

Narcissa Malfoy smiled into the kiss as her younger companion squeezed her arse with both hands. At last, Harry Potter was taking the hint and grabbing hold of her!

She'd certainly dropped enough hints that she wanted this over the last several months. Every time she ran into him at a social function, she made sure to approach Harry and express her interest in him in one way or another. At first, she'd gone with subtle flirting and innuendo, but she'd soon come to realize that she would have to be far more direct if she wanted him to understand that she was serious and wanted him to act. Maybe it was the fact she was married that he struggled with, but calling what she shared with Lucius a marriage was giving it more acknowledgment than it deserved and certainly more than she had paid it for many years.

Whatever they'd had and whatever she'd seen in him when they were younger had become strained over the years as his support for the Dark Lord brought their family low, and it was severed completely when Lucius dared to question Draco marrying Astoria Greengrass on the grounds that she was too sympathetic to muggleborn and half-bloods. How that fool could still be prattling on about the importance of blood in the face of the deeds of half-blood Harry and his muggleborn friend Hermione Granger, Narcissa had no clue, and he had to be deep in denial to ignore the revelations about his precious Dark Lord Tom Riddle having been a half-blood himself.

Frankly, Narcissa didn't understand why Astoria chose Draco. Narcissa loved her son, but he was far too much like his father for his own good. She couldn't say how Astoria felt, but as for her, she had no problem cheating on Lucius. Frankly, she should have done this years ago just to spite him, if nothing else. Then again, she was glad she hadn't because it meant she would get to experience the thrill of cheating with Harry Potter, of all people. She'd finally been blatant enough for Harry to realize she was serious, and now he was squeezing her arse, sticking his tongue into her mouth and backing her up against the wall. It might have taken longer than she'd liked to get this response out of him, but now that they were here, snogging in a back room at a Ministry party, Harry was proving to be a take-charge man.

That was exactly what Narcissa wanted. She'd been married to a weak-willed man for far too long. After all the bowing and begging he did during the Dark Lord's return and to try and minimize his punishment afterward, she barely saw Lucius as a man at all at this point. She certainly didn't feel any attraction toward him. But she was so attracted to Harry that her knickers were wetter than she could ever remember them being, and he hadn't even pulled her dress up yet. Fucking hell, she couldn't wait to get these clothes off and have Harry fuck her!

Sadly, it was not to be. Before any clothes could start coming off, the door to the room burst open, and Narcissa's useless husband came in, narrowing his eyes as Harry took a hasty step back away from her. Narcissa did not think she had ever loathed Lucius more than she did at that moment, and after the last several years in particular, that was saying something.

"What are you doing back here with Mr. Potter, Narcissa?" Lucius asked suspiciously.

"We were just going over a little problem I've been trying to solve for some time now," Narcissa said smoothly.

"I see," Lucius said flatly. "Forgive me for interrupting, but your absence from the party has been noted, so I suggest that you either arrange a meeting for another time, or finish your discussion back at the party." His eyes flicked in Harry's direction. "Assuming, of course, this is a problem only Mr.

Potter can help you with. If it is within my power, I would be pleased to help in his stead so you do not need to take up any more of the heroic Mr. Potter's valuable time."

"No, this isn't a problem that you're suited for, husband," Narcissa said. "And I'm afraid it wouldn't be possible for us to work on it back at the party." As much as she was amused by the idea of having Harry shag her in front of everyone, and in front of Lucius in particular, a public display like that would not do any favors for her reputation.

"You're right, though. I should go back," Narcissa said, moving toward the door. She took a step to the left, subtly avoiding Lucius' hand that reached for her shoulder, leaving it hanging in the air awkwardly. Ignoring her husband, she turned her head back toward Harry. "But we *will* finish this another time."

--

It had taken longer than she would have liked, but Astoria Malfoy was finally about to taste Harry Potter's dick.

She didn't know what she'd been thinking when she decided to marry Draco. Looking back, she had a feeling things would never have gotten that far if Harry had opted to return to Hogwarts for one more year like his best friend Hermione. Had Harry been in the castle with them, Astoria would have seen just how jealous Draco was of all the attention Harry received, even when not trying to attract it. He'd successfully hidden his inferiority complex from her during that term, but when he no longer had the distraction of school and NEWTs to bury his head in, and he had to deal with working in the same building as the man he despised, Draco's inferiority complex started shining through.

