

## Chapter 16

Outside the door, Ginny leaned against the wall, her smirk widening as she heard Hermione's muffled groan of frustration. The sound sent a thrill of satisfaction through her, confirming what she'd suspected – Hermione was breaking down, her careful control cracking under the weight of desires she'd never allowed herself to acknowledge.

"Enjoying yourself?"

Ginny turned to find Harry approaching down the hallway, his steps silent on the old wooden floors. His eyes held the same predatory gleam she'd seen in them all day, the look of a hunter who'd caught the scent of prey.

"A lot more than I should, to be honest," she whispered back, pushing off from the wall to meet him halfway.

His hands found her waist immediately, pulling her against him with a possessiveness that made her pulse race and her knees weak. The solid warmth of his body, the familiar scent of his skin, and the way his fingers pressed into her flesh like he was claiming the territory he had full ownership over – it all sent heat coursing through her veins.

"You're such a bad girl," he murmured against her ear, his breath hot against her skin, his fingers trailing down her sides, brushing over her curves in a way that made her shiver. "Teasing your friend every chance you get."

"The worst," she agreed breathlessly, her head falling back as his lips found the sensitive spot where her neck met her shoulder.

His touch sent shivers through her, his hands mapping her body like he owned every inch of it. And he very much did, she thought hazily as his teeth grazed her throat, sending sparks of sensation straight to her core.

"She's fighting it," Ginny managed to say between quiet gasps, her fingers clutching at his shoulders for support, "but she's breaking down. It's only a matter of time before she stops thinking and starts feeling."

"Mmm," Harry hummed against her skin, his hands growing bolder, more demanding, kneading her perky rear like dough. "You know I could break her down myself in about five minutes, right? Have her begging for whatever I wanted to give her."

Ginny's laugh was breathless and wicked, filled with the confidence of someone who knew exactly what she was doing.

"Oh, I know exactly what you're capable of," she said, her fingers tangling in his hair and tugging slightly. "I've been on the receiving end of that focus, remember? But

I want to be the one to do it. I want to be the one who breaks down that prim and proper exterior and shows you what's underneath."

The words made Harry's eyes darken with want, his grip on her tightening. "Fuck, that's hot," he growled, pressing her more firmly against the wall, his body caging her in.

"I thought you'd like that," Ginny whispered, her voice smug even as her breath hitched from his ministrations. "The idea of me corrupting the brilliant Hermione Granger, turning her into something wild and desperate... Merlin, that's so hot!"

Their mouths crashed together in a heated kiss, all teeth and tongue and desperate need. Harry's hands roamed over her body while hers clutched at his shoulders, pulling him closer, always closer.

"It's been brilliant watching you evolve into what I always knew you were capable of," he murmured against her lips when they broke apart for air. "The way you've been working her over, how you get under her skin, make her question everything she thought she knew about herself..."

"She wants it," Ginny gasped as his mouth moved to her collarbone, his teeth scraping against sensitive skin. "She just doesn't know how to ask for it. Doesn't know how to stop being the good girl long enough to ask for what she really wants."

"She won't have to ask," Harry said, his voice dark with promise, with certainty. "When you're done with her, she'll be begging for it. Begging for me to claim her as mine, to do with as I please. And imagine when I ask her to service my faithful Gin."

The thought sent heat coursing through Ginny, and she kissed him harder, her nails digging into his shoulders hard enough to leave marks. Meanwhile, Harry had her hoisted in the air, keeping her back pressed against the wall as she rubbed her nether lips against his manhood, only thin barriers of fabric separating them.

"HARRY!" Ron's voice suddenly boomed from downstairs, cutting through their heated moment like a bucket of cold water. "Where are you? We're ready for the Quidditch game!"

They froze, breathing hard against each other, their bodies still pressed together in frustration.

"Shit," Harry muttered, resting his forehead against Ginny's, his eyes closed as he tried to regain control.

"I'm going to kill your best friend," Ginny whispered, her voice filled with frustrated desire and genuine murderous intent.

Harry chuckled despite the interruption, pulling back just enough to look at her flushed face, her swollen lips, the wild look in her eyes that promised retribution for

the interruption, and her hard nipples poking against the fabric, signifying how aroused she truly was.

"Later," he promised, kissing her hard one more time and pulling her flush against him, pressing his hard cock against her pussy and making sure she could feel exactly how much he wanted her, how much restraint it was taking for him to step away. "We'll continue this later."

