

The Six Million Galleon Man

Chapter 8

Hiding in the shadows around the corner, Harry Potter checked the time on his watch. He still had a few more minutes to wait.

The previous night, he had placed the enchanted coin in Pansy's robe knowing that the following night, it would go off at a predetermined time. He had done all of the prep work beforehand. He had followed Pansy and her friends again after dinner and used a long-range listening device to hear their password to the Slytherin Common Room. After that, he went back to his new Headquarters and waited until he needed to get going.

As his watch showed three a.m., Harry felt the second coin in his pocket begin to vibrate. The second coin was magically tethered to the coin in Pansy's robe. When her coin went off, it would set off the alarm on Harry's, telling him that it was time. Now he had to hurry and get in as it wouldn't last long. Harry silently scampered from around the corner and made his way to the blank stretch of wall. "Always Pure," he stated with a bit of disgust at their choice of passwords. As if by magic, the door suddenly appeared, and Harry walked in.

The Slytherin Common room was exactly as he remembered it. It was adorned with many different shades of green. The wooden furniture that was placed around the room looked to be fancier or more expensive than that of the Gryffindor Common Room. His Common Room tried to go for the more homey feel rather than a feeling of luxury like the Slytherins did. Like in his, theirs had a large fireplace with chairs spaced out around it. Above the fireplace was a large mantel with a painting of a great serpent. He also noticed that the fire was burning just a little bit brighter than in the Gryffindor Common Room. Perhaps it was because it was quite a bit colder way down in the dungeons, Harry thought to himself. He looked around while being careful not to expose himself from underneath his cloak. He saw one beefy-looking male asleep on a couch near the far corner of the room. He made sure to avoid that area so as to not wake him.

Harry pulled out his Marauder's Map and tapped it with his wand. "I solemnly swear that I am up to no good," he very quietly stated. Instantly, ink lines began appearing on the paper until the map was fully functional. Even though the room was very dim with only the fire-producing light, Harry had no problems easily reading the map. He smiled to himself. He was very happy with all of the upgrades to his body. If he ever found the one responsible, he'd thank him before punching his face in. From what Croaker had told him, his Uncle Vernon had indeed been the victim of an Imperius Curse. As much as Harry wanted to blame the unpleasant bastard, he would give the old walrus a pass this time.

Standing there in the middle of the Common Room, Harry's eyes roamed to the section of the map that showed the Slytherins' sleeping arrangements. There were several dots that were nearly on top of each other, telling him that they were likely sharing a bed. It appeared that there was no boundary between the male and female dorm rooms like there was in Gryffindor. As he

studied the map, he could even see a pair of male names that were sharing a bed. He made sure to remember that to add it to his dossiers. While he didn't particularly care about anyone's mating habits, every bit of information was useful ... at least according to Croaker. Harry continued scanning the paper until he found Malfoy's name. He found it strange that Malfoy's name appeared alone on the map. When he had checked sometime in the past, he remembered Malfoy's name always being next to Crabbe and Goyle's. Upon studying the map, he could see that some shared a dorm while others lived alone. He guessed that in Slytherin, you could choose to live alone, or maybe some were being ostracized. He didn't know or care. All he cared about was completing his mission and going to sleep. It was very late after all.

Following his name to find his room was easy enough. He went down a set of stairs and followed a cold, stone passageway around thirty meters or so until he found it. Malfoy was staying in one of the last rooms in this hallway. According to the map, this area only held single rooms, though it seemed that some of those singles happened to be entertaining guests. Thankfully, Malfoy was alone. He stopped in front of the ferret's door and waved his wand. Being a fourth-year of average skill, Harry didn't expect Malfoy's door to contain any advanced wards. Of course, he could always pay an older year to place some for him, but that would mean placing his trust in someone else that was looking for a way to get ahead. Harry didn't think that anyone in Slytherin would trust an outside source for their safety and security. Harry certainly wouldn't.

As he suspected, Malfoy's door only had an alarm ward with a trigger. Harry took the next few minutes to easily, but carefully, dismantle his beginner-level ward. After making sure that everything was clear, Harry placed Silencing Spells on the door, both to keep sound from escaping the room, but also to keep the door from squeaking when opened. He cracked the door open and threw a tiny vial across the room until it broke against the wall. He used the same knockout gas that he had used with the fake Moody. Just like then, he waited until he was sure that the gas had dissipated before sneaking in. Closing the door behind him, he magically locked it so that no one would come in after him. Before him, the blonde ponce was sleeping soundly on the bed. After hitting him with a Stunner, Harry poked him several times in the ribs with his wand to make sure that he wasn't going to wake up. Seeing that he was dead to the world, Harry got to work.

