

Desperate Times

"I'm going to fuck that bitch so hard,"

Harry paused just around the corner as he heard the voice of Theodore Nott. It wasn't unusual language to hear from one of his classmates, but ever since returning for his seventh year and being named Head Boy, he'd been keeping a closer eye on his fellow students. With so many of their relatives being thrown in Azkaban, he'd been watching the Slytherins especially closely.

"I was with her last night, came all over her face," bragged the deep voice of Blaise Zabini.

"How much does she charge?" Nott asked.

"Ten for a blowjob and sex is twenty," Zabini answered.

"Galleons?" Nott asked incredulously.

"The bitch is desperate," Zabini said, and Harry could hear the shrug in his tone. "Her father gave all their money to the Dark Lord, and with him in Azkaban, they don't make enough to pay their bills. She might charge a lot, but it's totally worth it to see that stuck-up bitch on her knees."

"Shit. I'll have to owl home for some more gold. I didn't bring that much to school," Nott complained. "She take it up the ass?"

"Not unless you've got fifty Galleons," Zabini replied.

"Damn," Nott cursed.

“You have to hand it to her,” Zabini told him. “Greengrass might be desperate, but she knows what she’s worth.”

“Yeah, well, I’ll show that whore her place once I have the money,” Nott promised in a malicious tone.

Harry leaned against the wall with a thoughtful look as Nott and Zabini’s footsteps faded into the distance.

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Harry spent the rest of the night thinking about what he’d heard. His first instinct was to go to McGonagall, but after a bit more thought, he wasn’t so sure that was the best idea. McGonagall wasn’t as forgiving as Dumbledore had been, and while he’d considered that a good thing at first, he was now seeing the downside.

Without a doubt, McGonagall would expel Daphne Greengrass for selling herself at school, and Harry didn’t think that would be the right thing to do. Kicking her out would only mean she’d end up in Knockturn Alley doing the same thing, but for a much worse clientele.

What made the decision even harder was his opinion of Greengrass herself. While her father was undoubtedly a Death Eater, Daphne had never treated Muggleborns poorly. In fact, she had been ostracized by most of her housemates for befriending Tracey Davis, who was a Half-Blood. A large part of Harry felt bad for her, and it didn’t take long before his conscience made the decision for him. He was going to have to find a way to help Daphne Greengrass.

Harry didn’t think it was likely Daphne would talk to him about her situation, considering he was the Head Boy. Instead, he pulled Lavender aside the next day and asked her to try to find out how she ran her little business without getting caught. She didn’t know anything when he talked to her but promised to try and find out for him.

If that failed, he thought about talking to Astoria, Daphne's younger sister in Ravenclaw. Unlike her older sister, she was much more outgoing and friendly, and Harry thought it would be easier to convince her he really wanted to help. Of course, that was assuming she knew what her sister was doing at all.

In the end, it wasn't necessary. By the time lunch rolled around, Lavender had everything he needed. Daphne commandeered an abandoned classroom in the dungeons on the weekends after curfew. Apparently, this had been going on since near the start of the year, and most of the older male students had known about it for weeks. It made Harry wonder if he was just oblivious or if they'd done that good a job of keeping it from him.

In a stroke of luck, the coming weekend happened to be a Hogsmeade weekend, which gave Harry the chance to Apparate to Diagon Alley and get a large amount of gold out of his vault.

Later that night, Harry waited in the dungeons under his cloak. He wanted to catch Daphne before anyone else without her spotting him first. The last thing he wanted was to walk in when she was in the middle of something.

Just a few minutes after curfew, he spotted her walking down the hall towards him. Tall, with blonde hair, striking blue eyes, and a curvy, busty figure, Daphne Greengrass was easily one of the most attractive girls in the school. Harry could easily see why people were willing to pay so much to be with her. Unfortunately, her superior attitude and sharp tongue meant that while she was desirable, most of the wizards in the school weren't exactly fond of her. Knowing his classmates as well as he did, he imagined she'd had quite a few rough nights.

