

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Pansy~

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“Sure, what did you have in mind?”

Harry holds in a chuckle as his words cause Pansy’s eyes to light up. She doesn’t bother being coy about it though... she’s already showing off her entire body to him, all of her jiggling assets and what not perfectly framed by the open robe she has on.

Without hesitation, she lunges forward and wraps her arms around Harry’s neck, laying a big wet one on his lips. Here, Harry does chuckle... even as he quickly takes control. Pansy’s inexperience is abundantly clear from the very first kiss. While he doubts that the Pureblood Witch is actually a virgin, she obviously doesn’t have any practice with this kind of thing because the only way to describe her attempt at kissing him is ‘wet and sloppy’.

That’s alright though, Harry is more than happy to take over for her, turning the impromptu makeout session into something more restrained even as his tongue wrestles hers into submission after pushing back into her mouth. Pansy moans, arching her back quite hard especially when he reaches up and casually palms one of her massive mammaries, giving her bare naked breast a hard, hefty grope that makes her quiver in delight.

It’s funny, there were plenty of versions of this woman littering his past that Harry never would have touched, even with a ten foot pole. Pureblood Supremacists, Dark Marked Death Eaters... and most disgusting of all, Draco Malfoy’s wife in one universe.

Just... ew.

In this universe though, the loss of all the wizards and Pansy's own family circumstances had made her a far more... palatable person. Oh, she was still a spoiled little bitch from what Harry could tell, not to mention she was lazy and messy given the state of her family home. However... she was still several steps up from the other Pansys he'd known over his lives.

With that in mind, he doesn't mind having a little fun with this Pansy, especially when she proves to be quite... pliable to his touch. Harry becomes more and more certain of her inexperience as she melts against him, because what he's doing really isn't anything too special... and yet she seems to love every last second of it, wiggling and squirming and pressing into him with all she has to offer.

Dragging her off from the hallway to somewhere a bit more comfortable while they wait for his payment to return, Harry quickly locates a proper bedroom. He's just getting ready to toss Pansy up onto the bed so he can fuck her soundly when she stops him however, pulling herself free of his grasp... and sinking down to her knees on the carpeted floor.

Shucking off her robe, Pansy looks up at Harry with a coy smile as she hefts her huge tits with both hands, lifting them up as if to present them to him. Then, her gaze flicks down to his crotch.

"You're a little overdressed, Investigator~"

Harry snorts. Trust a spoiled princess like Pansy to expect him to deal with such things rather than just extracting his cock from its confines herself. Still, magic IS a thing... so with a flick of his wand, Harry sends his clothes flying off of his body and folded up on a nearby chair.

Pansy's gaze follows the flying, flapping clothing for a moment, her eyes alight with an almost innocent delight at the sight of such magic. But then her gaze slides back around and the delight that enters her eyes is not innocent at all as she finally lays them upon his cock.

"Oooh~"

Cooing over his length, which isn't even at full mast yet, Pansy wastes no time scooting forward and slapping her tits down onto his dick. She works them this way and that for a moment, getting his shaft situated properly between her cleavage. Harry grunts in appreciation, enjoying the way her soft pillowy mammaries smother his cock, which quickly grows harder and harder until it's poking out the top.

Pansy stares down at his thoroughly impressive member with wide, excited eyes, even as she slides her breasts up and down his girth, working enthusiastically if not very expertly. She's got spirit, Harry can at least say that much.

"You like that, Investigator? You like my big fat tits wrapped around your dick? Mm, fuck you're so huge~"

Her dirty talk could use some work but Harry isn't about to tell her that. For all that it's pretty amateurish, he's still enjoying her efforts immensely... not least of which because she has a killer body and she's not afraid to use every inch of it to pleasure him.

Moaning, Pansy leans forward after collecting some saliva and then lets it drool from the tip of her tongue down onto his cockhead, providing some meager lubrication for the valley of her tits. She slips and slides her breasts up and down his throbbing length even more, panting from exertion as the minutes go by.

Harry enjoys her efforts... but she's not going to make him cum from this. Eventually, Pansy seems to realize as much. Rather than trying to solve it herself however, she just pouts up at him with big watery eyes, as if to say 'what are YOU going to do about this?!'.

Snorting in amusement, Harry shakes his head... and then flicks his hand. Pansy squeals as she's subsequently yanked off of her knees and tossed onto the bed. It's a soft landing of course even if she lands tits first, only her impressive rack keeping her from face planting.

Harry is behind her a moment later though, grabbing her by her hips and pushing in such a way as to keep her back arched, her ass in the air, and her tits pressed to the bed.

“W-Wandless magic... you really are more of a wizard than any I’ve ever met, Lord Hallow!”

Harry just grunts. On the one hand, he can tell Pansy is being genuine in her praise. On the other hand... he’s not a Lord. Not right now. Nor is he going to fuck her like she’s a Lady. Without further ado, Harry drives his throbbing cock deep into Pansy’s sopping quim from behind... and then immediately starts fucking her like there’s no tomorrow, treating her like his own personal plaything.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

Pansy’s squeals rise in the air alongside the obscene sounds of flesh slapping against flesh as Harry fucks her face down, ass up. He pounds into her from behind with every last inch of his length and quickly drives her to distraction until she’s cumming her brains out along his thick, pulsing shaft. Something Pansy is not quiet about either.

“Oh FUCK! OH MERLIN! I’m cumming! I’m cummmiiiiing!!!”

