

Summary: Daphne Greengrass has always done what's expected of her. Make friends with the people she's expected to. Earn the grades she's expected to have. Etc, etc. Yet when her father announces her betrothal to Theodore Nott, she's finally had enough. Deciding that she simply will not enter a loveless marriage without having some fun first, she sets her eyes on the one person she knows her parents would never approve of: Harry Potter.

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#### **Chapter 4: A Surprise To Be Sure**

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Sleep has never been a great comfort for Harry. Ever since he could remember, his dreams were always haunted by nightmares. For years it was the sound of a woman's scream, a flash of green light, and a man's maniacal laughter. After he learned about magic and his own natural wizardry, the nightmares shifted. Visions of horrible deeds committed by seemingly his own hand. Spells unleashed on innocents, entire families torn apart by a single curse of his bone-white wand. It was only after his third confrontation with Voldemort that the truth of these nightmares was revealed.

Dreams they were not. They were memories. Memories of Voldemorts, a memoir of the man's cruelty displayed right before Harry's eyes. And what's worse, they were not the only ones. The visions- the night where he SAW into Voldemort's mind, felt what he felt, those were the nights that left Harry feeling sick within his own skin. A shell of a human being cursed to forever be connected to a monster.

Those nights were the worst. Thankfully though, he found a cure.

The dark void of sleep gave way to a state of bleary wakefulness as Harry was roused to consciousness. Slowly the sensations of his body returned to him- starting with the amazing feelings emanating from his groin as soft slurping sounds met his ears.

"Fuck, now that's a fantastic way to wake up." He groaned, voice gravely with sleep.

From below Daphne hummed around his cock, her crystal blue eyes boring into him with a hooded gaze. Her mouth moved slowly up and down his shaft, sucking half of him down her petite throat while her hand stroked the rest. Every now and again she'd push herself further down his length, pausing as his thick meaty cockhead triggered her gag reflex. Surprisingly she wouldn't pull away. Even as her throat convulsed she'd stay right where she was, letting him enjoy the feeling of her trembling gullet whilst tears gathered at the corners of her eyes. Only when the need for air became too great did she pull away, gasping for breath as she rapidly jerked his cock.

Harry groaned and fell back against the bed as Daphne's soft lips wrapped around one of his balls. He would never ask Daphne to do something like this, nor force her, but he certainly was content with enjoying the feeling of her velvety mouth worshipping his cock while it lasted.

In the months since their little 'arrangement', as they called it, began Daphne had become keen on trying out all sorts of new things both in and outside the bedroom. One of her less favourite things to do was giving blowjobs. Not because she was bad at it, oh no that certainly wasn't it, the blonde just did not particularly enjoy the act.

Harry accepted that of course and was happily surprised that even though it wasn't her favourite thing, Daphne was still more than willing to wrap her plump lips around his cock when the mood struck her, particularly when she was very turned on.

That at least seemed to be the case this morning. Without even looking Harry could tell the blonde was currently knuckle deep inside her cunt. The tangy smell of her arousal tainted the air, joined by the soft moans slipping out of her mouth while she lapped at his sensitive glans. Something had Daphne exceptionally horny this morning. If Harry was in the right state of mind, he'd probably try to figure out just what that something was. As it were, he was very much not in the right state of mind- not when he had a gorgeous blonde witch eagerly throating his hard cock.

Harry groaned once more, hand wrapping through Daphne's blonde locks as his cock pulsed excitably between her lips.

"Daph I'm gonna-" He never got to finish as Daphne suddenly pulled off of his length with a soft 'pop!' and moved to straddle his waist. Before he knew it he was suddenly balls deep inside of Daphne's tight wet cunt as she cooed with pleasure atop him. She wasted no time in moving her hips, rocking them back and forth, gasping and groaning while pawing at her own tits.

The surprise switch from her mouth to her soaked quim threw Harry off enough that he could do nothing but grunt as he suddenly released inside her squelching folds. He was forced to grab Daphne's hips for support as his climax shocked its way up his spine. The jets of cum he unloaded inside of the blonde did nothing to stall her movements. Instead, Daphne seemed to move even faster with a manic grin on her face, whispering incomprehensible words as she continued to fuck herself on his pulsing length.

Just as he shot the last jet of cum inside her grinding snatch, Daphne suddenly stiffened atop him. With a squeaking moan, the blonde collapsed onto his chest, her body twitching with orgasmic pleasure.

"G-Good morning~" She gasped into his ear.

Harry chuckled and dipped his face down to place a chaste kiss against the blonde's lips. "Good morning princess. What was all that about?"

