

Chapter 2

It had been a long, lonely summer for Harry. Three days after returning triumphantly from the Chamber of Secrets, the school year had ended and he was sent back to the hell that was Number 4 Privet Drive. After having sex with Hermione for a good portion of those last three days, it was extremely difficult to go without for the next two months. He partially blamed his sexual frustration for the bout of accidental magic he performed on his Aunt Marge. Mercifully, he was allowed to stay at Diagon Alley for the final three weeks of his summer vacation, back in the world where he belonged. The day before returning to school, he was surprised and pleased to find the Weasley clan, along with Hermione and her parents, waiting for him at the Leaky Cauldron when he went downstairs for breakfast.

There was a rush to greet him when they saw him standing still in surprise at the bottom of the stairs. After a hearty pat on the back from Ron and the twins, and the customary crushing hug from Mrs. Weasley, Hermione made her way through the crowd of red heads to hug him tightly. Harry luxuriated in the feeling of her soft, curvaceous figure being pressed against his body after so long. He dearly wished they could find some excuse to disappear upstairs for a couple of hours, but he doubted they could get away with it. Far too soon, she pulled back, smiling brightly at him, and he couldn't help but smile back. Grabbing his hand, she led him over to her parents who were watching them curiously at the back of the group.

"Mum, Dad, this is Harry, my boyfriend." Hermione said, biting her lip.

Harry fidgeted nervously as her parents looked at him for a moment, before greeting him pleasantly. Fortunately for him, Hermione's description of him had been rather flattering. After being properly introduced to her parents, Dan and Emma, the sizable group of boisterous red heads led the way through the alley to get everyone's school supplies. Despite the ceaseless teasing from Fred and George, Harry's spirits were raised greatly by spending time with his friends again. They were raised even further when he was informed that everyone would be spending the night at the Leaky Cauldron before making the short trip to King's Cross station in the morning.

After a long day of shopping, they all returned to the Leaky Cauldron and separated into their separate rooms to put away their things and turn in for the night. His hope for getting to spend some alone time with his new girlfriend was crushed when he found out that she would be sharing a room with her parents. He consoled himself with the fact that he still had a room to himself, away from Ron's incessant snoring, and that they would be back at Hogwarts the next day. Harry laid down in bed, and was just about to drift off to sleep when his door opened and a distinctive, bushy haired silhouette slipped into his room. Harry smiled widely as he tapped his wand against the lantern on the bedside table, illuminating the room as Hermione stopped next to his bed.

"Hey Harry, can we talk for a minute?" She asked, biting her lip nervously.

"Of course." Harry said, patting the bed next to him in invitation.

As Hermione climbed onto the bed, he snaked his arm over her stomach and pulled her close to him. Laying on his side next to her as she laid on her back, he leaned down and kissed her heatedly. She reciprocated for several seconds before putting her palms on his chest and pushing him back.

"Hold on. Talk first, then we can have fun." She told him, trying to sound stern even though her face was flushed and she was fighting back a smile.

"Alright. What do you want to talk about?" Harry asked as he ran his hand up her stomach to her chest, cupping one of her breasts.

"Harry." She warned with a hard look.

"I'm listening." He assured her with a smirk as his thumb ran over her hard nipple, only covered by a thin t-shirt.

Hermione gave up and rolled her eyes at him, but he caught a smile tugging at her lips.

"I've been thinking about your Parseltongue ability this summer, and I think I have an idea of how we can change things for the better." She said, turning serious.

"Okay." Harry said, motioning her to continue.

"I know a lot of witches at school that are trapped in contracts they can't get out of because of those horrible chastity belts. It doesn't seem fair that I'm the only one who can get rid of." She told him, pausing for a moment.

"So, I should, what, use Parseltongue in the Great Hall during the feast to free everyone?" Harry asked.

"No." she said firmly. "If you do that, everyone would know about it and they might find a way to put them back on and make it so that Parseltongue won't work on them again. What I was thinking was that I could ask around, discretely, for witches that want to get out of their belts and contracts. We need to keep this a secret for as long as possible."