It really struck home just how desperate she must be for such a proud witch to willingly whore herself out.

Opening the door to the classroom, Harry only got a glimpse of the inside before she closed the door behind her. It was surprisingly well decorated, with a large bed, plush rug, and a dresser along one wall.

Feeling slightly nervous, he threw up a basic Aversion Ward on the hall to keep others away for the night and pulled off his cloak. Tucking it in his pocket, he took a deep breath before raising his hand and knocking on the door. There was a bit of rustling in the room before Daphne opened the door.

If she was surprised to see him, she hid it well. In the short time she had been there, she'd already slipped out of her uniform and into a black silk robe.

"Potter? Is it that late already?" Daphne asked. "I was just about to head back to the common room."

"We need to talk," Harry said.

Pursing her lips, he could see her mind racing when she realized she wouldn't be able to play this off. Pulling the door open wider, she stepped to the side to let him in. As a precaution, Harry kept his hand on his wand. If she was desperate enough to sell herself, she might just be desperate enough to wipe his memory, though he doubted it.

"Are you here to turn me in, or are you here to buy something?" Daphne asked.

Sitting on the bed, she crossed her legs and leaned back on her hands, thrusting her chest out and giving him a tantalizing view of her toned legs. Harry had to admit, she certainly knew how to tempt him.

"Neither," he said, causing her to narrow her eyes. "I'm just here to help."

"What do you mean, help?" she asked suspiciously.

"I can give you and your family the money you need to get by until you graduate and find a job," Harry told her.

Daphne sat up and folded her arms with a glare, all attempts at seduction gone.

“And what do you expect in return?” she asked, her tone cold and steely.

“I don’t want anything,” Harry assured her, surprised by the hostility. “I’m just trying to help.”

“So, what, you expect me to owe you some kind of favor down the line?” Daphne demanded.

“What? No! I-”

“I’m not taking your charity, Potter,” Daphne interrupted.

“What, you’d rather sell yourself to guys like Zabini and Nott?” Harry asked frustratedly.

“If it means keeping my family from owing any more debts, yes,” she answered.

“I don’t want anything in return,” Harry nearly yelled in frustration.

“Not now,” Daphne said. “But what about in ten, fifteen years when some new dark wizard shows up? You’re telling me you’re not going to come and ask me to get involved if I can help in any way? You’re not going to remind me about how you helped me out way back when if one of your friends gets in trouble?”

“I-”

“I’m not taking your money, Potter,” Daphne interrupted firmly before standing from the bed. “Look, either turn me in, leave, or buy something. There’s a menu on the dresser. I need to finish getting ready.”

Turning, she walked to the side of the room to a door he hadn't noticed before. Opening it, she walked into what had presumably been a teacher's office, now a bathroom, and closed the door behind her. Harry huffed and ran a hand through his hair.

More out of curiosity than anything else, he picked up the menu and looked it over. Daphne had a number of things listed, along with a price attached to each. Some of them looked quite tempting, and that's when Harry got an idea. Smiling to himself, he did a quick bit of mental math, finishing just before Daphne stepped out of the bathroom, light makeup accentuating her already beautiful face and her hair tied back in a ponytail.

"You're still here?" she asked, arching an eyebrow.

"You said I could buy something," Harry reminded her.

Daphne blinked at him, and Harry thought he might have actually surprised her for once.

"I didn't think you'd be the type," she admitted. "What do you want?"

"How much for the whole night?" Harry asked.

"Anything goes?" she asked in return.

"Sure," Harry shrugged, "why not?"

Daphne looked thoughtful for a moment before answering.

"One fifty," she said.

Smiling, Harry pulled his coin purse out of his robes and tapped it with his wand. One hundred and fifty gold Galleons leapt into the air and stacked themselves on the nightstand next to the bed. Daphne scooped up the coins and put them into her own coin purse before setting it on the nightstand, along with her wand. Turning to face him, she reached for the sash of her robe, but Harry grabbed her hand gently to stop her.

