

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: An Admission of Sorts

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If someone had told Daphne a few months ago she'd spend her 6th Year wrapped around a boy's arm giggling like a prissy schoolgirl she would have scoffed and called them a foolish imbecile. If they had then told her that boy would be none other than Gryffindor House's golden boy, she'd probably would have called them an even bigger imbecile and then cursed them for good measure.

As things were, however, that was exactly what she was doing as Harry regaled her with yet another one of his many misadventures from over the years.

"Oh come off it mate! My driving wasn't that bad!" Ron Weasley exclaimed.

From beside her, Harry snorted and took a sip of his drink. "You crashed us into the bloody Whomping Willow, Ron. I'd wager that's about as bad at driving as you could get."

They were gathered around the small firepit outside Hagrid's hut, enjoying the cool October air while the rest of the castle celebrated the holiday inside. It was her idea to avoid the Halloween feast for Harry's sake. The idea of celebrating the day her boyfriend's parents were murdered sickened her somewhat so she could only imagine how *Harry* felt about the whole thing. As such, she had quickly approached Granger about the idea of a small gathering with those Harry cared for the most. Sure, she more than likely could have planned the whole thing herself, but Daphne more so wanted to utilize the favouritism the castle staff held for the young bookworm.

From what Hermione told her, McGonnagal had barely given the proposal a moment's thought before agreeing, excusing all those invited from attending the Halloween feast.

All around Harry's closest friends, and in her case, girlfriend sat. Ron and Hermione were there obviously, not so subtly sitting very close together atop a blanket spread out over the ground.

The youngest Weasley was also present, herself perched cross-legged atop one of Hagrid's oversized pumpkins with a bottle of Ogden's finest in her hand. Longbottom and Hannah Abbot sat at the base of the pumpkin, curled against each other with twin dopey smiles on their faces. The red-haired boy grumbled and slumped back onto his palms. "Still made it across the bloody country didn't I?"

"Don't worry Weasley. If Mr. Chosen One's flying skills are anything to go by, I very much doubt you'd two have made it past Birmingham if he was behind the wheel." Daphne remarked with a bemused smile.

"Thank you!" Ron exclaimed at the same time that Harry shouted in protest.

"Oh hush you!" Hermione chimed in. "She's right and you know it Harry. Honestly, I don't know how you haven't killed yourself yet with how you fly!"

"You are pretty reckless on a broom mate." Neville added with a small wince. "Gran even asked me if you were mental at the last game she came to watch."

Now it was Harry's turn to grumble under his breath as he looked around his group of friends.

"Ginny?" He asked hopefully, seeking some sort of solidarity with his fellow adrenaline junkie.

Surprisingly, the littlest Weasley grimaced and shook her head. "I love reckless flying as much as the next girl Harry but even you have to admit some of the stunts you pull are plain bat-shite crazy!"

A small bubble of laughter broke out amongst the group as Harry slumped back with a pout.

Daphne giggled quietly along with them and patted her boyfriend's hand reassuringly. He rolled his eyes and smiled good-naturedly back, pulling her closer against him atop their own blanket where they sat.

No sooner did the laughing die down did the final two members of their little gathering returned. Susan and Tracey whispered quietly to one another as they approached, hands intertwined with Susan carrying a case of rattling bottles in her other arm.

“There you two are! It’s been ages since you left!” Ginny exclaimed.

“Yeah, sorry bout that. We got a little uh...lost?” Susan provided sounding far too unsure of herself.

Daphne scoffed and sat up, levelling Tracey and the buxom redhead with an unimpressed look.

“Oh? And which broom cupboard did the two of you get ‘lost’ in this time hmm?”

“I’ll have you know it was the spare storage room on the first floor this time, not a broom cupboard!” Tracey huffed. “And don’t you start Greengrass, unless you’d like me to share where exactly I found the two of you during last week’s Hogsmeade weekend?” The brunette smirked, flicking her gaze between Daphne and Harry. Daphne blushed at her friend’s remark, knowing all too well what her friend was referring to. In her defence, Harry had looked exceedingly *delicious* that day in the new winter coat she bought for him. It wasn’t her fault that the fitting rooms at the clothing shop didn’t lock!

