

The Lovely Miss Greengrass

Part 1

Sitting through Ancient Runes wasn't the most pleasant experience for the lovely Miss Greengrass. The dull lecture from her professor didn't exactly keep her alert and motivated, nor did it pique her interest. She was just taking the subject because her father threatened to lower her allowance if she refused. A lower allowance was not something that she could afford.

Her lovely violet eyes twitched momentarily. She took a deep breath and tried to calm herself. Suddenly, she tightly gripped the edge of her desk as she let out a gasp. Her face grew hot, and she bit her lower lip. Daphne was very glad that she had chosen to sit in the back of the class at the beginning of the year. She was even more glad that very few students actually took the boring class. Up front, she could see Granger scribbling away while taking notes. Daphne felt a tingle move up and down her spine, causing her to squirm in her seat. It took every ounce of willpower not to squeal like a stuck pig. She closed her eyes tightly as her body trembled. After a few more seconds, she exhaled the breath that she had been holding. With the back of her palm, she wiped away the few beads of sweat that had been forming on her forehead.

One boy up front turned his head to look at her. Giving him a glare, he quickly turned back around. At normal times, Daphne considered herself quite fetching in the looks department. She was of average height for a girl and had pretty eyes, a small, cute nose, and a big smile that could light up a room ... Not that many ever got to see her smile. Her body was slim with C-cup breasts and hips that flared enough to give her an hourglass figure. Needless to say, she drew a lot of attention from the opposite sex. Under normal circumstances, this didn't bother her, but right then, she wasn't having any of it. Her hair was messy, her face was red and sweaty, and she couldn't concentrate on anything. Suddenly, her back arched and she let out a little squeak. Thankfully, the professor's monotonous voice drowned out her high-pitched squeal. Daphne rubbed her thighs together, desperate to make the feeling go away.

"That will be all. There is no homework today. Enjoy your weekend!" the teacher called out. Daphne silently thanked whichever god it was that was looking out for her. As the students began packing up, none were faster than the sexy Slytherin who was desperate for the day to end. With no more classes until Monday, Daphne breathed a sigh of relief. She was out the door before anyone else was even half finished. Among the first in the corridor, she beelined it for the Grand Staircase, not wanting to wait behind the line that usually formed after classes. She quickly made her way down to the second floor. She pushed her way past the few students trying to get out of the corridor and went to the furthest corner away from the staircase. Halfway down, she cried out and was forced to lean against the wall. She hunched over and shuddered until it stopped. "Bastard," she said in a shaky voice. Standing back up, she continued on her journey.

When she finally reached the farthest corner room, she looked around and opened the door. The room was different from the last time she had seen it. Before, it was a simple professor's

office that clearly hadn't been used in a very long time. It was dusty and musty, and the air was stale. Now it was clean with a large bed, comfortable-looking chairs, and a desk. Going inside, she waited. She waited and waited and waited. When the door finally opened, she hopped out of the chair that she had been sitting in and stood there with her hands on her hips, looking none too pleased. In came the bastard himself ... Harry Potter. He was already smiling like a kid that had been left alone in a sweet shop. Daphne really wanted to smack him in the face.

"Well, well, well ... If it isn't the lovely Miss Greengrass. I bet you couldn't wait to see me again," he smugly said. Daphne sent a sneer his way.

"In your dreams, Scarhead!" she derided him. "I'm only living up to the contract I agreed to. Although I tend to have second thoughts anytime I'm in your foul presence. Now hurry up and ... EEP!" Daphne cried out, grabbing her crotch and folding over. Harry smirked as he pressed his finger against an enchanted, fake galleon. He watched Daphne's face flush with wanton need and her eyes flutter. Removing his finger, Daphne straightened up, breathing heavily.

"F-Fuck you, Potter!" she gasped through her rough breaths.

"If you were more fiscally responsible, you wouldn't be in such a predicament. If you prefer, we can end our deal, and you can go to your father and explain how you came to be nine thousand galleons in debt," Harry calmly told her. "What did you spend all that money on anyway?"

Daphne looked away. There was no way she could tell her father about her increasing debt, and there was no way she could pay it off herself. She only got a hundred galleons a month as an allowance. She could always go to another wealthy patron, like Draco Malfoy, but she shuddered at the thought. No ... Potter was by far the best option.

"None of your business!" she snapped at his question. She couldn't help it if she was a shopping addict. 'It's all mother's fault,' she thought sourly. It was indeed her mother that took her on long shopping trips where shopkeepers tended to their every need. She loved the feeling of being catered to. She loved the compliments she received, no matter how false they actually were. Daphne loved the rush as she laid down loads of coins on a shiny new purchase. The thrill sent shivers down her spine. Even thinking about it gave her chills. When she received a luxury mail-order catalog from Paris, she absolutely drooled while looking at all the clothes, jewelry, and handbags. When they found out that she came from a wealthy, pureblood family, they instantly gave her practically unlimited credit. She quickly took advantage. However, when the bill finally came, that wonderful rush she normally felt quickly turned to dread. Daphne obviously couldn't go to her father for help, and asking a Slytherin was absolutely out of the question. Any half-decent Slytherin would immediately use it as blackmail. Desperate and with no one to turn to, she contacted the only other wealthy person that she could think of. That was how she got mixed up with the Gryffindor golden boy. He agreed that he would pay her hefty monthly bill as long as she was willing to engage in a bit of "fun time" as he called it. She was beginning to regret her decision as she looked at his dopey, smiling face.

"Fair enough. Get over here and let me remove it ... unless you want to keep it in," he said cheekily. Daphne huffed and walked over to him.

