

## Chapter 5

The next day, Harry and Hermione both got permission to leave Hogwarts for 'Family Business.' The majority of the morning was spent at Gringotts, signing a mountain of paperwork that made Harry officially emancipated. For all intents and purposes, he was now an adult. While normally he would have needed to at least pass his OWLs first, by forcing him to compete in the Triwizard Tournament the Ministry had essentially named him an adult already.

While the Goblins normally had a certain disdain for working with Witches and Wizards, they seemed almost happy to help him if it meant screwing over the Ministry.

When they were finally done, they climbed into a cart and headed deep into the tunnels. Harry quite enjoyed the ride, but Hermione and Narcissa both clung to him tightly throughout the trip. Harry had thought there was a lot of money in his trust vault, but he soon discovered that it was nothing compared to the rolling hills of gold, silver, and bronze waiting in his family vault.

Along with the money, they found furniture, portraits, clothes, a full library's worth of books, and boxes of personal belongings. It wasn't until Harry asked that the goblin told them that his parents had brought most of their things into the bank just before they went into hiding.

Cautiously, almost reverently, Harry, Hermione, and Narcissa went through the boxes. Inside, they found pictures, jewelry and, most importantly, his mother's diary. Eventually, they finished getting what they needed and headed back to Hogsmeade. As they walked through the gate and back up to the castle, they spotted a couple of people standing in the Entrance Hall.

As they grew closer, Harry could make out an older, professional looking witch with long, curly black hair and a face that looked somewhat familiar. In stark contrast, the witch next to her was young, with bright purple hair, and a bright grin to match. Her clothes were mostly Muggle: a pair of tight, ripped jeans and a Weird Sisters shirt, except for the thick, light blue cloak that she wore.

Narcissa noticed them a moment after Harry and slowed to a stop, a nervous expression on her face.

“Cissy?” Harry asked.

“That’s my sister, Andromeda, and her daughter Nymphadora,” she said quietly.

Harry knew she was worried and anxious to reconnect with the sister she hadn’t spoken to in years. Reaching out, he took her hand in his and gave it a reassuring squeeze. Andromeda, who was watching them closely from about twenty yards away, narrowed her eyes slightly at their hands.

“You okay?” he asked.

“Just nervous,” Narcissa admitted. “We didn’t leave on good terms the last time we spoke.”

“She wouldn’t be here if she wasn’t ready to forgive you,” Harry told her.

Narcissa finally took her eyes off her sister to look at him with grateful smile. Leaning forward, Harry kissed her tenderly.

“Ready?” he asked as they pulled apart.

Taking a deep breath, Narcissa looked back up at her glaring sister and nodded.

“Harry, maybe we should let them talk alone,” Hermione suggested.

“No. I’m staying with her,” Harry said firmly.

That earned him another smile and a grateful squeeze of the hand. Together, the three of them met the other two witches at the entrance to the castle.

“Hello Andy,” Narcissa said with a soft smile. “It’s really good to see you again.”

“Narcissa,” Andromeda replied curtly.

The silence that followed was tense and awkward. Hoping to ease the tension, Harry took a step forward and held out his hand.

“Hi, I’m Harry,” he said with a smile.

Surprisingly, when Andromeda turned to him, her eyes softened, and she gave him a warm, genuine smile.

“Hello, Harry. It’s wonderful to see you again, dear,” she said, shaking his hand.

“Have we met?” Harry asked curiously.

“A long time ago,” Andromeda admitted with a tinge of sadness. “I was friends with your mother during and after Hogwarts. I used to babysit you when your parents went to meetings. You and Nymie used to be as close as brother and sister.”

“Mum,” Nymphadora whined, “don’t call me that.”

“Oh, stop complaining,” Andromeda said in exasperation. “It’s a beautiful name.”

“Yeah, right,” Nymphadora scoffed, then turned to Harry with a bright grin. “I’m Tonks, *just* Tonks. It’s good to meet you again.”

“Er, nice to meet you too,” Harry said, surprised and a tad overwhelmed. “So, you knew my mum?”

“I did,” Andromeda confirmed with a smile.

“Could you tell me about her sometime?” Harry asked eagerly. “I really don’t know much about her.”

“I’d be happy to,” Andromeda replied kindly.

Narcissa smiled at Harry affectionately and let go of his hand to run her fingers gently through his hair. Seeing the display of affection, Andromeda turned back to her sister with a glare while crossing her arms over her chest.

“Can we talk?” Narcissa asked.

With a curt nod, Andromeda turned on her heel and stalked off towards an empty classroom down the hall.

“Do you want me to come with you?” Harry asked.

Narcissa smiled at him but shook her head.

“That’s sweet of you, but no,” she replied. “This is something my sister and I have to resolve between the two of us.”

“Alright,” Harry acquiesced.

