

Auror Stories

Chapter 1

Leaning against the wall of the Apothecary in Diagon Alley, Harry sighed in boredom as he watched witches and wizards walk by, talking happily as they browsed the stores. It had been over a year since he had ended the war and the Wizarding world was healing nicely. After helping Kingsley to rebuild the government, and helping the Aurors to capture most of the remaining Death Eaters, things had quickly gone back to mostly normal. Mostly, because, if you looked close enough, you could still see the scars left by Voldemort. People still jumped at sudden, loud noises, there were posters of people that were still missing stuck to shop walls, and buildings still showed the odd spell damage left by Death Eaters.

While he was glad that life was slowly getting back to normal, he wished there was something more for him to be doing than chasing down the occasional shoplifter. Pushing his back off of the wall behind him, Harry walked through the alley to stretch his legs. He soon regretted that decision, as everyone turned to stare at him, pointing and whispering as he passed. Twice he was approached by particularly brave witches asking for an autograph. Once he had signed a scrap piece of parchment, and politely declined an invitation to lunch, he ducked behind the Apothecary and pulled his trusty invisibility cloak out of his pocket and threw it over his shoulders.

Stepping out from behind the store, he noticed that he was directly across from the entrance to Knockturn Alley. He knew he wasn't supposed to go in there without a partner, due to Auror policy, but he was certain he could take care of himself, especially with the help of his cloak.

Besides, I've never been good at following the rules, Harry thought to himself with a smile.

Decision made, he carefully made his way between shoppers and down the steps into Knockturn Alley. As he walked down the stairs, the happy chattering from Diagon Alley faded, giving way to whispers, dripping water, and shuffled footsteps. The bright, sunny day gave way to a dark and gloomy atmosphere so fast, Harry wondered for a moment if there was some kind of spell at work. There were several things he noticed about the alley as he stopped to look around.

There was very little talking here, just short, whispered conversations for the most part. People kept their hoods up and moved from place to place, not staying in the open longer than necessary. It reminded him sharply of what Diagon Alley looked like during the war. Walking deeper into the alley, Harry stepped around a Hag as she shuffled passed, hunched over and cradling a bundle to her chest protectively. There was only a few other witches and wizard in the alley itself, most just walking through, but there was one person, a witch most likely, standing next to a small, dark alley.

Harry was actually disappointed that there wasn't really anything of interest going on, and he was considering going back to Diagon Alley when the door to what looked like a pub opened. A pair of drunk wizards stumbled into the alley, grumbling loudly to each other while taking swigs from a large, brown glass bottle. Walking beside them, he listened into their conversation while trying to get a look at their faces. One was tall and thin, with a bald head and extremely pale white skin, giving his face a skull like experience. The other wizard was fairly short, only coming up to the other man's shoulder, portly with a round face and a large mole on the side of his nose. Unfortunately, he didn't recognize either of them as wanted criminals.

"I'm tellin' ya, Keith, we could do it." The fat one said excitedly.

"Humph." The tall man, Keith, grunted.

"He's not getting' outta Azkaban anytime soon. We kin jus' sneak in, grab what he owes us, plus a lil' extra, and get out. No one would even know we was there." The fat man said, taking a swig from the bottle.

"And the wards?" Keith asked.

"Tha's the best part, there ain't any. The Aurors torn 'em down when they arrested 'im." He said triumphantly.

"Humph." Keith grunted.

Harry was hoping they would say whose house they were planning to break into, but the fat man stopped and looked at the witch standing in the alley that he had noticed earlier.

"Ya workin'?" He asked, leering at her despite the fact she was wearing a heavy cloak with the hood up, obscuring her face.

"Yes." She answered quietly after hesitating, sounding nervous.

"How much for a blow?" He asked bluntly.

"Five Galleons." She answered.

When she spoke, Harry thought that she sounded a bit familiar.

"I'll see ya tomorrow." The fat man said to Keith.