Harry lets her scream to her heart’s content. It’s not like there’s anyone around to hear them, after all. Well... nobody but Death. He had, of course, summoned Death to help him deal with Lord and Lady Parkinson a bit ago. Pansy had caught a glimpse of Death’s current form, but he could tell she hadn’t fully registered the presence all the same.

Given Death’s help, Harry was more than willing to let his constant companion watch him plow this Pureblood Witch silly. He was treating Pansy more like a two-bit whore on Knockturn Alley rather than the noblewoman she was supposed to be. And yet... Pansy was loving it. She was loving every second of it.

Harry loses track of how many times Pansy cums for him, squealing and shuddering and clenching down around his pistoning prick. He, of course, doesn't cum once... despite her begging for it.

"F-Fill me up! Knock me up! Breeeeeed me!"

Amelia and Penelope were one thing. And frankly, Harry was starting to wonder if he might have jumped the gun by breeding them both so quickly after meeting them. But as much as he liked this Pansy compared to all of the other versions of her, he didn't like her THAT much.

So instead he keeps fucking her. For the full hour. He fucks her so hard that eventually words fail her. She can't even string a coherent sentence together. And when the Mail Owl finally arrives outside of the bedroom window, pecking to be let in... Harry finishes things off by dragging his cock out of the insensate Parkinson Witch's cunt and flipping her over onto her back.

Eyes rolled back in her skull, tongue lolled out of her mouth, Pansy shudders and twitches, not even cognizant of her surroundings. Harry proceeds to cum all over her face and tits, leaving her his load to remember him by... just not in the way she'd wanted. A quick spell also makes sure his seed is completely inert, just in case she tries something after the fact.

Once he's done with her... Harry smiles almost fondly at the mess he's made. Then, he rises from the bed and flicks his wand at the window. It pops open and the Mail Owl flies in, delivering a bag of bulging coin right onto the bed next to Pansy's twitching form before flying out again. Its job is done after all.

Harry, meanwhile, takes his time putting his clothes back on. He doesn't have to; magic could see him dressed again just as quickly as he'd become undressed... but he figured he should at least give Pansy a chance to potentially recover and see him out as a good host should.

Alas... it's not to be. One too many orgasms has left her completely dead to the world. Chuckling, Harry moves over to the bed and takes what he's owed from the pouch of coin that Pansy has had delivered from Gringotts. Then, admiring

the mess he's made of Pansy's lewd body one last time, he offers her a perfunctory nod.

"Pleasure doing business with you, Lady Parkinson. Perhaps I'll see you around now that you no longer have to worry about ghosts taking over your home while you're away."

Then again, perhaps not. Pandy certainly seemed to be quite the homebody... and years stuck in her family's manor had likely left her somewhat unfit for polite society. She might just choose to stay here where it was 'safe' now... but only time would tell.

Either way, Harry's time in the Parkinson Manor was done. And hey, this one had even felt like a proper investigation of sorts, rather than the strange errands that Tracey Davis had him performing...

That said, he did want to get a head start on procuring the magical creature blood she wanted him to acquire for her so... with a shrug, Harry leaves the same way he came in, apparating as soon as he's outside of the Parkinson Wards. He heads back to the office first of course to let Fleur know about the successful job and that he'll be out for the rest of the day... and then he heads over to Europe to start hunting down some beasties...

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Pansy is still twitching and insensate a while after Harry leaves. Indeed, about twenty minutes after, she STILL hasn't fully recovered from the pleasure visited upon her. As such, she's in no state to even react when someone else enters the bedroom.

The cloaked figure tilts their head to the side and approaches Pansy's form, a noise of derision leaving their lips as they take in the state of her.

"Disgusting."

A wand comes out and flicks down at the naked witch on the bed... only for the long dried cum to come flaking off of her bit by bit, gathering up into a white creamy ball that floats in the air in front of the cloaked figure. More swishes and flicks from the figure's wand follows, only for a noise of anger to leave their lips next.

"Completely and utterly inert. How vexing."

The cloaked figure's head tilts back down towards Pansy, seeming to take her in for a moment. The wand points at her and a green glow gathers at the tip... before fading out as the cloaked figure thinks better of it.

Instead, huffing, they slice down with their wand and the cum ball splashes back down onto Pansy, the still wet parts having made the dry bits sticky and moist again as it splatters across her face and tits once more. Pansy twitches, beginning to finally rouse at this... but by the time the Pureblood Witch comes back to her senses, the cloaked figure is gone and she's all alone again.

Blinking rapidly, Pansy rises into a seated position, propping herself up on her hands as she looks around the room.

"Lord Hallows? Investigator? ... Harry?"

When none of these get a response, Pansy pouts upon realizing that he'd rocked her universe, fucked her silly, taken his payment... and left. On the one hand, it wasn't like she had any claim to his time beyond what she'd paid him for. On the other hand, didn't he have any sense of propriety?!

A shudder runs down Pansy's spine as she runs her hands along her body, reminiscing about the way he'd used her. No, she reflects... he had no sense of propriety at all. He'd taken her like he was a fucking cave troll, plowing her without hesitation or mercy. He'd used her like a Merlin-damned dishrag!

She should be angry, but to be fair... it wasn't anything that Pansy herself hadn't pretty much been asking for. No, she was more upset that he refused to cum inside than anything else. And already she was wondering... how she could get

another go with him? Because fucking hell... she was never going to be satisfied with just one time!

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!