

Good Little Servant

Daphne Greengrass was what every pureblooded girl strived to be, at least according to her. She was widely considered to be the most beautiful girl in Hogwarts. There wasn't a day that went by that she wasn't hit on by some boy. Even the mudblood riff-raff of this school were so enamored with her that they dared to come up and ask her for a date. Of course, she sent them off with a good tongue lashing ... and not the kind that they were hoping for. Even the purebloods of this school weren't up to her standards. She wouldn't give herself to anyone but the very best. That was what made her situation so irritating.

Harry Potter She wanted to curse every time that she heard his name. Her family wealth had taken a bit of a hit in recent months, she confessed to herself. In reality, it had taken a massive hit due to her father's stupidity when it came to investments. He was really good at making money, just not investing his existing capital. To get the family fortune back on track, he came up with a plan to sell illegal potions, artifacts, and drugs to the student population. Of course, she was the only one capable of handling things on the inside. It didn't matter that if caught, facing expulsion and having her wand snapped was the least of her worries. As a daughter of a staunchly pureblooded house, she couldn't exactly tell him no.

For a while, everything was going wonderfully for her. She was earning a small fortune every week and dutifully sending it back home once a new shipment of supplies came in. Not only that, but all of her customers treated her like the second coming of Morgana. She was earning gold and respect in droves. Everything was perfect. That was until Harry Potter discovered her activities.

She didn't know how the bastard had found out. She hid her tracks just like her father had taught her, she made her customers sign contracts before doing business, and she looked over both shoulders when meeting her customers. What she didn't know was that Harry had a certain map that he could use to spy on anyone in the castle.

How he found out was the least of her worries. When the smarmy bastard threatened to snitch her out, she knew that she had to nip it in the bud. She offered him some of her product or money, but he refused. Instead, the bastard wanted her to be his personal servant three times a week from sundown to sun up for as long as she continued with her "business". She immediately wrote to her father thinking that he would handle the situation. Instead, she received a letter telling her in no uncertain terms that she was to agree to his demands and keep earning gold for the family. Being a woman in a pureblood family was hard, but she thought that this was ridiculous.

After agreeing, she had been forced into one degrading act after another. It was completely humiliating to her. Still ... What could she do? Not much if she was being honest, except threatening to cut off his manhood one day in the not-so-distant future, which she had already done repeatedly.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she nodded. Even if she had to put up with such nonsense, she was still going to look her best, as her upbringing demanded. She put on her school robe to hide the degrading outfit that she was forced to wear. Getting up, she made her way out of the dungeons and to the secret room that Potter controlled. Taking a deep breath, she placed her hand on the door and felt herself be recognized by the secrecy wards. Opening the door, she walked in.

She eyed the bastard relaxing on the large, fluffy bed against the back wall of the room. When he smiled, she wanted to poke his eyes out.

“Daphne, love, get us a drink then join me, will you?” he said, eyeing her up. She huffed and walked to the bar. She didn’t know how he had the room so well furnished. It would look right in place in a luxurious, pureblood manor. She walked over to the bar to pour them some drinks.

“Get comfortable first,” she heard his voice from behind. She ground her teeth together before undoing her school robe. Letting fall to the floor, she stepped out of it.

Harry gazed at her body and smiled. Daphne was wearing a bra and panty set in scarlet with matching thigh-high socks and high heels. Just looking at her made his cock hard. Her bra was nearly completely see-through. He could easily see her little nipples showing behind the sheer fabric. Her panties were no better. Nothing more than a string with a tiny triangle, he would have been able to easily see her bush if she had had one. The string in the back wedge securely between her shapely cheeks. The parts of her thighs that weren’t hidden underneath her socks looked incredibly smooth and kissable. His boxers were tented something fierce as he watched her prepare their drinks. As she walked toward the bed carrying a drink in each hand, her hips swayed from side to side and her medium-sized breasts slightly bounced. She walked to his side of the bed and leaned over, handing him a drink. He didn’t even bother hiding the fact that he was staring at her cleavage as she bent over. She wanted to slap him. He took his drink and placed it on the side table before taking hers and placing it next to his.

Daphne squealed in surprise when he grabbed her around the waist and pulled her onto the bed, right into his lap. She smacked his shoulder in anger as he chuckled. Breathing heavily, she sat there for a moment trying to calm down while his hand was casually stroking the exposed skin of her thigh. Looking down, she saw what his hand was doing.

“Enjoying yourself, Potter?” she asked with a bit of heat.

“You know I am,” he smirked and let his fingers “accidentally” rub against her panty-covered slit.

Smacking his hand away, she rolled over and laid by his side. Harry laughed and handed her her drink. Daphne took it without thanking him. Drinking it down, she enjoyed the familiar burn. At least all of this was easier to handle with a little alcohol in her system. Harry slapped his thigh.

"Hop up here and tell me about your day," he told her. Doing what she was told, she straddled his thigh and began regaling him with today's news. As she was talking, his hands gripped her hips and started moving her body. Slowly, she rocked back and forth, grinding herself against his leg. Before long, she was rolling her own hips without even realizing it. His hands were busy stroking and caressing her smooth thighs.

"... and then Parkinson told Millie that she was ten times better looking than I am. Can you believe her?" Daphne vented as her breath hitched. She could already feel her belly coiling in pleasure. Unable to stop herself, she pressed down harder against his leg and rolled her hips in a slow circle, moaning the whole time. She was unprepared for when he lifted her up and sat her between his legs. Pulling her until her back was pressed against his chest, his hands pried her legs apart, and his hand landed on her wet panties.

