On the field, Narcissa darted on her broom amidst the cheers. She looked happy and well-adjusted, unlike the bitch who practically attacked Harry in Bellatrix's office. Damn it, she glanced in his direction every ten seconds.

The game continued, and Theodore Nott was in rare form. He intercepted three tiles and scored three consecutive goals within the first fifteen minutes of the game. After half an hour of play, Harry left the Nott family and made his way to Tower 7.

A burly security guard, equipped with a visibly holstered wand, assessed Harry. "Last name?"

"Harry Potter," he replied.

The guard furrowed his brow and studied the damn chart as if it came straight out of Da Vinci's notebook. "I've got you here, Mr. Potter," he scratched his head. "But it's a bit strange." "Oh?

He muttered something under his breath, shrugged his shoulders, and stepped aside. "Follow me."

Harry followed him through a narrow corridor that led to a ramp, leading to the field.

They passed through another set of doors on the other side of the ramp. Continuing down the narrow corridor, they stopped in front of unmarked doors.

"This is it," the guard said.

"What is this?" What the hell game was Narcissa playing? Was she setting him up? Maybe the elixir modifications didn't work, and she was somehow seeking revenge.

The guard opened the iron doors, which sounded more like dungeon gates. "My instructions say to let you in and then leave."

Harry entered the room as the guard turned on the lights. "Good luck, Mr. Potter."

The doors creaked and then slammed shut, creating an empty echo in the room.

He found himself inside what looked like an old athletic trainer's room. The space was filled with three massage tables, towel racks, and a desk lined with bottles of what appeared to be oils and balms.

"You made it," a voice spoke from behind him.

Harry turned around and saw Narcissa standing next to another set of closed doors. She was wearing her white uniform, with a red ribbon in her ponytail.

"For a moment, I thought the guard was leading me to a torture chamber."

Narcissa smiled and shifted from side to side. "This was the only place I knew we could talk privately."

She seemed nervous, and he didn't blame her. He felt the same way. "What's going on? Last time we spoke, you looked ready to punch me."

"I don't know, Harry. I'm really disoriented, and I hope you can help me understand what's happening to me.

"What's going on? Harry knew damn well what was wrong, but he wasn't ready to tell her just yet. Not now, at least.

"It's like I have two different mindsets. On one hand, I hate you, but on the other, I can't stop thinking about you. I can't fucking eat or sleep. I can only think about being with you, and I don't know why." She took a breath and added, "I even went to a healer and got tested for every possible curse and potion, but they found nothing."

"Hmm..." Harry scratched his beard. "I guess that's good news for me."

"You and my sister are together, right? I mean, she's pregnant and claims the child is yours." "Yes, that's true."

"I don't understand. Two weeks ago, she barely mentioned you. And now you're a couple?"

This shit was becoming real. "I've had feelings for Bellatrix for a long time. I finally confessed to her." He crossed his fingers and hoped she bought it. "So, you two are exclusive?" Narcissa looked on the verge of tears.

"We're in love," he said. "But that doesn't mean I can't love someone else just as much."

Narcissa seemed to hold her breath. "What... She paused, as if trying to regain composure. "I'm sorry, I'm so damn nervous."

Harry crossed the room and stood in front of her. Her chest rose and fell rapidly. "What do you feel about me?" She said uncertainly, her voice barely above a whisper.

He ran the back of his hand along her flawless cheek.

"I think I like this Narcissa more."

Narcissa reached for his hand and brought it to her lips. She kissed it and looked into his eyes. "I don't know why, but if I don't have you inside me in the next five minutes, I feel like I'll explode."

He stepped closer and slid his hands around her waist, allowing them to roam over her firm curves. "And what about the game?"

She licked her lips. "Fuck the game. Fuck me instead."

He brought his face closer to hers, and they kissed. Her moist pink lips tasted minty, and her hair smelled like a crisp autumn day. "And what about Nott?" He struggled to say his name without laughing.

She grabbed his ass and squeezed. "Do you think I let him get anywhere near my pussy?" She pulled him closer and kissed him with the hunger and intensity of a famished tiger pouncing on raw meat.

If Nott didn't fuck her, then did anyone other than Malfoy? Harry needed to know, but there was no time for that now.

Their lips met, and then their tongues. She exhaled through her nostrils and opened her mouth wide, as if trying to swallow him whole.

Harry slipped his hand under her sweater, gliding it over her smooth, flat stomach. He was surprised when his hand moved over the steep mound of her bare breast. Her nipples stiffened, and he grazed them with his thumb and index finger. She let out a soft moan into his mouth and pressed herself closer to him.

"Without a bra?" he managed to say between kisses. "With tits like these, I don't need a fucking bra."

He couldn't argue with her. He felt spectacular, and he assumed they looked just as good. He pulled up the bottom of her sweater and placed it over her breasts. "No wonder they call them sweater puppies."

She laughed, and her breasts bounced delightfully. Soft, upright, suckable nipples adorned her quarter-sized dark pink areolas.

He lowered his face to one of her breasts and enveloped the firm nipple with his lips, swirling his tongue around its tip.

Narcissa moaned and reached for his jeans. "Take off those fucking pants."