Thankfully, Harry came to her defence quickly enough. “Alright settle down. We’ll call it a truce.”

Turning he nodded towards Susan. “Dobby wasn’t too big an issue I hope?”

Susan snorted and sat the case of liquor down next to the fire with a snort. “Nah, little bugger was all too willing to bend a few rules once he learned it was a favour for ‘the Great Harry Potter sirs!’” She said mimicking the excitable little elf’s voice. “He even snagged this from Justin’s trunk for me!”

At her words, Susan produced a small plastic baggy from the depths of her ample cleavage.

Said bag contained what looked like three small rolls of parchment that were twisted off at the end. What they were exactly, Daphne certainly had no clue, but by the looks of excitement from Ron, Hannah, and Ginny, and the one of apprehension from Hermione, they were bound to be interesting.

Susan sat quickly with Tracey plopping down quickly in her lap while she fished out the small roles. "Finch-Fletchley may be a cunt, but he's a cunt who can grow some damn fine reggie!" "Reggie?" Daphne asked confused. She eyed the little rolls curiously as Susan distributed two to Ron and Hannah, keeping one for herself.

"Oh right!" Susan said. "Forgot you don't really know all that much about muggle stuff." She held up the little paper stick. "This is what's called marijuana. Muggles have about a million different names for it, but when it's rolled up like this it's known as a 'joint'."

"Okay..." Daphne said with a furrowed brow. "But...what is it exactly?"

"Welllll-" Susan began, only for Hermione to cut her off.

"It's a drug." The bookworm explained flatly. "One that binds to the pleasure sensors in your brain causing feelings of euphoria and in turn affecting your cognitive function."

Daphne hummed in understanding. "I see. So it's like pixie fluff in a way?" Said pixie fluff was a magical drug popular among the miscreants of Knockturn. Though she herself never partook in the substance, it was common knowledge that the substance was to be avoided for its many less-than-savoury side effects.

"Eh, a bit." Susan shrugged. "But best part about this stuff is that there's not really any side effects besides making you feel a bit peckish from time to time. Plus, it's like twice as strong as pixie!"

"That doesn't mean it's okay to smoke!" Hermione admonished. However, her arguments went unheard as Susan quickly popped the joint in her mouth and lit it with the tip of her wand.

"Oh relax 'Mione!" Ron said. "It's just a bit of fun!"

Ron too lit his joint and took a long puff. Hermione grimaced and scooted away from the ginger boy with a huff. "Ugh- Fine! But don't expect me to touch any of that stuff!"

Tracey laughed and took the lit roll from Susan's mouth and took a lengthy drag of her own. The brunette held the smoke in for a long pause, exhaling slowly with a small smile as she leaned down to place a chaste kiss against Susan's lips.

“Mmm~ Didn’t get enough earlier love?” Susan purred as she gripped Tracey’s petite arse firmly.

“Oi get a room you two!” Hannah jeered with a snicker, handing her smoke over to Neville.

Susan rolled her eyes but pointedly gave Tracey’s bum a firm slap with a smirk, earning a small yelp of surprise from her girlfriend. Taking the joint back, the buxom Hufflepuff took another drag before turning to Harry.

“Fancy a hit mate?”

Harry shrugged and took the offered wrap. Daphne watched intrigued as her boyfriend took a small puff, holding it within his lungs before exhaling with his eyes closed in relaxation. When he turned to her she was a bit confused at first until she noticed the lit joint being offered from between his fingers.

“You don’t have to.” He murmured. “Really. I would never pressure you into doing anything you didn’t want to do.”

“I know.” She whispered with a small smile. “I trust you.”

With that, she slowly accepted the small roll of paper. She took a moment to study it. The smell made her nose wrinkle a bit. It was an extremely earthy aroma, sort of like the smell Mandrakes emitted when they were mature. It wasn’t pleasant by any means, but it was tolerable for the moment. Scrunching her eyes closed, Daphne brought the joint to her lips and breathed in the pungent smoke down into her lungs. Barely a second passed before her throat was immediately attacked by a discomfort, forcing her to double over as her body was suddenly wracked with vicious coughs.

“Easy now!” She heard Susan call.

“Just breathe through it love!” Tracey provided next.

