

Nothing Like The Real Thing

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Pairing: Narcissa/Sirius

Rating: NC-17

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Warnings: PWP

Summary: Narcissa has a fantasy about her cousin Sirius, and she has a way of playing it out.

Author's Notes: Written for the Adopt a Bunny challenge at the_pimp_cane LJ - bunny assignment listed at the bottom to prevent spoiling the fic ::g::. I messed with the bunny slightly, but only slightly. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

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Narcissa wrapped her robe around herself a little more, it may have been early summer, but it was still cold when you had nothing on but an over robe. She was beginning to regret setting up the meeting here. At the time, role playing a clandestine affair had seemed like a good idea, but her partner in crime was late and Narcissa was becoming chilled. She would not look very attractive blue around the edges and the evening air was heavy with humidity, which was ruining her hair. All in all, Narcissa was not happy.

Just as she was losing patience she heard a noise and looked round the edge of her hiding place: there he was, dark, beautiful and perfect, or rather there Lily was, polyjuiced to match Sirius down to the last toenail. It was an amicable arrangement between herself and the Gryffindor: both were sixteen, they enjoyed sex, but they did not want the worry of relationships or the danger that someone would cast a spell and find out who they had been sleeping with. A polyjuiced partner could not be traced.

Narcissa was betrothed to Lucius Malfoy and the last thing she needed was a real man coming forward and messing up the arranged marriage. There were spells that would fool her future husband into believing that she came to the marriage bed a virgin, but not if she did something stupid like ending up pregnant or having a former lover turn up on the wedding day. Lily had kept her reasons for participating to herself, but Narcissa knew the other girl would never reveal their weekly play time to anyone, and sex as a man was surprisingly liberating.

This week it had been Narcissa's turn to pick a partner, and Lily had been quite scandalised when she had chosen her own cousin. She had found the Gryffindor's reaction quite entertaining, and had pointed out that in pureblood families cousins often married, at which point her friend had reluctantly agreed.

So it was that they had agreed to meet in the cloisters near the new Transfiguration classroom while the rest of the school was at dinner. The chance that they might be seen was minimal, but enough to make it exciting: the perfect Slytherin game.

Pushing her hair away from her face and straightening her robe so that it fell just so, revealing a little bosom and a lot of leg, Narcissa stepped into the light and gave her version of Sirius a smile. She found it helped with the fantasy if she

thought of Lily as the genuine article, but there was still the comfort zone of knowing that there would be no complications. Sirius actually looked surprised to see her and Narcissa had to grudgingly admit that Lily was a consummate actor: if she had not known she would have thought that her companion really had not expected to see her.

"Hello, Sirius," she purred, batting her eyelids seductively.

The first time they had done this they had discovered that just because you polyjuiced yourself into a man did not guarantee that you would be attracted to a woman. There had been a certain amount of erectile dysfunction until they had found out what the other did find attractive in another woman. Lily liked sexy and wanton, which was very nice since it coincided with the role Narcissa liked to play. Just to make sure she slipped the neck of her robe off one shoulder so that the material was only prevented from revealing her breast by the way she held her arm.

"I've been waiting for you."

For a moment Sirius stood there, looking startled, almost convincing Narcissa that this could be the real one, but then he relaxed and smiled.

"Cissa," he said lightly, "I never knew you had it in you."

"Oh, you'd be amazed what I've had in me, Siri," she teased and sauntered her way across to him.

He scowled for a moment.

"I've beaten up everyone who called me that since I was seven," he said distastefully, and Narcissa smiled as Lily used some of the facts she had given her.

"Well you could beat me up if you like," she said, running one hand down the side of his face, "but I promise not to call you that again if you'll kiss me."

Sirius appeared torn between lust and suspicion.

"What are you up to, Cissa?" he asked, taking hold of her quite roughly by both arms.

Oh, this was good, she had not expected Lily to take to the role so well. Her friend had Sirius down perfectly, all gentleman on the outside, but a Black at the core, and as such, dangerous under the exterior.

"Having a good time," she replied with a wanton smile. "I'm bored, Sirius, I want a real man, not some slippery Slytherin male, and I know you're all wizard."

She saw the lust fire in her companion's eyes and she knew it was going to be a good game this week. Slowly he lowered his face towards her and she moved forward to claim the mouth she had wanted to kiss since she was twelve years old. All the passion she knew lurked beneath Sirius' skin was in that kiss and for a moment she forgot this was not really her cousin. His tongue pushed against her lips and she parted them obediently, allowing him to plunder her mouth, and she felt her body throb in response. This was good, this was what she wanted, this was better than she had ever imagined.