Smiling at him, Narcissa kissed him briefly before following after her sister.

“So, you’re the one shagging my aunt?” Nymphadora asked with a smirk.

---

“What are you playing at?” Andromeda nearly shouted the second Narcissa closed and silenced the door.

“I’m not *playing* at anything,” Narcissa said calmly.

“You expect me to believe that?” Andromeda scoffed. “I swear to Merlin, if you’re just using that poor boy-“

“I’m not using Harry,” Narcissa said, her anger rising at the accusation. “Is it really that hard to believe I’ve changed?”

“It is when you haven’t given me reason to,” Andromeda said with narrowed eyes. “And what big epiphany did you have that made you finally decide to leave?”

Narcissa could understand her sister’s anger. They hadn’t parted on the best terms, and at the time she’d been convinced her sister was throwing her life away for a Mudblood. Still, it hurt and angered her that her sister was being so dismissive.

“You mean like when, two weeks after our wedding, Lucius wanted to whore me out for political favors?” Narcissa asked. “Or how about the fact my ex-husband would rather rape and torture Muggles than sleep with me? Or, what about how he sold our souls to the Dark Lord and now wants our son to do the same?”

By the time she was finished, Narcissa had tears in her eyes. What she had told her sister was just a fraction of the hell she’d lived over the last twenty years being married to a monster. Andromeda’s expression softened and her shoulders relaxed slightly.

“I’m sorry,” she said quietly. “But why now? Why Harry?”

“Lucius is convinced the Dark Lord is returning,” Narcissa said. “The mark on his arm is growing darker and I will not allow that monster to have control over me again. As for Harry, he’s Sirius’ godson and heir. He was the only one that could annul my marriage contract.”

“Well, you got what you wanted. Why are you still with him?” Andromeda asked, though not as unkindly as Narcissa expected.

She gave a humorless laugh, “You wouldn’t believe me.”

“Try me,” her sister said firmly.

“Because I care for him, and I want to help him,” Narcissa confessed. “Harry has the chance to change our world for the better, and I want to help him any way I can.”

Andromeda eyed her closely for several long moments before she spoke.

“I don’t know if I totally trust you, or believe you,” she admitted, causing Narcissa’s face to revert to an emotionless mask in an effort to hide her pain. “But I’m willing to give you a chance to prove me wrong.”

Narcissa lost the blank look and gave her sister a small smile. It wasn’t what she had hoped for, but it was better than she probably deserved. It’s a start, she thought.

“Thank you,” she said gratefully.

When they stood up, Andromeda surprised Narcissa by walking up to her and hugging her softly.

"It's good to see you Cissy," Andromeda murmured softly, before pulling back and fixing her with an intense stare. "But I'll warn you now, if you hurt that boy..."

"I won't," Narcissa said seriously.

Andromeda gave her a nod, and the two sisters made their way back to the Entrance Hall where they found Harry, Hermione, and Tonks chattering away like they'd been friends for years. Harry was laughing at some joke Tonks had made when he spotted them and gave Narcissa a questioning look. She smiled at him, letting him know things had gone well, and he smiled back at her happily.

As she came to stand next to him, Harry wrapped his arm around her waist and kissed her on the lips. It was the first time he had kissed her in public like that, and it sent a thrill of happiness through her.

"What was that for?" Narcissa asked teasingly.

Harry, blushing lightly, shrugged his shoulders. Smiling at him, she kissed him on the cheek.

"Thank you," she whispered.

His arm tightened around her, pulling her flush against his side. Cautiously, Narcissa looked over to Andromeda to gauge her reaction. She was watching them closely with a neutral expression, which Narcissa supposed was better than the frowns and glares from earlier.

"So, your letter said something about a job," Andromeda prompted.

"Oh, I'd almost forgotten," Narcissa exclaimed. "Why don't you and Nymphadora--"

"Don't call me that!" Nymphadora barked, her hair briefly turning red. "It's Tonks, just Tonks."

“My apologies,” Narcissa said, fighting a smirk. “Why don’t you and Tonks come back to our quarters so that we can talk?”

“Alright,” Andromeda agreed.

Grabbing Narcissa’s hand, Harry smiled and led the way.

“How did you change your hair like that?” Hermione asked Tonks as they walked. “Do you know wandless magic?”

“Oh, I’m a Metamorphmagus,” Tonks answered cheerfully.

“Really, that’s fascinating!” Hermione said before launching into a barrage of questions.

“What’s a Metamorphmagus?” Harry asked Narcissa quietly.

“It’s someone who has the ability to change their looks at will,” Andromeda answered for her.

“Oh,” Harry said a smile growing on his face. “Wish I could do that.”

After a few minutes, they reached their private quarters on the sixth floor. Harry held the door open for everyone, then grinned when Tonks passed him.