Keith grunted again and walked off down the alley. The fat man grabbed the witch roughly by the arm and pulled her into the dark, dank alley. Harry followed them quietly before he had really thought about what he was doing, or what he was going to do. The wizard pulled his robes apart at the waist and fumbled around as he tried to pull himself out of his pants.

"Whoa, payment first." The witch told him, crossing her arms over her chest.

The wizard stopped fumbling with his pants and looked up at her suspiciously while Harry struggled to remember where he had heard that voice before.

"I ain't fallin' fer tha'." The wizard said. "Two now, tree after."

"Three now." She haggled, holding out her hand.

"Fine." He replied.

Reaching into the pocket of his robe, the man fished around for a few seconds before pulling out a handful of coins and lint. Picking out three Galleons, he put them in her hand and then started fishing himself out of his pants. Slowly and hesitantly, the witch dropped to her knees and reached up, pulling her hood back. Harry's eyes widened and he nearly gasped out loud

when he saw her face. It was Pansy Parkinson, looking worse for the wear, but still very recognizable. Reaching out with her hand, she grabbed the wizard's short, flaccid cock between her thumb and first two fingers, looking at it with disgust.

"C'mon, I ain't got all day." The wizard said, reaching out and grabbing her head in his hands.

Harry snapped out of his shock as the man roughly tried to push his cock against her lips. Pansy turned her head just in time, and he ended up rubbing his soft member against her cheek as she scrunched her face up in revulsion.

"That's enough!" Harry yelled in a commanding voice, throwing off his cloak.

The man leapt back and stumbled drunkenly, nearly falling on his ass. Pansy looked up at him sharply, her eyes going wide and her face going pale as she stared at him in shock.

"Potter!" She yelled incredulously.

"I Ain't doin' nuttin'." The wizard said, trying frantically to put himself back into his pants. "We was jus'-"

"Shut up!" Harry barked, then looked down at Pansy and offered her a hand up. "Are you alright?"

Pansy seemed to snap out of her shock and she stood up, ignoring his hand, and looked away while folding her arms over her chest.

"I'm fine." She said harshly.

Harry looked at her closer, and noticed she had dark bags under her eyes and her robes were patched and frayed, a far cry from the way she had looked the last time he had seen her. He felt a great deal of sympathy for her and wondered what had happened to bring her to the point that she was whoring herself out in Knockturn Alley. Despite his dislike of her, and the way she had treated him at school, he had no desire to see her in this kind of situation. Before he could think on it further, he noticed the fat wizard trying to sneak his way out of the alley.

"Hold it right there." Harry said, aiming his wand at the man's chest.

The man put his hands up in surrender and took a step back.

"What's your name?" Harry asked.

"R-Reginald, Reginald Roundtree." He answered.

Harry eyed the man as he thought about what to do. On the one hand, he had enough evidence to arrest him for solicitation and public nudity, as well as conspiracy to commit theft. Unfortunately, if he did, he would also have to arrest Pansy as well, something he was hoping that he wouldn't have to do. As he thought about it more, he realized that the conspiracy charge would probably be dropped with just his word. Plus, with how backed up the court

system was at the moment, it was likely that the man would just spend a few days in the ministry cells before being released and given a fine.

The same would happen to Pansy, but having a criminal record would make it almost impossible for her to find legitimate work in the future. Turning his focus back on Reginald, he noticed that he was sweating nervously while staring warily at the tip of Harry's wand.

"Well, Reginald, today's your lucky day." He said, coming to a decision.

"Wha?" Reginald asked dumbly.

"I'm going to let you off with a warning." Harry explained, lowering his wand. "Get out of here, and don't let me catch you doing this again. Oh, and whatever it is you're planning with your friend Keith, forget about it. If I catch you again, I will personally make sure you spend time in Azkaban, got it."

Reginald nodded frantically, his eyes wide in surprise and fear as he edged his way around Harry, who made no move to get out of his way.

"Thank ya, Harry Potter, sir. Thank ya. I promise, ya won't be seein' me again. I swear it." He rambled.

