

Harry's fierce eyes locked onto Hannah's, full of lust and desire as he slammed forward, burying himself to the hilt inside her. The blonde let out a loud wail filled with pleasure as she was jolted on the bed, her eyes wide and a grin on her face.

He could feel her heart pounding against his palm, her breath hitching as he held her throat, not enough to hurt, but enough to assert his dominance. His thumb caressed the side of her neck as she moaned. Harry pulled back and thrust inside her once again, her legs spreading wider as she urged him to go deeper.

Harry began to move in earnest, slowly at first, letting her feel every inch of him as he withdrew almost completely once again before slamming back in. Hannah moaned out loud again, her eyes fluttering closed and her head tilting back as she exposed the long, elegant line of her neck. He leaned down, capturing her mouth in a fierce, possessive kiss, his tongue mimicking the rhythm of his hips, thrusting in and out as he devoured her.

To his left, Susan had shifted her attention from *Amelia*, who was still writhing in the aftermath of her orgasm. She looked at Harry and Hannah, her eyes dark with desire. She leaned over, cupping Hannah's tits and squeezing them firmly before capturing one of her nipples in her mouth. Hannah kept moaning as both Harry and Susan pleased her together.

Meanwhile, *Amelia*, slowly recovering from her climax, took in the scene before her. She bit her lower lip, her eyes dilating with arousal as she watched Harry furiously hammer away into Hannah, with Susan's mouth on her breast, sucking and licking eagerly. Not wanting to be left out, she got up and reached out, her hand joining Susan's, both of them pinching and rolling Hannah's nipples in tandem.

Hannah gasped, her back arching, and she pushed her tits further into their hands. Harry took advantage, his thrusts becoming harder and faster. His hips slapped hard and fast against hers, and the sound of skin slapping against skin echoed in the room. He could feel her tightening around him, her breath coming in short gasps, and he knew she was close. Smirking, he reached between them, his thumb finding her clit with ease. Without any wait, he began rubbing the sensitive nub in tight circles.

Hannah's breath hitched as her toes curled and her eyes flew open, meeting his feral gaze. Her mouth was open in a silent moan as she was stimulated to perfection, feeling Harry's cock slamming deep inside her while the two redheads played with her tits.

Harry could feel her tightening around him, her inner muscles clenching, and her breaths coming in short, sharp gasps. As Harry increased the pace and ferocity of both his thrusts and fingers around her clit, he could feel her body tensing, her hips bucking against his hand, seeking more friction, more pleasure.

"Come for me, Hannah," he growled, his voice rough with desire. "Let me feel you come around my cock."

Hannah moaned, her body tensing as her orgasm washed over her, a tidal wave of pleasure that consumed and drowned her. Harry felt her pulsating around him, her inner walls milking him, and with a final thrust, he came, his body shuddering and his cock pulsing as he emptied himself inside her.

As Harry and Hannah came down from their high, their bodies slick with sweat and their breathing ragged, Susan and *Amelia* looked at each other, a silent understanding passing between them. They turned their attention to each other, their hands exploring as they pressed their bodies together. Their mouths met in a passionate, hungry kiss as they kneaded each other's asses.

Harry watched, his cock already hardening again at the sight of the two women pleasuring each other. He climbed on the bed and reached out, his hand cupping *Amelia's* breast. His thumb brushed against her nipple, feeling it harden under his touch. She moaned, her head falling back against his shoulder as she pushed her tits out into his hand, demanding more.

He felt her hand wrap around his cock, guiding him towards her wet, waiting entrance from behind.

"Fuck me, Harry," she whispered, pulling away from Susan's greedy kiss, her voice laced with desire. "Fuck me like you fucked Hannah."

Harry grinned, his hands gripping her hips. He took his position on his knees and slid into her from behind, feeling her stretch around him. He began to move, his hips setting a steady rhythm, his cock sliding in and out of her.

Susan, watching them, ventured down her body, her tongue finding *Amelia's* clit, licking and sucking in time with Harry's thrusts. She pushed her tongue in and out, mimicking Harry's movements as she stimulated her.

*Amelia* moaned, her hands fisting the sheets beneath her. Her body writhed in pleasure and in no time, she was slamming her hips back against Harry in rhythm with his thrusts. She could feel Harry's cock sliding in and out of her, Susan's tongue on her clit, and it was almost too much. She could feel her orgasm building, her body tensing, her muscles coiling like a spring ready to release.

