

Stealing Time

Deep under Muggle London, hidden by magic underneath the Ministry of Magic, Daphne Greengrass stood in the time room of the Department of Mysteries. Going over the clipboard in her hand, she jotted down the number of Time-Turners currently in their possession. Walking over to a cabinet, she pulled open the door and looked through it as she continued to make notes on her parchment.

Looking around to make sure no one was there, she snatched a vial filled with gold colored dust and slipped it into her pocket. Closing the cabinet, Daphne straightened her robes and headed for the door. Stepping out of the time room, the corridor spun around in circles for a few seconds before coming to a stop. Taking the fourth door from her right, she walked down a long hall to the last door on the left and knocked sharply three times.

"Come in," a deep male voice called.

Striding inside, Daphne set her clipboard down on the desk across from a heavy set man smoking a pipe.

"I've finished with the inventory," Daphne said.

"Good, good," the man said, nodding his head. "Well, enjoy your vacation. Where are you going?"

"I'll be staying at home," Daphne replied.

"I could get you a Portkey to France or Italy. Spend some time on the beach," the man offered.

"Thank you, but no," Daphne said. "I have some personal matters to take care of."

“Ah, I see,” the man nodded. “Well, I wish you luck.”

“Thank you. I’ll see you next week,” Daphne said.

Turning on her heel, she left the office and went straight for the elevator. Riding up to the Atrium, she walked directly to the Floo. As usual, her home was silent and empty when she arrived home.

“Mipsy,” Daphne called out.

With a *pop*, a House Elf appeared next to her.

“Yes, Mistress?” Mipsy asked.

“I’ll be in my office. I’m not to be disturbed. Tell anyone that calls I’m not home,” Daphne instructed.

“Yes, Mistress. Wills you be wanting Mipsy to get you for dinner?” Mipsy asked.

“No, I’ll let you know when I’m hungry,” Daphne said.

“Yes, Mistress,” Mipsy said, popping away.

Daphne was once again grateful her husband was always away as she made her way to her office on the first floor.

Probably out fucking some gold digging slag, she thought.

Walking behind her desk, where the wall was taken up entirely by a bookshelf, she ran her fingers along the spines. Finding the copy of Notable Witches and Wizards of the Twentieth Century, she pulled it back until it clicked.

The middle section of the bookshelf swung inward, giving her access to a secret room that she'd built herself a decade and a half earlier. Walking inside and closing the wall behind her, she took the vial out of her pocket and set it on the table with her potions equipment. It was the last ingredient she needed for her ritual. Pixy dust.

Smiling to herself, Daphne walked over to another table to pick up her research papers and froze. Her eye had landed on a picture of a young man with dark hair, round glass, and a lightning bolt shaped scar in dress robes with his arm around a pretty Asian girl.

That should've been me, she thought; and soon, it will be.

Daphne honestly didn't know why she kept the picture around, but every time she thought of getting rid of it, she couldn't bring herself to do it. Often, she wondered if her subconscious wanted it to keep her drive.

The Yule Ball was the biggest regret of her life. Harry had asked her to be his date, and stupidly, she'd turned him down. At the time, she was concerned about her reputation, of her standing among a house full of boys that would go on to become rapists and murderers. By the time she'd realized her mistake, Potter was gone, off to fight an entire war on his own.

She thought she'd had more time, that she could fix her mistake when he came back. Potter had never failed before. The thought that he might lose to Voldemort was unthinkable.

For a moment, she remembered lying in her bed with her sister and Tracey, wards protecting them from the vile, cruel boys who took advantage of their sudden power.

Shaking her head, Daphne ran her thumb over the silver picture frame as Harry smiled nervously for the camera. Some would call her crazy for dedicating her life to inventing a

complicated and dangerous ritual to send her back in time for a boy she hardly knew. Daphne thought it would be crazier not to.

He deserves it, even if he doesn't love me, she thought sadly.

Another memory came to her mind unbidden, one of Harry's body still and lifeless while her sister screamed.

While Harry had dueled Voldemort, no one paid any attention to the Death Eaters tied up on the floor. An understandable but costly mistake. Nott, seeing his master defeated and knowing his life was over, decided to take out as many of the Hogwarts defenders as he could. His first target had been Astoria, who was cheering and celebrating the Dark Lord's death with the rest of them.

Daphne and everyone around her froze in shock at hearing the words that had already taken so many lives that day. One person hadn't frozen, however. Harry Apparated next to Astoria and wrapped his arms around her protectively just as the curse struck him in the back. Nott had only a precious moment to celebrate his victory before a hail of curses rained down upon him furiously.

As Astoria got to her feet in shock, Daphne kept expecting to see Potter get up. He'd defied death so many times, surely he could do it again. But he didn't. Granger clung to his limp body, her gut wrenching sobs expressing how everyone felt seeing their fallen friend and hero. It just felt so impossible for him to be gone. Potter wasn't just a cute boy in her class. He was a force of nature, as dependable and untouchable as the sun.

But he was, and Daphne never recovered from that. Truly, none of them had. Their victory felt as hollow as their hearts without his bright green eyes and crooked smile.

Daphne was glad Granger had decided to write a book about the Golden Trio's exploits. She didn't think there was any way she could've listened to everything Harry had been through without losing her composure. The last thing she needed was for Granger to figure out what she was up to.

Daphne picked up the picture and carried it over to her potions table. Setting it down, she turned back to her notes.