“I see you survived the inquisition, oof,” he joked before Hermione poked him in the stomach.

Tonks laughed, “It wasn’t too bad. I’ve been asked worse.”



Harry took a seat in the middle of the couch, while Narcissa sat on his left, and Hermione took his right. Tonks sprawled out on the love seat like she owned the place, much to her mother's consternation. Finally, Andromeda took a seat in the last remaining chair. The moment everyone was settled, Dobby popped in with a pot of tea and a tray of snacks.

"Er, thanks Dobby," Harry said, surprised by the arrival.

"You is most welcome, Harry Potter, sir!" Dobby said happily just before he disappeared.

Just as Narcissa was about to speak, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her against his side. While he was always affectionate in private, this was the first time he'd acted this way with anyone else around, including his friends. It took Narcissa a moment to realize he was trying to show her sister that they really did care for each other. A pleased smile tugged at the corners of her lips as she leaned into him and threaded her fingers through his, before pulling his hand into her lap.

Andromeda raised an eyebrow at the sight, but said nothing for the time being.

"A couple of days ago, Hermione came to me with the idea of introducing a new class at Hogwarts," Narcissa explained. "She made the very good point that Muggleborn and Muggle-raised students aren't being taught enough about the magical world and our government. We are preparing to make a proposal to the Board of Governors. However, I thought it would be best to have a professor lined up for the position before we do. We were hoping you would like to teach the class."

"What, exactly, would I be teaching?" Andromeda asked.

Narcissa looked over at Hermione and motioned for her to answer.

"Oh," Hermione said in surprise and then straightened up. "Well, you would be teaching first through third years about how wizarding homes work, how the government works, basic laws that we have to follow. Basically, anything that we would need to know once we leave school.

It's ridiculous how little we're taught about even basic things. I mean, they haven't even told us how to call the Aurors or St. Mungo's in case of an emergency."

"You do make a good point," Andromeda said, then looked at Narcissa. "Why me?"

"You've lived and worked in both worlds," Narcissa explained. "And, if I'm honest, I was hoping it would give us a chance to try and rebuild our relationship."

Andromeda looked at her thoughtfully for a long moment before leaning back in her chair.

"Will I need to live in the castle?" she asked eventually.

"No, I've already talked to the headmaster about that," Narcissa said. "Because you'd only be teaching three years, you would only need to work four days a week, and you can go home after dinner."

"We were also hoping your husband might be willing to take over as the Muggle Studies professor," Hermione added tentatively. "I took the class last year and it was awful. Half of what they teach is wrong, and the other half is a hundred years out of date."

"I'll have to talk to Ted about that, but I wouldn't count on it," Andromeda said. "He works as a defense barrister, and I don't think he'd be willing to leave his job."

"Oh," Hermione said disappointedly.

"I'm sure we'll be able to find someone before Professor Burbage retires," Narcissa assured the younger woman, then turned back to her sister.

"I'll need to talk to my husband first," Andromeda mused. "But it does sound interesting, and I am getting lonely with Nymphadora gone and Ted at work all day."

"I understand," Narcissa said.

"There's something else we need to talk about," Harry said. "Sirius."

Andromeda stiffened, and Narcissa looked at Harry sharply. He squeezed her hand reassuringly but kept his gaze on Andromeda.

"What about him?" Andromeda asked tonelessly.

"He's innocent," Harry said, then launched into the tale of how he met Sirius and found out what really happened that night.

"Bloody hell!" Tonks gasped. "Is your life always that insane?"

"Pretty much," Harry said with a shrug and a smile.

"You knew?" Andromeda asked Narcissa.

"Yes," Narcissa answered. "I would have told you, but Sirius asked me not to."

The sisters both turned to look at Harry with identical raised eyebrows. Nervously, he scratched the back of his neck.

"You're family," he said with a shrug. "Sirius should have told you. He's just being stupid about it."

Tonks snorted, Hermione rolled her eyes, and Narcissa smiled at him affectionately before shaking her head. Andromeda, on the other hand, was staring at Narcissa thoughtfully.

“How long have you known?” she asked.

“Since this Summer,” Narcissa said. “I overheard Lucius ranting to one of the portraits about Draco losing the House of Black if people learned of his innocence. That’s when I decided to seek out Harry.”

“You knew, and you didn’t say anything?” Andromeda asked incredulously, then turned to Harry before she could answer. “She didn’t try to blackmail you?”

“No,” Harry answered firmly. “She just asked for my help. Honestly, I’m really glad things worked out the way they did, Cissy’s helped me a lot. She got me emancipated, she’s teaching me about how the Wizengamot works so I can take my seats, and she’s helping me to try and clear Sirius’ name.”

Andromeda’s look softened as she turned to her sister and stood up. Pulling Narcissa to her feet, she hugged her tightly with tears in her eyes.