A comforting hand rested against her back, patting it gently with each violent spasm of her diaphragm. It helped somewhat, eventually settling her hacking down to small manageable coughs.

“Fuck!” She gasped, sitting back up. “That was- *cough*- unpleasant.” She grimaced.

Harry winced beside her, his hand now rubbing small circles in her back apologetically. "Sorry, I should've warned you about that. It takes a bit to get used to."

He made to take the still-smoldering joint from her fingers but Daphne pulled away with a frown. Her pride was a bit bruised knowing the others could handle the smoke just fine and yet she could not. Setting her shoulders, the blonde once more brought the pungent roll to her lips, this time inhaling much slower and focusing on fighting back the discomfort in her lungs. A small sputter still found its way through, but for the most part, she managed to keep her composure albeit for the small prickles of tears in her eyes.

With a sigh she exhaled, releasing a small cloud of smoke that drifted up, joining the smoke of their bonfire as it disappeared into the night sky.

"Oh..." Daphne said after a few minutes. By now she had long handed the now much smaller joint back to Susan. Yet it wasn't the joint she was focused on, but the slowly creeping buzz that began to grow from her chest. It was unlike anything she'd felt before. It felt as if her entire body was both weightless and a million pounds at the same time. She blinked, the action itself taking some effort as her eyelids seemed as if they were moving through water.

"Are you okay?"

The sound of Harry's voice tickled something pleasantly in her head. Unbidden, the muscles in her face contorted into a lazy smile as she turned to face him. He looked to her with a small frown and those gorgeous green eyes of his staring down at her in concern. That was odd, she thought. Why would he be concerned? She was fine! Fan- Fanta- Great even! With a small giggle, Daphne raised her hand up and gently bobbed Harry on his nose, the sheer look of confusion on his face making her giggle even more as that pleasant buzz seemed to encompass her whole body.

"Oh she's fucking stoned..." Susan muttered as she took another drag from her joint.

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"Harrrrrryyyyy!"

Harry sighed and shifted the bundle in his arms so he could see the red-eyed face of his girlfriend pouting up at him.

“Yes princess?” He asked.

From where he carried her bridal style in his arms, she was bundled from head to toe in the large blanket they had used earlier as a seat. Her wide, red-rimmed eyes stared back at him doe-like while her bottom lip poked out slightly in a small pout. It was, in all honesty, quite an adorable sight and made Harry want to smile and pet her hair comfortingly. As it were, they still had a bit more to walk before he could do so, though the urge was certainly strong.

“What’s wrong?” He asked instead.

“Do you still think I’m pretty?” She whimpered cutely.

Harry huffed out a small laugh and nodded. “Yes, I still think you’re pretty. Beautiful, in fact.”

“You promise?”

“Cross my heart princess.” He chuckled.

Daphne sighed happily and buried her face into his chest. “Good. I think you’re pretty.”

Harry shook his head in amusement as he continued on. It wasn’t long before he reached a familiar door down within the dungeons. With a quick whispered password, he was able to push the door open with his foot and carefully carry his very giggly girlfriend inside.

After setting her down atop one of the various piles of cushions inside, Harry quickly turned and closed the door with a soft ‘*click*’. Snapping his fingers like Daphne taught him, the room came to life exactly as it had when he first visited this room the night of the party.

“Harrrryyyy!” Daphne whined again, now freed from her blanket prison she sat up and looked at him with a small smirk he knew all too well. “Come cuddle with me~” Though it was an innocent-sounding request, it most certainly was not meant that way. From the way she practically purred the words out to how she stared at him with her bottom lip trapped sultrily between her teeth, the blonde was practically the very image of lust. Harry had to bite back a groan as every instinct inside screamed for him to indulge his girlfriend’s wants.

“I’m...Daph’ are you sure? You’re not exactly in the right state of mind right now.”