Just a few more days, she thought. Just a few more days and I can go back and save Harry. And maybe, just maybe, I can still be his date.

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Daphne took a deep breath as she finished drawing her runes on the wooden floor.

It was time.

Grabbing the vial of Pixie dust off of the table, she drew her wand and stepped foot in the center of the ritual circle. Looking down at her left hand, she examined the gold and diamond ring on her ring finger for the last time.

An easy sacrifice, she thought, setting it at her feet.

Unfortunately, she didn't think her wedding ring wouldn't be enough. She didn't hate Blaise, but there was certainly no real love between them. Chances were, the ritual would need something more meaningful from her.

Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out her most prized possession. The picture of Harry at the Yule Ball. As she set it down on the floor next to the ring, her throat tightened up, and her eyes burned.

"I'll be with you soon, Harry. One way, or another," she whispered.

Daphne popped the cork on the vial, her hands trembling slightly, and began to chant. A wind blew around her office as magic began to gather around her. The runes, drawn in white chalk, glowed before bursting into bright purple flames. Waving her wand in an arc, the Pixie dust flowed upwards until it was caught by the wind. Swirling around her feet, the golden specks sparkled brightly, little arcs of lightning crackling between them.

“Daphne!”

Daphne’s eyes widened at the sound of her sister’s voice, but she didn’t dare stop chanting. Doing so now would be disastrous. If anything, she began chanting faster, hoping to finish the ritual before her sister could find her.

“Are you hiding in your little cave again?” Astoria asked exasperatedly.

Daphne watched helplessly as the door swung open, and her sister walked in. Astoria’s eyes went wide, and her jaw dropped open.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

I’m sorry, Daphne thought, looking at Astoria apologetically before closing her eyes as a tear rolled down her cheek. I promise, I’ll make sure father never sells you off to the Malfoys.

Suddenly, Astoria’s eyes lit up in understanding as they landed on the framed picture at her feet.

“Daphne, no!” Astoria shouted, leaping forward.

Daphne felt her sister’s hand grip her upper arm tightly at the same moment she finished the ritual. The floor fell away from their feet, and they found themselves tumbling through darkness. Astoria screamed, holding onto her for dear life as Daphne groped blindly for her sister’s robes.

Please, let this work, Daphne prayed.

Their fall came to an abrupt end, and Daphne felt herself hurled backwards. Her vision swam, and her stomach churned as she tried to sit up. She felt someone rush over and kneel down next to her a moment before a hand landed on her shoulder.

“Merlin, Daph, are you alright?” Tracey asked. “What the hell happened?”

“Trace?” Daphne asked softly.

She hadn’t heard her best friend’s voice in months. With her mother dead for being a Muggleborn and her father in St. Mungo’s next to the Longbottoms, she’d left for France. Daphne only got to see her when her work took her out of the country.

“Yeah,” Tracey said slowly, a note of worry in her tone. “Did you hit your head?”

“No,” Daphne replied, trembling as her vision started to clear.

Had she made it, she wondered.

“You’re really lucky. You almost landed in Crabbe’s cauldron. If Potter hadn’t caught you, you probably would’ve. Did you add the Wingroot too soon?” Tracey asked.

Daphne felt her heart skip a beat at the sound of his name. Rubbing her eyes furiously, she tried to get her vision back faster. She needed to know. She needed to see him.

Blinking rapidly, turned her head as someone knelt down on the other side of her. Slowly, the blurry shape focused into a male figure with dark hair and round glasses.

“Do you want to go to the Hospital Wing?”

Daphne gasped. It was his voice. They may not have spoken much at school, but she would know Harry's voice anywhere. It was him. She'd done it!

But where's Astoria, she wondered worriedly.

As her vision cleared, she stared openly at his face.

He looks so young, she thought.

“Daphne?” Tracey asked, sharing a worried look with Harry.

“Potter! Davis!” Snape barked. “Take Greengrass to the Madam Pomfrey. Davis, you can see me after dinner to make up today's assignment. As for you, Potter...”

Snape strode over to Harry's cauldron and peered inside. Looking up with a sneer, he waved his wand and vanished the contents.

“Another zero,” Snape finished, his black eyes glittering maliciously.

Harry glared at him as he turned on his heel and stalked back to his desk.

He's even cute when he's angry, Daphne thought amusedly.

“Can you help me up?” she asked, holding out her hand.

Turning back to her, Harry nodded. Touching him made everything feel so much more real. Climbing to her feet, Daphne's senses came back to her, and she realized she was staring. With an uncharacteristic blush, she looked away but kept a hold of his arm, worried that he would disappear if she let go.

It turned out to be a good idea because Daphne stumbled when she tried to take a step.

"Easy," Harry said, his arm going around her waist.

"Don't get any funny ideas, Potter," Tracey growled.

"It's fine, Trace," Daphne said. "Can you grab my bag?"

"I'll bring yours to the common room," Granger told Harry before he could even ask.

"Thanks, Hermione," he said, smiling softly.

Daphne had never felt as jealous as she did at that moment. An irrational part of her wanted to whip out her wand and hex Granger into next week. Fighting down the feeling, she leaned more into Harry as he guided her to the door, intentionally brushing her breasts against his chest.

"What happened?" Tracey asked once they were out in the hall.

"I don't know," Daphne lied, her mind still a bit foggy and slow. "Maybe I forgot to clean out my cauldron?"