Daphne shrugged, a lazy smile on her lips while her pussy clenched around him. "I had a dream."

"A dream?"

"Mhm." She said simply. "A good dream. About me, you, and a few of those interesting little muggle toys you had that auror lady send you."

Harry smirked to himself. He knew exactly what she was talking about. Tonks had been a bit confused when he had asked her to pick up some things from a muggle sex shop, but after

explaining that- no he was not hitting on her- she was happy to oblige, sending the toys and more than a few teasing jokes about wearing protection in a letter he quickly burned.

Daphne had been fascinated with some of the items he obtained. The little remote-controlled vibrator was her favourite. How the electronics inside worked within Hogwarts, Harry wasn't smart enough to tell you. Just that they did and did it *very well*.

The first time they used it together, Daphne had been forced to all but run from the Great Hall in the middle of breakfast with a beet-red face. Harry watched her leave out the corner of his eye, giving the tiny remote in his hand one last clit before he followed. By the time he found he locked away in a broom closet, she was bent over a crate with her panties down to her ankles and the toy happily vibrating away inside her climaxing pussy.

Needless to say, Harry had quickly slipped inside, locking the door behind him with a flick of his wand before replacing the toy inside her with his cock. After that, Daphne had taken to wearing the small toy almost every day, practically begging Harry to tease her needy little pussy with those slutty doe eyes of hers from across the room.

The memories of all their private adventures with the toys Tonks sent had Harry's cock soon growing to its full mast inside of Daphne.

Daphne cooed as he filled her once more, allowing herself to be rolled over onto her back so that he could ram his meaty girth inside her without difficulty.

"W-We- Hng!- need t-to get ready s-s-soon! Oh Harry yes!" She cried. "T-Tracey 'nd S-S-Susan- Hogsme- OH FUCK!"

Harry grunted as Daphne's inner walls trembled around him once more. Tracey and Susan could wait, he was far more interested in making the little Slytherin slut beneath him howl with pleasure.

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"I told you we'd be late!" Daphne hissed as they departed the threstral-pulled carriage.

Harry rolled his eyes at her annoyed tone. Smirking to himself, he quickly reached over when no one was looking and gave a firm pinch to the blonde's arse. Daphne jumped with a small 'Eep!' before swatting his hand away, sending him a murderous glare for good measure.

"Oh calm down princess." He smirked. "We're only a few minutes late. And besides-" He said, leaning down to whisper in her ear. "I seem to remember someone bending over for me in the shower like a good girl not too long ago."

Daphne's face immediately flushed red with embarrassment as she gave his arm a firm slap.

"Prat." She muttered.

Harry could only laugh, wrapping his arm tightly around Daphne's waist as they walked together towards the Three Broomsticks.

As soon as they entered the lively tavern they were greeted by a loud cry from the back. "Harry! Daph! Over here!"

Harry turned and spotted a boisterous mop of red hair bouncing up and down with her hand raised aloft in the air. Laughing silently, Harry led Daphne along through the crowd of patrons, budging a few overzealous or overdrunk ones out of the way before finally coming to a stop in front of their reserved booth.

"There you two are!" Susan exclaimed. "Been waiting here for ages!"

"Yes well blame this one." Daphne muttered as she slid into the booth next to the redhead.

Susan smirked as Harry slid in next, casting a teasing gaze towards her friend. "Oh? Putting those parseltongue skills to good use then eh Harry?" Susan chortled.

Daphne blushed red at the auburn-haired witch's implication whilst Harry simply smirked back at his friend. "Like you're one to talk Bones. Tease all you like but Tracey's said enough for us to know who's the bottom between you two!"

Susan choked on her drink at Harry's words but before she could reply a trio of bottles were slammed against the table-top with a bit of force.

“Whew! Bloody crowded in here I tell you!” Tracey exclaimed as she quickly dished out the bottles of butterbeer. “Poor Rosie looked like she was about to have a panic attack up there!” They quickly shifted around to let the brunette slide into the booth between Susan and Daphne. The former wrapped an arm over Tracey’s shoulder, pulling the girl close to place a chaste kiss against her lips.

Ever since the party, the two girls had been dancing around one another, flirting and sneaking furtive towards each other within the castle halls. It had taken Daphne confronting her long-time friend about her obvious feelings for the Bones heiress to finally kick the two of them into gear. From what his girlfriend told him, Tracey and Susan had entered the secret study room in the dungeon shortly after dinner that night and did not leave until the late hours of the next morning, both with seriously tousled hair and sporting the same clothes they’d been wearing the day prior.

Now, they were the picture-perfect couple. Well as perfect as a couple could be with two lecherous minxes constantly spouting off euphemisms towards each other and everyone else around them.