"Okay, I'm fine with that." Harry told her.

“There’s one other thing.” She added quickly, just as he started leaning down. “Getting the chastity belt off is only part of it. The only real way to keep them from being forced into a contract is if they’re no longer virgins.”

When Hermione didn’t continue like he expected, and she continued to look at him nervously, Harry sighed.

“Out with it Hermione. What’s your plan?” He urged her.

“Well, I was just thinking, if they wanted you to help with that...”

“You want me to sleep with other girls!?” He asked incredulously.

“I love you, Harry. And I love sleeping with you. It’s just that I don’t think I can keep up with you. I barely had time to study the last three days of school. Not that I didn’t enjoy it or anything, but you know how much my grades mean to me, and I know how much you like sex.” She rambled.

“Easy, Hermione. Are you sure about this?” Harry asked worriedly.

“Yes. I’ve thought about it a lot. I really don’t mind you sleeping with other girls, so long as I get to pick the girls, and I’m the only one you date.”

“You’re not going to try and hook me up with someone like Bulstrode, are you?” He asked with a fake look of horror.

She smacked him in the chest. “Prat. No, you don’t have to sleep with anyone you don’t want to. All I’m saying is that if one of the girls you take the chastity belt off of wants to sleep with you, I don’t mind. Just think about it, Harry. If witches aren’t forced into contracts anymore, we could change the whole government and force them to stop treating witches and non-pureblood so badly. The amount of control a husband has over their wife is disgusting.”

“So, that’s what this is about.” Harry said in understanding. “You’re on a crusade to save the world, aren’t you?”

“No, just magical Britain, for now.” She replied with a smile.

Harry smiled and shook his head. “If that’s what you want, I’m not going to argue with you.”

“Good, now come here.” Hermione said as she pulled him on top of her to kiss him.

Harry still had a smile on his face as he, Ron, and Hermione boarded the Hogwarts Express. The journey was mostly normal, except for Hermione disappearing for about an hour after saying she needed to use the bathroom. When Ron questioned her about how long she was gone, she gave Harry a significant look when she replied, ‘Just talking with a friend.’ It wasn’t until near the end of the feast that she pulled him aside to talk to him.

"I ran into Daphne Greengrass on the train. She wants you to take the chastity belt off of her." Hermione informed him as she pulled him down one of the less used hallways as students made their way to their common rooms.

"The Slytherin?" Harry asked in surprise.

"Don't be so small minded, Harry." She reprimanded him sternly. "Just because she's a Slytherin doesn't she deserves to be treated like property for her family to sell."

"That's not what I meant." Harry jumped in. "I'm just surprised she wants help from me. I don't think I've ever even spoken to her before."

"Oh." She said, deflating visibly. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have jumped on you like that."

"It's alright, I know you get passionate about these things. Just try to remember I'm on your side." He told her with a smile.

Hermione smiled at him, took his hand in hers and kissed him on the cheek. There was a long moment of companionable silence before she spoke again.

"Daphne said she wants to meet you in the abandoned class room on the third floor tonight, about an hour before curfew." She told him.

“Okay.” Harry said, checking his watch. “That’s in about ten minutes. I’ll just go now and I’ll meet you back in the common room when I’m done.”

“Alright.” Hermione said, leaning up to kiss him on the lips before she walked off back to the common room.

Slowly making his way to the third floor, Harry tried to remember everything he could about Daphne. Unfortunately, that wasn’t much. Daphne was a quiet but beautiful dark-haired girl that he’d heard people refer to as cold and emotionless. His only interactions with her were the times he saw her in class where she always stayed to herself. When he reached the abandoned classroom on the third floor, he found it empty. Closing the door most of the way behind him without actually shutting it, he took a seat and waited. It was only a couple of minutes later that the door opened again. In the doorway stood Daphne Greengrass, a very pretty girl with straight dark hair, piercing bright blue eyes, and a thin figure with medium sized breasts.

