

Never Say Never

Harry let out a bored sigh as he paced the halls of Hogwarts. It was just after curfew, and as Head Boy for his returning seventh year, it was up to him and Hermione to decide the schedule.

Surprisingly, many students had returned to retake their seventh year at Hogwarts. As it turned out, Death Eaters didn't make for very good teachers. Who'd have thought, Harry wondered sarcastically. With so many coming back, Harry and his year mates were unofficially being labeled as eighth years. For the sixth years, they would be taking their OWLs just before Christmas break since the Ministry had been too busy rebuilding itself after Voldemort's defeat.

The second years had been hit the hardest, especially the Muggleborns. After learning their children had quite literally been tortured by their teachers, many parents had not allowed them to return. McGonagall, the new Headmistress, had done a great job convincing as many to come back as she could, but still, it was by far the year with the least number of students. Not that Harry could blame them.

While Harry's mind wandered as he strolled through the halls, he heard an odd noise ahead of him. The closer he got, the more it sounded like a girl weeping, and it was coming from the girl's bathroom on the second floor. He thought about walking away, believing it was probably Moaning Myrtle. However, Myrtle had been quiet since the battle of Hogwarts, and there was a chance it could be some homesick first year instead.

Sighing, Harry walked up to the door and knocked lightly.

"Hello? Is everything alright?" he asked.

"Go away!" a thick, nasally, but older female voice yelled back.

Okay, so definitely not a first year, Harry thought.

“Look, it’s obvious you’ve had a bad day, but it’s after curfew,” Harry called through the door.

“Go fuck yourself, Potter!” the girl sneered.

“Parkinson?” Harry asked.

“Yes. Now, leave me alone!” Parkinson shouted, before breaking down into loud sobs.

Rolling his eyes and deciding the crying was likely an act to get him to leave, Harry pushed open the door and walked into the bathroom. Pansy looked up at him with a baleful glare, her eyes red and puffy, with clear tear tracks down her cheeks.

Definitely not faking, Harry thought.

“You just can’t leave me alone, can you?” Pansy asked miserably.

“Nope,” Harry said, lifting himself up and taking a seat on one of the sinks next to the one Parkinson was crying at. “So, what’s got you so upset?”

“Why would I tell *you*?” she asked, wrinkling her nose.

“Well, I could just give you detention, if you’d prefer,” Harry said with a careless shrug.

“Fine, go ahead,” she said, wiping her eyes. “What does it matter?”

Harry had never seen Parkinson act like this before. Sure, she still had that infuriatingly superior attitude, but it was easy to see just how miserable she was at the moment.

"Is it really going to hurt anything for you to tell me what's wrong?" Harry asked in a kinder tone.

Parkinson looked at him oddly, her brow furrowed.

"Why are you being nice to me? You should hate me," she said.

"Dying gives you a whole new outlook on life," Harry said with a smile. "Besides, I've seen people I thought were completely irredeemable change their lives around, why not you?"

"I tried to hand you over to the Dark Lord," Pansy deadpanned.

"You were scared," Harry replied with a shrug.

Pansy snorted, then stared down at her hands quietly for a long time. Just as Harry was beginning to lose his patience, she finally spoke up.

"Draco broke up with me for that skank Astoria Greengrass," she muttered quietly.

"I'm sorry," Harry said.

"I just can't believe he would do that to me," Parkinson ranted. "I stood by him for all these years, I did everything he ever asked, and then he just dumps me because my family will make him look bad. His family is worse than mine ever was!"

Pansy paced as she seethed with anger. Despite the way she had treated him and his friends over the years, Harry still felt a little sorry for her. The worst part was, she didn't even realize Malfoy had been using her for years. Everyone knew it, but she truly believed he cared for her.

“You can do better than Malfoy,” Harry told her. “His family is basically ruined after the part they played in the war. The Wizengamot is planning to ban his family from holding a position in the Ministry for a century, along with a few others. What better way to get back at him than to find someone better?”