“I’m so sorry, Andy,” Narcissa said, her voice thick with emotion as tears rolled freely down her cheeks. “I should have left when you and Sirius did. I was just so scared.”

“It’s not your fault,” Andromeda whispered. “I’ve missed you Cissy.”

“I missed you too,” Narcissa whispered back.

When they pulled back tearfully almost a minute later, Narcissa curled up against Harry with a wide smile on her face. For the next hour, they talked about more pleasant topics, joking and laughing merrily as they exchanged stories. The smile never left Harry’s face, to the point that his cheeks ached. This is what having a family should be like, he thought to himself.

Eventually Tonks and her mother left, but not before Andromeda made plans to have dinner with Narcissa the next week. Harry was filled with joy as he watched them hug goodbye. Tonks even surprised him by giving him a hug and promising to see him soon with a wink. Harry didn't know what she meant by that, but he would be glad to see her again.

As soon as the mother and daughter left the room, Narcissa spun around and pulled Harry into a searing kiss, their tongues entwining languidly.

"Um, I-I'll give you two some privacy," Hermione stammered.

Narcissa pulled her lips away from his and turned to his best friend.

"Wait," she said quickly, then turned back to Harry. "Why don't you go grab a quick shower. I need to talk to Hermione for a minute."

"Er, okay," Harry said.

Giving Narcissa one last kiss, he smiled at Hermione and then went to the bedroom.

When the bedroom door closed, Narcissa cast a Muffliato Charm and pulled Hermione back over to the couch.

"We really haven't had a chance to talk about what happened last night," Narcissa said, referring to when the brunette had watched her have sex with Harry while hidden under his invisibility cloak. "How did it make you feel?"

"I... I don't know," Hermione mumbled with a blush.

Narcissa was getting a bit tired of beating around the bush, so to speak, and decided it was time to push the girl a bit.

“Did it hurt?” she asked. “Did you feel a deep, heart wrenching pain when you saw us together?”

“Well, no,” Hermione said quietly while staring down at her hands.

Smirking, Narcissa scooted closer and rested her hand on the other girl’s knee.

“Did it excite you?” she asked huskily while sliding her fingers just under Hermione’s skirt. “Did seeing us together make your pulse race and your loins flutter?”

“Um, I...” Hermione trailed off shyly as she blushed brightly.

Narcissa knew the answer, but she wanted Hermione to at least admit it to herself. Slowly, she slid her hand up the brunette’s smooth, toned thigh. Her breath hitched as Narcissa’s fingertips brushed the edge of her panties. Unconsciously, Hermione spread her legs slightly to give her better access.

“You don’t need to hide it,” Narcissa said. “If not for me, at least admit it to yourself. You loved watching us, didn’t you?”

Hermione opened her mouth to speak, only to let out a gasp when Narcissa ran the tips of her fingers over her panty covered lips.

“It could be you, you know,” Narcissa whispered. “It could be you kissing Harry, feeling his big strong hands all over your body, taking his nice, fat cock inside your tight little pussy.”

The brunette gasped and moaned at the combination of her language and the feeling of Narcissa’s fingers tracing lightly down the edge of her lips. Leaning in, Narcissa kissed her jaw and pale, delicate throat. Working back up the side of her neck, she kissed all the way back up Hermione’s jaw, lightly tugging on her ear lobe with her teeth.

“Is that what you want?” Narcissa asked huskily.

“Yes,” Hermione breathed out with a trembling breath, her eyes closed as she panted lightly.

“Mmh,” Narcissa moaned in delight while sucking at the skin on the side of her neck. “And is Harry the only one you want?”

Hermione hesitated, so Narcissa slipped her fingers under the gusset of her panties and caressed her bare, damp folds. The brunette sucked in a sharp breath and bucked her hips.

“Don’t you want me, Hermione?” Narcissa asked in an innocent, vulnerable tone as her index finger pushed between her lips.

“Yes,” Hermione whimpered. “Oh God, Cissy”

Chuckling against her skin, Narcissa continued to tease her slit as she sat up. When Hermione opened her eyes and turned to look at her, she pressed their lips together lightly.

“Let’s go surprise our man,” Narcissa said with a grin.

Standing up, she held out her hand to a dazed looking Hermione and helped her to her feet. With the moment of truth at hand, and no pleasurable haze to distract her from her thoughts, she could see the younger witch growing nervous as they entered the bedroom with only a closed door separating them from a showering Harry.

Before she could overthink things again, Narcissa pulled her close and kissed her deeply. Hermione went stiff for just a moment before she relaxed and kissed her back. While she preferred men, Narcissa had to admit that she greatly enjoyed being with women as well. There was just something different and slightly taboo about it that got her pulse racing.