"Yes, we will," Ginny said, her voice carrying both greed and desire in equal measure. "I'll hold you to that, Master."

"HARRY!" Ron called again, louder this time.

"Coming!" Harry called back, though his eyes remained fixed on Ginny's, dark with promise and frustrated desire. "He really gets on my nerves sometimes."

Reluctant, he stepped back, squeezing her rear one final time as he lowered her to the floor, his hands trailing up and down her sides possessively, before he finally let go.

"Later," he repeated, his voice low and full of promise. The mere sight of him made her knees weak.

"Later," she agreed, her voice steady despite the way her heart was racing.

They walked down the stairs together, Harry's hand finding the small of her back in that casual, possessive way that had been driving Hermione crazy all evening. Just as they reached the stairs, the door to Ginny's room opened with a soft creak.

Hermione stepped out, her hair slightly mussed from burying her face in the pillow, her cheeks still flushed from her internal struggle. She looked up just in time to see Harry and Ginny walking away together, his hand on her lower back, fingers resting on the curve of her ass, and their heads bent close in quiet conversation that seemed to exclude the rest of the world.

For a moment, she just stood there in the doorway, watching their retreating figures with a conflicted expression that warred between longing and resentment. Part of her wanted to call out, to insert herself into whatever moment they were sharing, and to demand answers to questions she wasn't brave enough to voice. But another part of her, the part that was still reeling from Ginny's narrative and her own shameful reactions to it, held her back.

The casual way they moved together was mesmerizing in its intimacy. Harry's thumb traced small circles on Ginny's back through her shirt, a gesture so natural it was clearly habitual. Ginny leaned into the touch slightly, her body language speaking of complete trust and familiarity. They didn't need words to communicate—every movement, every glance, every small touch was part of a conversation Hermione couldn't decipher but desperately wanted to understand.

As they disappeared down the stairs, their voices became distant murmurs and interrupted only by Ron's increasingly impatient calls about the Quidditch game.

With a sigh, Hermione leaned against the doorframe. Her thoughts were more tangled than ever, a mess of rational objections and irrational desires that made her feel like she was losing her grip on who she was supposed to be.

The image Ginny had painted of Harry at the Ministry—confident, commanding, and completely in control of the situation and everyone in it—kept playing in her mind. She tried to reconcile it with the Harry she thought she knew, the modest boy who'd never seemed comfortable with attention or praise. But lately, there had been glimpses of something else. Moments when his green eyes held depths she'd never noticed before, when his voice carried an authority that made people listen without question.

She thought about Narcissa Malfoy, reduced from a haughty woman to someone utterly out of control in front of a crowd. The woman who had always looked at Hermione with such disdain whenever they'd happened to cross paths, who had embodied everything cold and superior about the wizarding world's old guard, brought low by a few quiet words from Harry Potter.

The rational part of her mind insisted she should be appalled. Public humiliation was cruel, regardless of who deserved it. But that rational voice was being steadily drowned out by something more primal, more honest. The image of Harry's quiet authority, of his complete confidence in his own power, made her pulse race in ways that had nothing to do with moral outrage.

She pressed her back against the doorframe, closing her eyes and trying to push away the unwelcome thoughts. But they kept coming—Harry's hands on Ginny under the breakfast table, the casual way he'd touched her afterward, and the dark promise in his eyes when he'd invited her to continue their "discussion." And none of that compared to all the times she had witnessed them together in ways she truly shouldn't have.

What would it feel like, she wondered despite herself, to be the focus of that intensity? To have Harry Potter look at her the way he looked at Ginny—like she was something he wanted, something he intended to have? To have him touch her the way he touched Ginny? And what would it feel like to serve him the way Ginny so wholeheartedly did, as if his pleasure and satisfaction were the only two constants in the world and nothing else mattered?

The thought sent raw heat coursing through her, and she opened her eyes with a sharp intake of breath. She was Hermione Granger. She was logical, controlled, and rational. She didn't have thoughts like these about her best friends, and she didn't let herself be swept away by stories of dominance and submission.

But even as she told herself this, she could still hear the echo of Ginny's voice.

*"Sometimes it's better to just feel instead of analyze."*

From downstairs came the sound of footsteps and voices as they prepared for their evening Quidditch game. Ron's voice carried clearly, complaining about Harry taking too long and threatening to start without him. She heard Mrs. Weasley fussing about someone forgetting their cloak, and Mr. Weasley's patient voice explaining the rules to what must be a new variation of the game.

