

“Wait a second-“

Suddenly, the house-elf disguising itself as a gargoyle snapped into action. Harry let out a bit of a yelp as the magical creature actually jumping forward and bounced off his head with a burst of speed. The wizard’s hands scrambled upward to grab the being, but Harry came up with nothing.

“Mistress help!” the leathery-skinned creature cried out as it sailed through the air. The auror spun and glanced towards Narcissa. Harry’s green eyes did not see her going for a wand and put his attention back on the house elf. The being that barely made it to Harry’s knee scurried across the expansive carpet on the ground. The wizard noticed the elf was heading further into the interior of the house, and Harry didn’t feel like chasing after it. House Elf magic is notoriously powerful, despite their size, and Harry imagined there might be plenty of secret traps waiting for unsuspecting wizards deeper inside the Malfoy manner.

He brandished the Elder Wand in his hand. Nearby, Narcissa gasped with a mix of shock and terror. She didn’t have any fear of what Harry Potter would do to Vilko, her house elf, but seeing the powerful wand reminded her sharply of its previous owner, Lord Voldemort. For months, she had lived in fear as the dark lord lived in her husband’s house. But of course, with his defeat, the infamous dark wizard had very nearly brought about the complete ruin of her family and house.

Right before the House Elf disappeared from the room, Harry fired a stunning spell upon it, stopping the creature in its tracks.

“Incarcerous!” Magical ropes shot out from Harry’s wand, an extra measure to keep the House Elf from snapping his fingers. Then his gaze turned back to Narcissa. Her body language had changed, and Harry took a moment to relax. He wasn’t Voldemort, or cruel and he wasn’t here to scare her.

“Walk me through this, Narcissa. It’s kind of rubbish to think that somehow, you and Lucius purchased a new House Elf,” Harry grinned

Slowly, the pure-blood witch with impressive blonde hair brought her fingers to her lip. Narcissa looked around, perhaps hoping that Draco or her husband might arrive to spare her the horrid embarrassment. But the two were all alone, and it fell to her to offer up an explanation.

“You must forgive me Lord... I mean Mr. Potter. I have... no excuse for what you have found, but... well the story might better... uhmm... with a glass of wine, perhaps?”

Harry accepted her offer, hoping that it would loosen her tongue. The attractive older woman left the room, leaving Harry with the creature still tied up by his wand. Part of the auror almost imagined that she had placed the House Elf in the room as a distraction, to put him off the trail of the magical relics that somehow made their way to the black market. He turned to the poor House Elf in bondage and released the small subject.

“What is your name?”

“Sir, I am Vilko. Vilko is Mistress’ elf, but Vilko must apologize for running. Vilko didn’t mean to run from Harry Potter. But Vilko was... scared,”

Harry left the poor creature alone for the moment and then turned his attention back to Narcissa who she returned. They both drank the wine and Harry had to admit, the woman knew her vintages. After a single sip, he placed his glass down on a side table and focused his green-eyes intently on Narcissa.

“I’ve been more than patient. It is time to come clean, about Vilko, and about the magical relics, Narcissa,”

“This really shouldn’t come to a surprise to you, Mr. Potter. But we had no choice. After the war, we have been left nearly destitute,”

It was almost amusing hearing the sorrow and slight tremor in her voice. He couldn’t believe she was trying to get sympathy from him. But something else was actually at play in Harry’s mind as he walked got up from his seat and walked over to her.

He’s had a thing now and then for older more mature beauties. Narcissa Malfoy was many things, but it would be a crime not to say that she had taken care of herself quite well, despite the apparent terrible state her family was in.

“So yes, we kept a number of items hidden when you first swept through the manor. Vilko kept them hidden, and then... eventually returned. Lucius was confident that his... ‘friends’ would afford us a... well a return to something resembling our pro-...” She caught herself from saying her proper place.

“A return to normalcy, is what I meant,” Even as she said such words, Narcissa knew that there was not likely to ever be a return to what she had been raised and groomed to think of as normal. Not after everything that had happened for her and Lucius’ support of the Dark Lord.