“Mmm, missed you too love,” Tracey murmured happily. “Anyway, I see you two finally decided to stop shagging and join us.”

“Oh quiet you.” Daphne chastised. “We didn’t come here to gossip about our sex lives.”

“Fine fine you spoilsport.” Tracey chuckled. “So you still planning on staying behind for Christmas Harry?”

Harry nodded as he took a sip of his butterbeer. “No point in going back to my aunt and uncle’s. I’ll be fine here. Ron and Hermione are staying as well so I’ll have some company.” Beside him, Daphne huffed with a cross of her arms.

“I told you I’m willing to stay with you as well. Morgana knows I won’t exactly be welcome back home at any rate.”

“Your dad’s still pissed about you and Harry huh?” Susan asked with a small wince.

Daphne nodded. "Very. He's at least learned that any howlers he sends will be incinerated before they get the chance to so much as screech his vile words. I'm simply glad he has not tried to get to me through Astoria just yet. He's wise enough to leave her out of it."

"If he tries anything over break Daph'..." Harry began.

"Yes yes, I'll be sure to call upon my knight in shining armour." She finished with a roll of her eyes. Reaching up, Daphne patted his cheek with a teasing grin. "You're very sweet to worry love but I can handle my father. You on the other hand have to spend your Christmas in the same castle as Snape. I do so pity you." She finished with a click of her tongue.

Harry laughed and placed a small kiss on the crown of her head. Daphne smiled at the small show of affection and leaned into him with a happy sigh. No sooner had the four of them fallen into an easy conversation than the first sign of trouble first appeared. Harry watched as Daphne's face morphed from one of easy amusement to an impassive facade that he came to know as her 'ice-queen mask'. He tracked her crystal blue eyes, tracing his way to where her gaze rested. Another set of eyes met his own, these a muddy brown, filled with anger and vile resentment. Harry said nothing as the rat-faced Theo Nott glowered his way, merely giving the boy a small quirk of his brow as if to say 'Do something about it then'.

"Ugh, that little shite just doesn't know when to quit." Tracey muttered into her butterbeer. The brunette made no move to hide her disdain, even going so far as to flip one of Nott's cronies off when the pock-marked face boy looked her way.

"Don't antagonise them, Trace." Daphne said. "It'll only make them more annoying than they already are. And you-" She said, jabbing him lightly in the chest. "-don't get any funny ideas. You're already on thin ice for your stunt last week."

Harry smirked into his bottle. The aforementioned stunt had been the result of Nott diverting his attention from harassing Daphne to instead harassing Astoria. The younger Greengrass sister had quickly told Daphne what was happening, nearly sending the blonde on a violent rampage. Thankfully Harry got to Nott first and he made sure to pay the boy back in kind.

It took three professors and two whole litres of paint thinner to get the imbecile unstuck from the clock tower's pendulum, and even then Nott spent the following three days sporting a rather nasty collection of zits spelling out the words 'dick head' across his forehead. Harry really needed to thank Hermione for teaching him that one.

While Daphne had chastised him for resorting to such childish behaviour, in reality, she couldn't have been more thrilled for putting the ponce in his place. The sex they had that night was as mindblowing as it was kinky. If anything it made Harry want to prank the rat-faced boy all the more.

"I seem to remember a certain someone giving me quite the prize for my 'stunt'." He whispered into her ear. "In fact, I've never seen you drop to your knees so quickly, much less letting me use that pretty little mouth of yours as I pleased. I wonder what I could do this go around to get that kind of treatment again?"

Daphne shivered as his lips danced dangerously close to her porcelain throat, yet before they could make contact the sound of a throat clearing reminded them of where they were.

"Not that I don't mind the show you two, but we are in fact in public." Tracey remarked snidly.

"Just keep it in your pants till we get back to the castle yeah?"

They rolled their eyes but acquiesced to the brunette's demands, but not before Harry managed to sneak in a quick kiss against Daphne's soft lips. Out the corner of his eye he could just make out the form of Theodore Nott stand abruptly and quickly stomp out of the tavern, his two cronies in tow.

The conversation soon returned back to normal. Theodore Nott and Cyrus Greengrass both fell by the wayside as they turned to much more interesting topics to discuss. The entire time though, Harry couldn't help but shake an uneasy feeling that fell upon him since Nott stormed out. Though the boy was no true threat to him, Harry knew from experience what even the most unthreatening of people were capable of. The lesson of Wormtail's betrayal was a harsh one to learn after all.