"Your potion looked fine to me," Tracey said. "I'd swear someone cursed you if I wasn't standing right next to you."

Daphne bit her lip but couldn't think of an excuse. Most of her attention was stuck on Harry, and the other part of her mind just couldn't think at the moment. Staying silent, she focused on having her arm around Harry and trying not to fall as she walked.

"Are you alright?" he asked, frowning in concern.

"I'm just a bit dizzy," Daphne said.

As she took her first step up the stairs, her head swam and nearly collapsed.

"We really need to get you to Madam Pomfery," Harry said. "Here."

Daphne sucked in a sharp breath when Harry suddenly picked her up bridal style. Her arms wrapped around his neck on instinct, and she found herself staring at his handsome face as he began climbing the stairs.

"Potter!" Tracey yelled angrily. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"It's going to take forever to get to the Hospital Wing at this rate, and there's something clearly wrong with her," he replied, unaffected by her glare.

"It's fine, Tracey," Daphne said.

Closing her eyes in the hopes that it would stop the world from spinning, she leaned her head against his shoulder. Harry must have taken a few shortcuts because they ended up at the Hospital Wing much faster than she expected.

"Madam Pomfrey," Harry called, setting her down on a bed.

“What have you gotten yourself into now?” the matron asked exasperatedly.

Harry smiled crookedly, “It’s not me this time, I promise. It’s her.”

Daphne felt a sharp pang of anxiety as Pomfrey began scanning her with her wand.

Would she be able to detect the time magic, she wondered.

“Tell me what happened,” Pomfrey said.

“I – I’m not sure,” Daphne said softly.

“We were working on our potions when Daphne was suddenly thrown across the room,” Tracey said.

“What potion were you working on?” the healer asked.

“Cure for boils,” Harry said.

“Well, there’s certainly a lot of magic around you,” Pomfrey said. “You’ve got quite the bump on the head, too. I suspect a concussion. You’ll have to stay here for a while. Potter, get me a bottle of Essence of Dittany out of the cupboard, would you?”

Harry walked over to the cupboard next to Pomfrey’s office and looked through it with a surprising familiarity.

“You got two. Do you want the new one?” Harry asked.

"Yes," Pomfrey replied.

"What's the difference?" Tracey asked.

"Potter?" Pomfrey asked expectantly as she took the bottle from him.

"Essence of Dittany loses its potency with age," Harry said. "Madam Pomfrey usually saves that for small bruises and scraps."

"How do you know that?" Tracey asked curiously.

"Because he spends far too much time in my company," Pomfrey said as she put a few drops of the potion on a cloth and held it to the back of Daphne's head.

She hissed from the sudden stinging sensation, but it quickly faded away.

"You two can get back to class," Pomfrey said.

"Not much point," Harry scoffed. "Snape already gave me a zero for the day."

Pomfrey frowned and clucked her tongue, clearly unhappy, but kept her peace. Suddenly, the doors to the Infirmary banged open, and Hagrid walked in carrying Astoria.

"Astoria!" Daphne cried.

"Set her down here," Pomfrey directed, pointing to the bed next to Daphne.

"What happened to you?" Tracey asked.

"I tripped and fell," Astoria said, staring at Daphne intently.

"It was some fall," Hagrid said. "Poor lass could hardly walk."

"It's a bad day to be a Greengrass," Tracey muttered.

"Yer not hurt, are yeh, Harry?" Hagrid asked.

"I'm fine," Harry said. "I just helped Daphne here."

"If yeh got some time, why don't you come down to me hut fer some tea?" Hagrid asked, smiling. "I got some new Jobberknolls, and fang'd love ter see yeh."

"Sure," Harry said. "Not like there's much point going back to Snape's class anyway."

As much as Daphne wanted him to stay, she knew it would be best if he left. She needed to talk to her sister in private to find out if she'd come back too. From the way Astoria was looking at her, she strongly suspected she had.

"Harry," Daphne called out. "Thanks."

"You're welcome," he smiled.

With a wave, he followed Hagrid out of the Infirmary.

"You must've hit your head if you're flirting with Potter," Tracey said.

"I didn't realize saying thank you was considered flirting now," Daphne said.

"Thanking him isn't, but rubbing your tits all over him definitely is," Tracey smirked.

Daphne felt her cheeks go pink.

"I could barely stand," she said defensively. "He was just holding me up."

"You keep telling yourself that," Tracey said dismissively.

Mercifully, the bell for the end of class rang before Tracey could tease her any further.

"I'm going to grab something to eat, and I'll come back to check on you," Tracey said. "Do you want me to take your bag to the common room?"

"No, leave it here," Daphne told her. "It'll give me something to do."

"Alright, see you in a bit," Tracey said.

"What the hell were you thinking!?" Astoria hissed the moment the door closed behind Tracey.

Daphne felt a wave of relief wash over her. Her sister was safe.

"I found a way to save him," she said.

"And you didn't tell me?" Astoria asked, looking hurt. "He died to save me, you know. Didn't you think I might want to help him, too?"

"I didn't want you to try and stop me," Daphne said.

"You're not the only one that cares about him, you know" Astoria whispered.

"Look, I didn't even know if it would work," Daphne sighed. "I didn't want you getting in trouble if something went wrong and the Ministry found out about what I was doing."

"So, you were just going to leave without telling me anything?" Astoria asked. "You're so selfish. What if you'd died? What if you disappeared and I never knew what happened to you? What even happened to our time, anyway?"