Normal family sounds. Normal evening activities. Everything exactly as it should be, while she stood here having decidedly abnormal thoughts about her best friends.

She should go downstairs, she told herself. Should join the family game, laugh at the twins' silly antics, cheer when any of her friends made a good play. Should return to being the Hermione everyone expected her to be – helpful, rational, and sometimes slightly disapproving of anything too wild or reckless.

But instead, she found herself remembering the way Harry had looked at her that morning when he'd asked about the defense books. The command in his voice, the expectation that she would comply. It was as if her compliance was all but assured.

And she had complied, hadn't she? She had followed him upstairs like a moth drawn to flame, clutching her hands to her chest like armor that couldn't protect her from her own treacherous thoughts.

The sound of the front door opening and closing reached her, followed by the distant sounds of the family spreading out across the yard for their game. Soon the house would be empty except for Mrs. Weasley in the kitchen, and she would be alone with her thoughts and the phantom warmth of Ginny's story.

She closed her eyes and thought about Harry's hands on Narcissa Malfoy – not physically, but the way he'd used his presence, his voice, his quiet authority to reduce her to nothing. The way Ginny had described it, with that breathless admiration and obvious arousal, made it clear that she'd found the display deeply attractive.

What did that say about Ginny? About Harry? About the dynamic between them that she was only beginning to understand?

And what did it say about her that she couldn't stop thinking about it?

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"How dare she? How dare Pansy speak of Father like that in public?" Draco whirled to face Narcissa, his gray eyes blazing. "Calling him a Death Eater in front of half the Ministry! The damage to our reputation –"

"Will be contained," Narcissa interrupted smoothly from her position on the sofa. She sat with perfect poise despite the afternoon's events, her legs crossed elegantly and one manicured hand resting on the armrest. Her mourning robes were pristine,

her hair immaculately styled. To any observer, she appeared the picture of composed widowhood.

"Contained? Mother, she humiliated our family name!" Draco's voice cracked slightly. "And Father... Father is dead, and she acts as if he deserved it!"

Narcissa studied her son with calculating eyes. His grief was genuine, she knew, but it was also inconvenient. Emotional outbursts would serve no purpose now except to draw unwanted attention.

"Draco. Sit down."

He stopped pacing but didn't sit, his jaw clenched with stubborn defiance. "I can't just —"

"You can and you will." She rose gracefully, moving to pour herself a glass of wine from the crystal decanter on the side table. "Pansy Parkinson is a grieving girl who lost her father. Her words today were born of pain, not malice. The Ministry understands this, as would everyone else who witnessed her outburst."

"But the things she said —"

"Will be dismissed as the ravings of someone in shock." Narcissa took a small sip of her wine, savoring the expensive vintage. "By tomorrow, the Prophet will report it as a tragic display of grief between two families who lost loved ones in the same incident. Nothing more."

Draco finally sank into the chair across from her, running his hands through his pale hair. "I should have stopped her. Should have hexed her before she could say another word."

"And confirmed every accusation by displaying the exact behavior she was condemning?" Narcissa's tone was gently mocking. "Really, Draco, I expected better strategic thinking from you."

He flinched at her criticism. "Sorry, Mother."

"Do not be sorry, Draco. Do better from now on."

Draco nodded sullenly.

"However, it doesn't mean actions won't have consequences," Narcissa continued, her tone getting slightly darker. "The girl is spirited, and believe me when I say that the last thing she would agree to is apologize to us publicly."

"She has to," Draco said darkly. "I'll make sure she does."

"You'll do no such thing," Narcissa said firmly. "The Parkinsons have been subpar in their conduct over the years, and there is nothing they could offer us that would increase our station in the society. It is them who need our support now more

than ever, and they know it. Cordelia would be desperate, but her daughter? I doubt it."

"All the more reason for her to learn her lesson!"

"And is it worth the effort?" Narcissa asked, unimpressed. "You need to choose your battles more wisely, Draco. You need to learn what deserves your effort, and what is better left ignored. Without our support, the Parkinsons are worthless. Their ruin is imminent, whether you do anything or not."

"I had plans for her," Draco muttered.

"That girl being your plaything would've been more than she deserved," Narcissa said disdainfully. "But now, you are the sole male survivor of this family. You need to start thinking differently. The days of amateur behavior are gone, Draco. Act like how your father would've wanted you to."