When he finally pulled back he was still gripping her arms tightly, and she felt almost light-headed looking into his dark, fathomless eyes. His cheeks were flushed with arousal and his lips were swollen with lust and Narcissa did not think she had seen anything more beautiful.

"I have somewhere we can go," she said breathlessly as his gaze held her.

For a moment he appeared unsure, but then he nodded and released her. Taking his hand she led the way to the small dungeon room they had converted and hidden for their little game. By the time she opened the door with her wand she was so immersed in the play that she had almost forgotten that it was not really Sirius behind her. She was not cold anymore and heat radiated out from her core as lust fuelled the fire in her belly. The moment they were inside she sealed the door, threw her wand onto the pile of cushions in the corner beside the silk covered mattress Lily had insisted upon, and released the two fasteners holding her robe closed. Then she stood there waiting for her companion's reaction.

Sirius let his eyes run up and down her body hungrily before stepping towards her and once more claiming her mouth as one hand found her left breast and the other snaked behind her to pull her close. As far as her mind and body were concerned now, this was her cousin. He kissed her hungrily, as if he needed to touch, to feel and she allowed herself a moment of regret that his name was unutterable within the family. Had he still been the favoured son she might have been promised to him to unite the two sides of the family and strengthen the clan bonds, and she was sure he was more passionate than Lucius Malfoy. Where the few times she had met Lucius he had been all duty and coldness, Sirius was rebellion and fire: this was why she lusted after him.

When his hands dipped to her waist and pulled her flush against him she could feel his arousal against her naked body and she wanted him there and then. She did not want to wait; she was hungry for him and she wanted everything he had immediately. Roughly pushing him away she took a step back and shrugged off the robe in one movement, and then, quite deliberately she turned her back on him, walked over to the mattress and knelt down. Shifting her weight onto her arms she leant forward, spread her knees wide, put her arse in the air and offered him everything she had. Looking back over her shoulder she met his eyes.

"Take me," she said and then turned to face the wall.

There was the sound of clothes being rapidly shed behind her, but she concentrated on the throbbing in her body, letting it build as she anticipated the most intimate of touches. When the heat of another body joined her on the mattress she did not have much longer to wait as strong hands took her hips. She felt Sirius lining himself up against her and then with one thrust he entered her.

He was big and he spread her in one delicious motion, her body more than ready for him as her fantasies fuelled her arousal. The groan she let out was heartfelt and full of lust; this was better than she had dreamed.

"Is this what you want, Cissa?" her lover asked, holding them firmly together. "Is this how you like it?"

"Merlin, yes," she all but moaned. "Take me, Sirius, take everything I have."

And he did. Pulling out, he thrust in deeply again and she held herself as rigid as possible, letting him pound into her, enjoying the slight burn as he stretched her

and filled her with throbbing flesh. She was beginning to tingle and she bit her lip as he thrust into her again and again. Widening her stance, she gave him as much access as she could and took everything he had to give. It was hard, it was fast, and it was just the way she liked it.

When a hand left her hip and snaked around her body, moving expertly to her clit she couldn't help herself; she exploded. Shuddering, with a small cry, she fell towards the mattress as her arms gave way and her orgasm took her completely by surprise. Narcissa had never felt anything like it. Yes she had had orgasms before, but they had taken work and unfettered fantasies in her head as her partner moved against her, but it seemed Sirius was enough of a fantasy all by himself.

Little spots jumped in front of her eyes and her whole body tingled from head to foot as she slumped with Sirius still inside her, barely able to move.

"My, my, Cissa," her companion said, pulling out, "aren't we responsive."

Then she found herself being flipped onto her back and he was leaning over her, his cock still proud and erect.

"Shall we see if you can do that again?" he asked with a hungry smile.

At that second she would have promised him her first born if he had asked, but the moment was shattered by the sound of the door opening.

"Narcissa," a very familiar voice said, "I'm sorry I'm late."

Looking over she locked eyes with a second Sirius Black and it suddenly dawned on her that there was a reason she had so easily believed that the man above her was the real thing.

"Oh shit," the figure in the doorway said pointedly.

The real Sirius looked shocked and Narcissa could see it turning into outrage, but her sex soaked brain definitely did not want that. Oh no, her Slytherin cunning was nowhere to be found and all that was left was the lust crazed loon.

"Polyjuice," she said quickly before the man over her could demand answers, "I arranged it. I want two of you, at the same time."

