

Community Service

Part 1

“Well, well, well ... Look what we have here!”

The sing-song voice made Daphne Greengrass and Pansy Parkinson jump. They quickly spun around and saw the last person they hoped to meet ... the Headboy, Harry Potter. Daphne’s stomach sank while Pansy winced.

After Harry had defeated the Dark Lord, their families weren’t doing so well. As such, their parents forced them to smuggle illegal drugs into the school for them to sell. The money that they made helped keep their parents out of prison. While Daphne’s parents and Pansy’s mother weren’t Death Eaters, Pansy’s father was. He had quickly been ushered into Azkaban for the rest of his life, and since the two families’ finances were so deeply tied, both suffered from his arrest. Everyone was now looking at the rest of them, suspecting them of secretly financing the Dark Lord, which may have been true. It was well known that the Dark Lord expected donations to the cause, whether you were a follower or not. Now the other side was demanding donations. There would be major trouble if they declined. The only way to get that money was through illegal activity. They had just met Daphne’s father at the gate of the school where he simply tossed their packages over the metal bars. Since the objects were small and non-magical, the wards didn’t repel them. Unfortunately, they were nabbed before they could get to the safety of the Slytherin Common Room.

Pansy dropped the bag and tried to kick it away without him noticing.

“Subtle, Parkinson,” Harry guffawed at her lousy attempt.

“What are you doing here, Potter?” Daphne glared at him. He just smiled back.

“Remember, I’m not only Headboy this year, but I’ve also been deputized by the Head of the DMLE herself. We just so happened to have gotten a hot tip about two criminals who were smuggling dope into school. No doubt they were trying to save their own skin,” he smirked. The girls looked at each other sourly.

“Millie!” they spat together. “That bitch ratted on us!” Pansy snarled. Potter summoned the bag at Pansy’s feet.

“This much is a guarantee of one year in Azkaban at least,” he said, weighing the bag in his hand. “Of course, that is assuming that this is all of it.” The girls looked at each other, clearly scared. “Uh-huh. That’s what I thought. Robes off and against the wall,” he commanded.

Reluctantly, they removed their robes and placed their hands against the wall. Harry forced their feet wider apart. Daphne was breathing heavily as she peeked to the side. Potter smirked at her

as his hands slid down the front of Pansy's body. She noticed that he groped her covered tits as he did. She was smart enough to keep her mouth shut. His hands moved down Pansy's body, then up her skirt. Pansy squeaked when his hands felt around down there. Daphne's heart was hammering in her chest.

If only she hadn't spent the last six years calling him "Scarhead" and other foul names, maybe he would have let them go with only a warning. "She's clean," Daphne heard him say. Now it was her turn.

She watched out of the corner of her eye as he knelt down. Just then, she felt his hands caress the incredibly smooth skin of her legs. Potter was having a grand time feeling her up. She clenched her teeth tightly in annoyance. His hands moved up and over her chest. Like Pansy, her breasts were groped as if he didn't have a care in the world, which he probably didn't. His problems were gone. Hers was just getting started. As his hand slipped underneath her skirt, she closed her eyes and dreaded what he would find. His fingers dipped down into the front of her panties and wrapped around it.

"AHA!" he declared, pulling out the second sack that she had been hiding down there. He whistled appreciatively. "This one's twice as big as the other. You two are going away for a long time!" he said happily. Harry had been having a lot of fun getting rid of the people who had wronged him. Watching Draco cry as he was hauled off to Azkaban was definitely a top ten memory if he was being honest. Not Patronus worthy, but still good. "Hands behind your backs!" he ordered with authority.

"Wait, Potter!" Pansy suddenly said, turning around in panic. "Maybe we can make a deal!"

"Oh?" he stopped short, raising an eyebrow. "What kind of a deal?"

Daphne saw Pansy's face turn pink as she stepped up to him. She placed her small hands on his belly and moved them up over his pecs. Her hands slipped over his shoulders and around the back of his neck as she pressed her body to him. She leaned in and kissed his jaw softly. "The fun kind," she told him simply, taking him by the hand and leading him over to an unused classroom. She opened the door and brought him over to a teacher's desk. Daphne followed close behind. She obviously knew where this was going, and if it kept her from going to prison, she was all for it. As Harry leaned back against the desk, Pansy waved her wand and conjured a padded mat on the floor in front of him. Dropping to her knees, she unbuttoned his trousers and pulled his pants down. Dropping down next to her, Daphne gasped when a monstrously huge cock sprang out and slapped Pansy on the face. "EEP!" she cried out in surprise. She moved her head back, causing his cock to bounce up and down until it came to rest, sticking straight out. They turned their heads and looked at each other. Neither had ever taken a cock this big.

Having the most experience, Pansy jumped headfirst into it. Not even bothering to grab it, she leaned in and kissed the point where the base and body met. Following Pansy, Daphne did the same.

Harry moaned as he looked down. Both Slytherin sluts were down on their knees, sharing his cock. Their kisses turned to licks, and soon, their mouths were sliding back and forth across the full length of his manhood. He threaded his fingers through Daphne's long, black hair and Pansy's short, black bob. He suddenly pulled his cock from between them and pushed their heads together. He watched as their lips met. Going along with it, their tongues joined in as they fiercely made out below him. Daphne moaned as Pansy's tongue tickled hers while Harry played with the hairs on the back of her neck. She was so into it that she didn't notice Harry pull away until he took them by their hands and pulled them to their feet. Once standing up, they saw that Harry had Transfigured the desk into a moderately-sized bed. His hands were suddenly on their bodies, helping them strip down. Catching each other's eyes, they gave a quick nod, indicating that they would go along with his plans.