‘I cannot believe this...’ Narcissa thought, her mind mired by panic and shame.

Part of him began imagining just what the beautiful, pure-blooded witch might do, not just to avoid imprisonment, but another wave of embarrassment. The Malfoy family had already fallen from power, and he knew her husband would be furious to learn that Narcissa hadn’t been able to distract Harry or put him off the trail of the house elf.

Somewhere inside the roguish wizard, Harry’s arrogance rose up as he gazed at Narcissa Malfoy. Here was a woman clearly struggling because of her own foolish decisions and those of her husbands. Part of him wished to free her from the burden of an ungrateful weasel of a husband. But another part, wanted to have a little fun, knowing she would be powerless to resist his wishes, judicial or otherwise.

“This isn’t going to be a little slap on the wrist, Narcissa. If you don’t fully cooperate, your entire family could be carted off to Azkaban,” Harry said, but something was different about his voice. It was a little... hungry... a little... unbalanced.

Narcissa could see it, a hunger in his green eyes that she did not recognize. This was only about the fifth time that she had actually across the boy who lived, and she found herself feeling uncertain about just what he had in mind. Surely, she had read plenty of tales about Harry Potter in the Daily Prophet, but everything she had heard about him from her son pointed him out to be far less than what the papers made him out to be.

So suddenly, when Harry’s lust raised its head and he leaned forward and plunged his hand into the bodice of her dress and grabbed the supple, full meat of her tit, the wife of Lucius Malfoy felt herself

frozen with fear and surprise. It was such a foreign situation for the older witch. Her lips parted, letting out a sigh, but no word of protest, despite how ghastly the behavior was. No man had ever treated her like this, like her breasts was simply a piece of meat for him to indulge his wants on. Not even Lucius during his younger days treated her with such a dogged and uncaring attitude for her wishes.

“Mr. Potter. I-I know that... ahem... you consider me a criminal, but that gives you... no right to just touch-“

Harry cut her off by savagely kissing her lips. “Mrrumm... Ooouhmm...” Narcissa’s lips didn’t fall away from his, but she did try to hit his arm while his fingers continued ravaging her teat. When that didn’t do anything, her hand hit his face, but it was hardly more than a whisper of a slap. The next time he felt her hand touching him, she began rubbing and stroking his cheek and neck as he continued conquering her lips and tit.

The witch’s heart hammered in her chest. Narcissa felt her body getting warmer. Her cheeks were already flush, just thinking about the audaciousness of this young man groping her boobs and sticking his tongue down into her mouth.

‘Who does he think... he is?’ Still, the more he kissed her, and she pressed her mouth back to his, the more sensations of sparks and embers spirited out from deep within the well of her lust. Suddenly, she felt a great surge of shame when she realized that her nipples had grown hard and sturdy, giving Harry all the indication that her body was a little more than welcoming of his vicious trickery.

Schooled from a young age about every rule and code of etiquette of old magical bloodlines like hers, Narcissa had never experienced such wild and untamed energy flowing through her body. The witch’s resistances faltered with each breath. The man’s tongue whisking away inside of her mouth felt like a bucking stallion, destroying every guard she could think to muster. When Narcissa felt the first drops of arousal manifesting from between her petals, fear floated up along her spine.

‘Impossible! I could never feel arousal from this. A man taking my freedom, my choice. No... but... am I?’ While her heart thudded underneath the flesh that Harry continued groping, a mix of fear and her body’s own betrayal left her feeling dazed. Just as both of them realized how hard the pink nubs capping her large pale breasts had become, Narcissa pushed Harry’s body back.

She meant to send the man to the ground, to insult him, to growl out how he had forgotten himself. But Narcissa did not or could not. The exact answer was unknown to her, and all she knew was that her hands were trembling, but they were also holding onto the Auror’s robes. Her blue eyes gazed intensely at his, and for a moment, that was her entire world; looking at the handsome, scarred, wizard while her breasts continued pushing out (nearly violent) against the front of her elegant dress.