“Wait. Not yet,” he said.

Still holding her hand as she looked at him curiously, he led her over to a lone chair sitting against the wall directly across from the bed. Sitting down, he pulled Daphne forward so that she was straddling his lap on her knees. Cupping her cheeks with both his hands, Harry saw her eyes widen slightly as he leaned forward and pressed his lips to hers.

She froze completely for a long moment before finally, tentatively, kissing him back. With her so wooden and uncertain, it made him wonder if she’d ever been kissed before. Having heard the way his classmates talked about girls before, he wouldn’t be surprised. Gradually, Daphne relaxed and kissed him back more naturally, even responding instantly when he slipped his tongue into her mouth.

With his hands resting on her hips, Harry slid them down her leg to the hem of her robe. Slipping them underneath, he caressed all the way up her smooth thighs until his fingers brushed the edge of her panties. With their lips still locked and tongues dancing, he slid his hands back and cupped Daphne’s full, firm cheeks. His lips twitched up in a smile against hers when she inhaled sharply through her nose.

Pulling his hands out from under her silky robe, Harry pulled the sash loose and slipped his hands underneath. Sliding his hand up, he trailed the back of his thumbnail along the bottom of her thin, lacey bra. Pushing the robe off Daphne’s shoulders, it dropped to the floor. While moving his hands towards her back, he pulled his lips away from hers and kissed along her jaw before sucking at the pulse point of her neck.

Harry popped open the clasp of her bra and slowly pulled it down her arms, kissing along her shoulder. He could hear Daphne panting lightly as he tossed the bra on top of the robe and trailed his lips down to her chest, where he got his first look at her breasts. Large, perky, pale

orbs with pointed pink nipples, he cupped them in his hands and pressed them together slightly while kissing down the line of cleavage. Harry gave a small smile when he felt Daphne's hands tighten in his hair, trying to guide his lips towards her stiff nipple. After kissing all around it teasingly for a little while longer, he finally captured one between his lips and sucked while circling it with his tongue.

Daphne finally reacted, her lips pressed together tightly as she gave a short, muffled moan while her hands tightened, tugging at his hair. Giving her breasts a firm squeeze that made her inhale sharply, Harry slid his hands around her back and then down to her full bottom while burying his face between her warm globes to kiss and suck at the inside of her breasts. Gripping her ass firmly, he pulled her forward while grinding his straining bulge against her panty-covered mound. Daphne shivered lightly and took a shuddering breath.

Pulling his face from her soft cleavage, Harry gave her a quick kiss on the lips before standing up, lifting Daphne with him by the grip on her cheeks. She wrapped her arms and legs around him in surprise, causing his erection to grind against her mound and drawing a gasp from her lips. Smiling to himself, he kissed her neck while carrying her over to the bed. Setting her down on the mattress at the foot of the bed, Harry kissed her hard as he pushed her back to lay flat. He sucked on her bottom lips while pulling back and sliding his hands down to the waistband of her panties.

Daphne's breasts were so firm they barely flattened as she laid on her back and only wobbled slightly as she raised her hips. Yanking the panties down her legs, he grabbed her hips and pulled her to the edge of the mattress before dropping down to his knees. Starting at her knees, Harry slowly kissed his way up the inside of her thighs, the smell and taste of her arousal permeating every breath.

"Potter, what -" Daphne started asking before breaking off with a gasp as he kissed her hot, damp folds.

She stared down at him in uncertainty as he kissed around her slit. Harry was surprised to see her looking so out of her element, and it made him wonder just how badly his classmates had treated her that she was this nervous. Deciding that teasing her probably wasn't going to help, he ran his tongue between her lips and straight up to her clit. Eyes going wide, Daphne gasped and bucked her hips unconsciously while her fingers tangled in his hair.