Reginald finally got around him and took off running down the small, dark alley and disappeared around the corner. Harry turned back to Pansy to find her trying to quietly sneak passed him, her head bowed.

"Not so fast." He said, holding his arm out to stop her.

Pansy's head snapped up and her blue eyes glared at him venomously.

"What, you're going to let *him* go but you're going to arrest *me*!?" She asked furiously.

"Calm down." He told her firmly. "I'm going to let you go too, but I want some answers first."

"Can't you just mind your own business?" She asked, disgruntled.

"I can always just arrest you instead." He told her, raising an eyebrow.

Pansy looked down again, her dark brown hair hanging limply to cover her face, and her shoulders slumped.

"Fine." She said in a defeated tone.

"Why are you down here?" He asked curiously.

"I'm working." she answered in a tone filled with attitude.

Harry glared at her angrily. He was cutting her a break and trying to help her and she still had to act like a bitch.

“You know what I mean.” He growled through gritted teeth. “Why are you here, whoring yourself out in Knockturn Alley rather than working someplace else?”

“You know damn well why, Potter!” She screamed angrily, shoving him in the chest.

Harry was so surprised by the sudden push that he stumbled backwards. His back hitting the brick wall behind him was the only thing that saved him from falling on his ass. Pansy glared at him furiously, her hands clenched into tight fists at her side, teeth gritted, and her eyes red and glistening.

“My parents are in Azkaban for life, the Ministry and those *fucking* Goblins took every Galleon they had to pay for what You-Know-Who did, and the whole world hates me because I’m the girl that wanted to turn The Great Harry Potter over to save my own neck!” Pansy screamed, her chest rising and falling rapidly as tears streamed down her cheeks.

“No one will hire me, my friends abandoned me, my boyfriend left me for that Greengrass whore and it’s all your fault!” She shouted.

As suddenly as her outburst had started, it ended, with Pansy falling silent and wrapping her arms protectively around herself, sniffing as she wiped her face with the sleeve of her robe. For his part, Harry was stunned by her response and stared at her wide eyed, completely unsure how to respond. A long moment of awkward silence passed before Harry got his thoughts together enough to talk.

"I'm sorry." He said sincerely, drawing a derisive snort from Pansy. "The Goblins and the Ministry aren't supposed to confiscate accounts if there is still a living relative that wasn't a Death Eater. I'll talk to the Minister and get it fixed. In the meantime, I can give you some money and-"

"I don't need your help, Potter!" She spat angrily. "It's your fault all this happened."

"What was I supposed to do? Should I have just let him kill me and my friends?" Harry asked angrily.

Pansy hunched in on herself at his outburst and didn't answer. He took a deep breath and tried his best to stay calm. Harry realized that she was only attacking him because he was the only one that she could attack, something that he had done more than once to his friends when things became too much to handle. Forcing himself to remain calm, he opened his mouth to offer her help again, but snapped it closed with a *click* when an idea popped into his head.

He knew that it would be a fight to get her to accept any sort of charity right now, but, if he could make her think she was working for it, while taking advantage of him, she might be more willing to accept it.

"How much for a weekend?" Harry asked.

"What?" she asked in confusion, looking at him suspiciously.

“How much for you to spend the weekend with me?” He asked again, fighting back a smirk at the look on her face.

“Is this some kind of trick?” She asked, her anger returning. “If you’re going to arrest me, Potter, just do it.”

“No trick.” He assured her, raising his hands up. “Look, I’ll make it easy for you. I’ll pay you five-thousand Galleons to spend the weekend with me. Here.”

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out his coin bag that he knew held a little over one-thousand Galleons. Fortunately, he had stopped by Gringotts earlier to get out some gold to pay for new furniture for Grimmauld Place, but that could wait. Grabbing her hand, he placed his coin bag in it and wrapped her hand around it.

“One-thousand now, two-thousand tomorrow, and the rest before you leave.” He told her.