Parkinson stopped and looked at him thoughtfully. Slowly, her lips lifted into a wide grin.

“You know, Potter, that’s a great idea,” she said. “Can you help me with something?”

“Depends what it is,” Harry said cautiously.

“Well, it’ll take me a while to find the right wizard, but in the meantime, I want to do something to really get back at Draco,” Parkinson said as she began sauntering towards him, her hips swaying intentionally. “And what better way to make him angry than to fuck the one person he hates more than anyone else? You.”

Harry hopped down from the sink, his eyes going wide and his pulse racing. Before he could make for the door, Parkinson stopped him by placing her hand on his chest.

“Look, Parkinson —”

Harry cut off as she grabbed his cock through his trousers and began rubbing his growing bulge. The last time he’d slept with anyone had been Ginny just before Bill and Fleur’s wedding, more than a year ago now. It didn’t take more than a few seconds for him to fully harden in her hand, despite how much his brain was telling him to leave.

“Wow,” Parkinson said with a little smirk as she looked down at his crotch while she traced the outline of his length with her longer, green-painted fingernail. “That’s a lot bigger than Draco’s. I’m going to have fun with this.”

Harry opened his mouth to speak, but Parkinson chose that moment to look up and kiss him hard on the lips. As they kissed, she reached down and opened his pants before reaching in and pulling out his rock-hard cock. He couldn't help but grunt as her small, soft hand stroked him up and down.

Pulling back from the kiss, Parkinson grinned at him before staring down at his length hungrily. Giving him one last stroke, she moved over to the sink next to him, and reached under her skirt, showing a good portion of her long, pale thighs. With a little shimmy, she pulled down her black silk knickers and dropped them to the floor. Bending over, Parkinson lifted up the back of her skirt, revealing her small but round ass, the skin lily white and without a blemish in sight.

"Come on, Potter. You know you want to," she said teasingly.

After a short mental debate, Harry figured why not. Even if she did tell anyone, no one would believe it anyways.

Moving behind her, Harry ran the head of his cock between her taut, bald lips a few times until he could feel her starting to get wet, before lining himself up with her entrance. Parkinson felt incredibly tight as he slowly forced her folds open around his thick head. A low moan left her throat as he gingerly sank deeper and deeper into her hugging depths. When he finally bottomed out, his hips resting on her pale cheeks, she panted and groaned, her walls spasming lightly around him.

After giving her a long moment to adjust to his considerable size, Harry started slowly thrusting his hips back and forth. With each movement, Parkinson seemed to grow wetter and wetter until her arousal was practically dripping off of his shaft.

"I'm not one of your pathetic little girlfriends, Potter. Fuck me," Parkinson barked.

Rolling his eyes, Harry drew his length nearly all the way out before slamming back in all the way to the hilt. Parkinson grunted, her lithe body jolting forward from the powerful thrust before she let out a low, whorish moan. Smirking, Harry repeated the process twice more.

“Is that the best you can do?” Parkinson goaded. “I knew a Half-Blood wouldn’t know how to fuck properly.”

Narrowing his eyes, Harry grabbed her hips tightly and pulled back as far as he could without falling out. Pausing for a long moment, he waited for her to squirm before he moved. With a sudden, harsh thrust, he slammed into her, jerking her forward hard enough that the top of her head nearly hit the mirror in front of her. From there, he just kept pounding her with fast, vicious thrusts.

Parkinson gaped and groaned, her hands scrambling for grip on the smooth porcelain sink. Harry looked down, watching the way her ass rippled from each thunderous impact of his hips and his cock stretching her tight pink folds each time it pierced her lips.

“I bet that Mudblood Granger never lets you fuck her like this,” Parkinson said tauntingly.

His blood boiling, Harry grabbed her dark black hair roughly and yanked her head back.

“Don’t call her that,” Harry spat venomously.

