I needed someone who would understand the unique relationship we found ourselves in." Narcissa had to admire the fact that just through their many letters, he'd come to have a deeper understanding of her than Lucius ever had, "She knows what my marriage was like, she spent enough time with me and her mother to know it. If she's jealous of it, she hides it well, but I think... it really doesn't bother her."

Harry's hand rested on her thigh as they both sat there looking out at the calm rippling on the banks of the Black Lake. Her heart was beating in her chest, worry threatening to overwhelm her. When he finally spoke, she felt relief at just the first word, "Alright... just..."

you don't have to hide things like this from me. I'm happy to leave you to your schemes, but it's nice to be in the know too."

She chuckled, "But your reactions are so much fun." He scowled and she placated him, "I understand... but old habits die hard. You do know I don't hide the important things from you?"

"I know... you just gently nudge me toward them instead."

"It's not fun if I do all your thinking for you."

The sun was setting along the horizon when he stood to help her up, "Come on... I have a tournament to win."

"You do," She pushed on tiptoes to give him a kiss, "And remember what I told you... Lucius truly believes the Dark Lord will return. Be careful and alert at all times, Harry!"

"I will." With that they parted.