“Potter.” She said by way of greeting, nodding her head as she closed and locked the door behind her before putting up a silencing charm.

“Greengrass.” Harry said, unable to hold back a smile.

Although most people described her as cold and intimidating, he couldn’t help but find her demeanor more amusing than anything.

“Granger said you can help me get this chastity belt off. Is that true?” She asked, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Yup.” He said, still smiling.

“How?” She demanded.

“Magic.” he answered simply.

Daphne gave him an icy glare. Harry raised his hands in surrender, but couldn't help but smile just a little bit wider.

“I'm a Parselmouth. When I say open in Parseltongue, it opens the belts. Hermione thinks it's something Slytherin designed into the original spell.” Harry explained.

She gave him a curious, thoughtful look for a few seconds before nodding.

“She's probably right. But, how are you a Parselmouth? I've never heard of that running in the Potter family.” She asked, her eyes narrowing as if trying to solve a rather strange puzzle.

“No idea.” Harry told her.

Of course, he knew he got the ability the night Voldemort gave him his scar, but she didn't need to know that. She glared at him again, as if angry that she didn't get the answer she wanted.

“Well, can you get this thing off of me?” She asked in a demanding tone.

“You know, you could at least say please.” He said in a teasing tone.

“Potter.” She growled at him in a warning tone.

“Alright, alright.” Harry said, raising his hands in surrender again, unable to suppress a smile.
“Don’t get your knickers in a twist.”

“You’re insufferable.” She said, flipping her long hair over one shoulder and glaring at him.

Harry smiled and shrugged before closing his eyes and picturing a snake in his mind.

“*Open.*” He hissed.

An audible click told him he was successful. Daphne let out a surprised gasp and reached under her closed robes. A moment later, she had her metal chastity belt in hand. Glaring at it, she threw it across the room, whipped out her wand, and proceeded to hex and curse the thing until it was mangled beyond all recognition.

“Impressive.” He remarked, looking at the twisted, smoking heap of scrap that remained.

“Thank you.” She said, straightening her robes.

“Well, I guess I’ll see you around.” He said, giving her one last smile and a wave.

Before he had even reached the door, Daphne had grabbed his sleeve and pulled him to stop.

“Potter, wait.” She said, moving to stand in front of him. “Granger said you might be willing to help me get rid of something else.”

“Seriously?” Harry asked in surprise, his eyes wide.

“If my father finds out I don’t have the chastity belt before I lose my virginity, he’ll sell me off to the highest bidder as fast as he can.” She said angrily. “If the only way of getting out from under his control is to sleep with you, then so be it. Now, will you help me or not?”

“Yeah, I’ll help. I’m just surprised you chose me, that’s all.” He told her.

Daphne snorted. “I can’t ask anyone in my house, they’re likely to blackmail me, or just try and get marriage contract out of my father. The Ravenclaws are nearly just as bad, except they’re more likely to just tell my father. The Hufflepuffs are too scared to come near me. Most of Gryffindor hates me for the fact that I’m a Slytherin, and out of the ones that don’t, you’re probably the one I find least repulsive.”

Harry genuinely felt bad for her, but he couldn't help but laugh at being dubbed 'the least repulsive.' "I already said I'd help. No need to flatter me." Harry said jokingly.

Daphne rolled her eyes at him and took off her robe. Harry's teasing smile turned into a gob smacked look when he saw that she was completely naked underneath. Her perky, grapefruit sized breasts bounced with each step as she walked over to the nearest desk and bent over, sticking out her full, tight ass. After a moment of standing still in shock, Harry shook himself and walked over to her. Running his hands over her smooth cheeks, he knelt down behind her and pulled them apart.

"Potter, what-" Daphne broke off into a moan as he buried his tongue between her tight lips.

Tracing his tongue up and down her slit to get her wet, he pushed his middle finger gently into her hot, wet core. She eagerly moaned and pushed back against him, prompting him to add a second finger while he tilted his head to run the tip of his tongue over her clit.

"Damn it, Potter. I haven't had an orgasm in two years, just fuck me already." Daphne barked.