It was somewhat true for himself as well. While he was not nearly as affected by the weed as Daphne having smoked from time to time over the years, (Dudley’s stash was never really any good, but it certainly did the job in a pinch), he was still far enough along to be considered inebriated. Plus, it wasn’t like it’d be the first time they fooled around while less than sober. The Gryffindor victory party after their defeat of Ravenclaw came to mind. Both he and Daphne had been proper drunk after a plethora of shots sent his way for catching the game-winning snitch and it hadn’t been long before, in a drunken haze, they found themselves stumbling into a broom cupboard. The last thing Harry remembered from that night before things went black was the rippling flesh of Daphne’s arse bent over in front of him while he pounded into her from behind. The sweet sounds of her drunken moans had driven him to thrust harder and harder until Daphne practically exploded with an earth-shattering climax.

Looking at her now, lying sultrily against the cushions with one hand slowly working the buttons of her blouse while the other worked its way beneath the waistline of her jeans...fuck even a Veela could not compare to the allure of her beauty.

“Harry.” She began as she slipped the last button free from her blouse. The garment fell to the side in quick succession, revealing her jutting bra-clad breasts. “It’s rude to keep a lady waiting.” His resolve shattered quickly. Hypnotized by the sight of the half-naked beauty before him, Harry stepped forward removing his shirt and kicking off his shoes in the process. Daphne giggled excitably at his approach, the hand beneath her waistband working even faster. The small hitches of breath paired with the light flush of her face as arousal seeped into her core had Harry nearly ready to rip those accursed jeans from her legs. He instead, however, resolved himself to simply pull the thick denim free slowly, starting with the buttons and ending with peeling the jeans back until the scent of her dripping arousal filled the room.

Daphne made no move to hide the fact that she was actively playing with herself. The thin knickers she wore made the action evident enough as her hand moved in small circles,

stimulating her clit. Looking up, Harry met her burning gaze of lust with one of his own. Holding her gaze, he reached forward, grabbing her hand and pulling it away from her juicy cunt.

Daphne whined at first but the sound soon morphed into one of excitement as Harry leaned forward, pushing the soaked knickers to the side as he slid his tongue slowly up her glistening slit.

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With a moan, Daphne threw her head back, eyes glazed staring at the ceiling while her pussy was slowly devoured. To her, the sensations from his tongue brought a whole new level of pleasure to her body.

'Oh dear Morgana he's going to be the death of me~' She thought with a moan.

The euphoria brought on by the muggle drug heightened each new sensation until even the tickle of his breath washing over her sex was enough to have her toes curling in ecstasy. The constant thrum of pleasure as he lapped between her folds was borderline overwhelming.

Thoughts alone could not break through the heavy haze of lust in her mind nor could her mouth form any words. She could only pant and mewl in pleasure as Harry devoured her cunt until, finally, with an arch of her back and a spasm of her legs, Daphne reached her first torrential climax with a glass-shattering scream.

Harry flinched slightly when the first gush of her juices splashed against his face, but he held firm continuing to delve his devilish tongue between her folds while she jerked and gasped her way through her orgasm. The feel of his calloused hands gripping her plump thighs grounded her enough to stop her from completely tumbling over the edge into blissful unconsciousness, but only just.

Words were not needed as she finally pulled away from him, groaning softly while she clutched her oversensitive pussy. She heard him chuckle at her reaction. Throwing a small glare his way, Daphne did her best to sit back up, stumbling quite a bit thanks to the drugs and post-climax jitters running through her body. His hands found her thighs once more, this time travelling

further up to help her steady herself to a sitting position. The strength of them had surprised her initially, after all, Harry never looked the 'physically strong' type. She was happy enough to dash those false notions of her aside the first time he lifted her into his arms and pinned her against a shower wall with his cock deep inside her. Since then she made an effort to explore the new opportunities his strength afforded them in the bedroom.

'Speaking of...'

Daphne bit her lip in excitement. Taking one of Harry's hands in hers she slowly moved it up her body, allowing him a moment to playfully squeeze her breasts before pulling them up to her lips. Eyes burning with desire, she stared deeply into his emerald orbs as she slowly wrapped her lips around two of his fingers and sucked lewdly on the digits. Satisfied, she pulled them free and gently rested his hand against her throat. A shiver of excitement travelled down her spine as his grip instinctually tightened around her neck. However, as much as she enjoyed the feeling, it was more for his benefit than hers. A distraction from what she truly sought.