Daphne flinched as if struck by the accusations.

"Theoretically, everything went back to the way it was at the moment we arrived," Daphne said. "There's some theories that suggest we simply created a new timeline, but I don't think it would work. There's a lot of unknowns. No one's ever done this before."

Astoria huffed and crossed her arms.

"I'm still mad at you for not telling me," she said. "But we're here now, so what's the plan?"

"Save Harry," Daphne said. "I memorized that biography Granger wrote before I left. I should know enough to stop that damned war from ever happening."

"You're just going to tell him?" Astoria asked. "Do you think he'll believe you?"

"He has to," Daphne replied softly.

Silence fell between them for a long moment as they both got lost in their own thoughts.

"I could try to send you back if you want," Daphne offered.

Astoria scoffed, "And go back to being married to that bastard Malfoy? Not a chance."

"Things will end up better this time, I promise," Daphne said determinedly.

"When are you going to talk to him?" Astoria asked.

"After the choosing of the Champions," Daphne said. "Weasley won't be around, and Granger and I get along well enough."

"Merlin, I don't even know when we are," Astoria sighed.

"The beginning of fourth year," Daphne told her.

"Taking all those classes again is going to be so boring," Astoria groaned.

"It'll be easy, and you can improve your grades," Daphne said. "Just don't show off too much. We don't want to draw attention to ourselves."

"So, what do we do now?" Astoria asked.

"We wait," Daphne said.

True to her Slytherin nature, Daphne waited in the shadows, biding her time. She watched Harry as much as she could without drawing attention to herself, soaking in his larger than life presence. It amazed her that none of them - with perhaps the exception of Granger and Weasley - ever noticed just how special he was. Without anyone realizing it, Harry Potter had become as much a part of Hogwarts as Peeves and the moving staircases.

He brings just enough chaos to your life to make it interesting, Daphne thought.

When his name came out of the Goblet, Daphne paid closer attention this time. Just from the expression on his face, anyone could see he was shocked.

How could any of us think he entered himself, she wondered.

The next couple of days felt like a game of cat and mouse. Daphne would try to get Harry alone, only for him to disappear before she could reach him. She'd always expected he knew the castle better than most, but his ability to vanish without a trace was shocking.

Finally, after three days, she found him sitting under a tree by the lake with Granger at his side. It wasn't ideal, but it was probably the best opportunity she was going to get. Taking a deep breath, she slowly walked closer, dry leaves crunching under her feet.

After a lot of thought and discussion with Astoria, they decided it was best to just tell Harry the truth. He respected honesty and abhorred deception. Lying to him, even by omission, would only cause problems.

Harry and Granger looked up and went quiet as she approached. Swallowing thickly, Daphne sat down and discretely cast a Silencing Charm around them

"We need to talk," she began.

“You really expect us to believe you and your sister came back in time – which is incredibly illegal, by the way – just to help Harry?” Granger asked suspiciously.

Daphne sighed in annoyance, but she really couldn’t blame the girl. In her place, she would’ve been suspicious too.

“Don’t get all high and mighty on me, Granger,” Daphne said. “I know all about you using a Time-Turner to go back and free Sirius Black last year.

Granger gasped and Harry’s expression became stony.

“How do you know about that?” Granger asked.

“I told you. You wrote a book all about what you, Weasley, and Harry got up to at school,” Daphne said. “I won’t claim to know everything, but I know most of it. I know about Harry’s Muggle relatives and how they treat him. I know about the Philosopher’s Stone and the Basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets. I know about Black escaping Azkaban to protect Harry and kill Peter Pettigrew. But more importantly, I know everything that’s going to happen.”

“Like what?” Harry asked. “Do you know who put my name in the Goblet?”

“Voldemort,” Daphne said, causing Harry and Granger to share a concerned look. “Professor Moody is actually Barty Crouch Jr, Barty Crouch’s son and convicted Death Eater. He was thought to have died in Azkaban, but he switched places with his dying mother using Polyjuice. Crouch kept him under the Imperius for years, until he broke free and stole your wand at the World Cup. He and Pettigrew captured Moody and imprisoned him in his own trunk. Junior is the one that put your name in the Goblet under Voldemort’s orders.”

“But why?” Granger asked. “What do they have to gain by putting him in the Tournament?”

"It's all a ploy to get Harry to take a Portkey at the end of the Third Task," Daphne said. "You never said it in your book, but for the ritual, I suspect part of it required that Harry goes through trials before his blood could be used. Otherwise, he could've captured him much sooner."

"Why can't he just leave me alone?" Harry groaned.

Daphne looked at him sympathetically.

"We need to go to Dumbledore," Granger said, biting her lip.

"No!" Daphne said sharply, startling Granger out of her thoughts. "I don't entirely trust Dumbledore, and neither should you."

"Of course, we can trust him. He's—"

"Told you nothing," Daphne interrupted. "He's knowingly kept Harry in an abusive home, told him nothing about his parents or the world he comes from, and refuses to tell you why Voldemort keeps coming after him."

"Do you know?" Harry asked hopefully.

"I do," Daphne said. "I will tell you, I promise, but I need to teach you Occlumency first."

"What?" Harry asked, his head tilted to the side cutely.