As he gently licked at her hooded nub, she gradually relaxed into his ministrations. Her breathing picked up with each passing second, and when he sucked lightly, she gasped before throwing her head back with a moan. Harry smirked as she went wide-eyed at him and her own reaction. Daphne narrowed her eyes at him and opened her mouth, but whatever she was about to say was lost in another gasp when he attacked her throbbing clit once more. Rolling her hips uncontrollably, her panting grew heavier as he pushed her closer and closer towards a climax.

“Potter!” Daphne gasped suddenly as she tipped over the edge.

Stiffening, her legs clamped around his head tightly as her body trembled, and she tilted her head back in a silent scream. Harry sucked at her clit hard while lashing at it with his tongue as she began to writhe above him. After a long moment, Daphne let out a long moan until the sensation became too much for her, and she reached down to push his head away. Harry, however, was so enthralled with seeing the normally reserved witch lose herself in pleasure that he wasn't ready to stop just yet.

With a twitch of his fingers, the blanket sprang to life, wrapped around her wrists, and held them stretched open. Daphne let out a pitiful moan and struggled futilely to free herself. A moment later, Harry stood up, and she let out a loud gasp when he sank two fingers into her tight, dripping folds.

“Wait,” she panted.

Harry ignored her plea and went straight back to attacking her clit before she'd even had a chance to catch her breath after her first climax. With his fingers, he began caressing her hot, slick walls, searching for a patch of slightly rougher skin. He knew he'd found it when Daphne's eyes went wide, she let out a loud gasp, and her hips bucked hard. Smirking, Harry lashed at her clit with his tongue while rubbing her g-spot in gentle circles. That got the biggest reaction yet as she cried out and arched her back. He could see her abs twitch every time he applied a bit more pressure with his fingertips.

After just a minute, Daphne began writhing wildly. Harry reached up to tug at her stiff nipple while his other hand sped up, a loud, wet slap coming from her leaking slit. Starting at a low moan, she slowly built up to a loud, keening scream as he drove her to a thunderous climax. Face scrunched up in agonized pleasure, Daphne went completely rigid, her hips lifting off the bed as arousal poured from her convulsing folds. Harry pulled his mouth away from her clit and stood over her, watching her in fascination as he fingered her at a blistering speed, his movements sending drops of arousal raining down on them.

After a few more seconds, he pulled his soaked fingers out of her, and Daphne immediately collapsed to the bed in a limp, panting mess. Her large, perky breasts trembled enticingly as her body continued to shudder occasionally while Harry quickly stripped out of his clothes. When he pushed down his pants and boxers, his rigid length sprang up, the red, swollen head aimed menacingly at her leaking slit.

Despite his desire to slam straight into her depths, he gave her time to recover as he leaned over and kissed her on the lips. As she kissed him back tiredly, he waved his hand to release her wrists. Daphne immediately wrapped her arms around his neck, her fingers running through the hair at the back of his neck. Pulling back, Harry smiled at her while caressing one of her breasts.

“Don’t look so smug, Potter,” she said, rolling her eyes.

Lifting an eyebrow, Harry pulled his hips back and dragged his length along her clit before poising himself at her entrance. With a sharp intake of breath, Daphne sat up slightly and stared down at his cock. Just as she opened her mouth to speak, he pushed forward and sank into her tight, sweltering depths. Despite her current occupation, Daphne was still incredibly tight, her folds hugging his shaft as he forced them apart with his considerable girth.

“Fuck!” she cried, arching her back and closing her eyes.

Once he was completely buried in her depths, he paused for a moment to let her adjust before pulling nearly all the way out, then thrusting back in. Daphne bit her lip and muffled a groan as he pierced her folds again.

"I want to hear you," Harry said, staring down at her beautiful face while tweaking a nipple.

Daphne opened her eyes and looked up at him as he thrust into her again. This time, she moaned loudly, her nails running down his neck before digging into his shoulders. Harry hissed as her nails lightly scratched his skin, his pace increasing and hips snapping forward hard enough to make her breasts bounce on her chest.