"She's definitely not better looking than you, love," Harry whispered in her ear, making the sexy Slytherin shiver. As his hand began rubbing her damp panties, she gasped and placed her hand over his. She was about to push his hand away when his finger brushed over her swollen clit. Shuddering violently, she tilted her head back and rested it on his shoulder.

"Moan all you want, Daphne. It's just you and me tonight," Harry told her before his lips connected with the side of her neck.

Daphne's eyes were wide as his hand stimulated her pussy. Her panties were so wet that they clung to her taut and plump lips. Her body was trembling wildly as Harry rubbed circles over her hard clit and moved his fingers up and down her slit.

"If you leave a mark, I'll stab you in your sleep, Potter!" she gasped out before closing her eyes. Her hips had a mind of their own and slowly moved with the rhythm of his hand. Her body was just beginning to spasm when his hand dipped into her panties and touched her sloppy wet cunt. His free hand slid up her belly and crept underneath her sheer bra. His lips were attached to her pulse point, and his fingers pinched her hard clit. Daphne cried out as his finger slipped between her tight lips. Immediately her pussy tightened around his fingers and tried desperately to milk them. Her body was jerking this way and that, but he kept her in place by squeezing her breast. When she finally began coming down from her orgasm, Harry pushed the bra strap from her shoulder and kissed it. Daphne quivered at the sensation. As she was placed on her back, her body was still jerking and jumping from random spikes of pleasure. Potter looked her in the eye, and she saw pure lust in them. Blushing, she turned her head in embarrassment.

This was only her fourth time with him, and she hadn't figured out a way to keep her body from reacting to him. Every time she spent the night with him, she began acting more and more like a common whore. She allowed him to do things that she wouldn't have let her future husband do. It just wasn't proper! Sure, she complained and cursed his name, but she was unable to make herself say no. She had a feeling that if she actually wanted him to stop, he would. Somehow, her mouth wouldn't listen to her mind. Perhaps the pleasure was simply too good to pass up. Her mind was pulled back to the situation at hand when he gently slipped the bra from her body.

With her beautiful tits exposed, his hands moved up her body and over her breasts, rubbing against her hard nipples. Her head was still tilted back, and her moans were muffled when his lips connected with hers. Deeply he kissed her, sucking on her warm, little tongue. She was just getting into it when he broke the kiss.

He moved down to her feet and held one in his hand. He looked at her and she blushed as he slowly pulled the heel from her foot. He did the same for the next one. Next, he reached down and grabbed the top of her thigh-high sock. He gently worked it down her smooth and sensuous leg. When he pulled it off of her bare foot, he kissed her soft and delicate sole. Daphne flopped back on the bed and moaned louder than any Knockturn Alley whore. As he kissed and nipped at her cute and dainty foot, she brought her other foot up to his groin and began massaging his hard shaft through his boxers. Moving to her other leg, her sock met the same fate. Daphne tossed aside her pureblood upbringing and used her bare foot to pull down his boxers and free his massive cock while he peppered her other foot with kisses. Gasping and moaning, she used her little toes to pin his cock against his belly and work it up and down. Her panties had a huge wet stain that continued to grow.

As he reached down and pulled the panties down her legs, the strong scent of her arousal hit his nose and turned him on even further. His fingers began rubbing her pussy, and she was still sensitive, so she turned over on her side and squeaked. Harry stared at her plump, hairless lips that were pressed so tightly together between her gorgeous thighs. He could see the wetness glinting off of them. Settling next to her, he pressed his cock against her slit and slid into her.

Daphne felt the familiar sensation of his big cock stretching her tiny, little pussy open. Her legs were tightly together, and she turned her head to look at him. He was biting his lip in concentration as he began thrusting. Because her legs were closed, her pussy had become even tighter than he was used to. Letting out a moan, he ran his hand up her stomach and over her perky breasts. He loved the feeling of her rock-hard nipples brushing against the skin of his palm as he caressed her chest. When he thrust deeply into her and hit her g-spot, Daphne cried out, "OH FUCK!" in a high-pitched voice.

Her pussy tightened considerably, and she lifted a leg up and placed it over his shoulder. She looked at him with her hair messed up and her cheeks flushed. He thought that she had never looked sexier. Her eyes were fluttering and her chest was rapidly rising and falling with every powerful thrust of his cock. The wet sounds that her pussy was making were incredibly perverse, but she didn't seem to mind. She arched her back and proudly showed off her perfect tits just as she clamped down on him hard.

"Potter!" she moaned as her pussy squeezed his cock. He reached down and began massaging her clit as he groaned and started filling her moist tunnel with his thick and sticky cum. Her body started spasming again, and she reached down to move his hand out of the way. Her clit was too sensitive to touch. Once both were sated, they sat there breathing heavily. Daphne slowly moved her leg off of his shoulder and covered her naked pussy with her hand, embarrassed now that their passion had waned off. Harry flopped down next to her and pulled her onto him.

With her body draped over him, he cupped her naked ass with both palms and kissed her deeply. Daphne had her eyes closed as she passionately kissed him back. Suddenly squealing when his fingers began toying with her cum-stained pussy, she squirmed out of his grip and said, "Not tonight! It's too sensitive!"

"Fine," he replied, listening to her plea. He pulled her back to him and held her close as he waved his wand and turned off the light. Turning around, she threw her leg over his waist and rested her head on his chest.

'If I'm going to be forced into this indignity, then I'm going to at least enjoy it whenever possible,' she thought to herself as her hand gently caressed his stomach and chest.