

Chapter 2

For a few days after watching Harry and Susan at Lucinda's, Hermione busied herself with work to give herself an excuse to avoid him. She even canceled their weekly Wednesday dinner, but since she'd visited on Monday, he didn't seem to notice anything was off. Despite that, she couldn't get the scene out of her mind. Nor could she stop the inevitable questions that popped into her mind throughout the day.

How long had Harry been a member at Lucinda's? Was he sleeping with any more of their old classmates? Was he sleeping with other women?

Those questions and more flitted through her mind on a near-constant basis.

On Friday, Hermione found out that Harry would be working late on a new case and decided to make her way back to Lucinda's to see if she could get some answers. Stepping out of the Floo in the Leaky Cauldron, she quickly made her way down Diagon Alley. When she noticed George on his way to Gringotts, she gave him a brief wave before ducking into the Apothecary. Once she was sure he was gone and no one else she knew was around, she slipped inside Lucinda's.

"Hello, my dear," Lucinda said brightly.

"Hello," Hermione replied awkwardly.

Glancing around the shop, she was relieved to find it empty.

"What can I do for you today?" Lucinda asked, smiling as she leaned on the counter.

"I had a few questions I wanted to ask you," Hermione said.

“Ah,” Lucinda said with a knowing look. “If they’re about the back rooms, I’ll be happy to answer. But if it’s about Harry, I’m afraid I can’t tell you anything you don’t already know.”

“Please,” Hermione begged. “He’s my best friend. I just want to know why he started coming here. It’s just so unlike him. He was so shy in school, and now he comes here for... well...”

“Sex?” Lucinda asked with a smirk.

“Well, yes,” Hermione said, fighting a blush. “Can’t you tell me anything?”

“If it got out that I was giving away my client’s secrets, my reputation would be ruined,” Lucinda said, shaking her head. “Why don’t you just ask Harry?”

“I... can’t,” Hermione admitted quietly, her cheeks burning. “We’ve never really talked about... that.”

Lucinda stared at her thoughtfully for a long moment.

“I think there’s something you should see,” she said eventually. “Wait here a moment.”

Taking a key ring with several keys on it, she walked over to the door behind the counter and put one of them into the lock. After she gave it a turn, she pulled open the door to reveal a small sitting room instead of the hallway Hermione had been down before.

“Marie!” Lucinda called.

“Coming!” a woman yelled back.

A moment later, a young woman in her early twenties with blonde hair stepped into the room while she wiped her hands on a small towel.

“Hello, Auntie,” Marie smiled.

“Hello, dear,” Lucinda replied with a smile of her own. “Are you busy?”

“No, I just finished in the garden,” Marie said. “Do you need help with something?”

“Could you come through and watch the register for me?” Lucinda asked.

“Of course,” Marie replied.

Setting the towel down on the back of a chair, she stepped through the door and closed it behind her. When she spotted Hermione, she smiled prettily.

“Come with me, Hermione,” Lucinda said, waving her behind the counter.

Giving Marie a small, shy smile, Hermione walked behind the counter just as Lucinda opened the door again. This time, it led back to the same hallway she had traveled down the first time she’d gone through the door. It was an incredible piece of magic. As much as Hermione wanted to ask about it, she didn’t think she’d get any more of an answer than when she asked about Harry. But that was alright. This was a puzzle she didn’t mind solving on her own.

Following Lucinda down the small hallway, she turned right down the much longer hallway. She walked all the way down to the last two doors and gestured to the one on the right.

“The door leads to the spa,” Lucinda said. “In there, you’ll find a hot tub, a sauna, and massage tables. The girls come in to do facials, manis, and pedis on the seventh and twenty-first of every month if you’re interested. Now, the door on the left. That leads to the Memory Den.”

Walking up to the door on the left, Lucinda pushed it open and stepped inside. The room was circular, with a sunken, round couch built around a large, silvery pool. At the back of the room sat an enormous, curved cabinet made of dark-stained wood and glass panels. It was filled with thousands upon thousands of tiny glass vials filled with a smoky, silvery substance.

Memories.

“This is where we keep all of the memories our members wish to share with the others,” Lucinda said, gesturing to the cabinet. “Once in a while, someone will let me sell on publicly, but the vast majority of them are only available to other members.”