Raising his hand, he brought it down on her right ass cheek with a sharp crack, the impact turning the white skin a bright pink. Surprisingly, Parkinson moaned and trembled around him as she reached a sudden climax.

“Fucking whore,” Harry growled, mercilessly pounding her into the sink as he thought of all the insults and problems she’d caused him and his friends over the years.

Again, Parkinson moaned and bucked back against his hammering cock. Holding her hair with one hand, he reached around with the other and ripped open her shirt, scattering buttons all over the tile floor. Roughly shoving her bra up over her breasts, he groped hard, his fingers sinking deep into the small, perky mounds of flesh. Despite their smaller size, they jutted from her chest like two fleshy cones, topped with puffy pink nipples.

Grabbing her nipple between his fingers, Harry squeezed tightly, just enough to cause her some light pain. That set Parkinson off again, her depths flooding his cock in arousal.

“Potter,” she said in a trembling groan.

As she tightened around him, Harry grunted. He could feel his own climax quickly rising. Grabbing her hips again, Parkinson’s head flopped down while he grabbed her hips tightly and began hammering into her as fast as he could. With a roar, he buried himself as deep as he could and let loose, bathing her depths in a massive amount of cum. His hips continued to jerk forward spasmodically until his peak came to an end.

“Holy shit,” Parkinson gasped, using the sink to hold herself up.

Harry couldn’t help but smirk at her reaction. Slowly, he pulled out of her grasping depths. When he finally slipped free, he watched as a rivulet of white cum flowed from her swollen, gaping lips.

“Try not to get caught on your way back to your common room,” Harry said as he tucked himself away.

Parkinson groaned as she unsteadily got to her feet, staring at him like she’d never seen him before.

Harry smiled and gave her a jaunty wave as he left the bathroom.

Chapter 2

The smile left on Pansy’s face after her night with Harry lasted exactly until the moment she stepped foot inside the Slytherin common room. Seeing Draco sitting on a couch with his arm around that skank Greengrass, she stiffened before turning away and marching up to her dorm.

Taking off her robes, Pansy quickly changed into her pajamas while her roommates, Millicent, Daphne, Tracey, and Lilith barely gave her a glance. With most of their families coming out on the losing end of a civil war, the atmosphere in Slytherin was tense, to say the least. Climbing onto her mattress, she closed the curtains around her bed.

As she sat, Pansy heard a piece of parchment crumple under her hand. Picking it up, she sighed at the sight of her mother's familiar handwriting. Setting the parchment aside, she drew her knees up to her chest as her eyes began to sting from unshed tears. Her father was facing life in Azkaban for his actions as a Death Eater, her family name made her a social pariah, and her boyfriend of seven years had left her for another witch. With her world crumbling around her, Pansy tried to figure out how it could have all gone so wrong.

Before going home for the summer Pansy had, like most of her housemates, blamed the Blood Traitors, Mudbloods, and Potter for her troubles. However, when her mother had taken her to her father's trial, she was forcibly confronted with the horrible truth. To make matters worse, it was her own father's voice that had shattered the world of ignorant bliss she'd lived in for so long. For the first time in her life, Pansy was forced to understand what the consequence of her beliefs truly meant.

In hindsight, perhaps she should have seen it sooner, she reflected.

As hot tears rolled down her cheeks, Pansy looked back on her life, on the choices that had brought her to where she was now. Thinking of the way her father had turned her seemingly inconsequential words into horrific actions, she had to admit, she didn't like what she saw.

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Harry sat in the headmistress' office with the other prefects, listening as Hermione finished giving McGonagall her report on what they'd seen and heard from the students over the last month.

"Thank you, Ms. Granger," McGonagall said. "Have there been any further problems with bullying?"

"A few isolated incidents here and there, but nothing major," Hermione said.

When McGonagall looked to Harry for his opinion, he nodded in agreement with Hermione.