Malfoy's desk was in the corner of his moderately-sized room and was covered in paperwork and folders. Once again, he waved his wand at the pile and found no Charms or Curses on any of it. Most of it was everyday stuff like financial reports and whatnot. Finally finding the correct folder, he opened it up and began pawing through it. The Greengrass Contract was easy enough to find. There weren't many of these types of contracts in there, but there were a few. He was tempted to take them all, but that would lead to him likely getting exposed as a thief.

There was one problem though. If Malfoy suddenly discovered that only the Greengrass contract was missing, he would immediately blame her for its theft. Harry needed this to be done in secret, so he had come up with a plan. It wasn't the most elegant of plans, but it should work, he thought to himself as he pulled her contract from the small pile and placed it in his

enchanted pocket. He waved his wand and Transfigured some of the items on his desk into a crude but passable swarm of bees. He then walked over to Malfoy and placed a Compulsion on him to use fire spells. After that, he gave him the antidote to the knockout gas and then hit him with a very powerful Rennervate. Instantly, Malfoy gasped and sat up quickly. He took a moment to wake properly, but when he did, his eyes widened. In a panic, he grabbed his wand and aimed it at the buzzing menace that just happened to be hovering over his desk.

“INCENDIO!” the ferret shouted, and a jet of fire erupted from the tip of his wand. Harry watched underneath his cloak as the fire torched the insects but also his entire desk. “AARRGH!” Malfoy yelled and jumped up. He ran to the desk and desperately tried to stamp out the fire. Harry took the opportunity to hit him with a weak Confundus Charm. As his eyes momentarily glazed over, Harry slipped out of his room and shut the door behind him. Just as the door shut and he removed his spellwork from the door, he heard Malfoy continuing to stamp out the burning cinders while cursing up a storm. Not bothering to stick around, he made his way out of the Slytherin Common Room just in time. As he slipped around the corner, he saw the greasy bat jogging over and going in to check on his Slytherins. Harry suspected that there must have been some kind of fire alarm in the dorms. He kept that in mind for the future.

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“So you’re plotting against You-Know-Who? And Hermione knew all this time?” Ginny asked, peeved as she placed her hands on her waist and glared at him. Harry rolled his eyes as he laid comfortably on the large and luxurious bed in their new HQ. He brought his hands behind his head and threaded his fingers.

“Relax. Hermione hasn’t known for very long at all. We don’t even have any solid plans yet. The first big thing that we did was get this room, and then I told you all about it. Now here we are,” he said, smiling at the cute redhead. Ginny huffed which caused her bare breasts to jiggle slightly. His eyes immediately locked onto them. She looked down and saw what he was staring at. She rolled her eyes and scooted down to join Hermione, who was bobbing her head on his cock. When a second tongue joined in, Harry moaned in pleasure. He watched as each girl licked and sucked on a different side of his cock. At one point, he pulled his cock from between their lips and gently pushed their heads together. When their little, pink tongues touched and began to massage one another, Harry nearly blew his load. He made his way to Ginny’s backside and cupped her bald mound in his palm. The heat coming off of her body was amazing, he thought as he savored the sensation of her incredibly smooth skin.

When his thumb began to climb and slipped between her wet lips, Ginny moaned like a whore and wiggled her bottom temptingly. He used his other hand to explore the soft skin of her thighs and bare back while this thumb climbed even higher. Ginny squealed into Hermione’s mouth when the pad of his thumb pressed against her tight asshole. The wetness that his thumb had collected was smeared all over her puckered hole. Harry smiled wickedly as he watched her ass clenching every time that he put some pressure on it. He suddenly leaned over and opened a small cabinet beside the bed. Inside they stored the girls’ feminine products, medicine, and of

course, a bottle of MagiGlyde. It wasn't long before he had his cock all lubed up and ready to go.

Ginny shuddered violently when lube was squirted on her ass. When Harry began to finger-fuck her asshole to get her insides all slick, she held on tightly to Hermione. As his finger pulled out, she knew that something far bigger was about to take its place. Sure enough, she felt the familiar sensation of her poor, little asshole being stretched to take that beast that hung between his legs. Inch by inch he sunk into her. Ginny gritted her teeth as Hermione lovingly rubbed her back. Hermione knew how uncomfortable it was when she was first stretched. Once he was in and began to slowly fuck her, the slight pain would go away and turn into incredible pleasure. But until then, Ginny was gripping the sheets tightly while squealing against her friend's chest. It was only when he was balls deep in her ass that she could truly appreciate how big he truly was.