Harry felt it too. He reached around, his hands grabbing her hanging tits, and he began rubbing her nipples in tight circles, pinching them lightly. "Come for me, *Amelia*," he growled, his voice low and commanding. "Come on your niece's mouth. I bet she'd like it very much, won't you, Sue?"

Susan moaned with her eyes closed as she kept swirling her tongue all over and around *Amelia's* clit as Harry kept drilling into her from behind. He leaned over, clamping his lips on the side of her neck, sucking harshly.

"Come on, *Amelia*," he growled, and that did it.

*Amelia* shattered, her body convulsing as her orgasm ripped through her. Just like Hannah, Harry felt her inner muscles clench hard around him as she tried her damndest to milk him dry, and Harry saw no reason to deny her. With a final thrust, he came, his body shuddering as he painted her inner walls in white.

The room was filled with the sounds of heavy breathing as Harry and *Amelia* came down from their high. From her place between *Amelia's* thighs, Susan looked up at him, a wicked grin on her face. She leaned down once again, her tongue darting out and licking up Harry's cum from *Amelia's* pussy lips and thigh. The sight was enough to send his blood rushing south again, and Harry soon found himself hardening again.

"Fuck, Susan," he groaned, his hands reaching for her, pulling her to him. "Come here."

Susan grinned, climbing further up the bed with Harry, and pushed him down so that he was lying on his back. With a grin, she swung her leg over his body, straddling him. She leaned down, her mouth capturing his in a fierce, passionate kiss. Her tongue slid into his mouth, battling with his as they made out heatedly, their hands roaming all over each other. As Harry felt up and caressed her curves, Susan made him taste herself and *Amelia*. Harry could indeed taste them both, the salty sweetness of their pleasure, and it only served to heighten his desire and his need for more.

He felt *Amelia's* hands on him, guiding him towards Susan's wet entrance, and he slid his hands down, grabbing hold of her ass cheeks firmly.

Susan let out a loud moan, her eyes fluttering closed and her hips moved as she slid down onto him, savoring the feeling of him filling her. Harry, his hands gripping her hips, looked up at her, his eyes dark with desire. "You feel so good, Susan," he groaned, his fingers digging into her soft flesh as she began to move.

Susan, her hands resting on his chest, started to ride him, her hips moving in a slow, sensuous rhythm. Harry watched her, his eyes tracing the lines of her body, the way her breasts bounced with each movement. He reached up, his hands cupping them, his thumbs brushing against her nipples.

Hannah, who had been watching them, felt a surge of desire. She got closer and leaned in, her hands joining Harry's, her fingers tweaking Susan's nipples. Susan moaned, her movements becoming more erratic as pleasure coursed through her.

Hannah, seeing the effect she was having, grinned, her hands continuing their ministrations.

Meanwhile, *Amelia* shifted to the side and leaned down. She reached out, her hand finding Susan's clit, and she started rubbing it in tight circles.

Overwhelmed with pleasure, she let out a cry. Harry could feel her tightening around him, her body tensing as her orgasm approached. She could feel Harry filling her, his cock hitting just the right spot with each thrust. She could feel Hannah's hands on her breasts, tweaking her nipples, and sending jolts of pleasure through her. And she could feel *Amelia's* fingers on her clit, rubbing it, teasing it, bringing her closer and closer to the edge.

Harry, watching the pleasure on Susan's face, felt a surge of desire. He reached down, his hand finding *Amelia's*, guiding it, and showing her how to touch Susan. The redhead, taking the hint, continued her movements, her fingers moving in time with Harry's thrusts.

Susan, feeling the triple sensation of Harry's cock in her pussy, Hannah's hands on her tits, and *Amelia's* fingers on her clit, let out a moan. "Oh Morgana, I'm going to come," she cried, her body tensing as pleasure coursed through her.

Harry, feeling her body clench around him, let out a groan. "Come for us, Susan," he said, his voice hoarse with desire.

Susan, unable to hold back any longer, let out a cry as her orgasm ripped through her. Her body convulsed, her hips bucking as she rode out her pleasure. Harry, feeling her body clench around him, let out a groan, his own orgasm ripping through him. He came hard, his body shuddering as he filled her. Susan fell down hard on top of him and Harry rolled them over, pinning her underneath himself as he kept slamming inside her, shooting everything he had left inside her orgasmic snatch.