"Good, but that may change," McGonagall warned. "The Wizengamot is going to announce sentencing for the Death Eaters that were captured at the battle of Hogwarts. As I'm sure you're aware, many of those being tried are closely related to many of the students in this castle. I expect emotion to be running high over the next couple of weeks. I'd like all of you, especially the Slytherin prefects, to keep a close eye on your fellow students. Come to me immediately if there are any problems."

Harry glanced over at Daphne Greengrass and Blaise Zabini, the seventh year Slytherin prefects, as they nodded. He didn't envy the job they had of keeping the peace among their housemates. At least Slughorn was head of Slytherin now, he thought. As much as he personally disliked the man for withholding vital information about Voldemort for so long, he could admit that he made for a much better teacher and Head of House than Snape ever did.

"Excellent," McGonagall said with a curt nod. "Now, as you are all aware, since the repairs of the castle have been completed, and there is a Hogsmeade visit coming up at the end of this month, I've asked for volunteers from sixth and seventh years to help fix up the village before our visit. I'll be assigning each of you a partner and a task to complete. You'll be working together for the rest of the month. If you need help, a few of the professors, as well as members of the Ministry, will be there to assist you."

Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out a piece of parchment, unfolded it, and began reading off names.

"Mr. Goldstein, you'll be working with Ms. Lovegood. Ms. Turpin will be with Mr. Finch-Fletchley. Mr. Zabini with Terry Boot. Ms. Greengrass with Ms. Parkinson--"

The normally stoic Daphne Greengrass nearly choked on her own tongue when the name of her partner was read out. Even Hermione looked surprised, while McGonagall looked at Daphne over the top of her glasses.

“Is there a problem, Ms. Greengrass?” she asked.

“I don’t know if that’s a good idea professor,” Daphne said slowly. “Pansy and I don’t get along well.”

“I see,” McGonagall said, her lips thinning. “Is there anyone else who would be willing to work with Ms. Parkinson?”

Silence greeted her question as the prefects looked around at each other, seeing if anyone would volunteer.

“I’ll work with her,”

Everyone turned to stare at Harry, and even he felt surprised by the words that left his mouth without conscious thought.

“Thank you, Mr. Potter,” McGonagall said, then turned back to Daphne. “I trust you don’t have any problems working with Mr. Longbottom?”

“No, ma’am,” Daphne said, her shoulders sagging in relief.

As the headmistress went back to reading out the pairings she’d assigned, Harry sat back in his chair and wondered what he’d just gotten himself into.

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“What was that all about?” Hermione asked the moment they left the office.

“I’m not sure,” Harry admitted.

“Do you think she might be up to something?” Hermione asked, her brow furrowed as she bit her lip thoughtfully.

“I doubt it,” Harry answered.

“Still, you heard what McGonagall said, and I know her father is one of the Death Eaters up for sentencing. You should be careful,” Hermione told him.

“Come on, Hermione,” Harry said with a grin. “You know me.”

“That’s what worries me,” she muttered.

Chuckling, Harry threw his arm around her shoulders as they continued their walk back to Gryffindor Tower.

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Two days later, Harry was waiting in the Entrance Hall with the other prefects for their assigned partners to show up. Surprisingly, he felt quite nervous about seeing Pansy again. It had been almost a month since the night they’d spent together in an abandoned classroom. For days afterward, he’d worried about rumors and Malfoy’s reaction, but nothing ever happened. For some reason, it seemed she didn’t tell him like she said she would. Perhaps that was why he had agreed to work with her, he thought. Maybe he just wanted some answers.

As people began showing up, and he watched more and more of his friends and classmates leave for Hogsmeade, he began to wonder if she was going to show up at all. Just as the last

remaining duo, Susan Bones and Hannah Abbot, left for the village, he spotted Pansy coming up from the Dungeons. When she started to look around, Harry raised his arm and waved to her. Looking at him oddly, she hesitated for a moment before walking over to him.

"Where is everyone?" Pansy as soon as she reached him.

"They already left," Harry told her before waving for her to follow him as he headed for the grounds.

