

The Six Million Galleon Man

Chapter 9

Daphne looked over to her side and checked on her friend. Tracey was lightly snoring while deeply asleep. It was quite easy to drug the girl with sleeping potions. Daphne didn't like having to do that to her friend, but there was no choice. She couldn't have Tracey waking up and asking questions, or worse, following.

She checked the clock for what felt like the hundredth time in the last hour. She found that only a couple of minutes had passed since the last time that she had checked it. Sighing deeply, she regretted that patience wasn't one of her strong suits. Feeling too keyed up to continue sitting down, she stood up and began pacing back and forth across the length of her room. Occasionally, she would stop and tap her foot nervously. While she wasn't usually the nervous type, the future of her family could hang in the balance, depending on what she found that night.

She had decided to dress in case she needed to fight. It wouldn't be smart to have a duel while wearing a skirt and high heels. Her shapely legs were covered with a tight pair of jeans that hugged her hips and ass wonderfully. She didn't usually wear jeans while at school. Some dumbass would remark that they were a muggle invention, therefore unfit for a pureblood like her. While she didn't care who invented them, sometimes it was smart to pick your battles. Tonight warranted their donning, however. Her upper half was covered in a thin t-shirt that ended just above the waistband of her jeans. When she stretched, a sliver of smooth, sexy skin was exposed. Thankfully, there was no one around to expose herself to. On her feet, she wore normal trainers. It seemed that she was going full muggle that night. Only Tracey knew of her love of muggle fashion. They had much better clothes than the wizarding world, in her opinion. She was really looking forward to the day when she finally graduated from Hogwarts, and she could put all this stupid pureblood vs muggle drama behind her. She didn't care for muggles, but then again, she didn't care for most people. That wouldn't stop her from enjoying the finer things in life, be it muggle or magical.

Her dark hair was pulled back into a ponytail to keep it from blocking her vision if a fight did indeed break out. Looking at the clock again, she saw that it was close enough to the time that she needed to go. It would only take her a few minutes to make the short trip, but she was anxious. She took one last look at her friend and made her way out of the dorm room. She quietly escaped the Common Room without any of the lingerers looking up. It was normal for the Slytherins to leave after curfew, as long as they didn't get caught. She followed the directions that were provided in the note. They were easy enough to follow, and she had already memorized them from reading the note for any hidden clues dozens of times. Once she was in the correct corridor, she went to the end and stopped in front of the abandoned room. No one that she knew ever used these rooms. Hardly anyone beyond the Slytherins ever ventured this deep into the dungeons. Because of that, there were plenty of unused rooms that were closer to their Common Room. Being more than a little paranoid, she waved her wand at the door and found that there were no spells or wards on it. Feeling slightly better, she took a deep breath,

gathered her courage, and walked through. Daphne was so focused that she failed to notice her body react to the limited Allure that Harry produced.

As she walked inside, her mouth nearly hit the floor. Harry Fucking Potter was sitting on a large, leather lounge chair and smiling at her. Beside him and somewhat facing him, there was another equally comfortable-looking chair that was empty.

"You're the one that has my contract?!" she bellowed out, annoyed at the situation. Harry turned around and pretended to look through his bag. In actuality, he was pulling it from his arm-trunk. There was no way that he was taking any risks with that contract. He quickly showed her the contract so that she would believe him. He saw the look on her face. He knew that she desperately wanted to get it back. He turned back around and put it back in his arm to keep it safe.

"As you just saw, I do indeed," Harry replied and smiled at her. Daphne growled at him softly.

"Okay, you bastard! What do you want?" she asked, crossing her arms in front of her chest. Harry pointed at the chair, silently telling her to sit down. Daphne continued standing for a moment before she realized that he wasn't going to talk until she did. Huffing, she sat down. "Now spit it out!" she growled.

"I'm going to be real with you, Daphne. Voldemort isn't fully dead yet," Harry started and saw the girl flinch at the Dark Lord's name. "I'm working against him, but I can't do it alone. I need people on my side ... people like you."

Daphne snorted. "Let's pretend I believe you about the Dark Lord. If true, then what could you possibly do to stop him? Besides, I'm a pureblood. I'd be safe from his ire," she told him.

"I have my secrets, but let's just say that I'm not as helpless as you might believe. And as far as you being safe, Voldemort probably killed more purebloods than he did muggleborn," Harry reasoned with her. Again, she jumped at the name.

"Will you stop using his name, Potter!" she hissed. Harry rolled his eyes.

"Fine. But my point stands. Maybe you'll survive. Or maybe he'll order your family to gift you to one of his cronies. Would you like to be a plaything for his Death Eaters? Would you like to be passed around and used as entertainment?" Harry raised an eyebrow.