Draco did not look too pleased, but he did not refute her words.

"We can discuss more later. You look exhausted. You should rest now."

It wasn't entirely a lie. Dark circles shadowed his eyes, and his usually immaculate appearance showed signs of strain. The day had clearly taken its toll on him.

"I don't think I can sleep," he admitted quietly.

"Then take a dreamless sleep potion. There's a bottle in your father's study." She moved to him, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Tomorrow will bring new challenges, and you'll need your strength."

He looked up at her with something approaching gratitude. "What would I do without you?"

"You'll never have to find out." She squeezed his shoulder once before stepping back. "Now go. Rest. I will take care of everything."

Draco rose, some of his earlier agitation returning. "There's something else. At the Ministry today, you seemed... unwell. Are you certain you're alright?"

Narcissa's expression didn't change, but something flashed in her eyes. "I'm perfectly fine. The stress of the day, nothing more."

"If you're sure..." He hesitated at the doorway. "Good night, Mother."

"Good night, dear."

Narcissa waited until his footsteps faded up the staircase before allowing her carefully maintained mask to slip. The composed widow disappeared, replaced by a woman who was far more complex and dangerous.

She slowly made her way to her bedroom, her back stiff and her steps slightly erratic. Once inside, she closed the door and leaned against it, finally allowing herself to breathe.

Her reflection in the antique mirror across the room showed the toll of the afternoon. Despite looking tidy, her usually immaculate hair had lost some of its perfect styling, and her pale complexion held a flush that had nothing to do with grief. But it was her eyes that betrayed her most – wide and dark.

Narcissa moved to her vanity and began removing her jewelry. The pearl earrings, the black onyx necklace, the silver bracelet that had belonged to her mother – her fingers worked automatically while her mind remained trapped in those mortifying moments in the Ministry.

Potter. Harry bloody Potter.

The name alone made her jaw clench. She'd underestimated him completely, dismissed him as just another teenage boy playing at being a hero. The reality had been far more dangerous.

He'd stood there in that crowd, so casual, so confident, while systematically dismantling her composure with magic she hadn't even detected until it was too late.

She finished removing her jewelry and moved to her wardrobe. The expensive robes came off first, pooling at her feet like a puddle of false propriety she had been wearing all day long and was eager to step out of. Underneath, she wore a silk chemise and matching knickers, both black but far more revealing than anything she'd ever wear in public. The soft fabric clung to her curves, emphasizing the body she kept hidden beneath layers of proper wizarding attire.

In the privacy of her own room, Narcissa allowed herself luxuries that would scandalize her social circle. The chemise was cut low across her chest, showing the swell of her breasts, and it ended high on her thighs. It was her secret rebellion against the suffocating propriety expected of a pureblood matron, one she practiced in the privacy of her bedroom and nowhere else.

She caught sight of herself in the full-length mirror and paused. Even after the afternoon's events, she looked stunning. Her blonde hair fell in waves past her shoulders, and her figure remained trim and elegant despite her age. She'd always known her effect on men, had even used it when necessary, but always from a position of power and control.

Potter had stripped that away from her.

Narcissa moved to her bed and sank onto the silk, finally allowing her legs to give way. The relief was immediate - she'd been fighting to stay upright for hours, and the privacy let her acknowledge just how thoroughly he'd affected her.

The memory hit her like a physical blow. Those invisible touches, spreading across her skin with such daring. He'd known exactly what he was doing, exactly where to focus his attention to drive her crazy. The worst part wasn't the magical assault itself – it was how her body had responded.

She closed her eyes and let herself remember the sensation. It had started as a gentle tingling along her spine, almost pleasant in its subtlety. She'd thought it was nerves, the stress of dealing with Pansy's accusations and the Ministry crowd. But as it spread, as it became more intimate and demanding, she'd realized the truth.

Someone had been touching her. Magically, invisibly, but undeniably touching her in ways that no man – not even Lucius – had dared in years. And despite her fury, despite her humiliation, her body had responded with an eagerness that terrified her.

Narcissa's hand drifted to her throat, tracing the path those phantom touches had taken. Even now, hours later, she could feel the ghost of that sensation. Her skin felt hypersensitive, as if his magic had awakened nerve endings that had been dormant for too long.

She thought about his face in the crowd, that knowing smirk that had told her exactly who was responsible for her torment. He'd watched her struggle, watched her fight for composure, and he'd enjoyed every second of it. The audacity was breathtaking, even as it infuriated her.