Slowly running her hands over Hermione's firm, gentle curves, Narcissa grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head. Underneath, Hermione wore a plain white bra that held her breasts tightly, making them look smaller than they really were.

Taking her time, Narcissa enjoyed the feel of having another woman in her arms as she gradually stripped them both out of their clothing. When they were both naked, Narcissa's much larger bust engulfing Hermione's smaller, firmer breasts in her soft flesh, she reached down and cupped what she thought of as the other woman's best feature. Her ass.

Hermione's long legs, toned from carrying a heavy, book filled bag up and down countless sets of stairs on a daily basis, led up to her incredible rear. Like two halves of a ripe melon, her small, perfectly round cheeks jutted out from her thin body. Narcissa cupped them firmly and pulled Hermione close, causing her to groan in a mixture of surprise and enjoyment. Even with her small hands, the younger woman's delicious backside barely filled her grasp. She couldn't wait to watch Harry maul the girl with his big strong hands.

Hearing the shower stop, Narcissa pulled back from Hermione and led her over to the bed. Positioning her at the head of the bed, Narcissa crawled on top of her. Before they could kiss again, Hermione reached up and gently cupped her dangling breasts.

"I wish mine were this big," Hermione said wistfully as she gently squeezed the soft mounds of flesh.

"I think you're beautiful the way you are," Narcissa told her truthfully. "However, there are potions for that if you really want to make them bigger."

As if to prove her point, Narcissa bent down and took one of Hermione's hard, delicate pink nipples between her lips. The girl moaned and arched her back while gripping the back of Narcissa's head. She smirked around the nub in her mouth as she heard the bathroom door open, followed by a gasp.

---



Harry wrapped a towel around his waist and pulled open the door to the bedroom, only to freeze at the sight in front of him. Cissy and Hermione were in his bed, completely naked as his mistress sucked on his best friend's beautiful nipple.

Neither of them seemed to notice he was standing there, staring in awed disbelief. He'd always known Hermione was pretty, but he had no idea she looked this incredible under her robes. He'd had no clue her breasts would be that big, or that her legs would be so long and muscled. Watching as Narcissa dragged her large, heavy breasts over Hermione's to kiss her on the lips, the front of his towel tented like he was trying to smuggle a broom under it.

Harry opened his mouth to call out to them, but all that left his lips was a choked squeak. Still, that sound was enough to draw their attention to him. Hermione blushed and stared at him wide eyed, her gaze falling to the tented towel, while Cissy turned to him with a smirk.

"It's about time you joined us," she said with a sultry smirk. "If you took much longer, I was going to start without you."

"It looks like you already have," was the only thing Harry's befuddled mind could think to say.

Narcissa's smirk widened. "Oh no, love. This is just the warm up."

The voluptuous blonde rolled off of Hermione, giving Harry his first unobstructed view of his friend's tight, youthful figure. Nervously, she sat up, covering her chest and crossing her legs while Narcissa sat behind her. With her legs outside of Hermione's, Narcissa pulled her back against her chest.

"Let him see you, love," he heard his mistress whisper. "Let him see how beautiful you are."

After giving him a brief glance, Hermione shakily lowered her arms and straightened her legs. Harry cock jerked against the towel as if trying to leap at her from across the room.

“That’s better,” Narcissa said encouragingly. “Don’t you think she’s beautiful, Harry?”

“Gorgeous,” he said as he watched Cissy slowly trail her fingers slowly up the inside of Hermione’s smooth thigh.

“I told you,” Narcissa whispered to Hermione, then turned back to Harry just as her fingers reached Hermione’s taut pink folds, drawing a gasp from her lips. “Well, are you going to join us?”

Feeling like he was in a trance, Harry whipped off his towel, revealing his towering, throbbing erection to the room. Hermione’s eyes locked onto the pillar of flesh with a lustful gaze as he climbed onto the bed and crawled over to them. Stopping just short of his best friend, he forcibly tore his eyes away from the sight of Narcissa’s hands caressing Hermione’s flawless pale skin to look her in the eyes.

“Cissy, are you sure?” he asked with barely repressed lust.

Narcissa’s eyes widened for just a moment before she smiled at him.

“Harry, I’m your mistress,” she reminded him.

“That’s not the point. I care about you – both of you,” Harry said, looking at Hermione meaningfully, “and I don’t want to do something that’s going to hurt either of you.”

Narcissa gave him a bright, watery smile.

“I knew going into this that I would have to share you with other women,” she told him. “Thank you for considering my feelings, I really do appreciate it. But I wouldn’t have brought Hermione here if I had any problem with this at all.”

Satisfied with her answer, Harry looked down at Hermione. Wordlessly, she nodded at him. Because of their years of close friendship, he felt like he could read exactly what she was thinking. Or, possibly, it was because the emotion he saw in her eyes mirrored what he was feeling. Attraction and deep trust, tinged with worry and uncertainty.