"Who's my partner?" she asked, falling into step beside him.

"You're looking at him," Harry said with a grin.

"What!? Why you?" Pansy demanded to know.

"Well, it was either me or Daphne. Since you two don't get along, I agreed to work with you," Harry said.

"Why?" Pansy asked.

"I was curious," he said with a shrug.

"About what?" she asked, her head cocked to the side.

"Well, you're one of the last people I expected to volunteer to help clean up. I suppose I wanted to know why," Harry told her.

"It just means I get to spend more time in the village, that all," Pansy said with a huff.

Seeing the way she avoided his eyes as she spoke, and suddenly began walking faster, he had a strong feeling she wasn't telling the truth.

"Well, you won't have time to do much shopping," Harry told her as they reached the carriages.

Reaching out, Harry rubbed the Thestral on its scaly head and patted its neck as he passed.

"Those things give me the creeps," Pansy said with a shudder.

"They're not so bad," Harry said.

Opening the door to the carriage, he held it open for Pansy to climb in before he followed her. As soon as the door was closed, they took off with a lurch. She stumbled toward him as she was still getting comfortable in her seat and ended up leaning forward with her hand on his knee to stop herself from falling forward. Wide-eyed, she shot back as if she'd been burned and turned away from him to look out the window.

Even more than the way she was acting, it was the things she wasn't doing that made Harry even more curious about what was going on with her. Not once in the seven years they had gone to school together had they been near each other without some kind of insult being thrown his way.

Even when they'd slept together, she'd managed to insult him. Of course, just because she wasn't actively insulting him didn't mean her abrasive personality was completely gone.

The ride to Hogsmeade was done in silence, and Harry stepped out first. Pansy ignored the hand he held out for her and folded her arms over her chest. Shrugging to himself, he led her over to the Hogs Head, where the restoration efforts were being conducted from.

They'd passed the village on the way up to the castle at the start of the year, but it wasn't until he walked through it that Harry truly realized the scope of the damage. There wasn't house or

business that hadn't suffered from Voldemort's wrath. Some homes, looking like they'd been stepped on by a Giant, were nothing but a pile of rubble. However, most of the buildings were mostly intact, with large chunks of wall and roof missing.

Ministry workers were already hard at work milling around and taking meticulous notes from the homeowners. Harry glared as he passed one wizard listening dispassionately to a tearful mother and her young daughter. The mother, who looked to be in her late twenties, had shoulder-length dark hair tied in a messy ponytail and looked quite plain. The little girl, who looked no more than five, had the same hair as her mother but bright blue eyes compared to her mother's brown. She went wide-eyed when she spotted him and smiled, revealing a missing canine. Reaching up, she tugged on her mother's jumper and pointed at him. As the mother looked up, Harry smiled kindly and gave a small wave.

Beaming excitedly, the girl waved back while bouncing up and down on the balls of her feet. Chuckling softly, Harry continued on to the Hogs Head at the end of the street. Stepping into the dingy pub, Harry stood stock still when his eyes landed on a familiar face, Reginald Cattermole.

For his part, Reginald looked just as shocked to see him. Harry worried for a moment, but relaxed when the man smiled brightly.

"Mr. Potter, as I live and breathe. I was hoping to see you," Reginald said, reaching out to shake Harry's hand vigorously.

"It's just Harry," he replied. "Sorry if we caused any problems for you and your wife."

"Not at all. We all had to do our part, didn't we," Reginald said with a smile. "Actually, it's probably the best thing that's ever happened to us. Both of us were given big promotions once Minister Shacklebolt took over. They put me in charge of the whole restoration project!"

Reginald smiled proudly and ran a hand through his greying red hair.

“That’s great!” Harry said, genuinely happy. “How’s Mary?”

“She’s wonderful, but busy, as I’m sure you can imagine,” Reginald said. “She’s been going through all the court files while the Death Eaters were in charge of things. Not pleasant work, of course, but she’s happy righting some of the wrongs done to innocent people. We wish we could have done something sooner, but...”