Looking at him suspiciously, Pansy opened the bag and her eyes bugged out as she stared at the full bag.

“You’re serious?” she asked incredulously.

“Yes.” He answered. “So, do we have a deal?”

Pansy was silent for a moment as she looked between him and the bag of gold in her hand.

“Deal.” She agreed.

“Brilliant.” Harry said, smiling at her. “Now, let’s get out of here, this place gives me the creeps.”

Turning around, Harry strode quickly out of the alley and made his way to the stairs leading back to Diagon Alley. Checking behind him to make sure Pansy was still following him, he noticed that as she neared the top of the steps, she was starting to put her hood back up.

“Leave your hood down.” He told her.

“Why?” She asked, furrowing her brow.

Harry didn’t answer, knowing she would like the idea that he actually wanted people to see them together in the hope that the press would ask him about it. He still hated talking to the press, but he had learned to deal with them, and that sometimes it was worth dealing with them for a good cause. With his popularity right now, if he told them that he didn’t hold a grudge against her, there was a good chance someone would be willing to give her a job by Monday. Pansy huffed when she didn’t get an answer, but she didn’t raise her hood.

As they walked through the alley towards the Apparition point, Harry placed his hand on the small of her back, smiling at the people he recognized as they passed. People stopped to stare while whispering to each other as they passed, making him feel very uncomfortable. Fortunately, they reached the Apparition quickly. Grabbing Pansy by the arm, he turned on the spot and they vanished with a barely audible *pop*. Reappearing in the Park across the street from Gimmauld Place, Harry led her inside and closed the door behind them.

"You live *here*?" She asked in surprise, looking around at the dark, gloomy hallway.

"Yup, my Godfather left me this place. Welcome, to the home of the Most Ancient and Noble Black family." He said, gesturing grandly while smiling.

"Black? I thought Draco was supposed to inherit from the Black's." She said curiously.

Harry shrugged. "I don't know what Malfoy thought was going to happen, but Sirius was the last of his family and he left everything to me. Kreacher!"

There was a loud *pop* and the ancient looking House Elf appeared in front of them.

"Welcome home, Master." Kreacher said, bowing while looking at Pansy with narrowed eyes.

"Thank you, Kreacher. This is Pansy, she'll be staying with us for a couple of days. Can you show her to the guest room on the second floor?"

"Of course, Master." Kreacher answered in his deep, gravelly voice while bowing again.

Harry turned to Pansy, who, for some reason, was looking at him oddly.

"Kreacher will show you where your room is, feel free to take your time and get cleaned up while I make dinner." He told her.

"This was, Miss." Kreacher said, turning around and walking slowly down the hall.

Pansy followed him after giving Harry one last strange look, leaving him alone in the hall. Sighing, he made his way to the study to write a letter to Kingsley before he started dinner. Two hours later, Pansy finally entered the kitchen in the basement. She had changed her clothes, now wearing a dark green button up, shirt and a black skirt. Her dark brown hair looked much better, still damp and tied back in a ponytail. Without a word to him, she sat down at the table and quickly filled her plate. The way she ate, quickly, but looking as if she was holding herself back, made him think this was her first real meal in quite a while.

They ate in silence until both of them were full, and then there was a long awkward silence between them. Harry felt especially uncomfortable as Pansy kept staring at him for long periods of time with a contemplative look on her face. Once he was finished eating, Harry excused himself to the study, where he worked on finishing some reports that were needed for upcoming trials. By the time Eleven o'clock rolled around, he was getting pretty tired. Making his way up to the second floor, he checked in on room Pansy was staying in, right across the hall from his room.

The door was open, and he found her sitting on the bed, reading a book in just a white t-shirt and a pair of pink panties. Pansy had fairly small breasts, and her hard nipples were clearly visible through the tight fabric. Her legs were long and pale, leading up surprisingly wide hips for her size. She had a small frame, just over five feet tall and quite skinny. Harry cleared his throat and she looked up him.