Breathing heavily, they rested their foreheads against each other as Harry slowly slid off her. He lay on his back beside her, and as they came down from their high, they all looked at each other, a sense of satisfaction passing between them.

*Amelia's* features began to morph until she was back to being Nym, but her hair was still the same shade of crimson as before, but with a few orange streaks through it.

"I hope that's not the end of it," she smirked as she leaned in, her hands reaching for Hannah, pulling her into a kiss. Hannah, although slightly surprised, hesitated for not even a moment as she kissed her back, her hands immediately reaching for Nym's large tits.

Chuckling, Harry gazed down and found himself hard once again, and he gave Maria a mental 'Thank You'. He heard a faint giggle in his mind before his attention was grabbed by Susan who slowly pushed herself up to sit beside him.

"Enjoy," she smirked and leaned down, grabbing hold of his cock and wrapping her lips around the crown. Gazing at him, she winked and descended, her tongue licking all over his slick prick as she took him in her mouth.

In no time, the room was filled with the sound of moans and cries once again.

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Harry was in the study of #12 Grimmauld Place, casually pouring over some books from the Black Library. Nym and Amelia were back in the Ministry while Susan and Hannah had taken his advice and gone to Greengrass Manor to meet the Greengrass women and Tracey.

He wondered how they were faring together, and he resolved to have everyone together for dinner or something soon.

He was shaken out of his thoughts when he heard a loud pop. Turning, he saw the familiar wide-eyed face of Dobby, beaming as he held a sealed envelope in his hands.

"Master Harry Potter, sir!" Dobby squeaked. "Dobby is bringing a letter from the nasty Malfoy mistress – oh, no, not nasty anymore!"

Harry took the letter, unfolding it to reveal Narcissa Malfoy's elegant handwriting.

*Mr. Potter,*

*I have considered your terms and found them reasonable. I am willing to accept your conditions and swear the oath you proposed. I request a private meeting to finalize matters and to discuss the details of what you will require of me. Discretion is paramount.*

*I propose the Shrieking Shack as a meeting place. It is abandoned, and secluded, and I trust it will provide the privacy needed for our discussion. Please confirm your agreement, or suggest an alternative location, via your elf.*

*Sincerely,*

*Narcissa Malfoy*

Harry smirked as he folded the letter. It seemed Narcissa was quicker to yield than he had expected. He did not miss how she was still addressing herself as a Malfoy. It seemed although she was disillusioned with her husband, the attachment to the family name ran strong.

He had a very good idea about the kind of person she was. She covered power and position, and if he was indeed true, then there was no way she would remain content after her marriage was nullified.

Shaking his head, he turned to Dobby and smiled. He could think later about what Narcissa would do, or what he would do with her.

"Stay right here, Dobby. I'll have my reply ready in a moment."

Sitting at the desk, Harry grabbed a fresh sheet of parchment and began to write.

*Dear Narcissa,*

*I accept your choice of the Shrieking Shack for our meeting. Let us meet tonight at 9:00 p.m. I trust you will come alone, as I shall. Ensure you are not followed; the stakes for both of us are too high to risk exposure.*

*Dobby will deliver this message and ensure it reaches you securely. Until then.*

*Harry*

With a smirk, Harry tapped his wand against the parchment, muttering an incantation under his breath. He sealed the envelope and handed it to Dobby. "Take this back to her, Dobby. Make sure no one sees you."

Dobby nodded vigorously, took the letter, and disappeared with another pop.

*"You sly dog! First, you address her with such familiarity. Now, imbuing an essence of your magic into the parchment itself?"*

*"Only to gauge her interest, Maria. I just want to see if my suspicions are right."*

*"Mm-hmm, sure."*

Harry smirked as he leaned back. He was indeed looking forward to how she would react.

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Only a few hours had passed since Harry had sent his letter to Narcissa, and the woman lay on her four-poster bed, her breaths coming out in short, ragged gasps. The room was filled with the faint, intoxicating scent of Harry Potter, carried on the parchment of a letter she clutched to her chest.

Not even Harry could have imagined how profound of an impact his little stunt would have on the woman who had been neglected not only sexually but in every manner possible for almost two decades now. There had been no love between her and

Lucius who could not care less about her as long as his little trophy looked good when being shown off to the public.