“There’s nothing you could have done,” Harry assured him.

“I know, but still...” Reginald said, trailing off thoughtfully before shaking his head, “Anyways, my wife and I just wanted to thank you for everything you and your friends have done. If you ever need anything, you just let us know.”

“Thank you,” Harry said, starting to feel a bit uncomfortable. “So, what work do you have for us?”

“Oh, right, of course!” Reginald exclaimed.

Turning around, he rifled through a stack of parchment before pulling out a single sheet.

“You’ll be working on Number 14 High Street,” Reginald told him, handing him the parchment. “The residents got most of the businesses fixed over the summer, so we’re focusing on repairing the homes first. Mark down what you manage to finish on here and then turn it back in at the end of the day. If you have any questions, or you need any help, come see me, or grab one of the other Ministry workers roaming about.”

“Alright,” Harry said, tucking the parchment in his pocket. “Thanks, Reg, it was good seeing you again.”

“You too, Mr. Potter,” Reginald replied with a smile.

Before he could tell him to call him Harry, one of the other Ministry workers called Reginald away. Sighing, Harry shook his head and turned to leave after waving at a grumpy-looking Aberforth. Pansy, her arms still crossed over her chest, stared at him oddly as they left the pub.

“What?” Harry asked.

“Nothing,” Pansy said quickly and looked away from him.

Eyeing her curiously, Harry walked back down High Street looking for the house they would be working on. In a small twist of fate, they ended up right back at the house with the mother and the little girl they had passed earlier. The Ministry worker they’d been talking to before was gone, and the girl pointed him out to her mother again as they approached.

“Hi,” Harry said with a smile as the little girl gaped at him. “Is this Number 14?”

“Yes,” the mother said. “I’m Jennifer Crawley, and this is my daughter Elizabeth.”

“Mum,” Elizabeth whined. “It’s Lizzie.”

“Who prefers to be called Lizzie,” Jennifer said with an exasperated smile.

“Nice to meet you,” Harry said. “I’m Harry, and this is Pansy. We’re going to be helping you fix your house up.”

“Thank you,” Jennifer said gratefully. “It’s getting a bit cramped, staying with my sister.”

“Don’t worry,” Harry said, looking up at the house.

The wall to the bathroom on the second story was completely destroyed, and several of the windows were blown out, but the damage didn't look too bad.

"It shouldn't take us too long to fix," he continued. "We should have it fixed up by the end of the day."

"Really," Jennifer asked hopefully. "That would be wonderful."

"Are you really Harry Potter," Lizzie asked, still gaping at him.

"Lizzie," Jennifer admonished.

Harry waved her off, telling her it was alright.

"Last time I checked," Harry said with a smile.

"Did you really beat You-Know-Who?" Lizzie asked excitedly.

"I think it's more accurate to say Voldemort beat himself, but I may have helped him along a bit," Harry told her.

"Wow," Lizzie gasped.

"Why don't I take Lizzie to the shops while you work so we don't get in the way," Jennifer offered, then turned to her daughter. "Maybe we can buy a few things to decorate your room."

"But Mum, I want to watch," Lizzie huffed.

"It's fine if you want to stay," Harry said. "But you might want to stand back a bit. Who knows how far some of the bricks got thrown."

Jennifer nodded and took Lizzie by the hand. She pulled her out towards the middle of the street as Harry pulled out his wand.

"Pansy," Harry said, turning to the uncharacteristically silent girl next to him. "Can you start repairing the windows behind me as I finish the walls?"

"Fine," Pansy said with a nod.

Ignoring the curtness of her reply, Harry aimed his wand at the house.

*Reparo!*

Bricks, wood, plaster, and glass began whirling through the air as they slotted into place and mended themselves back into one piece. While Harry did the brunt of the heavy lifting, Pansy walked behind him, finishing up the detailed repairs on the windows and doors. Jennifer and Lizzie watched for about an hour, Lizzie with a look of awe on her face, before finally getting bored and running off to the shops.