“And people buy them?” Hermione asked curiously. “But why? Pensieves are so rare.”

“True,” Lucinda nodded. “But you can experience someone else’s memory by absorbing it. The memory fades after a couple of weeks, but until someone invents a cheaper alternative to a Pensieve, it’s the best most people can do.”

While Hermione began to mull over the problem just to see if she could think of a solution, Lucinda opened a drawer in the middle of the cabinet and pulled out a thick, black tome.

“This is the ledger we use to keep track of the memories,” Lucinda said, placing the book on a small stand. “They’re sorted by name and then date. Some people like to write a detailed description, but most will just write a few words about who’s involved and where it happened.”

“Harry’s left memories here?” Hermione asked excitedly.

“No,” Lucinda told her. “However, some of the women he’s been with have.”

Smiling, she looked through the cabinet, opened one of the doors, and pulled out one of the small vials.

“This is the first memory we have of Harry,” Lucinda said, turning to Hermione with a grin. “Shall we?”

Hermione bit her lip and nodded, completely unable to suppress her curiosity.

Walking back to Hermione, Lucinda stepped down next to the pool and poured the memory in. After stirring it with her wand, she took a seat and patted the cushion next to her in invitation. Hermione sat down as she tapped the edge of the pool with her wand. A silver cloud rose from the pool and hung in the air a couple of feet above it. The mist swirled into a disk several feet wide, slowly taking on a palette of colors until it resolved in an image.

Hermione’s eyes widened when Narcissa Malfoy stepped out of the elevator at the Ministry.

Surely, Harry wouldn’t, she thought.

The Auror office was a mess. People were rushing around all over the place, and stacks of paperwork covered desks and filing cabinets as dozens of paper airplanes flew overhead. With her face turned down toward the floor, Narcissa walked between the desks and made her way to the back, where the offices were.

Given the sheer chaos of the office, Hermione was almost certain the memory was from a few years ago, shortly after the war. It had taken months to get the Ministry in order after Voldemort’s defeat. She keenly remembered the long hours working seven days a week that she and Harry had suffered through to help get things settled.

Approaching the door to a small, cluttered office, Narcissa paused and looked inside. Harry was hunched over a cluttered, messy desk, riffling through a stack of files. His hair was a mess, and dark bags sat under his eyes. It looked like he hadn’t slept properly for a week. Narcissa watched him for a long moment with a sad look on her face before she fixed her expression and knocked on the open door. Harry glanced up briefly before looking back down at his desk.

“What can I do for you, Mrs. Malfoy?” he asked.

“I just came from the Minister’s office,” Narcissa said, stepping inside and taking a seat primly. “He said it was you who convinced him to spare me and my son from Azkaban.”

“I just told him the truth,” Harry sighed.

“Regardless, I wanted to thank you,” Narcissa said sincerely. “Most people in your position would’ve taken the opportunity for revenge.”

“I’ve got too much going on to waste time with revenge, Mrs. Malfoy,” Harry said, waving to the stacks of parchment on his desk.

“Narcissa, please,” she replied.

With a small, lopsided smile, Harry nodded just as a young, harried witch knocked on his door.

“Mr. Potter,” she said, fiddling with her robes nervously. “Auror Dawlish needs you to approve the night roster, and Auror Hammer wanted me to tell you she found more court files in Umbridge’s old office.”

“Muggleborns?” Harry asked heavily.

Biting her lip, the witch nodded. With a heavy sigh, Harry took off his glasses, dropped his face into his hands, and groaned.

“Should I tell her to send them to the Minister’s office?” she asked.

“No,” Harry said, dropping his hands and fixing his glasses tiredly. “Tell her to bring them here. I’ll go over them and notify the families. Thanks, Rachel.”

“You’re welcome,” Rachel said, smiling brightly.

She waved awkwardly before continuing past the door.

“Sorry, but I need to get back to work,” Harry said. “Looks like I’ll be staying late again.”

“Quite understandable,” Narcissa said, getting to her feet. “I’ll leave you to your work. Thank you again, Mr. Potter.”

“Harry,” he replied with a small, brief smile.

“Harry,” Narcissa said with a smile of her own.