Evenatually, their little group was forced to disperse. Susan stated she needed to get a bit of shopping done for Christmas and, as such, drug Tracey along with her. After paying their tab, both he and Daphne left as well, pushing their way through the dense crowd of patrons and out into the bustling streets of Hogsmeade.

“Have an idea of what you’d like to do now?” He asked with a wary glance around. That same unsettling feeling was persistent.

“Hmm.” Daphne hummed, wrapping her arm around his. “I think I’m quite exhausted of the crowds at the moment. Perhaps we can simply have a nice walk back up to the castle?”

Harry nodded with a smile, though his eyes remained ever alert on their surroundings as they began their trek back to Hogwarts.

The chilly air soon had their faces flush from the cold. Daphne huddled closer to him, leaning into his side for warmth as they walked. Their coats ensured the cold wasn’t too uncomfortable, but that didn’t stop Harry from casting the occasional warming charm around them as they walked. Soon enough, the loud noise of the busy village faded behind them as they continued on the path. The castle loomed a good ways in the distance, slightly obscured by the thicket of snow-capped trees.

The silence of the forest around them was nice, if a little unnerving. Every little sound set Harry off, the unease growing in his stomach not helping things as his eyes flicked around for any signs of danger. He was acutely aware of Daphne’s own growing worry for him. Every small hitch in his step or tightening of the muscles in his arm would have the blonde glancing towards him with pursed lips.

“I’m fine.” He muttered after a while.

Daphne scoffed and gave his hand a squeeze. “You sure aren’t acting like it. What’s got you so worked up?”

Harry shook his head, unsure of how to respond. Saying it was Notts appearance that set him off would be a lie. The boy didn't worry him that much, but there was just something about the incident that had him on edge. Something Harry couldn't quite put his finger on.

Daphne opened her mouth to say something but before the words ever left her mouth, Harry was hit with the sudden and screaming instinct to *DUCK!*

Daphne cried out as she was suddenly tackled to the ground. Yet her cry was cut off as a fiery purplish hex whizzed by where her head had been just moments before. The spells slammed into a tress, splintering the tall English oak with a loud 'boom!'. The tree groaned and creaked as it fell, tumbling to the side as its wood burned with magical fire.

Harry wasted no time in jumping to his feet, wand out and his body positioned in front of Daphne protectively. Five individuals stood opposite of him, all garbed head to toe in blackened robes and familiar bone white Death Eater masks.

"Hand over the girl Potter and we'll ensure your death is a quick one!" The wizard in the middle snarled. The other four already had their wands raised and trained directly on Harry, prepared to fire if he so much as flinched. Daphne's breath hitched behind him from where she had pulled herself to her feet. A quick glance showed her familiar stoic mask perfectly in place, yet her eyes were nonetheless filled with a fearful sense of alarm as she looked at the collection of dark wizards before them.

Harry turned back to the skull-masked criminals and scoffed. "Counter offer- You and your lackeys fuck off back to your master and I'll make sure not to beat you too bloody next time we meet." The five Death Eaters hissed and mumbled curses at his words, yet while they were distracted he quickly mumbled under his breath to Daphne. "I'll distract them as long as you can. While that happens you need to run back to the castle and find help. Got it?"

Daphne clicked her tongue, slowly withdrawing her wand as discreetly as she could. "As if Potter. You're not getting rid of me that easily."

"Daphne-" He was cut off as the main Death Eater apparently grew impatient and fired another

nasty curse towards them. Thankfully, Harry's eyes had never left the threats in front of them, and so he was easily able to summon a chunk of the destroyed tree, catching the spell halfway. And with that, the fight was on. As one, the other four Death Eaters began to fire off spell after spell. He managed to repel the first wave using an overpowered Protego, yet soon the dark wizards adapted, tossing shield breakers and powerful blasting hexes into their spell chain.

"Down!" He heard Daphne cry behind him. Moving on instinct, he did what he was told, dropping to the ground just as his shield broke. A handful of spells flew by above him, but not before he watched as Daphne jammed her own wand into the ground. Instantly, the piles of snow and frost around them flash-boiled, creating a giant fog cloud so thick that Harry could barely make out Daphne's slender form barely three feet away from him.

He didn't have time to sit in awe of her spell work though. Using the brief pause in spellcasting to his advantage, Harry jumped to his feet and rapidly fired off a string of his nastiest hexes and curses towards the last place he remembered the Death Eaters to be.

His first twee spells met only thin air, but as he moved through the thick fog two separate yelps of pain sounded out followed by a thud as at least two of their assailants were hurt and another knocked completely out of the fight.

"Where the fuck is he?!"

"Over there!"

"No there!"