Staring up at him with burning, bright blue eyes, Daphne grabbed the back of his head and, for the first time, initiated a kiss. Arms and legs wrapping around him tightly, she kissed him for a long moment before pulling back for air.

"Fuck me," she whispered.

Just hearing those words come from her lips made him throb in arousal. Slamming back into her roughly, Daphne arched her back with a loud gasp, then let out a long moan.

"Harry," she breathed.

Harry let out a groan as her folds tightened around him. A moment later, Daphne arched her back and cried out as she reached her peak. Desperate for his own climax, Harry pounded into her furiously until he tipped over the edge and erupted inside of her. He nearly collapsed on top of her from the strength of his orgasm, his arms almost giving out. After filling her depths with numerous jets of hot cum, he panted heavily while Daphne continued to twitch and moan under him.

Eventually, Harry rolled over and pulled her against his chest. She rested her head on him as they both recovered, though she looked much more spent than he did. A few minutes later, Daphne sat up.

"Where are you going?" Harry asked.

"It's getting late. I need to head back to my dorm," Daphne said.

"I thought I had you for the whole night," Harry responded teasingly.

Daphne turned back to him, and her eyes were immediately drawn to his rapidly hardening length.

"Seriously?" she asked, dragging her eyes back up to his smiling face. "Do you mind if I at least go grab a change of clothes for morning?"

Harry smirked, "If you just want to send Tracey back to the dorm, you can,"

His smile widened, as did her eyes, before they narrowed in curiosity.

"How the hell did you know I was here?" Tracey's voice came from the chair across from the bed.

A second later, her head and body appeared out of thin air as she pulled off an invisibility cloak.

"The seat was warm when I sat down," Harry said with a shrug, then turned to Daphne, who was looking at him with a raised eyebrow. "I figured you had someone looking out for you, so it was either Tracey or Astoria, and I thought Tracey made more sense."

"A Gryffindor with a brain? I didn't know it was possible," Daphne said in her usual cutting manner.

Harry just smiled at her. After seeing her writhing in pleasure underneath him, he didn't think he'd ever be able to look at her the same way he used to.

"And a really nice cock," Tracey added, her eyes locked on said appendage.

Daphne rolled her eyes, "You can go back to the dorm now. I can handle Potter."

"If you're sure," Tracey said, a smirk appearing on her lips as she stood. "Have fun."

"See you later, Tracey," Harry said pleasantly while Daphne glared at her friend's retreating figure as she closed the door.

"Well, what do you want next, Potter? I'd like to get some sleep tonight," Daphne said.

"Actually, I had another offer for you first," he told her.

Daphne narrowed her eyes, though her attempt at an intimidating look was ruined by the way her breasts jutted towards him as she leaned back on one arm.

"What kind of offer?" she began guardedly.

"How about three thousand Galleons for the rest of the year?" Harry asked.

Daphne looked at him thoughtfully, her eyes searching his face for several long seconds.

"Thirty-five hundred, and you can have me whenever you want outside of class or when I'm with someone else," she offered.

Harry frowned.

"Four thousand, and I get you exclusively," he replied.

“Why?” she asked suspiciously.

“I don’t like sharing,” he said with a shrug.

Daphne pursed her lips as she thought for a moment.

“That’s a lot of gold I’d be losing,” she pointed out.

“Five thousand then,” Harry offered, not caring about the money in the least with how much was in his vault.

“Five thousand?” she asked, raising an eyebrow. “You’re serious?”

Sitting up, Harry climbed off the bed and walked over to his clothes. Pulling a Gringotts draft and a quill out of his pocket, he set it on the dresser and filled it out before handing it to Daphne. Grabbing her wand off the nightstand, she tapped the draft, which caused it to glow blue, telling her it was valid. Her hands began to shake slightly as she stared down at the draft in her hand.

“One full year or just the school year?” Daphne asked, her eyes still on the parchment in her hand.

“A full year,” Harry answered.