It was half true, since now that was definitely what she craved, but she could see Lily-Sirius looking shocked out of the corner of her eye. Luckily, the real thing missed this because he was looking at her at the time.

"I..." her cousin started to say, but she put her hand up to his mouth.

"Just think how tight it will be with two," she said breathlessly, "how close you'll come to breaking me."

The lust fired once more in Sirius' eyes and Narcissa knew she had him, all she needed now was Lily. She looked at her friend and held out her hand, and after a moment Lily-Sirius moved, shutting the door, locking it and shrugging out of clothes that were almost the same as Sirius'. Lily was very good at Transfiguring clothes and she always looked the part perfectly. Sitting up Narcissa moved herself and Sirius off the mattress.

"Lie down," she instructed Lily-Sirius, once her friend was naked.

The scene inside the room must have stimulated the fake wizard, because there was an almost erect cock waiting for Narcissa's ministrations as she leant over and gave it a long, firm stroke. Lily-Sirius purred at the touch and it was not long before there was a healthy erection ready and waiting. Sirius was kneeling where he had been put, watching, somehow fascinated, and Narcissa moved to the fake.

Turning her back on her friend she sort of sat in her lap, at which point Lily-Sirius caught on and propped herself up on her elbows, giving Narcissa a strong male torso to lean against. Manoeuvring carefully she took the stiff cock and sunk down on it, giving a little sigh of pleasure as she did so. Then she leant backwards further until she was almost lying on Lily-Sirius and beckoned to her real cousin.

"There's plenty of room for you as well," she coaxed, touching his face as soon as he was within range.

When he moved in she could not help holding her breath as his beautiful eyes focussed solely on her. She had already come once and never had she had more than one orgasm, but she could feel her body responding again. Her muscles pulsed in response to the thought, drawing a groan from the body beneath her. As Sirius lined himself up, careful to avoid the tangle of legs, Narcissa had to remind herself to take in oxygen, and then he began to push.

For a moment there was nothing unusual and then she felt it, the burning, the stretching and it felt like she was splitting. She gasped in pain, but when she looked in his eyes she knew that she had started this and he was going to finish it whether she objected or not. There was nothing she could do to stop him, and it was the most erotic moment of her young life. For a moment she thought there would not be room, that she would surely break from the strain and then there were two men seated within her, stretching her to the limit.

She had no words, nothing to say, and all she could do was pant as the burning began to ease and the arousal took over again. There was heaving breathing and low moans coming from Lily-Sirius, and the real one was straining with effort as he held himself still.

"Ready, Cissa?" he asked, but she did not think he was going to wait even if she said no.

She had brought down the passion of Sirius onto her, and now she had to take the consequences. When he pulled out slightly and thrust back in as hard as he could Lily-Sirius groaned long and hard and Narcissa could not hold back the cry, somewhere between pain and pleasure. She could feel the pressure building again and as Sirius moved into a rhythm it hurt and yet it didn't. Loosing touch with anything but the sensations running through her body she did not care about anything else: the burning, wonderful feeling was her whole world.

The body beneath her shuddered first sending delicious sensations through her, but it was not long after that when Sirius thrust into her one more time and came with a hoarse cry. That was the only thing she needed, and this time as she tipped over the edge she could not hang on to the real world as all the blood rushed out of her brain.

When reality returned she found herself lying on her side, aching in the most delicious way. It was only as she pushed herself up on her elbows that she found

one Sirius with wand in hand, leaning over the other one who was unconscious on the floor. Since they were both naked she had no idea which was which.

"Um," was about as sensible as she managed to be.

The standing Sirius looked over at her.

"I stunned him," her conscious companion said, "since I'm no good at Obliviate, but you are. I thought you'd rather he didn't leave remembering this evening."

Narcissa thanked every deity she could think of, Magical and Muggle, that she had a friend like Lily Evans. If it hadn't been for the unfortunate noble streak she was sure she could have made a decent Slytherin out of the pretty Gryffindor. Thinking about it, it was the perfect plan, and she smiled wickedly as it gave her all sorts of ideas.

"Don't even think it," Lily-Sirius said, moving to pick up her discarded clothes, "no more real men in this arrangement."

The End

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Bunny assignment: There is an arrangement between Narcissa and Lily, who take turns in taking Polyjuice before having sex with each other, the juice using something from various guys from around the school. One of them is waiting for the other and thinks that the guy who shows up is the other girl. Het sex ensues. After the guy leaves, the other girl turns up and it becomes clear that Lily/Narcissa slept with the real thing.