Harry could faintly see the small flashes of lights as the remaining Death Eaters blindly flung spells into the thick cloud of fog. While it was good they didn't know where he truly was, it made things even more dangerous for him now. Any one of these dark bastards could get lucky and manage to surprise him with a randomly thrown spell, or worse they could hit Daphne.

Growling under his breath Harry quickly formulated a plan in his head. Not a fantastic one mind you, but it would have to work.

Bringing his wand up, Harry muttered a quick incantation. The fog around him slowly began to gather, thinning out the surrounding cloud as it gathered to a point at the tip of his wand. Soon enough he had a dense ball of frost collected, the perfect size for what he had planned. Not a moment too soon either, as the fog cleared around him, so too did his cover from the group of dark wizards.

“THERE HE IS!” One shouted.

The remaining four immediately turned their wands towards him, though one had to do so with great difficulty as his right arm hung limply from the side at an awkward angle. Yet before they could even fire off a single spell Harry smirked and released his own.

The ball of frost exploded outwards, shards of ice forming as the spell sailed through the air in a wide arc. Two of the Death Eaters were lucky, being able to draw up quickly summoned shields to block most of the projectiles. The other two, however, were not.

Twin yelps of pain were heard as the two unfortunate wizards were assaulted with an avalanche of razor-sharp shards of ice. It took no time for them to fall to the ground, bleeding profusely from various wounds. Whether they were alive or dead, Harry could hardly care. He still had two more to deal with.

The others recovered quickly. The first spat out a harsh incantation, firing his own nasty spell towards Harry while the other tried to manoeuvre around to flank him. However, the latter's path was suddenly blocked as a whip of fire cracked against a tree mere inches in front of him. The man yelped, fumbling back but not before the fire whip slashed forward again, wrapping tightly around the man's wand hand. Within moments the flesh was set ablaze, forcing a scream of agony from the dark wizard as he rolled on the ground clutching his sizzling stump.

“YOU BITCH!” The man roared, skull-mask glaring daggers into Daphne's blonde form.

Daphne scoffed and dispelled the whip, not even giving the man another glance as she quickly fired off an overpowered stunner into the man's chest.

Harry gave his girlfriend a single glance of annoyance- she having obviously ignored his instructions to run to the castle. They could argue about it later however, they still had one more to deal with.

The last Death Eater, the one who'd spoken first, seemed to realise his precarious position. He no longer fired off spells, but now rather levelled his wand defensively as he slowly backed away from them.

"Why were you here?!" Harry shouted, wand glowing with magic as he stepped forward.

"Voldemort would never send only five Death Eaters to kill me, so who did?!"

"Killing you was only a bonus Potter!" The man spat. "It's the girl we wanted!"

"For what exactly?" Daphne said stepping forward.

The man backed away even more, soon bumping into a tree as Daphne brought her wand mere inches from his face. The dark wizard glanced warily at her wand, whether he was truly afraid or silently seething was unknown beneath the skull-carved mask. Yet it was abundantly clear that something was wrong as soon as he glanced back up toward her.

"You'll soon find out." The man growled.

Before Harry could so much as react the man lunged, wand thrown to the side as he roughly grasped Daphne's wrist. The blonde yelled out in surprise but was suddenly cut off as both her and the man's figure warped and twisted before suddenly disappearing with the telltale signs of a portkey activating.

"NO!" Harry screamed, reaching forward in a panic where Daphne had stood not moments before.

How did that happen?! How could he not fucking see it?! He raged silently, emotions of anger, guilt, and heart-clenching fear racing through his veins. If it weren't for his fight or flight senses still in overdrive, he never would have heard the twig snap behind him over the roar of blood in his ears.

Spinning around, Harry batted the poorly aimed stunner aside with an angry hiss. In quick succession he brought his own wand to bear, yanking out a summoning charm towards the treeline with barely a thought. A yelp answered his spell, and soon enough a figure came flying out from the thicket, small and trembling as it landed harshly against the ground before his feet. "You're going to tell me where she was taken and you're gonna tell me now Nott. Or else I promise you there will be little left for your skum of a father to find after I'm done with you." Harry growled, wand pressed so hard against the rat faced boys neck he very nearly drew blood. The shivering Slytherin boy whimpered in fear as Harry glared down towards him. Harry cared not for the boys fear though, nor about the fact that the snivelling wizard was actively pissing himself at that very moment. His only concern was Daphne, and one way or another he would find her and he would save her.

Or at the very least he would die trying.

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Author's Note

Lots of tension! Had to bring in a big buildup for the finale! It will all be worth it though, I promise lol

Thanks for reading!