Sadly, Astoria had already agreed to marry him by the time she realized how much of Draco's life was spent measuring himself against Harry Potter in what was forever going to be a losing battle, and magical marriages and betrothals were difficult to break. She couldn't get out of her commitment or undo her foolish mistake easily, and she had spent the last several years paying for that mistake by being forced to listen to Draco complain like a child every time Harry earned praise or a promotion at work. She had to deal with a husband who was so obsessed with ranting about Harry Potter's allegedly undeserved reputation that he failed to work hard on his own advancement. He was so fixated on trying to be better than Harry that he had been stuck at the same entry-level Ministry position with Broom Regulatory Control for years, as opposed to Harry's rise through the ranks of the Auror Office, and also Astoria's growing reputation in the Council of Magical Law. He'd even neglected his marriage and taken her for granted, despite how obviously she was outperforming him and earning respect for her achievements.

Astoria was tired of it and had grown to resent her husband. Along with that resentment had come a desire to be with a man who could not only give her the satisfaction that her marriage was lacking but appease her desire for payback on the husband who'd already wasted years of her life. Nothing could spite Draco better than fucking Harry Potter, and Astoria was ready to spite him in the worst way.

Harry hadn't immediately responded to her flirting with him when their paths crossed around the Ministry building, but he hadn't pushed her away or discouraged it, either. She'd continued to press the issue and make up excuses to visit his office, knowing how much it made Draco scowl and whine every time she let him know that she had visited his enemy in her capacity as a high-ranking member of the council.

There had been times that she legitimately did have to visit Harry for assistance and information, but she was not here in his office for business this time. Harry was sitting at his desk, and Astoria was kneeling at his feet. Her hand was beneath his robes, and she was rubbing his dick through his short trousers. He was getting hard beneath her hand, and based on what she could feel, it seemed likely that he was going to give her significantly more to work with than her husband. She couldn't wait.

"Get up," Harry said roughly, putting a hand on her shoulders to stop her just as she was reaching up to pull his short trousers and underwear down so she could suck his cock. "Someone's coming."

Astoria wanted to ignore him. She wanted to pull his dick out, see if it was as big as it felt, and find out how it tasted. But Harry was right. If someone was about to knock on his office, she couldn't go any further. Getting caught fucking at work would put both their jobs at risk, and as much as Astoria craved a taste of him, she'd worked too hard to risk everything now. She thought she'd carefully orchestrated things so no one from either of their departments would have any reason to visit or need to speak to either of them for at least a solid hour, but perhaps she'd missed something. Regretfully, she took her hand off of Harry's dick, stood up, and smoothed her work robes out.

"What do you need, Malfoy?" Harry asked. Astoria flinched, thinking he was talking to her, but then he opened his office door with a casual bit of wandless and nonverbal magic, and she saw her husband standing on the other side of it.

"How did you know it was me?" Draco asked, looking at Harry warily in between shooting suspicious glances at Astoria. Astoria could practically see her husband's mind conjuring up scenarios of Harry trying to get her alone so he could have his wicked way with her. Wickedness had been seconds away, of course, but she was the one who would have done the conjuring.

"That's for me to know," Harry said, smirking at the way Draco's eyes narrowed. "Again, what do you need from me? I'm rather busy, you know."

"So it would seem," Draco said, hands clenched into fists at his side. He took a deep breath and then turned his head toward Astoria. "I'm not here for you, Potter, so don't trouble yourself. Astoria, I heard that the rest of your department wasn't going to be in the building for lunch today, so I asked one of my colleagues to take over for me so you wouldn't have to be alone."

*I wasn't going to be alone, Astoria thought. I was going to spend my lunch break getting shagged on Harry's desk. And then you showed up and spoiled my afternoon.*

"How thoughtful," Astoria said flatly. "But are you sure this won't negatively affect your standing in the department?"

"I'm not concerned about that," Draco said, shrugging. "Spending time with my wife is more important."

*Keeping me from being alone with the man you hate with every fiber of your being is more important, more like. And your laziness and lack of dedication, not to mention your obsession with Harry, is why you'll never never get promoted.*

“It seems that we won’t be able to finish our business today, Mr. Potter,” Astoria said, stepping away from Harry’s desk. “But we’ll continue this another time.”