“No fucking me in public or bragging about this to the rest of the school,” she asked more than said.

“Of course not,” Harry said.

Staring at the draft for a few more moments, she folded it in half and set it on the nightstand, along with her wand.

“Alright, deal,” Daphne agreed.

Harry smiled as she crawled back over to him. Surprisingly, she settled between his legs and, without hesitation, took his length in her mouth.

“Bloody hell,” Harry gasped. “I didn’t-”

His words caught in his throat as she sucked hard, pulling off his tip with a *pop*.

“I told you I wasn’t going to take your charity, Potter,” Daphne said, staring up at him while stroking his shaft. “We made a deal, and I’m going to fulfill my end, and you better do the same. I’m yours for a whole year, and I expect you to use me.”

Oh, I will, Harry thought as she swallowed half his length.

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Daphne moaned loudly as she bounced on Harry’s length in the master bedroom of the newly redecorated Grimmauld place. Reaching up, he groped her bouncing breasts, pinching and tugging at her nipples the way he knew she liked. He was hoping to push her to one more climax, but after three earlier in the night, it didn’t look like she would get there before he did.

As he began to swell inside of her, his climax nearing, Daphne suddenly jumped off his cock and buried his entire length in her throat. Even though she’d been able to do that for months now, the sensation still sent him crashing over the edge. His first spurt rocketed straight down her grasping throat before she pulled back, suckling on the head as she swallowed the rest of his orgasm.

Bloody hell," Harry panted as he collapsed on the bed.

Smirking, Daphne licked her lips before crawling over him and laying down, cuddled against his side.

"You know, our deal ends tomorrow," Daphne said.

"I know," Harry replied with a sad sigh. "I don't suppose I could talk you into staying, could I?"

"I don't know," Daphne said thoughtfully. "I make a good salary from my job at the Ministry."

Harry smiled, having hoped for this opening.

"What are you doing?" Daphne asked as he sat up, unsettling her as he reached over to the nightstand drawer.

"I think I have something that might tempt you into staying," he said, opening a hidden compartment at the bottom.

"Like what?" she asked, sitting up to see better.

"How about this?" Harry asked, opening the small velvet box to reveal a gold ring with a very large diamond surrounded by smaller emeralds.

"Harry?" she asked breathlessly, her eyes widening.

Harry smiled at the vulnerability she was willing to show him now.

"I love you, Daphne. Will you marry me?" he asked softly.

Daphne's bright, shimmering eyes left the ring and locked with his as she stared at him. She was silent for so long that he was starting to worry she might say no. Suddenly, her face split into a beaming smile, and she pulled him down into a fierce kiss.

"I love you, too," she murmured against his lips before kissing him again.

Harry smiled brightly against her lips, the tension in his chest relaxing as he kissed her back.

"Is that a, yes?" he asked, pulling back to look down at her, the smile never leaving his face.

Daphne rolled her eyes even as she continued to smile as well.

"Of course, that's a yes," she told him.

Taking her left hand in his, Harry pulled out the ring and slipped it onto her finger. Smiling happily at each other, they both leaned in for another long kiss.

"You know, this means your family can pay back all those debts your dad owed," he told her.

Daphne narrowed her eyes at him for bringing up the old argument.

"And it means I can talk to Kingsley about getting you that job in the Department of Mysteries you wanted," he added.

"Harry," she growled warningly.

“Of course,” Harry continued with a grin as if she hadn’t spoken, “I suppose you could pay me back for that if you really wanted to. We *are* going to be together for the rest of our lives. And technically, everything in my vault will be yours too soon enough.”

Daphne’s glare slowly shifted to a knowing smirk as she realized what he was getting at.

“I suppose we could come to an agreement,” she said with a smile.

Harry grinned as she pushed him onto his back and straddled his waist. Grabbing his already hardening length, she sank onto him with a moan and leaned down to kiss him.

“Fuck me, love,” she whispered.

Rolling her over so he was on top, Harry smiled down at her as he did just that.