Crawling forward, Harry knelt between their legs. Slowly, he leaned forward, his eyes locked with Hermione's as he drew closer and closer. Just before they met, he paused and licked his lips nervously. Closing his eyes, Harry pressed his mouth to hers softly.

The moment their lips touched it was like fireworks were going off in his head. He was finally doing it. He was finally kissing his best friend and first crush. What had started off as a tentative kiss quickly turned into desperate, lust filled snogging. Hermione moaned into his mouth, her fingers threading through his hair and pulling him forward to mash their lips together. Even then, it didn't feel like they were close enough.

Eventually, breathing became an issue and they parted to gasp for breath. When their eyes met, both of their faces broke into wide, goofy grins. Suddenly remembering they weren't alone, Harry looked at Narcissa. She was watching them with a mostly happy, partly naughty smile on her face. Reaching up, he stroked her cheek tenderly.

"Thank you," Harry said with as much gratitude as his voice could convey.

Still smiling, Cissy pulled him in for a short but passionate kiss just over Hermione's shoulder.

"Just don't keep her all to yourself," she said teasingly when they broke apart.

At his questioning look, Cissy smirked. Grabbing Hermione's chin lightly, she turned her head and then kissed her hard. Harry gaped as he watched Hermione not only willingly, but enthusiastically kiss Narcissa, their tongues slipping and sliding along each other between their lips.

Not wanting to be left out, Harry pushed the two back against the pillows, so that they were nearly flat on their backs, and then began kissing and sucking on Hermione's neck. Meanwhile, his hands slid up the smooth skin of her stomach to cup and squeeze her firm breasts.

Pulling back from Narcissa, Hermione let out a low, wanton moan and ran her hands over his muscled back. Moving them around to the front of his hips, she tentatively reached out to grab his rigid length. Harry gasped in surprise and then moaned as she slowly stroked him with jerky, unsure movements. She may have been inexperienced, but for Harry, *who* was doing it was much more thrilling than how well she was doing it.

A second gasp, this time from Hermione, drew his attention. Sitting up enough to look down, he witnessed Narcissa's hand between his best friend's legs, two of her fingers slowly sawing in and out of her taut folds.

"You're so wet," Narcissa whispered throatily. "You really want his big cock, don't you?"

"Oh fuck!" Hermione gasped as Cissy sank a third finger into her drooling depths.

"Say it," Narcissa growled. "Tell him what you want."

"Oh God," Hermione panted. "Harry, please."

The desperate, pleading tone of her voice, like nothing he'd ever heard from her before, had his cock throbbing needily. Narcissa shifted her fingers in a way that caused Hermione to let out the most sensual, depraved sounding moan he'd ever heard. Harry started to shuffle forward but Narcissa held up her hand, wordlessly telling him to wait.

"Please what?" Narcissa asked in a deep, lustful tone. "Tell him exactly what you want. Let him know you're willing to be a dirty, needy little slut for him."

Hermione bucked her hips and let out a groaning whine of need and frustration.

“Harry, please,” she begged in desperation. “Please, fuck me. I need it. I need you.”

“Good girl,” Narcissa praised.

Hermione shivered, her eyes heavily lidded and glazed over as she stared at him lustfully. She let out a disappointed groan when Narcissa pulled her fingers free of her grasping lips, leaving them glistening and dripping in her arousal. Grabbing Hermione’s thighs, Narcissa spread her legs wide and kissed the side of her neck.

“Take her, Harry,” Narcissa said heatedly. “Make her yours.”

Shuffling forward, Harry placed the swollen, purple head of his cock at Hermione’s tiny entrance and pushed firmly. Harry groaned as the walls of her pussy stretched and conformed to the shape of his length. Hermione threw her head back, resting it on Narcissa’s shoulder as she shuddered and moaned. Slowly, Harry eased inch after inch of his meaty cock into her grasping depths.

“That’s it, Hermione,” Narcissa said encouragingly. “Look at you, taking his big cock so well. It feels good, doesn’t it?”

“So good,” Hermione gasped.

Smiling, Narcissa caressed the younger woman’s face and body tenderly as Harry bottomed out inside of her. Pausing, he spent a moment just enjoying the feeling of being fully encased in his best friend’s tight pussy while she adjusted to his size.

As Cissy continued groping Hermione, Harry leaned down and kissed her passionately before beginning to work his hips. At first, he just rolled them, rubbing her clit with his pelvis. When Hermione moaned pleasurably in response, he pushed himself up on his arms and thrust slowly.

“Yes,” Hermione hissed.

Smirking, Cissy began groping her a bit more roughly, pinching her nipples and raking her long, manicured nails across the girl’s pale, sensitive skin. Hermione went speechless under their combined ministrations, the only sounds leaving her mouth were whines, gasps, and moans. Harry looked down at where they were joined, watching as her bald, taut lips clung to his shaft each time he pulled back.