"Occlumency. It's the art of controlling your thoughts and the counter to Legilimency, the art of invading a person's mind," Daphne explained. "Your scar isn't just a scar. It's a link between you and Voldemort. That's why it hurts when he's close. When he regains his body, he'll be able to use that link to invade your mind. The things I'm going to tell you, he cannot know at any cost."

“And you’re going to teach him?” Granger asked, pouting slightly.

“Yes,” Daphne said. “He should have a good enough grasp of it before the Third Task for me to tell him everything.”

Harry sighed and looked over at Granger. Jealousy burned in Daphne’s chest as she watched the two of them communicate without words.

“Alright, when do we start?” Harry asked.

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In the lead up to the first task, Daphne told Harry all she could and helped him train for his Dragon. She remembered him flying spectacularly against the Horntail, but she didn’t want to send him out without a back up plan.

Daphne quickly realized that Harry picked up magic surprisingly quickly when he was properly driven. In short order, she had him casting spells that would be far out of reach for most fourth years.

While Daphne had to sneak around to see Harry without the rest of her housemates finding out, Astoria had no such restrictions. Despite being in Slytherin, Astoria was much more sociable than Daphne. No one batted an eye when she walked over to the Gryffindor table and sat down to strike up a conversation with Harry and Granger. For his part, Harry looked a little bemused but took it in stride.

In the week leading up to the First Task, Harry progressively became more and more anxious. Daphne did her best to keep his mind focused on training, but it was difficult. There were times she would find him staring off into the distance, a worried look on his face.

On the morning of the First Task, he barely touched his food and barely talked to anyone. Even from the Slytherin table, Daphne could see just how nervous he was.

He needs to relax, she thought.

Setting her fork down, Daphne stood and walked across the Great Hall. It felt like every eye in the room was on her as she stopped behind Harry and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Can I talk to you for a minute?" she asked.

Looking at her curiously, he nodded mutely and stood. Leading him out of the Great Hall, she walked down the hall to an unused classroom. Once Harry was inside, she closed and locked the door behind him, using several spells to ensure they wouldn't be disturbed.

"I know you're nervous, but you need to try and relax," Daphne said.

"Easy for you to say," Harry said, a small, forced smile taking any sting out of his words.

"Then I'll just have to help you," Daphne told him, shrugging off her robe.

"What are you doing?" Harry asked as she pulled off her tie.

"Helping you relax," Daphne smirked, undoing the buttons of her shirt.

Harry blushed as her large breasts, clad in a lacy black bra, were revealed to his eyes. Smirking to herself, Daphne turned around and tossed her shirt aside. Glancing back at him over her shoulder, she unclasped her bra. Using an arm to cover her breasts, she held the bra out to the side before letting it flutter to the floor.

Turning back around, she felt a thrill as his bright green eyes drank in the sight of her. Predictably, his eyes were riveted to her chest as he unconsciously licked his lips. Clamping down hard on her own nervousness, Daphne slowly dropped her arm. Her light pink nipples hardened as Harry stared hungrily at her chest. When he tried to discretely adjust the impressive bulge in his pants, she smirked and stalked towards him.

Rolling her hips with each step, Daphne placed her hand on his chest and pushed him back. Harry swallowed thickly as he walked backwards until the back of his legs hit the chair behind him. With a shove, she pushed him into the seat before kneeling down and reaching for his belt.

“What are you doing?” Harry asked shakily.

“I’m going to suck your cock,” Daphne told him bluntly.

He gasped, and Daphne had to fight down a giggle.

“I’ll make you a deal, Harry,” she said, opening his pants. “If you make it out of this task in one piece, I’ll let you see me naked afterwards. If you place second, I’ll let you touch me all you want.”

Daphne grinned when she pulled Harry’s impressive length from his boxers. It had been so long since Daphne had felt truly sexually excited she’d forgotten how good it felt. Looking up at Harry, she stared at him lustfully and kissed his shaft.

“If you finish first, I’ll spend all night sucking your cock,” Daphne whispered sultrily. “I’ll let you cum anywhere you want. In my mouth, on my face, my tits. I’ll even swallow it. If you’re really lucky, I might even let you fuck me.”

Harry groaned and jerked in her hand as Daphne stroked his length. Smirking, she ducked her head and took him into her mouth. His hot, rock hard shaft throbbed against her tongue as it swirled around him. Knowing he wouldn’t last long, she started bobbing her head vigorously.

For the first time in her life, sex didn't feel like a chore. Part of the reason she'd married Blaise was because she was well aware of his philandering ways. She knew he'd be more than happy to go out and find a pretty young witch rather than bother her.

With Harry, she actually wanted to do this. She enjoyed the feeling of him throbbing against her tongue, the feel of his hands combing through her hair, and the soft grunts and groans she drew from him.

Bobbing her head lower, Daphne took half his length before sealing her lips around his shaft. Pulling back slowly, she sucked hard as she pulled back to the tip.

"Daphne," Harry groaned.

Knowing he was close, Daphne stared up at him with her light blue eyes and teased his swollen head while stroking him furiously.

"I'm--"

Harry cut himself off with a grunt as he erupted in her mouth. Daphne was surprised by the force of his cum hitting her tongue and how delightfully hot it was. Moaning, she continued to stroke him while sucking out every last drop.

When Harry collapsed back into his seat panting, Daphne pulled back as she sealed her lips. A small string of saliva and cum hung between her lips and the head of his cock before it broke and stuck to her chin. Making eye contact with Harry, she opened her mouth to show him her prize. Her eyes sparkling, she closed her mouth and made a show of swallowing.