Ironically, Draco was right to try and keep her from being alone with Harry, even if he was wrong about who was scheming to get into whose pants. But he wasn’t going to be able to keep them apart for long. Astoria was going to try again, and eventually, she was going to get what she needed from Harry. Unlike her husband, Astoria was a hard worker who never gave up until the job was done.

--

“At last,” Narcissa said, smiling as she used her index finger to trace the outline of Harry’s erection through his boxers. “My husband will not be interrupting us this time.”

“Nor will mine,” Astoria said. From her spot on her knees next to Narcissa, she nuzzled her cheek against Harry’s erection. “The Malfoy men will never manage to outsmart the Malfoy women.” She smirked. “Though I may not be a Malfoy woman much longer, even in name. That will depend on you, though, Harry.”

“Taking away the one thing Draco has a right to be proud of sounds too good to pass up,” Harry said, patting Astoria’s head. “And I’ll never say no to fucking over Lucius Malfoy, either.”

Harry stood back with a smile and watched the Malfoy women pull his boxers down his legs. Part of his confusion on how to respond when both Narcissa and Astoria started flirting with him was he didn’t know if either was aware of what the other was up to. He now knew that they’d been acting independently and without each other’s knowledge at first. But after multiple instances of the Malfoy women attempting to arrange encounters with him, only to be interrupted by their husband or a proxy, they’d realized what the other was up to and banded together to make sure they both got what they were after.

They weren’t at any Ministry function, nor were they at work. Today, Harry had been invited to Malfoy Manor itself to spend the night with both Narcissa and Astoria, and they’d made sure that both Draco and Lucius were not only out of the house but out of the country. The fireplace was not currently connected to the floo network, and absolutely no one would be able to apparate into the home until Narcissa removed the protections. Nothing was going to stop him from shagging both Malfoy women tonight. They got his boxers off, and Narcissa let out a little gasp when his cock popped out.

“Merlin,” she said quietly, staring at his dick with wide eyes.

“It’s beautiful,” Astoria whispered. When Harry looked at her, she was licking her lips. “Do you mind if I suck on it for a bit?”

“By all means,” Narcissa said, waving her arm.

Astoria would not be the first woman to suck his dick, but Harry did not believe he’d ever seen a woman look as excited to blow him as Draco’s wife was, staring at his cock like she wanted to devour it. She wrapped her hand around his shaft and brought him straight to her lips, which puckered and planted a kiss on his cockhead while she stared up at him. If Astoria wanted him to see the desire in her eyes, she succeeded. She looked like there was nowhere she would rather be than on her knees in the master bedroom of Malfoy Manor, kissing the tip of his cock as one would kiss a lover.

She kissed all over his cockhead and stuck her tongue out to lick it as well, and by the time she wrapped her lips around him and began to suck, she'd given him plenty of pleasure and attention already. But it only got better as she started bobbing her head on him, taking his dick into her mouth eagerly. Her tongue was active during her sucking, and she grabbed his shaft in both hands and pumped it, getting her spit all over his cock and onto his balls. Astoria Malfoy was a fantastic cocksucker. She knew how to bring him pleasure, but more importantly, she *wanted* to bring him pleasure and put her all into it. Her eagerness was obvious not just in how determined she was in her sucking and stroking but in how she stared up at him with eyes burning dark with lust. Harry had already known that Astoria was horny and wanted him to fill a void in her life, but he hadn't fully understood just how desperate she was until now.

"Fuck, that's good," he groaned, patting her head. Her eyes closed briefly, she moaned around his cock, and her shoulders actually shook with excitement as he rubbed her head. Did Astoria have a praise kink?

A groan broke his concentration, and he looked over to see that Narcissa was up on her feet with her sexy dress hiked up and a hand between her legs. Apparently, watching Astoria suck him had been too exciting for her, and she was fingering herself shamelessly while she watched. Her arm froze for a second when she realized he was looking at her, but then she started fingering herself again, biting her lip and staring straight at him, letting him watch her masturbate.