Leaving the office, she stopped just outside the doorway and glanced back at Harry thoughtfully. The corners of her lips turned upwards as she marched towards the elevator, her head held high.

As the elevator doors closed, the memory faded and swirled before reforming into another one. Narcissa stood outside the entrance to Diagon Alley and appeared to be waiting for someone. It wasn’t hard to figure out who she was waiting for when Harry appeared a moment later. Given the state of his hair and the bags under his eyes, this hadn’t happened long after the first memory. Hermione guessed it was probably a couple of days at most.

“Narcissa, your note said there was a problem?” Harry asked, wand in his hand as his eyes scanned the alley.

“There’s just something that needs your attention,” Narcissa said. “This way.”

Without waiting for him to respond, she turned on her heels and started striding down Diagon Alley. Harry quickly caught up and kept pace next to her.

“Can you tell me what’s happening?” he asked.

“I’m afraid not,” Narcissa replied. “I’m under contract not to speak of it. You’ll see what I’m talking about soon.”

Sighing, Harry followed her further down the alley and furrowed his brow in confusion when she took him to Lucinda’s. Hermione realized quickly that this was the first time he’d been to Diagon Alley since turning seventeen, and thus, thanks to the enchantments, the first time he’d have seen the shop.

Lucinda smiled at Harry and nodded as he walked past her and followed Narcissa into the back rooms.

“I thought you didn’t let anyone back there unless they signed a contract,” Hermione said accusingly.

“I don’t, but in Harry’s case, I made an exception,” Lucinda said. “Narcissa came to me earlier that day and told me what she had planned. I made sure they were the only ones in the shop. I made him sign one later if that makes you feel better.”

Hermione huffed, crossed her arms over her chest, and turned back to the memory. Narcissa led Harry into one of the private rooms and ushered him inside.

“So, what’s the problem?” Harry asked, glancing around the empty room.

“Mr. Potter, I find myself in your debt,” Narcissa said. “As both a Black and a Malfoy, that’s not something I can live with.”

“What?” Harry asked, blinking nonplussed.

“Owing a debt is very dangerous, especially for a woman in my position,” Narcissa said.

“You brought me here for that?” Harry asked incredulously, then shook his head. “Narcissa, you don’t owe me anything. I really need to get back to work.”

Harry made to leave, but she stepped in front of him and put her hand on his chest with a stern expression.

“Whether you recognize the debt I owe you doesn’t matter,” Narcissa said. “I do. And I intend to pay it back immediately.”

Harry opened his mouth to argue but froze before a word could leave his mouth when she dropped to her knees and started tugging at his belt.

“What are you doing!?” Harry yelled.

He reached down to stop her, but Narcissa slapped the back of his hand sharply and glared up at him.

“This is a standard method of repayment if one house doesn’t have enough gold to pay another,” she said, pulling his half-hardened member into the open. “Oh my. How impressive.”

“This can’t be happening,” Harry muttered, staring at Narcissa in shock as she stroked him.

Smirking, she lifted him up and kissed the underside of his shaft lightly. Harry inhaled sharply as he rapidly hardened to an impressive, almost intimidating size. Trailing her long nails down his shaft, Narcissa wrapped her hand around the base and caressed him gently with her thumb.

“Of course,” she smirked, “for a debt this large, numerous payments will need to be made. You may degrade me while I pleasure you.”

“What?” Harry asked, swallowing thickly.

“Degrade me,” Narcissa said, stroking him softly as she stared up at him with a smoky gaze. “Would you like me to tell you how much larger you are than my pathetic husband? Perhaps you would like to tell me how much easier it will be to deal with my son when you remember the feeling of my lips around you?”

Lifting his shaft up, she tilted her head up and sucked one of his testicles into her mouth. Harry gasped, his mouth hanging open as she slathered it lovingly with her tongue.

“Mmh,” Narcissa moaned as she let him slip from her mouth. “Have a seat so I can service you properly.”

Harry practically stumbled back onto the couch behind him, his eyes never leaving Narcissa as she crawled between his legs and took his length in hand.

“So hard,” she said, rubbing her thumb along the swollen head, causing Harry to hiss. “So much tension.”