Smirking, Harry stood up and unzipped his pants. Pulling out his rigid cock, he pressed the swollen head against her entrance and pushed forward, sinking into her tight, smooth pussy. Daphne's legs quivered, struggling to hold herself up as his large cock filled and stretched her tight walls. By the time he bottomed out, she was trembling and panting slightly while gripping the desk tightly.

"Fucking hell, Potter. Are you part Troll?" She grouched.

"I can pull out if you want me to." Harry offered with a smile, knowing she wouldn't want him to.

"Don't you fucking dare." She growled, pushing back against him slightly.

Harry laughed and gently sawed back and forth inside of her, only moving a couple inches at a time. As Daphne moaned, he kept one hand on her hip while the other moved up to her chest, grasping one of her full, firm breasts. Gradually, Harry built up speed until there was a steady *clap clap clap* as his thighs slapped against her ass. Sexy gasps, moans and grunts left her lips, growing in volume rapidly. Playing with her stiff pink nipple, he could feel her arousal leaking onto his shaft as her tight, hot walls spasmed around his length. Moments later, she came around his thrusting cock, grunting cutely as her fluids drenched his crotch. Harry wondered if she was just that pent up, or if all witches came that easily.

As she came down from her climax, Harry pulled out of her still clutching snatch turned her around until she was lying on her back on top of the desk. He felt a swell of pride as her eyes widened as she stared down in surprise at the size of his glistening cock. Quickly, he stripped out of his shirt and pants before lining himself up with her entrance again. Grabbing her legs, he hoisted them up so that her knees were bent over his shoulders before he sank back into her welcoming core. Daphne watched with a smoldering look as his length disappeared between her tight lips. Leaning over her, he took one of her pink nipples into his mouth, sucking hard as his hips pumped back and forth. Grabbing two handfuls of his hair, she pulled his mouth to hers for a tongue filled, demanding kiss. When he pulled back to catch his breath a minute later, Daphne stared up at him with a challenging look.

"Come on, Potter. I'm not your girlfriend, stop being gentle and fuck me already." She taunted him.

With a dark smirk, Harry pulled his cock back until on the head remained inside before slamming back in hard and fast. Daphne gasped and arched her back, thrusting her perky tits up

into the air. A long, drawn-out moan came from her throat as he set a hard, brutal pace, pulling most of the way out before slamming into her again and again. Wrapping both of his arms around her legs, he pulled her forward so her ass was hanging over the edge of the desk and then leaned over her, folding her petite frame nearly in half. Giving up depth for speed, Harry drilled his cock into her grasping, drooling cunt. Daphne screamed as she came again, her nails digging into the skin of his arms as her feet dangled uselessly in the air above him.

Panting and sweating from the exertion, Harry continued to drive into her mercilessly as her face went red, she gasped for air, and her body twitched under him. As soon as one orgasm ended another began, nearly sending her eyes rolling into the back of her head. The spasming of her walls was quickly driving Harry towards his own climax. Pounding his throbbing cock into her fluttering core a few more times, he reached his peak. Burying his cock as deep as possible into, he released, send numerous jets of hot seed into her depths. When they had both come down from their climaxes, Harry was holding himself above her panting heavily, while Daphne was collapsed in a heap with her eyes closed.

Once she had caught her breath, Daphne pushed on his chest until Harry stood up and pulled out of her. A small river of white leaked out of her red, swollen lips to run down her leg as she walked over to her clothes. Using her wand to clean herself up, she got dressed while Harry started to gather his clothes.

"Thank you, Potter." She told him sincerely.

"It was my pleasure." Harry replied with a smile. "And you can call me Harry, you know."

For the first time since meeting her, Daphne smiled. It was small and brief, but Harry felt like he had accomplished something by getting even that.

“Good night, Potter.” She said as she turned to walk out of the room, putting a subtle stress on his last name.

Smiling to himself as he pulled on his pants as he watched her walk out of the room, Harry promised himself that he would do something to thank Hermione.