"Bloody hell," Harry breathed.

Smirking, Daphne wiped her chin clean with her finger and then sucked it clean. Tucking Harry back into his pants, she stood up and then held out her hands. When he took them, she pulled him to his feet before placing his hands on her breasts.

“Stay calm, do well, and I’m all yours when you get back,” Daphne said.

Grabbing his tie, she pulled him down and kissed him on the lips. As they kissed, Harry’s hands caressed her breasts gently, his thumbs grazing her hard, sensitive nipples. Despite how enjoyable it felt, Daphne knew the task would be starting soon. Pulling back, she smiled as his eyes followed her breasts after his hands fell away.

That should give him something to work for, Daphne thought with a smirk.

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Harry flew brilliantly in the First Task, finishing even faster than he had from what Daphne remembered and not getting hit by the Dragon’s tail. She was more than happy to reward him afterwards in the Room of Requirement, sucking him to completion three times that night before spending the rest of the evening in his lap while his hands explored his body.

Over the next few weeks, she focused on teaching Harry Occlumency. It took him a bit longer to grasp it at first, but once he did. He picked it up quickly. Meanwhile, she also noticed another girl had taken an interest in Harry. Before coming back, she would’ve expected her closest competition to be Granger, but it wasn’t. It was her own sister, Astoria.

She wouldn’t admit it, but Daphne could see she fancied him. In the weeks after the First Task, she’d made fast friends with Harry and Granger thanks to her happy, bubbly attitude. Rather than feeling jealous, Daphne felt pity for Astoria.

During their last year at Hogwarts, her father had been pressured into signing a marriage contract between Astoria and Draco Malfoy. How the little bastard managed to weasel his way

out of Azkaban, she never understood. But it left her sister trapped in a loveless marriage for a decade and a half.

There was also the fact that he was the boy that had so selflessly given his life for hers. That would leave an impact on anyone. Knowing more about his history now that she was getting information straight from the source, even Ginny Weasley's crush on him made sense.

Soon, the Yule Ball was announced, and the school was buzzing. Daphne rolled her eyes the next morning at breakfast when she saw the line of drooling boys crowding around Delacour. Throughout the day, she noticed Harry glancing over at her nervously and had a pretty good idea of what it was about.

He's going to ask me to the Ball, she thought excitedly.

That excitement died just before lunch when she spotted Astoria crying in the dorm.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Malfoy," Astoria growled. "That bastard's threatened everyone not to ask me to the Ball. He says the only way I'll be able to go is if it's with him."

"What?" Daphne asked incredulously. "He didn't do that last time, did he?"

"No, I just didn't find a date last time," Astoria said. "I think it happened because you're spending so much time with Harry."

"I'm sorry," Daphne sighed, wrapping an arm around Astoria's shoulder.

"It's not your fault," she said. "It's worth it anyways. I just don't want him or his tiny dick anywhere near me ever again."

“He won’t, I promise,” Daphne said. “I’ll find someone to ask you to the Ball. You’re not missing it this time around.”

~

It wasn’t until later that night, in the Room of Requirement, that Harry finally worked up the courage to ask Daphne to the Ball.

“I’d love to,” Daphne said happily.

Grinning widely, Harry wrapped his arms around her and spun in a circle.

“Ah! Put me down, you brute,” Daphne laughed.

Carrying her over to the couch, Harry sat down and placed her in his lap, a grin etched on his face. Leaning against his shoulder, Daphne had a sudden idea.

“Harry, would you do me a favor?” she asked.

“Anything,” he said.

“Will you do the opening dance with Astoria?” Daphne asked.

Harry frowned thoughtfully, “You don’t want to do it?”

“It’s not that I don’t want to,” Daphne said. “Malfoy wants Astoria to go with him, so he threatened everyone not to ask her to the Ball. If you take her as your date, she can do the opening dance and then enjoy the Ball while you and I enjoy the rest of the dance.”

“So, you’re saying that I get to take the prettiest girl in the school to the Ball *and* piss off Malfoy?” Harry asked with a grin.

Daphne smiled at the compliment and kissed him on the lips.

~

“Come on, Astoria, we need to go,” Daphne said as she fastened her earring.

“Coming!” she yelled from the bathroom.

A moment later, the door opened, and Astoria came out looking stunning in her dark purple dress.

“You look great,” Daphne said.

“Do you think Harry will like it?” Astoria asked.

“I’m sure he’ll love it. Just don’t forget he’s my date,” Daphne said teasingly.

“Yeah, yeah,” Astoria said. “Are you ready?”

“Yep,” Daphne said.

Walking down to the common room, Astoria held her chin high as Malfoy looked up and glared. Daphne had intentionally let it slip that Astoria had found a date but refused to tell anyone who it was. It might be petty to punish him for things he hadn’t done yet, but she justified it to

herself by thinking of all the things he'd done so far. It was clear to her that there was likely nothing that would turn him from the path he'd taken last time.

Making their way upstairs, they went the long way around so they could come down the main staircase. Descending the stairs, Daphne smirked when Cedric pointed over Harry's shoulder. Turning around, his jaw dropped at the sight of them. She knew she was beautiful, but it was nice to see Harry appreciate her. While Astoria didn't have the same curves that she did, she was still beautiful in her own right.

"Wow," Harry said as they stopped in front of him. "You two look great."