Hermione maneuvered Ginny until she was lying between her spread legs. She could feel Ginny's body quivering as Harry massaged her pale cheeks. When she finally lifted up her head, Ginny's cheeks were red and she was breathing heavily. Hermione got the perfect view as Harry pulled back and pushed forward again. Ginny's eyes fluttered as the deepest parts of her were reached. After a few more thrusts, Ginny collapsed forward into Hermione. Hermione wrapped her arms around her and held her tightly as Harry plowed harshly into her behind. The force of his thrusts was jerking her body back and forth, causing Ginny's hard nipples to rub against Hermione's. Hermione decided to help out and began fondling every inch of her body that she could get her hands on. Within moments, Ginny was panting like a bitch in heat. Her asshole was being reshaped to fit his girth while Hermione was spreading her cheeks apart and furiously making out with her. Ginny was beginning to see spots as Harry made her cheeks clap viciously. Pussy juice was pouring from her contracting cunt and wetting Hermione's belly. Unable to hold back, she started flopping around, and it was only Hermione's tight grip that kept her from falling over. Her squeals became louder as her tunnel squeezed his fat cock. She suddenly felt Harry push all the way in and release deep into her bowels. Her loud cries of pleasure drowned out the sound of rushing liquid as she squirted all over their new bed. It was a lovely way to break in their new room.

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Daphne snuck another look at Malfoy. While normally at this time, she would be daydreaming about the many ways that she wanted to kill him, but that day she was wondering what had happened to him.

She wasn't sure what had happened last night, but there was some kind of commotion that had woken quite a few people up and even warranted a visit from their Head of House. Whatever had happened, either people were being very tight-lipped about it, or they didn't know. She tended to believe the latter. Everyone in Slytherin loved to gossip if the gossip wasn't about them. This led her to believe that it was something juicy. Sadly, she hadn't been able to find out. Going back to her food, she mentally chided herself for constantly looking at him. If someone

noticed, rumors might start up. That would be just what she needed, rumors about her and “The Masturbator”. She had to stop herself from snorting at that name. Instead, her eyes turned to her somewhat-friendly acquaintance, Pansy Parkinson. Once again, her eyes were trained on Potter. Daphne had warned the girl to stop staring at him, that she would start rumors. It seemed that she was unable or unwilling to follow her advice. Daphne looked at Potter as well.

While she didn’t want to admit it, she could understand why Pansy kept looking. Over the summer, Potter had definitely blossomed. He had grown much taller and put on a decent amount of muscle since the end of last year. Before, he was the shortest boy of their year. Now, he was the tallest. Daphne didn’t know what it was about him that intrigued her so. Whenever she was near him, it was as if he was a magnet trying to pull her closer. What really annoyed her was her body’s reaction. No boy had ever made her tingle between her legs before. It was a sensation that she was ill-equipped to deal with. Daphne had never been what you would call an affectionate or amorous person. She had only touched herself once to see what all the hubbub was about. Perhaps she wasn’t doing it right, but for whatever reason, she didn’t care for it much and never tried it again. While touching herself, what she felt didn’t even come close to the pleasure that she received just by looking at Potter. The thought of it alone was making her damp.

She was pulled out of her less-than-pure thoughts by the sensation of something crawling up her leg. As she looked down, her body jumped slightly, and she was barely able to hold back a squeal of fright. She had thought that a bug was crawling up her robe, but on closer inspection, it was a folded piece of parchment. Taking a sly glance from side to side, she let out a breath when she saw that no one had seen her reaction. She plucked the Charmed paper from her robe and stuffed it in her pocket. There was no way that she’d be able to read it in secret at the Slytherin table.

Waiting for dinner to finish was especially difficult. She desperately wanted to know who had the audacity to send her a note like that. When they finally made it back to the Common Room, she was able to get away from Tracey long enough to unfold the paper.

Greengrass,

I have come into possession of a certain contract that pertains to your family that Malfoy used to own. If you would like to discuss it with me, meet me tonight at midnight sharp. When you leave your Common room, take a right and go to the end of the corridor. Turn left and go to the end of that corridor. At the end, there is a room on the right. I’ll be waiting. Come alone and don’t be late. I won’t wait long.

Daphne crumpled the paper angrily in her hand. Either someone had stolen the contract, or Malfoy had sold it to someone else. Either way, it might be very bad news for her family, depending on who now has it. Her first instinct was to set up some kind of trap or ambush. She quickly squashed those ideas. No, her best bet was to see who it was and listen to what they

had to say. She could decide what to do after that. She checked the clock and sighed. It seemed that more waiting was in her future that night.