"No, thank you. Just get it out," she spat. Harry shrugged and removed her school robe, hanging it up so that it wouldn't wrinkle. Daphne ground her teeth as Harry spun her around and pushed her against the wall. Forcing her legs apart, Daphne was treated as though she were a criminal being frisked by a horny Auror. Harry grabbed her hips and pulled her further from the wall, then pushed her upper half forward so that she was slightly bent over with her palms against the wall. She then heard him kneel down. Daphne closed her eyes as her skirt was bunched up over her jutting ass.

Harry was having the time of his life as he pulled Daphne's panties down. Being so close, he was hit in the face with the intense scent of her arousal. He could see her entire pussy glistening with her juices. With his fingers, he lightly stroked her hard clit making Daphne jump. "Just take it out, you pervert!" he heard her growl. Harry chuckled and reached for her slit. With two fingers, he pulled an enchanted Golden Snitch from her quivering cunt. He had the snitch enchanted to squirm and vibrate rapidly whenever he touched the fake galleon. As soon as he pulled it out, pussy juice began to liberally leak from her cunt, dripping down the insides of her incredibly smooth thighs.

"Merlin!" Harry whistled in appreciation. He palmed her wet cunt and began toying with her naked slit.

"That snitch is the only way you'll ever get a girl wet!" Daphne belittled him.

"Fuck off, you horny cow," Harry smiled behind her. He very much enjoyed Daphne's acid tongue. Letting go of the snitch, it hovered in front of his face for a moment before zipping off and moving to her front. It then firmly nuzzled against her throbbing clit before Harry activated the nonstop mode. Daphne cried out and tried to press her knees together. Harry opened her legs back up and stuck his head between them. He licked the wetness from her thighs, before moving his mouth up to her pussy. Slurping on her taut lips, Harry then wiggled his tongue back and forth between her two flaps. Daphne was squirming uncontrollably from the intense pleasure shooting up and down her spine. Once he had cleaned her pussy of its juices, Harry wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and slapped her shapely ass hard. Daphne squealed and grabbed her reddening cheeks as she turned to look at him with a deadly glare. "On the bed ... now," he ordered. Daphne huffed and tried to pull up her panties, but Harry was having none of it. He grabbed them with both hands and tore them in half. As the strings snapped, he pulled them off of her body and tossed them away. He then pulled down her skirt which pooled at her feet. Daphne had no choice but to step out of them, leaving her bottom half completely nude.

She blushed as she turned around. Instinctively, she was about to cover her smooth mound but stopped herself from doing so. She would likely only end up with another hard slap on the ass. Instead, she tried to act confident as she walked over to the bed. She began to crawl on it with her hands and knees, but Potter stopped her. She looked back as he started undoing her shoes

and pulled them both off. Next, he slipped her thin socks off leaving her feet bare. He brushed her soft soles with the tips of his fingers, making Daphne gasp as her body jerked. She saw his eyes lift up and focus on what was between her tightly pressed-together thighs. She knew that her pussy must have been a sight with her smooth lips shiny with wetness and plumped from arousal. His hands moved from the bottoms of her feet, up the backs of her calves, and up the backs of her thighs. When his hands landed on her bottom, he used his thumbs to open her cheeks, giving him a peek at her tiny, puckered hole. She couldn't help but clench her cheeks together, making her asshole pucker while under his gaze. He let her cheeks go and slid his hands over her hips and onto her slim waist. Daphne felt him press his nose into the back of her head as he pulled her up to her knees. He smelled her hair as his hands moved up her belly and underneath the front of her shirt.

"You smell incredible," she heard him say. His words made her pussy tingle. She couldn't logically describe how Potter made her feel. On one hand, she hated his guts. On the other hand, he could make her body feel things that she had never felt before, and once they started up in bed, Daphne actually looked forward to going all the way. Harry moved her hair out of the way to give himself access to her soft and slender neck. His fingers then began unbuttoning her blouse while his lips found the side of her neck. Daphne couldn't stop her body from trembling under his touch. The front of her blouse opened up, and his hands quickly encased her bra-covered breasts. As they squeezed and kneaded her chest, Daphne arched her back, pressing them harder into his palms. Suddenly, one of his hands slid back down her belly and between her legs. She felt his fingers slip between her wet lips and enter her. Almost instantly, her insides clamped down on his digits as her body was overcome with a series of mini orgasms. Squeaking and chirping with pleasure, she didn't notice his hand slide underneath the cups of her bra until his fingers were playing with her hard, crinkled nipples. Daphne couldn't take it anymore. Pushing his hand from between her legs, she spun around and pushed him onto the bed. Hovering above him, she pulled her shirt off and tossed it away. Reaching behind her back, she unclipped her bra and tossed that aside as well. Throwing a leg over his waist and straddling him, she leaned down and kissed him deeply, moaning into his mouth as his warm hands gently caressed her bare back.

Overcome with lust, Daphne rolled her hips back and forth, dry-humping him for all he was worth. Desperately wanting skin-to-skin contact, she got off of him and tore at his trousers. When she finally got them off, she saw the massive tube of meat sticking straight up from his groin. In her opinion, his cock was perfect, and was able to hit every pleasurable spot that her body possessed. Daphne couldn't take her eyes off it. Her fingers brushed over his skin, and she marveled at how he could be so soft and so hard at the same time. Wrapping her hand around his shaft despite the fact that her fingertips wouldn't touch, she used her thumb to smear the drop of pre-cum all over the tip of his magnificent cock. It seemed that she had awoken a beast, because he suddenly flipped her over, earning a loud squeal from her. He threw his shirt off and looked down at her with pure lust in his eyes. Daphne lay there with her legs spread wide and her pussy on full display as she offered herself to him. Daphne shuddered deeply as the lustful beast drew in closer with only one thought on his mind. Thankfully, no one was around to hear the loud cry of pleasure echo throughout the lonely corridor.