As such, the intimate touch on her magic that she felt when brushed by Harry's essence affected her so much that she could not help herself. She knew it was not right. Even though she could not care less about Lucius and what her sham of a marriage was, he was her son's age. Still, she could not deny herself, and she could not care less about matters like propriety.

Her free hand traced the curves of her body, her mind filled with images of Harry - his emerald eyes, his messy black hair, the determined set of his jaw. She imagined his touch, his hands exploring her body, his lips on hers. A soft moan escaped her as she rubbed her lower lips, her body arching with each touch, her breath hitching as she neared the edge.

Suddenly, the door to her room burst open, slamming against the wall with a crash. Narcissa started, her eyes flying open, her hand freezing mid-movement. Standing in the doorway was none other than Bellatrix, her eyes wild and a cruel smile twisting her lips.

"Bella," Narcissa gasped, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment and fear. She quickly sat up, pulling her robe around her, her heart pounding in her chest. She could feel the letter, still warm from her body, crumpled against her skin, and she quickly pushed it further down into her cleavage, hiding it from Bellatrix's piercing gaze.

Bellatrix's eyes narrowed as she took in Narcissa's disheveled self, her gaze lingering on the state of her night dress and her robe. "What are you doing, Cissy?" she sneered, her voice like ice. "Pleasuring yourself? While your husband rots in Azkaban? How dare you act like one of those mudblood sluts?"

Narcissa flinched at the venom in Bellatrix's voice, her face pale. "It's not what it looks like," she stammered.

Bellatrix laughed, a harsh, bitter sound that sent shivers down Narcissa's spine. "Oh, I think it's exactly what it looks like," she said, her finger pointed at Narcissa. "You're pathetic, Cissy. You're supposed to be a pureblood, a Malfoy, and yet here you are, reduced to this." She gestured to Narcissa with a sneer.

Narcissa's eyes flashed with anger, a rare spark of defiance in her usually placid demeanor. "You don't understand, Bella," she said, her voice steady. "I was just... I was just trying to... Lucius is no longer here. What else can I do to take care of myself?"

"You've no control over yourself, Cissy," Bellatrix sneered. "You're pathetic. Can't control yourself? Really? Disgusting."

Without another word, she turned on her heel, her robes swirling around her, and left the room, leaving Narcissa alone, utterly relieved.

She did not fear her sister. She feared her unpredictability. Bellatrix was the most conservative of them all, and in her eyes, pleasuring oneself was a sign of poor self-control. It was a foolish notion but one she believed in, and being who she was, she expected her to have the same beliefs. She didn't though. She could not care less about her sister's twisted beliefs, but she did fear what her sister might do in a fit of madness.

She shook her head as she shut the door, her hand shaking as she returned to the bed. Every day she stayed in this manor felt suffocating, and she yearned to just leave the place for good. It was not as if she was wanted by anyone here. Even her son – the only reason why she was still here – barely talked to her these days. Sometimes, a part of her asked her why she was truly enduring it all, torturing herself like this, but the mere reminder of Draco would always quieten that voice.

She let out a shaky breath as she banished all those thoughts from her mind. As she sat on the bed, she reached for the letter, pulling it out from beneath her robe, and clutched it to her chest. She had come close, so close, to finding her release. But now, all she could think about was Bellatrix's cruel words and the reminder of her current situation.

She took a deep, shuddering breath, and flicked her wand, casting a silent *Tempus*. It was 7:42, and she realized she had a little over an hour until her meeting with the very man she was thinking of while pleasuring herself. She wondered just how she would hold her wits about herself when she finally met him. They would be alone, and try as she might, she could not help but let her aroused mind go astray. Her body still thrummed with unfulfilled desire, and her mind was still occupied with the thoughts of her pitiful state here.

He was the one who had promised to help her. Could it be possible for her to get even more help from him? Leaving this place for good, perhaps? She could not help but start thinking about it, and the more she thought, the more appealing the idea looked to her. Yet, the reminder of Draco held her back.

Frustrated, Narcissa gritted her teeth and pushed the letter inside her personal safe. She had to compose herself for the meeting.

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The night was cool and silent as Harry made his way across the moor toward the Shrieking Shack. He had been here for a few hours now, making sure nothing was amiss and that they could have their meeting without any disturbances. He had also made sure to be prepared in case a surprise was sprung on him during the meeting.

Narcissa had been genuine in her emotions during their last conversation, but he did not want to take any unnecessary risks.