But there was more to it than simple magical harassment. She'd seen the challenge in his eyes, the invitation to acknowledge what was happening between them. He hadn't just been humiliating her – he'd been claiming her, marking his territory in the most public way possible while ensuring no one else would ever know.

The memory of the Quidditch World Cup surfaced unbidden. She'd tried to dismiss it, to file it away as teenage bravado, but now it took on new significance. That moment when he'd looked at her, really looked at her, with such brazen appraisal. The way his gaze had traveled over her body, reducing her to something to be evaluated and found wanting.

The galleon. The casual way he'd tossed it in the air while his eyes held hers. The unmistakable message: you're nothing more than a one-galleon whore to me.

Her hands clenched into fists at the memory. The rage was still there, burning bright and fierce. How dare he? How dare some half-blood boy, no matter how famous, treat her with such disrespect? She was Narcissa Black Malfoy, descendant of one of the oldest and most respected pureblood families in Britain. She'd been courted by the most eligible wizards of her generation, had married into power and wealth, had raised a son who would inherit a legacy spanning centuries.

And yet...

And yet she couldn't deny the thrill that had run through her at his boldness. She'd spent her entire life surrounded by men who treated her with careful deference, who approached her with the proper respect due to her station. Despite being married, there had always been a barrier between her and Lucius, one that was rooted in pureblood duty and nothing else. Even he had never treated her like a woman, but an object with only two uses – to look good on his arm in public and to bear him an heir.

Potter had looked at her and seen only a woman he wanted to possess, and the raw honesty of it had been as arousing as it was insulting.

Narcissa shifted on the bed, the silk of her chemise caressing her soft skin. The movement reminded her of those phantom touches, and she felt a flush of heat that had nothing to do with embarrassment. Her body was betraying her even now, responding to memories of magical manipulation with an eagerness that shocked her.

She tried to analyze it clinically, to understand why his touch had affected her so strongly. There had never been any real passion in her marriage. Perhaps it was simply physical need, her body responding to attention it had been denied all her life.

However, that explanation felt too simple. Other men had desired her, had made their interest known in subtle ways that preserved everyone's dignity. Yet, she had never indulged in infidelity, no matter how enticing the thought had been sometimes, no matter how hungry of lustful she'd felt.

Even then, their attention hadn't set her blood on fire the way Potter's magical assault had.

No, there was something else. Something about the way he'd claimed her so completely, so publicly, while ensuring she couldn't resist or retaliate. He'd held all the power, and she'd been helpless to do anything but endure. The role reversal was intoxicating, and she didn't like it in the slightest.

Narcissa rolled onto her side, pressing her face into the silk pillow. She could still smell her perfume from that morning, the expensive French scent that was worth more than those wretched Weasleys made in a year. But even that reminder of her status and sophistication couldn't erase the memory of Potter's hands on her body.

Not his actual hands, of course. But the magical simulation had been so complete, so detailed, that her body hadn't known the difference. She'd felt fingers spreading her, exploring her, claiming her with a thoroughness that left her gasping. The invasion had been total and undeniable, and some traitorous part of her had wanted more.

She thought about his expression when their eyes had met across the crowd. There'd been satisfaction there, yes, but also something deeper. Recognition, perhaps. As if he'd seen something in her that matched what was in himself. The thought should have horrified her, but instead it sent another wave of heat through her belly.

What would he do next? The question tormented her as much as it excited her. Today had been a demonstration, a show of power designed to establish new rules between them. He'd proven he could reach her anywhere, that he could touch her in ways that would humiliate and arouse her simultaneously. But was this the end of it, or merely the beginning?

Narcissa's hand drifted lower, tracing the edge of her chemise where it met her thigh. The silk was warm from her body heat, soft against her fingertips. She imagined it was Potter's hand making that gentle journey as she caressed her inner thigh, so close to her womanhood that she could feel the heat emanating from it, and the thought made her breath catch.

She snatched her hand away, appalled at herself. She was a widow in mourning, for Merlin's sake. Lucius had been dead less than twenty-four hours, and here she was fantasizing about his killer's touch. The impropriety was staggering, even by her own flexible standards.

But propriety had always been a cage, hadn't it? A beautiful, gilded cage that kept her safe and respected but ultimately powerless. Potter had shown her what it felt like to break free from those constraints, even if only for a few stolen moments. The experience had been terrifying and exhilarating in equal measure.