"Two dates, Harry?" Cedric asked with a smirk. "I didn't know you had it in you."

"It's one of the perks of being in first place," Daphne smirked.

"Ouch," Cedric said, grasping his chest dramatically.

"It's okay, Cedric," Cho smiled. "I still like you."

"Champions!" McGonagall called.

"I'll see you after the first dance," Daphne said.

Kissing Harry, she left for the Great Hall.

"I still can't believe you're dating Potter," Tracey said, coming up beside her.

"What can I say?" Daphne said. "I aim for the best."

"You really think he's the best?" Tracey asked incredulously.

"He's a fourth year leading a competition designed for seventh years," Daphne said. "Plus, there's his fame and his family name. Not to mention he's a gentleman, unlike all the boys in our house. What's not to like?"

"I guess you've got a point," Tracey said. "You know Malfoy's going to flip when he finds out, right?"

"Oh, I look forward to it," Daphne grinned.

A moment later, the doors swung open, so the Champions and their dates entered. Astoria looked happier than Daphne could ever remember seeing her in years as she held onto Harry's arm. Glancing around, she smirked when she spotted the apoplectic look on Malfoy's face.

Sitting down for dinner, Daphne made small talk with Tracey and Blaise. Occasionally, she would glance over at Astoria and smile, happy to see her sister smiling and having a good time. It had been so long since either of them smiled so much.

Eventually, dinner ended, and the Ball started. Harry was visibly nervous at first but quickly relaxed. The lessons Daphne and Hermione had given him were paying off.

Astoria looked so happy that Daphne was almost sad to cut in for the second song.

"You can dance with him again, if you want," Daphne offered as Harry wrapped his arms around her with a smile.

"Sure," Astoria grinned breathlessly, her cheeks flushed pink. "I'll just go get a drink while you dance for a bit."

For most of the night, Daphne and Astoria took turns dancing with Harry. Once, they even shared a dance with him together at the Twisted Sisters started playing. Watching her sister with Harry, Daphne could tell she had it bad for him.

The Ball was beginning to wind down when Harry and Astoria joined her at the table.

"Could you get us some drinks?" Daphne asked, hoping to get a moment with Astoria.

"Sure," Harry said, smiling.

"Try not to get the stuff the twins spiked," she advised him.

Harry waved in acknowledgment as he walked over to the drinks table.

"I'm going to take Harry to the Room of Requirement before it gets too late," Daphne told her sister.

"Alright," Astoria said. "Thanks for letting me dance so much with Harry. This night has been the best!"

"You can come with us," Daphne offered.

Astoria blinked, "You mean..?"

"I've been thinking," Daphne said. "Harry's going to need a wife for the Houses of Black sometime down the line if he wants to continue it."

"Really?" Astoria asked hopefully.

“Who better to share him with than my sister,” Daphne smiled. “Besides, think of how much it will get to Malfoy knowing the two prettiest Slytherins are with Harry instead of him.”

Astoria giggled, “That alone might be worth it.”

“Here you go,” Harry said, setting a glass of Pumpkin Juice down for each of them. “Fred and George promised it’s not spiked.”

“Thank you,” Daphne said, kissing his cheek.

Placing her hand high up on his leg under the table, she took a sip as she ran her nails along the inside of her thigh. They sat and rested for a little longer before Daphne and Astoria shared a look and a smile.

“You ready to get out of here and spend some time in our room?” Daphne asked.

“Definitely,” Harry grinned.

As he stood, Daphne and Astoria each took an arm and led him out of the Hall. Harry glanced at Astoria before looking back at Daphne curiously, but she ignored him.

A few minutes later, they arrived at the Room of Requirement. Pulling Harry inside, they led him straight over to the bed and sat him down.

“You’ve been such a good date tonight, I think you’ve earned a reward,” Daphne smirked.

Grabbing Astoria’s hand, she pulled her down as they knelt between his legs.

“Merlin,” Harry gasped as she reached for his belt.

Smirking, Daphne opened his pants and pulled his rapidly hardening length out into the open. Astoria panted as she stared at his cock lustfully. Grabbing the back of Astoria’s head, Daphne pulled her head to one side of his shaft while she took the other.

As she started kissing the side of his length, Astoria got the hint and started doing the same on the other side. While Harry was thick, their lips still occasionally met around him. Slowly working their way up towards the tip, Daphne was the first to start using her tongue, followed shortly by Astoria.

“That’s so hot,” Harry said, watching as their tongues met around his head.

Smirking, Daphne pulled Astoria closer until they were snogging around the tip of his cock. Harry gasped, his shaft jerking and swelling from excitement.

Daphne panted as she pulled back and licked her lips. Astoria stared at her in a bit of a daze, her cheeks flushed. Shifting behind her, she pushed her head back down onto his cock while her hands tugged down the zipper at the back of her dress. Astoria moaned as Daphne pulled her dress down, baring her small but perky breasts, capped with long, thick nipples.

Harry groaned and ran his hand through Astoria’s long blonde hair. Pushing lightly, he encouraged her to take him deeper, her small mouth stretched wide around his girth.

Standing up, Daphne stripped out of her own dress, smiling as Harry’s eyes raked over her body. She watched for a moment as Astoria bobbed her head aggressively on his cock, making herself gag repeatedly.

“You love that cock, don’t you?” Daphne asked.

“Mhh hmm,” Astoria mumbled, causing Harry to groan.