The crumbling shack was silhouetted against the moonlit sky, looking as eerie as the stories made it out to be. It was indeed a good place for a meeting like this.

He stepped inside cautiously, his boots creaking on the wooden floor. The air smelled of age and dust, and moonlight filtered through cracks in the walls, illuminating the empty, decrepit interior. He sent a few floating balls of light around and waited silently, the faint rustling of his cloak the only sound, until a soft click of footsteps broke the quiet.

Harry looked up and turned toward the doorway. Narcissa stood there, cloaked in black, her hood drawn back to reveal her strikingly pale face framed by platinum hair. The dim light caught the delicate curve of her neck and the sharp elegance of her features. Her lips, painted a soft crimson, parted slightly as her eyes met his, holding his gaze a second longer than necessary.

Had she put more effort into both her attire and make-up? It certainly seemed to, and Harry's lips quirked a bit.

"Thank you for meeting me here," she said, her voice low and more melodic than he remembered it being. She stepped inside, moving gracefully, and Harry flicked his wand, conjuring a comfortable armchair for her. She gave him a small smile and accepted her seat in front of him.

His eyes studied her closely. He took in both her looks and her demeanor, and one thing stuck out immediately. She was nervous. However, there was something else. Her gaze lingered on him, and her hands were clasped, her fingers twitching slightly every few seconds as the silence stretched on. The way she sat also seemed like a deliberate action on her part as he saw her cloak rising to give him a glimpse of her calves.

"You've chosen well," he remarked, finally breaking the silence. "No one would think to look for us here."

"I ensured I wasn't followed," she replied, her voice steady but soft. She looked around briefly before her gaze returned to Harry. This time, there was something more in her eyes—a flicker of nervousness, tinged with anticipation. He wondered what she must be thinking about right now, although a part of him could think of a few ideas.

Harry smirked faintly. "Good. Shall we begin then?"

His piercing green eyes locked on hers, and Narcissa shifted slightly under the weight of his gaze. This time, she could not have hidden it if she tried. Her legs twitched, and he saw how her toes curled in those sandals she was wearing. Her breathing also

grew slightly heavier, her lips parting marginally as she closed her eyes and smoothed down her clothes to compose herself.

It seemed that his little trick with the letter had indeed had the impact he had hoped for.

Stifling a smirk, Harry leaned back comfortably and steepled his fingers as he regarded her.

"You've agreed to my terms?" he asked, breaking the silence.

"I have," she said, meeting his gaze. "For my son's safety, I'll do what is necessary."

He stifled a mocking chuckle as he tilted his head slightly. He kept his voice concerned as he spoke, "Necessary, but I don't think it will be easy. You understand it, right?"

Narcissa nodded, but her eyes didn't waver. If anything, they softened as she watched him, her lips curling into the faintest of smiles. "I do," she said. "You've grown into quite the commanding presence, Mr. Potter. It's no wonder you've defied the odds so often."

Oh wow, what was that? Harry's lips twitched a bit into a faint smile as he raised an eyebrow. He had not expected her to flirt with him like this. Had he overdone it? He didn't think he had.

"Flattery won't make things easier, Narcissa," he leaned forward, his voice low and his eyes gazing deeply into hers.

Narcissa gulped inaudibly, feeling a tingle shoot through her core at the intensity of his gaze and her toes curled once again. Her reactions were not lost on Harry whose smile only widened.

"Is it flattery if it's true?" she replied with a slight waver in her voice, a faint blush coloring her pale cheeks. She glanced down briefly, as though realizing the boldness of her words, then back up at him.

Harry didn't miss a beat. He leaned back in his chair, his eyes narrowing slightly as he studied her. He had either overdone it massively, or she was so deprived of both love and carnal pleasure that a little brush with his magic had made her like this. Whatever the reason might be though, Harry could not complain.

"Let's formalize the oath," Harry said, keeping his tone firm as he got to his feet. "Stand and swear yourself to me, Narcissa."

She did not even register when his casual way of addressing her had become normal to her. She stood up gracefully, and once again, Harry did not miss her deliberate movements. Her hands trembled faintly as she clasped them in front of her, holding her wand up, but her voice was steady as she spoke the magical vow.

"I swear on my magic and my life to remain loyal to you, to serve you faithfully, and to carry out your commands as long as they do not compromise my moral integrity or endanger my son. In return, I accept your protection and the security of the Houses of Potter and Black."