“Harry,” Hermione whimpered suddenly.

Looking up, he continued his slow, deep thrusts as he watched her beautiful face scrunch up. He would’ve thought she was in pain if it wasn’t for the bucking of her hips and the loud, desperate whines and cries coming from her lips.

“Cum for us,” Narcissa breathed.

With one hand, she pinched and rolled Hermione’s still, pink nipple while the other slipped down to her leaking pussy and rubbed her hooded clit. The brunette gasped, her body hunching in on itself as she writhed and shook between them. Harry picked up his pace, pulling nearly all the way out before relentlessly driving his full length back into her grasping, fluttering depths.

Hermione’s breath caught in her throat, and for several seconds, she stopped breathing.

“WAHHH!”

Hermione cried out loudly, the muscles and tendons in her neck straining against the skin as she reached a stunning climax.

“Don’t stop!” Narcissa barked.

Harry, captivated by the sight of his best friend's orgasm, had stopped thrusting for a moment. At Cissy's yell, he resumed his pace with his eyes still riveted to her shivering, shaking form. While Harry pounded his cock in and out of her wildly spasming depths, Narcissa furiously rubbed back and forth across her clit with all four fingers.

After nearly a minute of being held at her peak, Hermione reached her limit and shoved Narcissa's hand away from her swollen clit before pressing her hands to Harry's stomach and making him stop. He made to pull out of her, but she wrapped her legs around him to keep him in place.

"Just-give me-a minute," Hermione panted.

Harry smiled at her and then leaned down to kiss her on the lips.

"Do you have any idea how hot you looked just now?" he asked.

Hermione blushed heavily, causing Harry to chuckle. Looking up at Narcissa, their eyes met with a lustful gaze, and he knew she would want a turn after Hermione. Just the thought had him throbbing excitedly inside of Hermione, causing her to moan.

"I have an idea," Harry said with a grin.

Grabbing Hermione's legs, he unwrapped them from around his hips and pulled his dripping cock out of her incredible depths. Hermione moaned at the loss.

"Roll over," he told her.

With a groan, Hermione rolled over to find herself on all fours, face to face with Narcissa. The older blonde smirked as she pulled the younger witch in for a searing kiss. Harry stared in amazement at Hermione's amazing ass. Not for the first time, he cursed the horrible school

robes they had to wear. He really wished they could wear something like the tight, silky robes that the Beauxbatons wore.

Gripping her ass, Harry fondled and massaged her cheeks, amazed at just how full and firm they were, and how perfectly they fit into his hands. Pulling them apart, he heard Hermione gasp, no doubt from the fact that he was staring at her most private places. From this angle, he had a perfect view of her tight pussy and puckered hole. Having enjoyed anal with both Rita and Cissy, he was fascinated to try it again. He hadn't really thought about it too much since then, but here, now, staring at the most incredible ass he'd ever seen, the thought wouldn't leave him alone.

Grabbing his cock, Harry guided it between Cissy's lips, just below Hermione's, and fed himself into her. She moaned into Hermione's mouth as the two continued to kiss heatedly. As he rocked back and forth at a relaxed pace, he sank two fingers into Hermione's dripping entrance. Once his fingers were liberally coated in her arousal, he moved them up to her bum.

"Harry!" Hermione gasped in shock while turning to look back at him.

"I'll be gentle, and I'll stop if it hurts," he assured her.

Below them, Narcissa chuckled.

"I knew you wouldn't be able to resist once you saw that bum," she said to him, then cupped Hermione's cheeks and turned her face to hers. "You know neither of us will hurt you or force you into something you don't want to do. Please, trust me and give it a try. It will feel incredible, and you know Harry will be gentle. If you say stop, he stops."

When Hermione didn't answer for several seconds, Harry realized he was being selfish and pushing her too far for their first time.

"Never mind," he said, caressing her back. "I shouldn't have asked."



“Have you done it?” Hermione asked Narcissa

“Yes, I have,” she answered.

“Doesn’t it... hurt?” Hermione asked nervously.

“No,” Narcissa said. “It can be a little uncomfortable at first, and you’ll feel him stretch you, but it doesn’t hurt. Once you get used to it though, you won’t believe how good it feels.”

After a few more second of silence, Hermione turned and looked back at him, her face flushed red.

“You can try, if you want to,” she said nervously.

“You really don’t have to do this, Hermione,” Harry told her.

“No, it’s okay,” she said. “I was just surprised at first, and honestly, I’m kind of curious now.”

Smiling, Harry shook his head and leaned forward to kiss her softly. While continuing to gently thrust into Cissy, he soaked his fingers in Hermione’s arousal and moved his fingers back up to her bum. Spreading open her small bubble butt, he teased her crinkled hole until he was sure it was lubed enough, then pressed his finger into her.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped when the tip of his index finger sank into her rear.