"I'm going to bed, if you need anything I'm right across the hall, or you can call for Kreacher." He told her.

"You're not going to make me sleep with you?" She asked with narrowed eyes, as if she was upset about it.

"Of course not." Harry told her, offended that she thought that he would.

"Then what did you bring me here for?" She asked.

Harry shrugged. "For the company. Good night, Pansy."

Alking back into his bedroom, he stripped down to his boxers, turned out the lights, and climbed into bed. In minutes he was asleep and having a very pleasant dream about Gwenog Jones welcoming him to the team. It took his sleep clouded mind several long seconds to realize that he had woken up and that still feel the pleasure from his dream, only much more strongly. Looking down, he saw a head of dark brown hair bobbing up down on his crotch as a hot, wet sucking sensation enveloped his shaft.

"Pansy? What-" Harry broke off in a groan as she sucked hard before pulling off of his length.

"I'm not taking your charity, Potter. I'm doing exactly what you hired me to do. Now shut up so I can at least try and enjoy myself." She said while still stroking his shaft.

Opening her mouth, her lips descended down his shaft, pushing the head of his cock into her throat without a single choke or gag until she reached the base.

“Holy shit!” Harry exclaimed at the way she seemed to casually deep throat his considerable length.

With her lips sealed tightly around his shaft, she pulled up, sucking hard and swirling her tongue around his length. She stopped pulling up when only the head of his cock was in her mouth, took a deep breath through her nose, and then descended back down his shaft. When she has his entire length buried in the throat again, she started bobbing her head up and down in short, rapid movements, fucking her own throat with his cock.

“Fuck.” Harry grunted, grabbing her head in his hands.

After bobbing up and down for several long, pleasurable seconds, she pulled her mouth off of his cock to suck in a few deep breaths while stroking him rapidly. Once she had her breath back, she wrapped her lips around the head again, and pushed herself all the way back down on his shaft. As she fucked her own throat on his cock, Harry could feel his climax rapidly approaching.

“I’m close.” He warned her.

Pulling off of his cock, Pansy took a deep breath and then shoved his length back down her throat. As she bobbed up and down on him again, Harry started to thrust upwards with his hips, driving his cock as deep as possible down her throat.

“Cumming.” He grunted in warning.

Pansy made not move to pull off of him. Instead, she pushed down on his cock and held him there. With a grunt, Harry's hand tightened in her hair and his hips flexed upwards as his cock swelled and jerked, sending jets of hot cum straight down her throat. After sending several shots of cum directly into her stomach, Pansy started pushing up. Harry relaxed his arms and let her, groaning as she sucked hard on his shaft, taking the last few, weaker shots of cum right on her tongue. When his climax was finally finished, she pulled her lips off of him, keeping them sealed. With her familiar, superior smirk, he watched her throat bob as she swallowed audibly.

"Bet your Gryffindor sluts can't do that." She said boastfully.

Harry snorted, finding it ironic that someone who was a literal Knockturn Alley whore was calling someone else a slut. Pansy sat up, and he noticed for the first time that she was naked. Her small but perky breasts drew his attention, as he found that they were topped with very attractive, bright pink nipples. She crawled up his body and straddled his waist, resting her bald lips on his spent cock.

"So, are you up for more, or is the Great Harry Potter a one and done sort of guy?" She asked as she ground herself down on his rapidly swelling cock.

Harry gave her a playful glare and sat up quickly. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he flipped them both over so that she was on the bottom and he was on top. Dipping his head, he took her nipple into his and sucked on it hard, drawing a gasp from her lips. Reaching up with his other hand, he groped and squeezed her other breast, rubbing her protruding nipple with his thumb.

"I'm not one of those delicate Gryffindor bitches, Potter. Bite them, pinch them, do something." She told him.