"If you come over here, I can do that for you," he offered. Narcissa groaned and hurried over toward him, pulling her dress off as she did. She was still wearing a lacy green bra, but she was naked from the waist down, and he could see how wet she was once she got closer. Harry reached out, and she took his hand in hers and brought it between her legs, moving it into position and guiding a finger inside of her pussy. She also brought his thumb to her clit, teaching him how she liked to be fingered and touched.

It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to pay attention to what Narcissa was teaching him while Astoria was getting even deeper into her blowjob, but Harry managed it somehow. Even as Astoria pushed through her gag reflex and took his cock down her throat, Harry repeated the curling finger motions Narcissa taught him and listened to her moan as he got it right. Her hands held onto his wrist, and her hips humped against his hand as he pleased her. Clearly, Astoria was not the only Malfoy wife who had been desperate for some attention. It didn't take much for him to have her moaning loudly and squirting all over his arm and her bedroom carpet.

Astoria's deepthroat blowjob had Harry on the cusp of orgasm as it was, and between the satisfaction of making Narcissa cum and the younger woman humming around his cock and squeezing his balls, he could take no more. He grabbed onto the back of Astoria's head with his free hand, grunted, and emptied his load down her throat. It was the hardest he'd cum in a long time, and Astoria was the reason why. Draco's wife seemed like she'd been starving for cock, and his cock in particular.

"Good girl," he said, patting her head as she took the last of his cum down her throat. Astoria groaned around his cock and trembled so much he wouldn't be surprised if she'd just had at least a mini-orgasm right on the spot.

This woman really did have a thing for being praised, and she was also blatantly starved for pleasure. Luckily, Harry was more than prepared to give her plenty of both.

--

Before he even got them into bed, Harry knew that he wanted to pleasure both women at the same time. There was something that appealed to him about making both of these neglected wives happy simultaneously, and he was bound and determined to make it happen. Listening to Astoria squeal as he drilled her with massive thrusts from behind, it was obvious that he was taking care of things on that end.

He hadn't been worried about that, to be honest. Giving a woman a solid fuck was nothing new to Harry, and it helped that Astoria was so unbearably horny and craving attention. But fucking a woman on her hands and knees while also eating a second woman out was a new challenge even for him, and he hadn't known if he would be able to pull it off before he decided to try it.

Magic was aiding him a bit here, levitating Narcissa in the air so he didn't have to bear any of her weight or worry about holding her up even with her legs draped over his shoulders. He still had his left hand cupping her round arse, but that was really just so he could enjoy squeezing it while he ate her out. Otherwise, it was his magic holding her up in the air at the perfect height for him to lick her pussy, freeing him to hold onto Astoria's hip with his right hand and pound her from behind. He'd never fucked a woman without being able to see her clearly, but everything was working out just as he'd pictured it in his head. He licked Narcissa's pussy and made her moan, hump his face and hold onto his head, and he railed Astoria with the deep thrusts it had immediately become apparent she wanted.

It took him a few minutes to find his rhythm, but now his threesome with the Malfoy wives was going as well as it possibly could have. Rather than needing to give up and try something else a bit less experimental, he was able to throw himself fully into the idea he'd come up with and give it to them both even harder. He shagged Astoria at a pace greater than any he'd fucked any woman with for quite some time. His hips moved with such speed that she lost the ability to even moan because the thrusts came too quickly and hit too hard for anything but little grunts to escape her throat. Though he'd never had her in this position before, it was already apparent that Astoria wouldn't have had it any other way. If her husband wasn't man enough to give this to her, Harry would fill that void proudly.

The intensity of his licking increased right along with his thrusts. He relied on the volume of Narcissa's moans and screams and the way she grabbed his head and squeezed his face with her legs to tell him what she liked, and the reaction when he brought his mouth to her clit was impossible to miss. Around the time that he was fucking the breath out of Astoria, his tongue discovered the swooping spirals around Narcissa's clit that had her pulling his hair with both hands and humping his face while screaming her pleasure out for all to hear.

Harry couldn't be sure which of them came first because it all hit so close together that all three of their orgasms felt like they flowed into one massive mutual peak. Narcissa pulled on Harry's hair so hard he was surprised she didn't rip it out, and she squirted all over his face and against his tongue. Astoria still didn't seem to possess the breath required to moan or scream, but her pussy clenching tight around his cock as she came was more than enough for Harry to know that she had joined them at the end of this ride and found the release of pleasure and satisfaction that had been missing in her marriage.