Holding him lightly, she licked from the base to the tip and then wrapped her lips around him. Harry groaned long and low, his hands coming to rest on the top of her head. Narcissa moved slowly and sensuously - like she wanted to worship every inch of him. She kissed her way down one side of his shaft and then the other before returning to his red, swollen tip. Her tongue swirled around him three times before she pulled back, pursed her lips, and blew lightly over his glans. Harry pulsed, his rock-hard shaft trembling as if he was about to explode.

Narcissa smiled widely and teased him with her fingers, careful not to tip him over the edge just yet.

“Oh, you’re going to be so much fun,” she said, licking her lips. “I’ve never had such a big, powerful wizard to play with before.”

Opening wide, she wrapped her lips around the few inches of his length and sucked hard.

“Oh, bloody hell,” Harry grunted. “Narcissa.”

With a sultry gaze, she slowly pulled back, leaving him glistening with her saliva.

“Are you close, Harry?” Narcissa asked. “I’m having dinner with my son this evening. Do you think he’ll smell your cum on my breath when I speak to him?”

Harry gasped at her words, then grunted when she wrapped her lips around him again. Placing her hand on his thighs, she just her lips and tongue around his tip to bring him over the edge. When he climaxed, they could see his shaft swelling and flexing as he emptied himself into Narcissa’s mouth. With each pulse, her throat bobbed as she swallowed. It went on for so long that Hermione was genuinely concerned she wouldn’t be able to handle it all when Harry finally sagged against the couch and began to soften.

Wrapping her hand around him, Narcissa ran her thumb up the underside of his shaft, forcing the last dregs of his climax from the tip before licking it clean.

“Marvelous,” she smiled. “I’ll be back here Friday afternoon at seven to make another payment.”

Standing up, Narcissa leaned over Harry.

“And then, you shall have all of me,” she whispered, running her finger down her collarbone, over her large breast, and letting her hand fall when she reached her hip.

Smirking at Harry's slack-jawed expression, Narcissa straightened up and walked from the room as the memory faded.

While Lucinda collected the memory and placed it back in the vial, Hermione thought about what she'd just seen. It answered a few of her more pressing questions. Quite frankly, she couldn't fault Harry for joining a club like this. They had all been under so much pressure while rebuilding the Ministry. It didn't even bother her that he'd slept with Narcissa Malfoy. It had actually been quite satisfying to see the mother of her childhood bully down on her knees.

Maybe she enjoyed it a little too much, she thought, feeling the dampness between her legs.

"This is one of my personal favorites," Lucinda said with a smile, holding up another vial.

Tipping it over, she poured it into the pool and took a seat next to Hermione before tapping it with her wand. Oddly, it started with Lavender Brown walking through the streets of Muggle London in a rather revealing red halter-top dress with a plunging neckline. Three ragged scars along her left cheek and neck were the only thing that marred her admittedly stunning look.

"This place experienced a bit of a renaissance after Harry joined," Lucinda said casually. "Our numbers suffered because of the war. But he invited a few friends, and they invited a few friends of theirs. We've seen quite a lot of growth in the last few years. Even a few celebrities joined once they learned he was a member."

"Have you slept with him?" Hermione couldn't stop herself from asking.

"Oh, yes," Lucinda smiled. "Your friend is an excellent lover. I could show you. Would you like to see it? The time I gave him a Lust Potion, and he ripped my clothes off of me, was quite memorable."

"Erm, no, thank you," Hermione stammered.

Turning back to the memory, she watched as Lavender boarded the train when it pulled into the station. The seats were full, so she had to stand near one of the doors. Just before the doors closed, a man in a hoodie jumped aboard and stood next to her. It wasn't until she spotted a wand poking out of his sleeve that Hermione took a closer look at him. When he finally turned in her direction, she realized it was unmistakably Harry.

Glancing around, he waved his wand, casting a Notice-Me-Not Charm around him and Lavender, and then stowed it in his pocket. As the train bumped along the track, Harry edged his way closer to her until he was just touching her back. Feigning a stumble, he rested his hand on Lavender's hip. When he straightened up, he didn't remove it. Instead, he reached around and grabbed a handful of her generous bust.