A faint glow surrounded her, the magic sealing the oath. When the light faded, Narcissa lowered her hands, her gaze fixed on Harry.

"It's done," she said softly, almost breathlessly.

Harry stepped closer. He stopped just a foot away, his height forcing her to tilt her head up to meet his gaze. He saw the flush on her cheeks at their proximity, the quick rise and fall of her chest, and he knew.

"Good," he said, his voice quieter now. "This is the beginning, Narcissa. You'll need to prove your loyalty, but I think you're capable of more than most would expect."

She swallowed hard, her lips parting as though to reply, but no words came. Her eyes searched his face, lingering on his mouth for the briefest of moments before flicking back to his eyes.

Harry smirked, stepping back to give her space, though his expression made it clear he had noticed.

A faint blush overtook her face as she met his eyes before she looked away, biting her lower lip gently.

"Now, to begin my end of the bargain," Harry remarked, brandishing his wand. Its tip glowed faintly as he began to weave a series of intricate movements. The air around them seemed to hum with power as Harry murmured incantations under his breath. Narcissa watched in awe, her eyes fixed on him, the tension in her body slowly melting into something closer to relief.

A golden thread of magic emerged from Harry's wand, twisting and shimmering as it formed a binding seal in the air before them. It glowed briefly, then disintegrated into sparks that faded into nothingness.

"And it's done," Harry said. "Your marriage is officially dissolved. By magical law, you are no longer bound to Lucius Malfoy. His name, his influence, his debts – none of it ties you anymore."

Narcissa gasped softly, her hands flying to her lips as tears welled in her eyes. She took a shaky step forward, her emotions breaking through the composed facade she had maintained.

"Thank you," she whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "You've given me... you've given me freedom, H-Harry. I—" She paused, swallowing hard as though afraid of saying too much.

Harry held up his hand, quietening her. "I just did what I promised. Remember, I expect you to uphold your end of the bargain. You'll serve me, and you'll do it well. I won't ask you to do anything you don't want to do. That's a promise."

Narcissa knew how lucky she was to be given what she wanted without much being asked of her, and she gazed at him with much more than gratitude shining in her eyes. She hesitated for a moment, as if weighing the pros and cons of what she intended to do.

Harry raised an eyebrow when she stepped closer and gingerly embraced him, burying her face in his chest as she wrapped her arms around him. He could feel her breathing in deeply as he gently held her by the waist. Slowly, she pulled back and kept her gaze averted, though her fists were clenched tightly. It was as if she was holding herself back.

"Thank you," she said again, her voice trembling slightly. "You've done more for me tonight than I ever thought possible."

A small smirk grew on his face as he nodded. "Don't worry about it."

Narcissa nodded faintly as she stepped back, and she gingerly raised her head to look at him. Harry took one look at her and said, "Now, I know the last thing you want to do is go back to that hellhole, but I also know that your son is there."

Narcissa bit her lower lip softly and nodded.

"Here's what I propose," he remarked, taking his seat back as he regarded her. "You have a place by my side now that you have sworn yourself to me, but I'll also house your son. However, for him, I have one condition."

Narcissa's eyes widened in shock and hope as she looked at him, and she immediately replied, "Anything."

Harry smirked as he eyed her, and he knew what he was going to demand now would completely change her world.

"I want your son to swear on his life and magic that he has done nothing vile to earn the Dark Mark that is on his arm," Harry said with a feral grin. "I want your son to prove that he is worth saving. I want your son to prove to you that you are right in loving him

so much. That he is not evil. Get him to admit everything under that oath and I will grant him asylum as well.”

“You mean it?” Narcissa asked firmly, resolve filling her features as she gazed at him.

“I do,” he replied as he joined her once again, his frame towering over hers. “The question is... What if you are disappointed?” Her eyes widened as Harry leaned closer and continued in a whisper, “What if your son is not the child you think he is? What if he is truly a vile bastard, and he refuses to swear this oath? What will you do then, Narcissa?”

Narcissa’s breaths grew heavier as she gazed up at him with wide eyes. “H-He will take the oath. I’m sure he will.”

“You’re sure, huh? Well, for your sake, I do hope he takes that oath, and I also hope he doesn’t die after he does,” Harry replied.

Narcissa could only look up at him nervously as he gazed at her with a smirk. She too hoped he did, because deep down, she knew if the oath did not kill him, her savior would.

To be continued...