Chuckling, Narcissa stroked her cheek and then pulled her down for a slow, passionate kiss.

Over the next several minutes, Harry slowly and gently stretched Hermione open and was able to fit two fingers all the way up to the third knuckle in her tight little bum. Over the last couple

of minutes, the sounds of her panting, moans, and gasps had been growing louder and more frequent.

Under him, Narcissa was also slowly working her way towards her peak as she and Hermione kissed and caressed each other. Harry, despite the excitement of the situation, was still a ways off from his own climax. That didn't bother him though. He was having far too much fun with the two beautiful witches to want it to end anytime soon.

Pulling his fingers back until just the tips were inside of her, Harry slowly and gently sank them back in as far as he could. Hermione groaned loudly from the feeling and arched her back. Grinning, Harry covered his finger in the arousal dripping from her folds and then pressed three fingers at her back entrance. He tried to keep them apart so he could stretch her open more, but her ring was so tight that it practically crushed his fingers together.

Still, the extra girth had Hermione moaning long and low, driving her ever closer to her peak. Knowing that she was still far too tight to take his cock, Harry decided to just focus on making this feel as good as possible for her. With three fingers knuckle deep in her ass, he pumped them vigorously while increasing his pace inside Cissy.

Harry felt a burst of pride as he heard the two stunning witches moan under his attention. Pumping his fingers vigorously, Hermione came first, her wrinkled hole strangling his fingers as it tightened around his digits. Arching her back, her entire body trembling with pleasure, Hermione collapsed to the side, gasping for breath.

With her out of the way, Harry leaned over Narcissa and drastically increased his pace. After going at a slow, gentle pace for so long, the sudden deep, powerful thrust sent the gorgeous blonde tumbling over the edge with a helpless cry. Even as she climaxed under him, Harry continued pounding her. Narcissa stared up at him with wild, lust filled eyes as he hammered her into the mattress.

Hearing a moan not from the woman under him, he looked over to see Hermione watching them lustfully while playing with herself.

“Fuck me,” Narcissa panted, drawing his attention back to her.

Grunting, Harry did just that. With her feet dangling uselessly in the air, and her large breasts bouncing wildly on her chest, Harry plowed into Narcissa roughly in chase of his own climax. Throwing her head back, she moaned loudly and bucked her hips up. Groaning, Harry could feel his end nearing and his thrusts began to lose his rhythm.

“Cum on me, Harry. Paint me with it,” Narcissa panted.

Hermione groaned at the request, and Harry’s cock twitched excitedly. With just a few more powerful thrusts, he yanked his cock out of her at the last second, gripping it tightly to keep from going off too soon.

Narcissa propped herself up on her elbows and gave him a sultry smirk before opening her mouth and closing her eyes. Stroking himself furiously, Harry let go. With such a long build up, and such exciting circumstances, he unloaded a truly massive amount of cum.

His first shot left a white stripe from the bottom of Cissy’s breasts to the top of her forehead. Again and again, long, powerful streams of cum rocketed out of his raging purple head to splatter against the pale skin of Narcissa’s breasts and face. By the time he was done, it was dripping off of her chin and breasts, looking like she’d been covered by four men, and not just one.

“Oh my god,” Hermione gasped.

Carefully opening her eyes, Narcissa smiled at the younger witch, scooped up some cum on her finger, and sucked it into her mouth.

“I knew you’d be backed up, but I didn’t expect that much,” she said with a smile.

“Sorry,” Harry panted, completely exhausted from his climax.

“Don’t be. That was incredible,” Narcissa told him, then turned to Hermione. “Are you glad you stayed?”

Harry, who was feeling very relaxed, suddenly tensed and looked at his closest friend. Smiling softly, she took his hand in hers.

“Yes,” she said, “I’m very glad I stayed.”

With a smile of her own, Narcissa leaned over and whispered something in Hermione’s ear. Biting her lip, she looked to be deliberating over something before she nodded. With a smirk, Cissy pulled Hermione to her, smearing Harry’s cum between them, and then kissed her languidly. Harry’s cock, which had gone soft, now started to rapidly reharden as he watched.

Looking over at him, Hermione gave him a naughty smile he’d never seen from her before, and then bent down to blatantly lick one of Narcissa’s cum covered breasts.

“Bloody hell,” Harry breathed.

Both women broke down into giggles at his reaction.

“Come on, let’s go take a shower and get clean,” Narcissa said.

Still smiling, both women climbed off the bed and headed towards the bathroom, Hermione walking a bit gingerly. Pausing, she looked back at him.

“Are you coming?” she asked.

As if snapping out of a trance, Harry practically ran to catch up with them.