"That would never happen," she told him in disgust.

"It's probably already happened before to some pureblood girl. Maybe it won't be that extreme, but I guarantee that your family will be forced to pick a side. If he loses, your family will be imprisoned for life, if they're not dead already. If he wins, then your family will be at the whim of

a madman for the rest of their lives. There's no good outcome for you," he told her. This made her stop short.

"Assuming that you're correct, am I supposed to throw my eggs into your basket?" she asked in annoyance, crossing her jean-covered legs. He noticed that she shook her foot in irritation and made a mental note of her mannerisms.

"It would be smart of you," he told her.

"And why would that be?" She raised her eyebrow at him this time.

"Because I'm going to win," he told her confidently. Daphne burst out laughing at the size of his ego. She watched Potter get up and violently swing his arm. His fist connected with the stone wall with a sickening crunch. Her laughing stopped when she saw that the stone had cracked in a spiderweb pattern around the spot where his fist connected. She also saw that his hand was severely broken.

"Are you insane, Potter?!" she hissed and jumped to her feet. She ran over to him and took his hand in hers, examining the damage. Before her eyes, she witnessed his torn knuckles heal and the bones click back into place. Within a minute, he was flexing his hand again as if nothing had ever happened.

"As I said, we all have our secrets, Daphne. You better believe that the next time I face the Dark Lord, he's going to get the surprise of his life," he said with certainty. His manly confidence mixed with the fact that she was now face to face with him was making her head swim. Being so close to his limited Allure was doing some very naughty things to her body. She closed her eyes to try and center herself. She definitely didn't want to make a fool of herself in front of the young man.

Harry knew that words alone weren't going to get it done with her. She was a girl that liked power, so he knew that his little display had gone a long way with her. He also knew of her fascination with him. He knew of the effect that he had on her body. Already her breathing had intensified and her body was slightly quivering. He just needed to give her a bit of extra motivation.

Daphne gasped as his hands reached out and took her by the hips. He pulled her in so that her front was completely pressed against his. Her brain told her to push him away and slap him for getting fresh, but her body refused to comply. It wanted him close. It wanted his body on hers. Her face had never felt so hot. "I want you on my side, Daphne. In return, you'll have me on yours."

She swallowed the lump in her throat as his face was so close to hers. His scent was intoxicating to her. His body was burning hot. Somehow, her hands had ended up on his forearms. She shuddered at the feeling of his hard, corded muscles that gripped her hips so

firmly. Her mouth opened, but no sound came out. His face leaned in a little further, and her body nearly collapsed underneath her. Her heart was pounding a thousand times a minute. His warm breath tickled her ear.

“Of course, we’ll have to keep our arrangement a secret,” he whispered, making her body tremble. “But then again ... There are so many fun things that can be done in secrecy. Don’t you think?” he teased as his hands slid around back and gripped her shapely ass. Daphne didn’t know why, but she nodded vigorously.

When his lips touched hers, she moaned like she never had before. She opened her mouth and allowed his tongue to explore hers. She relished in the sensation of him sucking on her tongue while his hands cupped her denim-clad ass. Her lips never left his as he lifted her up by the ass and positioned her on his lap when he sat down in his chair. He suddenly broke the kiss as she straddled his lap. “Potter!” she gasped when his lips moved down to her thin, graceful neck. Her eyes fluttered when he began sucking on her delicate skin. His hands moved from her bottom and climbed up the back of her shirt. Her body broke into goosebumps when his fingertips traced the length of her spine.

Daphne lifted her arms without even thinking when Harry grabbed the hem of her t-shirt. As her arms lifted, the shirt that she was wearing rose up her body until it was pulled from her head. Instead of going back to her neck, his lips attached themselves to her bra-covered breasts. Daphne chittered and mewled, her fingers threading through his messy, black hair as he sucked on the tops of her breasts. His lips kept moving until they were exploring the valley between her lovely tits. Daphne’s pussy had never been so wet before.

She didn’t know what had come over her. Her hips were moving back and forth as she wildly dry-humped him. Suddenly, her bra fell down her arms, exposing her naked tits. She didn’t even feel it when his hands unclasped it from the back. He pulled the lacy fabric from her arms, leaving her naked from the waist up. She felt embarrassed at the situation only for a second before his mouth found her hard nipple, causing her back to arch. Words left her mouth that she never would have used in front of her mother when Potter’s talented tongue began to massage her hard and sensitive nub. Daphne looked down when he captured the tip of her nipple between his teeth, and he gave it a gentle tug. She gasped as her nipple stretched out from her body. Harry opened his mouth and let it snap back into place. His lips then went back up, and he started kissing her jawline. A sensual “Mmmm” sound left her mouth as he nipped at her skin.