She tried to summon outrage, to focus on the violation and humiliation. He'd manipulated her body without her consent, had forced her to experience pleasure in front of dozens of witnesses who remained oblivious to her torment. It was a form of assault, really, no matter how carefully he'd avoided actual physical contact.

The anger was there, burning bright and fierce. But underneath it, threaded through it, was that traitorous desire that refused to be dismissed. She wanted to hate him purely, to plan revenge that would restore her dignity and put him in his proper place. Instead, she found herself wondering what it would feel like if he touched her for real.

The thought was dangerous territory. She pushed it aside and focused on more practical considerations. Potter had made his move, had established himself as a threat to her composure and dignity. She couldn't allow that to stand. Her reputation, her family's standing, even her own sense of self—all of it depended on her ability to maintain control.

She would have to respond, but carefully. Direct confrontation would only give him more opportunities to humiliate her. No, she needed to be subtler, more strategic. She needed to turn his own weapons against him, to find his weaknesses and exploit them as ruthlessly as he'd exploited hers.

The problem was that she knew so little about him beyond his public persona. The Boy Who Lived, the hero of the wizarding world.

Today had shown her glimpses of the man beneath those titles—confident, ruthless, and far more sexually sophisticated than she'd expected. She would need to learn more, to understand what drove him, what he wanted.

Narcissa sat up, pushing her hair back from her face. The movement made her chemise shift, the silk sliding against her curves and sensitive skin in a way that reminded her again of his phantom touches. She ignored the sensation and focused on planning.

Her first priority had to be information. She needed to know Potter's weaknesses, his desires, his blind spots. Draco might be useful there—he and Potter did not get along at all, but that also meant he knew him better than most. There might be others as well, people who'd observed Potter closely enough to provide useful intelligence.

Once she understood him better, she could begin her campaign. Not the crude retaliation he might expect, but something more refined. She would turn his own attraction against him, use his desire to manipulate him as thoroughly as he'd manipulated her. She would make him want her, make him need her, and then she would withdraw that promise just when he thought he could claim it.

The vision of Potter brought to his knees before her, literally and figuratively, was intoxicating. She imagined him stripped of his arrogance, reduced to pleading for her touch, for her approval, for any scrap of attention she might deign to give him. The reversal would be complete and devastating.

But even as she planned her revenge, that treacherous part of her mind wondered what would happen if her manipulation went too far. If she succeeded in making him desire her, what would she do when he acted on that desire? The question sent another wave of heat through her, and she realized with growing alarm that her plans for revenge might be more dangerous to herself than to him.

She lay back down, pulling one of the silk pillows against her chest. The cool fabric felt good against her flushed skin, but it did nothing to calm the turmoil in her mind. Potter had awakened something in her that she'd thought long dormant, something hungry and reckless that threatened to overwhelm her carefully maintained control.

The smart thing would be to avoid him entirely, to retreat to Malfoy Manor and let the scandal of today's events fade into memory. But she knew she couldn't do that. The challenge had been issued, the gauntlet thrown down. Her pride, her very sense of self, demanded that she respond.

Besides, she was curious now. Potter had shown her a glimpse of possibilities she'd never considered, pleasures she'd never experienced. The proper thing would be to ignore that revelation, to pretend it had never happened. But even after years of practice, propriety had never become her strongest virtue, not when something truly interesting was at stake.

Narcissa closed her eyes and let herself remember one more time: the phantom touches spreading across her skin, the helpless arousal building despite her desperate attempts at control, the moment when her eyes had met Potter's across the crowd and she'd seen her own hunger reflected in his gaze.

Tomorrow, she would begin planning her response. She would research and strategize and prepare for a campaign that would bring Harry Potter to his knees. But tonight, in the privacy of her bedroom, she would allow herself to savor the memory of being thoroughly, completely claimed by a man who saw past her carefully constructed facade to the woman beneath.

The admission should have shamed her. Instead, it made her smile.

Harry Potter thought he'd won today's encounter, thought he'd established his dominance over the proud pureblood matron who'd looked down on his friends. He had no idea that he'd awakened something far more dangerous than wounded pride. He'd awakened desire, and desire could be a weapon more devastating than any curse.

*'The game, after all, is just beginning,'* Narcissa thought as her hands began their exploration, following those touches in earnest, and she began to pleasure herself to the thoughts of Harry Potter.

She would show him exactly who was the whore when this was finished.

To be continued...