Shaking her head in amusement, Daphne pulled Astoria up, spun her around, and then pushed her back until she fell into Harry's lap. She reached down and yanked off her sister's panties, nearly pulling her off Harry's lap if it hadn't been for his arm around her waist. Kneeling, Daphne took his length in her hand and slapped it against Astoria's folds.

The wet smack they heard told everyone how excited she was.

"Please don't tease me, Daphne. I need it," Astoria whined.

"Lift her up," Daphne told Harry.

Gripping Astoria's thighs in his hands, Harry easily lifted up her up. Smiling, Daphne lined him up with her entrance.

"Oh, yes," Astoria gasped, squirming.

Slowly, Harry lowered her down, and Daphne watched in fascination as her sister's small frame was able to accommodate his large cock.

"Faster," Daphne barked.

"Yes!" Astoria shouted as Harry thrust up into her.

Out of curiosity, Daphne leaned forward and licked the point where they were connected. Her nose accidentally brushed Astoria's clit, causing her to gasp loudly.

"Daph!" Astoria cried.

Smirking, Daphne licked up to her clit and took it between her lips, and sucked. Astoria gasped and writhed, a gush of arousal leaking from her slit. Harry was obviously excited by the way he began thrusting harder and faster, his balls slapping against Daphne's chin and lips.

Suddenly, Astoria screamed loudly, and a gush of arousal sprayed out of her. Daphne jerked back in surprise, looking down as drops of excitement dripped down to her breasts.

Astoria continued to buck so hard that Harry slipped out of her. When she finally calmed, she fell limp in his arms, panting heavily.

"I guess it's a good thing there's two of us," Daphne smirked. "I think you broke my sister."

Harry chuckled as he rolled Astoria onto the bed, where she curled up in a ball and trembled. Climbing onto Harry's lap, Daphne slipped him inside of her and dropped down with a moan. His hand went to her bum, squeezing her thick cheeks as he ground up into her with his amazingly hard length.

"Someone's excited," Daphne smirked.

"Can you blame me?" Harry asked, rolling his hips.

Chuckling, Daphne lifted herself up and dropped back down with a moan. Her hands ran through Harry's hair as he buried his face between her breasts, licking up the arousal from her skin. His long, thick cock hit parts inside of her that she didn't even know existed. With every thrust, she felt a spike of heat swell in her core.

No wonder Astoria came so quick, she thought.

Using her legs, Daphne started bouncing on his lap, her thighs clapping noisily against his. By then, she could tell if the wetness on his legs was from her or Astoria. A hiss of pleasure left her

lips when Harry took her nipple between his teeth and bit lightly. That, along with her vigorous bouncing, added a small spark of burning pain to her incredible pleasure.

“Harry,” Daphne moaned.

Trembling, her climax hit her suddenly. As she came, she lost her coordination, lost in a fog of pleasure. Groaning in frustration, Harry rolled her over onto her back and started pounding into her. With a gasp, Daphne’s eyes rolled into the back of her as one orgasm rolled into the next.

Her fingernails clawed at his back while she tried to hold on long enough for him to finish.

“Cum in me,” Daphne begged breathlessly. “Please, I want to feel it.”

Groaning, Harry hammered his hips forward a few more times before snapping them forward and erupting in her depths. Just like with her mouth, she felt him jerk and twitch before being flooded with that amazing heat. Moaning, Daphne wrapped her arms and legs around him, holding him tightly to make sure all of it went inside of her.

When Harry finished, he pulled back just far enough to kiss her passionately. They stayed like that for a long moment before he eased out of her and rolled onto his back. Rolling onto her side, Daphne curled up to his side and rested her head on his chest.

“You are, without a doubt, the best thing that’s ever happened to me,” he said softly.

Smiling, Daphne kissed him softly.

Suddenly, Astoria sat up and straddled Harry’s lap.

“Can we go again?”

~

With Daphne's help, Harry defeated Voldemort before he could take over the Ministry. While the Dark Lord was trying to get the Prophecy, Harry, Hermione, Daphne, and Astoria were destroying his Horcruxes. By the time they met at the Ministry, all of them were destroyed, thanks to a ritual that Daphne developed. She found a way to use the link between the Horcruxes to destroy all of them at once using the Diadem.

When Voldemort showed up at the Ministry, it was to find a much more prepared Harry than he expected. Knowing he would be possessed, Harry trained his Occlumency relentlessly. When it happened, he used that training to weaken Voldemort as they fought for control. Moments later, he defeated Voldemort for good in front of the Ministry for Magic and the press.

After finishing Hogwarts, Harry married Daphne and Astoria in a joint ceremony. While Harry went on to become an Auror, Daphne became the Head of the Department of Mysteries during Granger's time as Minister. Meanwhile, Astoria lived out her dream of being a stay at home mum, raising their three children. Lily and Jack Potter were born to Astoria a year and three months apart, while Daphne had her only child, Maximus Black, not long after.

On the exact day that Daphne and Astoria had left their future, Harry threw a party at their manor, inviting everyone he could think of. Daphne smiled as she watched the crowd of family and friends. The old nightmares of broken bodies and horrific injuries were replaced with pleasant memories of happy, smiling faces.

Walking up behind her, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her temple.

"It's all because of you, love," he whispered as Sirius and the Easley twins laughed loudly.

"Us," Daphne corrected.

Smiling, she spun around in his arms and kissed him on the lips.