Pressing him back, Daphne quickly sidled up onto his lap before pushing her lips against his in a sensual kiss. The hand around her throat tightened even more when her cunt first grazed against his hardened length, forcing a smile of delight from Daphne. Still kissing Harry, she lined him up against her pussy, then sat down firmly, taking his cock inside her with a breathy "Fuck!" as he was completely sheathed inside her.

Daphne counted herself lucky that she'd already reached her first orgasm. The way his cock stretched her, inner walls straining against their limit, she knew she'd never have been able to take him all if she wasn't so wet from her first climax, something they learned together during a few of their more hurried romps. As it were, his thick meaty member was able to slide in and out of her with ease, splitting her open with every bounce of her hips so *deliciously* that Daphne had a hard time controlling herself. She was more than content to lose herself in the moment thought, beginning to bounce up and down on top of Harry, who for his own part was perfectly

happy to take the passive role in this position. Or as passive as his more dominant side would allow him.

The hand around her throat varied between intense asphyxiation to gentle caress seemingly at random intervals. His other hand on her breast had long since yanked down her now torn bra. She couldn't help but squeal with a mix of pleasure and pain as Harry pinched and flicked her hardened nipples with little remorse. They'd be extremely tender in the morning if he kept this up, but in that moment Daphne could hardly give a *fuck*.

When Harry bucked his hips against her for the first time, meeting her downward motion with his own push upwards, it broke whatever restraint she had remaining, the pace and vigour of her motion increasing as they began to fuck in earnest, the room filled with the sounds of their hips meeting and the moaned profanities escaping from her mouth.

Her second orgasm made the first look weak in comparison, as she cried out once more, the intensity of her sex clutching around Harry's cock enough to push him out of her entirely – an absence which she intended to immediately rectify. Quickly turning, Daphne fell onto the cushions and pushed her arse high into the air. The small curse of awe from Harry made her already wet pussy *clench* with need. She moaned in response, wiggling her arse from side to side until finally, with little hesitation, Harry gripped her firm cheeks and spread them apart. '*Fuck*' was the only coherent word in her thoughts by this point, as she fell to her elbows. The high of the drugs was still present, but now it was almost completely overwhelmed by the sheer euphoria of Harry pounding into her from behind. His cock hit a pleasurable spot deep inside her without warning, triggering another sudden and intense wave of orgasmic pleasure that had her babbling an incoherent string of words.

She barely heard when Harry grunted behind her. Practically boneless against the cushions, he was now less pounding into her from behind, and more grinding against her arse as he fucked her prone form. Either way, Daphne still had just enough sense to know what was about to happen. Pushing her arse back with the last bit of her strength, she moaned happily as a flood

of warmth filled her sopping-wet pussy. Harry's groans of pleasure in her ear filled her with a sense of accomplishment as he dumped his load deep within her womb.

When the afterglow finally faded, and Harry rolled off of her with a sigh, Daphne quickly curled up atop his chest and smiled.

"Mmm~" She began, words still not entirely within her grasp. "That was nice."

"More than nice. That was fantastic, princess." He chuckled before placing a kiss atop her head.

Daphne giggled and snuggled closer to him. "I love it when you call me that. I love you."

Neither were in the right state of mind to truly grasp the reality of her words. Both were simply content to kiss and cuddle, whispering more and more words of affection to each other as the night went on. By the time their libidos returned and their sexes joined in another dance of pleasure, the three whispered words from Daphne's lips were long forgotten...

...Yet the letter that flew its way into the ancient castle tied to a large grey owl would soon put those very words to the test.

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Author's Note

Wanted to take a moment and sort of explain my reasoning for rewriting this chapter and why exactly I felt it was necessary. For me, this fic isn't about the war, or how Harry will stop Voldemort, and all of the other gritty plot points that most fanfictions that I and others use to affect our own plot or to create tension. This fic was always meant to be and should be about the relationship between Harry and Daphne and how it develops. It is one told mainly through Daphne's own POV and is meant to follow her complete refusal to follow along with her father's plans. The last chapter I wrote, however, didn't really follow that trend, hence the rewrite. It brought in the elements of action and plot of the war that I really didn't want near this story. Hence the rewrite.

Hopefully this disconnected blurb of random thoughts on the subject made sense, and I do hope you all enjoyed the new chapter!

Thanks for reading!