Lavender gasped and tried to look back at him, but he hid behind her and bucked his hips against her bum. Blushing, the blonde swallowed thickly as he pulled her halter top aside, baring her firm, round breast and soft pink nipple.

"Does she know it's him?" Hermione asked, swallowing thickly.

"Of course," Lucinda replied. "Lavender has a fetish for having sex in public. Harry helped her plan this out weeks in advance."

Nodding, she nibbled her bottom lip as Harry buried his face in Lavender's golden blonde hair, took a sniff, and groped her chest roughly. He looked every bit a perverted creep as he dry-humped her lush backside.

Suddenly, Harry let go of the handle he was holding and slipped his hand under her dress. Lavender gasped and reached up to grab another handle to steady both of them as she was manhandled. Harry shoved his hand down the front of her knickers, and although Hermione couldn't see what was happening, she could hear it. Lavender's breath shuddered while a wet squishing sound issued from between her legs.

“Remember, if they hear you, they’ll be able to see you,” Harry growled in a voice that was almost unrecognizable.

In a series of quick, precise movements, he yanked Lavender’s knickers to the side, freed his erection from his trousers, and speared into her depths. She had to cover her mouth with one hand to muffle the gasp that left her lips. Harry gave a sharp thrust with his hips, and her hands flew forward to brace herself on the door. As he continued to pound into her rapidly from behind, Lavender’s other breast bounced free from her dress.

She was so wet that her excitement left a damp spot on the front of Harry’s trousers, and it was so loud that Hermione was surprised no one could hear it over the rumble of the train. Lavender’s teeth dug into her glossy red lip as she tried desperately to stop any sound from leaving her lips. Her face was screwed up in an expression of pain, but Hermione knew what she was feeling at that moment was anything but painful.

Chuckling, Harry leaned over her back and mauled both of her breasts.

“Knew you were a slut the moment I saw you,” he said harshly. “Didn’t even think about telling me to stop, did you?”

Lavender whimpered, and a gush of excitement puddled on the floor between her feet.

“The next station is Kilburn. The doors will open on the right-hand side,” announced a cool female voice.

Harry yanked Lavender’s arms down and took a step forward, pressing her bare breasts against the glass on the doors even as the train started to slow down. She swallowed noticeably as she looked towards the light of the approaching station. Even Hermione felt nervous. If Harry didn’t stop soon, they’d be caught for sure. A Notice-Me-Not wouldn’t stop people from bumping into them as they boarded the train.

With a grunt, Harry erupted. The train slowed to a crawl as he pulled back and fixed her halter top in one smooth move.

“Please make sure you have all your belongings and mind the gap.”

As Lavender straightened up, Harry grabbed her knickers and yanked them down. Lavender had no choice but to step out of them or risk falling over. She stared down incredulously at her sodden, dirty knickers on the floor as Harry tucked himself away just before the doors opened.

“Thanks for the ride, love,” Harry whispered.

Slipping around Lavender, he jogged up the steps and out of the station. Meanwhile, she was buffeted by people leaving the train and practically forced out. Glancing over her shoulder, she blushed furiously when some teenagers noticed her knickers and started laughing. Lavender took a deep breath to calm herself and then walked up the stairs. She walked down the sidewalk for a short distance before she ran into Harry again, this time wearing nice slacks, a dress shirt, and a sports coat.

“Hello, love,” he said, smiling as he kissed her cheek. “You look fantastic.”

“So do you,” Lavender replied.

“Is everything okay?” he asked. “You look a little flushed.”

“Oh... um, it was a little hot on the train,” Lavender said lamely.

“Was it?” Harry asked, visibly suppressing a smirk. “Are you ready for dinner?”

“I’m starving,” she smiled.

With a grin, Harry wrapped an arm around her waist and started walking down the sidewalk. After just a few steps, his hand dropped to her bum.

“No knicker?” he asked softly.

Lavender flushed red as the memory faded away.

Hermione flushed red, too, when she realized that she could smell her own excitement. Fortunately, Lucinda didn't seem to notice as she stood and put away the memory.

“As much fun as this is, I need to get back to the register,” she said with a smile. “Feel free to stay as long as you like.”

Lucinda left, her heels clicking on the floor, while Hermione gazed at the cabinet and bit her lip.

One more wouldn't hurt, she decided.