“I need you on my side, Daphne. Will you promise me?” he asked. Before she could answer, he pulled an unsigned contract from the side table. Daphne was so horny that she had a hard time reading it. She much preferred to keep grinding against the bulge in his trousers. Even so, she read the contract. It said that he would hand over her family’s contract if she signed this contract agreeing to work with him in the fight against the Dark Lord Voldemort. It also said that she could not intentionally betray him in any way concerning their goal. She didn’t know what to do. At that moment, his hands were gently caressing her body, making her feel incredible. His fingertips were delicately grazing the soft skin of her underboobs, causing her body to shiver.

In the end, she decided to sign it. He didn't ask for her entire family's loyalty, only her own. Besides, he said that she could work in secret. If the Dark Lord was indeed still alive, then it was possible that he would somehow force her and her sister to do things that she definitely didn't want to do. Not only that, but Tracey was a half-blood who already got enough shit from the blood purists in Slytherin House. She shuddered to think about what could happen to her. She signed the contract and watched as he signed it as well. Once it was done, he put the contract away. He suddenly went back to kissing her bare shoulders and neck. Daphne closed her eyes. She needed to end things before she ended up going too far. She barely knew the boy after all.

"Would you like to celebrate our arrangement?" he teased her. His fingers slid down her smooth and toned belly until his fingertips slid underneath the waistband of her jeans. They slipped under the band of her panties and over her hairless mound. Harry loved the feeling of her incredibly soft skin. When his fingertips brushed over her throbbing clit, Daphne squealed and bucked wildly. She suddenly hopped off of his lap and onto her feet.

"Slow down, Potter!" she gasped, breathing heavily. Remembering that she was topless, she blushed deeply and covered her bare tits with her hands. Deciding to be a gentleman, he got up and handed her back her bra and shirt. "Thanks," she muttered as she turned around to put them back on. Out of nowhere, his hands wrapped around her belly, and his lips were attached to her neck again. Daphne's eyes fluttered as she tilted her head to the side.

"Can I see you again ... soon?" he asked as he sucked on her pulse point. Daphne's nipples were beginning to hurt from being so hard.

"O-Okay ... But I really need to get back before I get discovered," she moaned as his fingers tickled her belly button.

"Good. I'll contact you tomorrow in secret with instructions on where and when to meet me," he told her, groping her tits one last time. Daphne nodded her head, and he let her go. She slowly put her clothes back on as she tried to steady her breathing. She went to the door and took one last look at him, blushing before she left.

"Daphne?" he called out.

"Umm ... Yes, Potter?" she asked softly, unsure of herself. He held out her family's contract. She blushed again at having forgotten. It was the sole reason why she came in the first place. She silently took it from him and walked out the door.

Harry smiled widely to himself. Now that he had her hooked, he was going to have a lot of fun with the sexy, young woman. It was too bad that her sister was still a bit too young. She was turning into quite the looker as well. She possessed much of the same beauty as Daphne did. Perhaps in a couple of years, he would make a move on her as well. Harry sat in the empty classroom for a short while, thinking things over. Should he invite Daphne over to their secret

HQ? Should he inform her that Hermione and Ginny were in on it as well? His two friends already knew that he was trying to get Daphne on his side. He could tell that they were a bit jealous, but in the end, they remained silent about it. That was the power that the Veela had bestowed upon him. Just being around him was like a drug. Once they had gotten a taste, they wouldn't be inclined to willingly give it up. Pansy certainly proved that. He had only fooled around with her once, and she was already sending him steamy looks during shared classes and meals. He would have to further that relationship as well. She would be very easy to get on his side. Getting up, he made his way out of the dungeons and back to their secret room.

Going inside, he saw Hermione at her desk, scribbling on some parchment. Looking over to the bed, he saw Ginny asleep on her side. The blanket was pulled most of the way up, but he could see that her shoulders were bare. The redhead liked to sleep nude. Hermione looked his way and put her quill away. She stood up revealing that she was wearing a long t-shirt. It ended at her upper thighs, showing off almost all of her shapely, sexy legs. "Did everything go okay?" she asked. Harry nodded.

"She signed," he told her. Hermione smiled.

"Good," she replied and hugged him. As he hugged her back, she sniffed his shirt.

"You smell like perfume," she said, raising an eyebrow. Harry smiled back.

"I had to get inventive to get her to agree. You know how persuasive that I can be," he told her sensually, whispering in her ear to not wake up Ginny. Hermione shivered. His hand crept underneath the hem of her shirt, and he felt her pantyless bottom. She didn't have any more complaints after that.