Harry unbuttoned his jeans and discarded them. "Keep the skirt on. I want to fuck you in your uniform." A wicked smile appeared on her beautiful face. "Do you have some cheerleading fantasy, Harry?" She slipped off her skimpy red panties, standing before him with her breasts exposed by the sweater.

He slid his hand under her skirt, feeling her smooth, bare cheeks.

Narcissa traced the tip of her tongue along his throat, gently caressing his balls and shaft.

His cock swelled and hardened in her warm, petite hands. He moved his hand toward her pussy.

She was wet and perfectly shaved.

He inserted a finger into her tight pussy, and she moaned.

He felt her warm breath on his neck and ear, sending shivers down his spine.

His sexual experience was limited to one field, but Narcissa's pussy was on another level of tightness. Was Lucius' cock really that small?

He slid his finger into her, then withdrew it, sliding up her slit to uncover her swollen clit.

She moaned louder. "Right there... fuck... yes. God, you know exactly what the fuck you're doing, don't you?"

His cock became as hard as a diamond under her grip as she worked her hand up and down his shaft, lubricating it with the pre-cum oozing from the tip.

He swirled a finger around her sensitive clit, and Narcissa arched her hips into his hand. "Cock... now," she barely managed to say. He lifted her and sat her on the edge of a nearby massage table.

She spread her legs, and he looked at her pink perfection. Her wet pussy glistened in the warm glow of the lights. Narcissa's pussy was tight, smooth as a newborn's bottom, and it looked tight enough to crack walnuts.

Her skirt rode up her thighs, and the perfect breasts supported the sweater. She had a red bow in her ponytail and wore white shoes with matching white socks.

Harry was about to experience every man's deepest fantasy. He moved between her legs, and she watched his swaying anaconda with her steel-blue eyes.

He leaned forward and kissed her. Their tongues met, and he nibbled on her lower lip before sucking it between his lips.

Narcissa thrust her hips forward, and he felt her pussy meet his pulsating head.

"Are you protected?" he asked breathlessly. "No. There's no need." Her lips parted, and her eyes sparkled with desire. She took his cock in her hand and slid it up and down her slit.

"You don't need protection, Narcissa?" "Uh huh," she moaned, barely speaking. It was time to buy a fucking lottery ticket!

Narcissa leaned back and rested her elbows on the table, aligning her perfect breasts with his face.

He slid his cock to her entrance and pushed his purple, throbbing monster into her tight hole.

Narcissa gasped. "Fuck... it's fucking big." She stared at his cock, her face covered in concern.

He should've just gone all in and shoved his cock into her to the hilt. She deserved it for treating him like such shit. But she was unbelievably tight, and he worried she might faint from the pain. Besides, he wasn't that much of an asshole. He could already feel her walls contracting around his cock. "Do you want me to stop?"

"No. I want you to fuck me like you do Bellatrix."

He thrust forward and stopped halfway. She took a deep, uneven breath, and her breasts trembled and swayed with the motion.

Her walls tightened around his cock, and he worried she might not be able to take it all.

He looked at his shaft buried halfway into the Quidditch referee and felt his cock grow even more inside her.

"Push it all the way in," she said.

He reached behind her, gripping her ass and plunging his entire cock into her. Narcissa screamed in pain and grabbed the edge of the massage table. Her pussy quivered and stretched around his dick, as if it was creating a mold just for him. He held perfectly still as his cock throbbed deep inside her.

Narcissa's breathing stabilized, and she relaxed slightly as the pain subsided. "I feel everything. It's amazing." She clenched her pussy, and he trembled and moaned. "I'm not surprised," he said. "You're fucking tight."

"Don't stop," she said.

Harry pulled back and thrust again, followed by a third, before settling into a steady rhythm of fucking.

"Fuck, it feels incredible." Narcissa bit her lower lip, and her breasts swayed.

He watched his cock disappear and reappear in her tight pussy, focusing on the sweet sound of his balls slapping against her pristine ass.

"Don't pull out, fuck," she said. That caught him off guard. "You're not protected." "I want your cum inside me, just like you do with Bellatrix."
It was taking sibling rivalry to a whole new level, but Harry had no complaints. He fucked her slowly and steadily for five glorious minutes. A light sheen of sweat covered Narcissa's breasts, and her rhythmic moans excited him.

He felt the first rumblings of orgasm in his balls and increased his pace. He fucked her harder and faster, plunging his shaft as deep as he could.

Narcissa's moans intensified. Her eyes rolled back, her back arched, and she shuddered. "I'm coming..." It was all she could manage to say as her breath became heavy and labored. As the orgasm engulfed her, she stiffened and clenched her legs around his waist, pulling him even deeper inside her.

Harry thrust his cock forward, bringing it to the entrance of her pussy, and held it there as his shaking orgasm shot from his balls. Streams of white-hot cum sprayed into her depths, filling her fertile womb to the brim.

He continued pumping the sticky loads of cum as stars flickered in his field of vision, and his head spun.

Narcissa's body relaxed beneath him as his orgasm subsided. He continued pumping the last few drops of his seed into her swollen pussy.