Harry obliged, taking her nipple between his teeth and biting down on it while pinching the other on firmly between his fingers. When he pulled his head back, making his teeth scrap over the sensitive nub, Pansy gasped in pleasure and arched her back, thrusting her chest upwards. Reaching between their bodies, Pansy took his now fully hard cock and ran it between her lips a few times before placing him at her entrance. Harry thrust in to her tight pussy, surprised to find her incredible wet and wondering if she had gotten that turned on from just sucking his cock.

He thrust in and out of her at a steady, gentle pace, which apparently wasn't what Pansy wanted.

"Damn it, Potter. Stop being a pussy and fuck me!" She barked at him.

Harry gave her what she wanted, drawing his hips back until only the head of his cock remained inside of her, he slammed his hips forward, forcing her tight walls apart with his thick length. Pansy arched her back and let out a long, wanton moan as he slammed into her over and over again, panting from the exertion. The walls of her hot, wet pussy were so tight that it took him some real effort to drag his cock back out of her.

Harry set a fairly slow pace with long, deep thrusts caused Pansy's small body to bounce and jerk on the mattress. She moaned and gasped in pleasure as he drove his cock into her again and again, their bodies colliding with a slap each time he bottomed out.

"Harder! Fuck me harder!" She demanded between moans.

Harry quickened his pace, breathing hard as he sped up and slammed his cock into her even harder. He was driving into Pansy so hard that her body would sink into the mattress and then

bounce back up in time with his thrusts. She wrapped her legs around him and pushed her heels against the top of his ass, pushing him to fuck her even harder.

“Pinch my nipples.” She ordered.

Harry reached up and grabbed one of her nipples, pinching it firmly between his thumb and the side of his index finger.

“Harder!” She barked.

He squeezed the nub harder between his fingers, to the point that he was worried he might hurt her.

“Fucking harder!” She yelled at him, still pushing down on his ass with her heels.

Harry was starting to wonder what he had gotten himself into, but he did what she wanted. Grasping her nipple even harder, he twisted it and pulled up, stretching her small breast away from her body. Pansy threw her head back and shrieked. He would have been worried about her, if her pussy hadn’t clamped down on his thrusting cock hard. It made him wonder just what kind of freaky shit she was into.

Letting go of her nipple, he opened his hand and slapped it down onto her breast hard, his fingers landing right on her red and swollen nipple. Pansy’s cunt spasmed around his cock and she squealed in pleasure under him.

“Again!” She demanded. “Hit me again.”

Harry slapped her tit again, then the other. Pansy squealed and her pussy fluttered around him each time he slapped her. After just a few smacks, both of her breasts were red with overlapping handprints from the abuse. Harry stopped when his arm got too tired from hold up his weight with one hand and focused on fucking her as hard and as fast as he could. It wasn't long before Pansy started to reach her peak.

“Oh fuck! I'm gonna cum, Potter. Choke me.” She told him.

“What?” He asked in surprise.

“Choke me!” She ordered him with a glare.

Reaching up, Harry wrapped his hand around her thin, delicate neck and gripped it firmly, but not tightly. Pansy glared at him and grabbed his arm.

“Tighter, you useless half-blood. Choke me!” She told him.

Harry growled, her insults reminding him of all the things she had said and done to him and his friends at school. He squeezed tightly with his hand, just enough to cut off most of her air and stop her from talking. Pansy's cunt clamped down on his cock hard as he fucked her with brutal thrusts, slamming her small body down into the mattress. She squirmed under him as he fucked her, his climax rapidly approaching.

“That’s it. Cum all over my half-blood cock you whore.” Harry growled.

When Pansy’s eyelids fluttered and her eyes rolled back in her head, Harry let go of her throat. She sucked in a deep breath and her muscles went tight, arching her back and straining the tendon in her neck. Once she had a breath, she let out a long scream that turned into a moan as her walls spasmed wildly around his cock. Harry came, driving his cock deep into her core as his cock pulsed, filling her fluttering cunt with his cum. Panting heavily after he was finished, he rolled off of her and laid on his back, staring at the ceiling.

If that was the kind of shit Pansy was into, this was going to be one hell of a weekend, he thought to himself.