“You look uncomfortable in that dress, Narcissa. Course you could take it off. I reckon you’ll feel much better... while we continue figuring out what is to be done about your family’s crimes,” Harry said smugly. He just couldn’t help himself. Some part of him knew he was being indulgent, but then again, the way that Narcissa’s body was reacting belied that he was not the only one feeling randy in the parlor.

The beautiful woman with long blonde hair gulped in front of him and then stood up. ‘I wish his hands were back on my breasts!’ The thought made her feel even more ashamed, and Harry saw more color

rising in her cheeks. As lusty as she'd become, Narcissa still felt a great measure of shock at his actions. She simply did not imagine he'd ever say words like those so blatantly.

'He's not like the Dark Lord, no... not at all. Harry Potter is something different entirely,'

Narcissa undressed herself. Of course, she knew that he wouldn't allow her to simply stop if she still wore her pale-golden lingerie, so soon even those were removed as well. 'It is not as if he hasn't gotten a good look at my breasts when he began ravishing them...'

Then, the wizard moved around behind her. Harry brought his body flush to her naked back. After enjoying the sight of Narcissa's hard nipples, he decided to give her a taste of his own stiffness. As he rubbed his growing erection against her naked ass, Harry reached his hands around her arms and began stroking and playing with her tits some more. The woman's tits felt so warm and soft as she teased and played with them.

"You wanted me to do this," Harry said. He was so close to Narcissa's ear now that she felt shivers of lust trickle up to her mind when she felt his warm breath on her neck and earbud.

"Of course not. I am a lady! And you are simply a perverted Auror... Nuhhau-huah... Just a... an arrogant upstarudaaah!" Narcissa's frame trembled as Harry kissed her neck and shoulder while he manhandled her nice large tits. She had a fantastic body, not quite as muscular and lean as Mrs. Weasley's was, but still, he was enjoying treating Malfoy's mother with such attention.

"I don't think so. I can feel your body talking to me... Begging me to reach down and find out what else you're hiding..."

She continued moaning out. No man had ever gotten her so excited so quickly. Narcissa did her best to restrain her moans and shaking gasps of pleasure, but the way that Harry was treating her body was simply too much for her to bare.

Then suddenly, she was left without his hands caressing and pulling on her shapely tits. The fog of lust fell away, but she wanted nothing better than to chase after it. Beneath her hard nipple, her heart continued thumping while down below, her pussy ached for the same kind of touch that her tits enjoyed. Her sharp blue eyes found Harry sitting on Malfoy's chair and pulling his cock free from his robes.

"Come to me, Narcissa. Those magnificent breasts should be displayed, but they should also give your betters pleasure..." Harry licked his lips as he gently stroked a hand along his powerful wand. He could see it in her eyes, the machinations of logic fighting against a growing need inside of her body. His green eyes had already spotted the shiny trickle of her horniness spilling out from her lips. The only reason he hadn't started fingering her is that he was tired of giving pleasure and getting no satisfaction in return.

While he looked at her, he still couldn't quite believe how quickly she'd turned into such a willing woman in his mere presence. After he'd caught Malfoy's woman red-handed, he'd wanted to have some fun with her of course. At this point however, his cock thundered with lust and Harry saw much of the same excitement in her.

Her nipples and the continuing flow from her pussy were example of that, even as she kept up her indifferent look of denial plastered to her exquisite features. As fierce as her disposition appeared to be, like a dutiful house elf the witch walked over to Harry and slowly dropped to her knees.

"I trust that... with me doing this... this heinous act..." Narcissa muttered sharply despite feeling the wetness between her legs continuing to spill out like a leaky cauldron. She couldn't believe that she was now looking nearly point blank at the man's incredible sexual member. It was bigger than her husband's, bigger than any she had ever witnessed before. But more than that... Narcissa knew that Harry; sitting like a king on a throne with his robes open and his glorious cock out, would enjoy using his thick wand on her given the chance.