As for him, he buried his cock to the hilt in Astoria and filled her with cum, as he'd been aching to do since she first started flirting with him. If Draco was too big a fucking idiot to keep his wife satisfied, that was his loss. Harry's balls pulsed as he fired shot after shot of semen into Astoria Malfoy's pussy, and Draco's wife found the breath to make her feelings on the flood of cum clear.

“So full,” she groaned. “Fucking amazing.”

It was fucking amazing. But he still wasn't done yet. Even as he pulled out of Astoria and allowed his magic to lower Narcissa back down to the bed, he knew there was still something left for him to do. So what if he'd already made Narcissa cum twice, once with his fingers and now with his mouth? He knew what she really wanted, and he was going to give it to her before their night in Malfoy Manor was through.

--

“I think I've made my decision.”

Harry had to blink several times to make sense of the words being spoken to him. For the last several minutes, he had been focusing fully on pinning Narcissa's legs behind her head and giving her the hardest fuck she had ever had in this bed. Pounding the sexy older woman into her mattress didn't leave many brain cells left for conversation, but he did eventually manage to comprehend the words Astoria had just spoken to him. Since she was sitting on the bed just to the left of Narcissa's head, he didn't have to look far or break up his pace to look at her. She'd been face-down on the bed when he first started fucking Narcissa, but she'd recovered enough to sit up and even speak now, though her voice was still weak. Harry didn't say anything. He just looked at her expectantly while continuing to clap Narcissa's arsecheeks with his powerful thrusts.

“I'm not going to be a Malfoy woman anymore,” Astoria said once Harry looked at her. “I'm through wasting my time with Draco. Fuck the difficulty of magical divorce; I'm not going to let that bitter, jealous prick drag me down any longer. He can agree to give me a divorce, and I'll promise not to badmouth him in the press and play it off like it was a mutual decision. Or he can refuse, and I'll make it very clear that I'm his wife in name only, and he's a pathetic man who could never compare to you.” Astoria smiled. “Either way, I'm not a Malfoy anymore. I'm *yours*, Harry. I'll be your wife, your lover, your slut—I don't bloody care. I just want you to fuck me like this as often as you can. Every night, if I can get it.”

Harry thought of the look on Draco's face when he was given the ultimatum of granting Astoria an easy divorce and saving face publicly while knowing that Harry had really beaten him and taken the only thing he had to be proud of, or fighting the divorce and having his wife subject him to public ridicule as a cuckold who was inferior to the one person Draco loathed above all others. Either way, Harry won.

“I think I can manage that,” he agreed, making her beam at him.

“Me too!” Narcissa suddenly shouted through her moans. Harry paused in his thrusting to let her speak and get out what she wanted to get out. “I need it, too! Fuck Lucius! We can pretend we're still married, but my body is yours from now on!”

Harry could definitely get behind that, too. He'd been confused when both Malfoy women started flirting with him independently of each other, and then amused when they got more blatant about what they wanted from him. Now, what he'd figured would be a bit of fun, and a chance to humiliate Draco and Lucius by fucking their wives had escalated to both Narcissa and Astoria deciding that they wanted to effectively leave the Malfoy men for him, in spirit, if not in the legal sense.

“I can definitely make that happen,” Harry said, wiping a bit of sweat off of his forehead. “But before either of you get to informing your husbands that there are new arrangements, I still have something to finish.”

The decision being made, he redoubled his efforts to give Narcissa the fuck she had been waiting years for if not decades. It was possible she’d been waiting her entire adult life for this, and if so, she deserved the best he could give her. He put even more weight behind his thrusts, and she grunted and squealed with the impact every time his hips smacked her arse.

This definitely wouldn’t be the last time he fucked Narcissa’s brains out, but just in case this was the last time he did so in the bed she’d shared with Lucius for most of her adult life, he wanted to make it count. She’d waited long enough to finally find some sexual satisfaction in this bed, and it was about time someone gave both Malfoy women what they needed.

Harry would gladly have fucked a pair of women as sexy as Narcissa and Astoria as often as they wanted, no matter who they were. That he was going to get to ruin the lives of Lucius and Draco in the process was just a welcome bonus.