Pansy helped him by unbuttoning Daphne's white blouse while Harry dropped down to a knee. Daphne trembled as he reached around her body and unbuttoned her knee-length plaid skirt. Once loosened, he moved it off of her hips and down her legs. She blushed deeply now that he was face to face with her panty-covered crotch. "Such cute, little panties," he teased. Daphne's face flushed as his hands caressed the backs of her thighs. She let out a soft whimper when he leaned in and kissed the front of her panties. Meanwhile, Pansy removed her shirt and reached behind her, unclasping her bra. As her bra came off, and Potter pulled her panties down, all she had to protect her modesty was a pair of socks and shoes. Those didn't stay on long either. She was laid down, and her two lovers each grabbed a foot. Her shoes quickly came off, but they were slower and more teasing with her socks. Slowly they peeled her white knee socks down her gorgeous legs and off her small, dainty feet. Daphne actually squealed when Pansy kissed the bottom of her foot. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly with her heavy breathing, drawing Harry's eyes to her perfect tits. While Pansy worshiped her feet, Harry moved behind her fellow Slytherin.

Pansy wasn't surprised to feel Scarhead reaching around her to begin unbuttoning her matching shirt. One by one the buttons popped open until the front of her blouse was opened up, revealing her lacy, white bra. She let go of Daphne's foot momentarily so that Harry could remove her shirt. After that was gone, her bra was the next to go. He unclipped it, and Pansy let it slide off of her slim shoulders and down her arms. Potter wasted no time in cupping her lovely breasts while Pansy bent over and started kissing Daphne's creamy, pale thighs. As much as she hated his guts, Pansy had to admit that his hands felt really good against the sensitive skin of her breasts. He wasn't too harsh with their treatment, nor did he treat them as if they were made of glass. He was just domineering enough to show that he was in charge. When he flicked his thumbs over her nipples rapidly and repeatedly, she actually let out a moan of pleasure. Her nipples crinkled and hardened under his flicking thumbs until they were hard enough to cut glass. Her eyes fluttered, and she bit her lip when Potter leaned down and kissed the back of her neck. Most boys that she had been with only wanted to stick it in and pump for a few

minutes until they came. They gave no thought about her pleasure. At least Potter knew better than those other idiots. He knew that a Pureblood Princess like her deserved to have her body worshiped. When his lips left the back of her neck and traveled down the length of her spine, her body broke out into goosebumps.

"It looks like someone likes it," the bastard teased her.

"In your dreams, Potter," she choked out through her moan. Harry just laughed softly at her denial while he undid the button of her plaid skirt. As with Daphne's, he slid her skirt down her smooth thighs and off her feet. She squeaked when she felt him mash his face into her panty-clad ass. Looking over her shoulder, she saw that he was holding her hips and violently motorboating her ass. Blushing fiercely, she turned her attention back to Daphne's thighs. Her soft lips peppered the smooth skin underneath her. She followed the thigh upward until she was rewarded with the overwhelming scent of wet pussy. Before her was Daphne's slit, perfect in every way. Little more than two plump, bald lips pressed tightly together, Pansy could see that her pretty, pink inner lips were barely poking through. The entire thing was soaked in pussy juice and was glistening with her arousal. The scent was amazing. Pureblood girls like them weren't shy when it came to taking pleasure from other girls. They knew that in their cut-throat world, they needed every advantage that they could get. Potential threesomes were just one advantage that they had in their back pockets. 'Just like now,' she thought to herself as they attempted to get out of a lengthy prison sentence. Just then, she felt her panties being lowered.

Harry peeled her panties down over her ass and watched as the wet crotch stuck to her tight pussy. He continued to lower them until the crotch snapped free, and he pushed them halfway down her thighs. Her scent was amazing and made his cock throb. Placing his hands on her ass, he spread her cheeks open and saw her asshole puckering for him. Letting go of her cheeks, he pulled her underwear completely off of her before doing the same with her shoes. He watched Daphne scoot back while Pansy laid flat on her belly and lowered her head. Daphne let out a moan when Pansy's talented tongue began lapping at her wet folds. He took the opportunity to slide Pansy's knee socks down her legs and off her feet. Harry stood at the edge of the bed, taking his own clothes off. Once equally naked, Pansy caught his bobbing cock between the arches of her cute, little feet. She looked back at him and smirked when he moaned. Moving her legs, she began giving him a footjob that he'd never forget.

The slurping of Daphne's wet pussy, the smell of their arousal, and the pleasure from Pansy's feet were enough to make a normal man bust in his trousers, but Harry wasn't a normal man. He was the Man-Who-Conquered, and now he would conquer these two lawbreakers. Pulling his cock from between her feet, he manhandled Pansy until her ass was sticking up in the air like a bitch in heat. He rubbed the tip of his massive cock up and down the length of her wet slit, making her tremble in need.

"Are you girls ready to serve the community as punishment for your dastardly deeds?" he asked, tickling Pansy's asshole with the tip of his cock.

“Y-Yes, Potter! I’m ready!” Pansy squealed as her asshole puckered. He moved his cock down to her dripping slit and thrust forward.