The lovely witch began rubbing and pressing her endowments together with the wizard's big, smelly cock in between. The sexually frustrated woman could hardly think of a reason not to let Harry do whatever came to mind with regard to her pussy and more...

'No, I'm a married woman. But this... this could help us. This... might be the very thing that helps...' She hated her husband for putting her in this situation. He could rot in Azkaban for all she cared.

'But Draco. No... I cannot let *that* happen. And... and...' Her blue eyes continued being filled by nothing more than the thick head of Harry's cock each time it emerged from between her big moons with a wet squelching sound that sent all manner of lewd excitement racing through Narcissa's jiggling teats.

"It's so thick, Mr. Potter..." she moaned out breathlessly when she noticed Harry's precum start spilling out.

"Take it. Taste it. It will feel even better putting that lying mouth to good use," Harry said with a sly grin. Once again, Narcissa surprised him with her emerging vulgarity. She opened her mouth wide and took his crown into her lips, all while continuing to massage his great shaft in the wet, nourishing embrace of her large tits.

Under the spell of her titjob, Harry could feel the impulse to cum rising in his cum-laden balls. The Master of the Deathly Hallows finally gave her a reprieve. "You're doing quite well. I think we can come to some arrangement. But you can worry about that latter,"

Harry pushed the mature beauty on to the orange rug that covered most of the ground of the room. Narcissa looked up at him with a mix of quaking terror and nervous lust. Moving quickly, Harry fell upon her, stretching one leg to the side before stretching out the milf's hole with his enormous shaft. The moment his shaft poked into the exquisite beauty's pussy; all scraps of resistance crumbled in Narcissa's mind.

"Harryiihuaah! Oh fuck... Damn you.... What are you... what are you doing to me?!" The hot mess of a woman screamed out as her tits bounced under each thunderous motion of the young man's body on top of her. Her essence splashed out as her womanhood struggled to accommodate the pulsing thrusts of the wizard's cock as he drove deeper and deeper inside her folds. No matter her control over her vaginal walls, no matter how much her creases tried to push back against the stud of a man, there was simply nothing she could do.

As she gasped and moaned to each powerful thrust, Narcissa quickly started to cum. Her nipples grew numb in the onslaught of her release, and her hands locked around Harry's neck as he conquered her. It

felt so amazing, so satisfying, and so necessary. There was only thing she wished for more, but she just couldn't bring herself to give it life. In the end, when the Auror's own body succumbed to his potent release, Harry broke free of her arms and then moved forward on his knees. He ground his cock in between her heaving tits one last time before uttering out a gravelly groan of bliss.

Narcissa's eye couldn't leave the stellar cock in front of her. She barely blinked, even after she saw the first white-hot spear of Harry's sperm arcing towards her. The older woman had not felt cum on her skin in quite a long time. Even though, deep in her belly, she had wanted to feel Harry filling up her hole, being humiliating by receiving Harry Potter's cum all over her hair, eyes, nose and even some inside of her mouth was enough to make her cum once again.

Her hands and feet twitched as the feeling of pure, uncontrollable pleasure raged through her naked body once again. Only when she finally calmed down did she get to enjoy the taste of his cum with her lips. The treat would have made her horny once again if the old woman had the energy for another round, but both of them knew that she would need some time.

After enjoying the sight of Narcissa's snobbish face soaked with his cum for a few moments, Harry grabbed his wand and cleaned up his body. He ended up leaving Narcissa just as she was, naked on the floor, with her pussy glistening while his sperm continued slowly spilling down her face. He decided that this arrangement would work out nicely for him, at least in terms of what he had found that day.

There was no telling what he might do if he learned that she or any member of the Malfoy family decided to flaunt Ministry Law in the future. Then again, part of him imagined that he would be seeing more of Narcissa Malfoy in the future. Harry knew a thing or two about identifying witches who wanted as much of him as they could get their hands on...