Surprisingly, Pansy put in a lot of hard work, and never once complained the whole time they were working together. She even started to relax a bit around him when they started working on the interior, but both of them were so busy working that their conversations were short and to the point. By the time lunch rolled around, they were pretty much finished.

While doing one last check around the outside of the house, Harry spotted a small stuffed unicorn lying next to the house under a flower bed. Picking it, he cleaned it off with his wand and fixed a small tear along one of the rear legs. He felt a worn-off Enchantment lingering in the fabric and spent a couple of minutes feeling it out before recasting it. The Unicorn came to life, turning its head to bow at him while the horn lit up. Smiling, Harry stuffed it into his pocket.

“Ready to take a break?” Harry asked Pansy.

Wordlessly, she nodded while wiping the sweat from her brow. Together, they headed to the Three Broomsticks for lunch. While looking for a table, he noticed the one most of his friends were sitting at was full. Fortunately, he spotted Jennifer and Lizzie at a table in the back. Pansy followed him as he walked over.

“Hey, mind if we join you?” Harry asked.

“Not at all,” Jennifer said with a smile.

Pansy sat first, but before Harry could take his own, Rosmerta walked up to him with a beaming smile.

“Well, if it isn’t my favorite customer,” she said.

Harry smiled back, knowing she called everyone her favorite customer.

“Hey Rosie, how are you doing?” Harry asked.

“Much better now you’ve gotten rid of that monster,” Rosmerta replied.

Glancing at his table, Harry moved closer to Rosmerta and placed his lips next to her ear.

“I know you must’ve had a hard time with everything that happened,” Harry said, mostly referring to the time she spent under Malfoy’s Imperius curse. “If you ever need to talk...”

Suddenly, Rosmerta pulled him into a tight hug and kissed him on the cheek.

"You're such a dear," she said softly with a warm smile before pulling back and patting him on the arm. "I'm doing fine right now. I've got plenty to keep me busy, but I might take up on that sometime."

Nodding, Harry gave her a smile. Rosmerta reached into her pocket and pulled out her notebook.

"Now, what can I get for you?" she asked.

After they ordered their lunch, Harry finally took a seat and looked at Jennifer.

"The house is finished, you can move back in anytime you want," Harry told her.

"Already?" she asked in surprise. "That's wonderful! I can't thank you enough, Mr. Potter."

"Just Harry," he told her with a smile. "Oh, and I found this. I thought it might be Lizzie's."

Reaching into his pocket, Harry pulled out the stuffed unicorn. Lizzie squealed and hugged it to her chest when he handed it to her.

"Thank you," Jennifer said, her voice thick with emotion. "Her father gave her that right before..."

"I'm sorry," Harry said, feeling a twinge of guilt.

"Don't be," Jennifer told him. "I'm glad she has it back. My husband, Jake, was a Muggleborn. I told him to go into hiding, but he refused to leave us. The Snatchers grabbed him on his way home from the shops. I heard you were the one that took care of that Umbridge woman?"

Jennifer wiped a tear absently from her cheek as she looked at him. Harry nodded, feeling a lump in his throat.

“Can you tell me how she...?” Jennifer asked.

Looking over at Lizzie, who was hugging her stuffed Unicorn tearfully, Harry waved his wand, placing a *Muffliato* Charm on her.

“I locked her in a courtroom full of Dementors without a wand,” Harry told her quietly. “It wasn’t my proudest moment.”

“It’s no less than she deserved after all the lives she ruined,” Jennifer muttered, then reached out and placed her hand on top of his. “Thank you.”

Harry nodded, not sure what else to say. As their food arrived, he removed the spell on Lizzie and tried to lighten the mood by telling her about some of the more harmless mischief he got up to at school. Jennifer and Lizzie ate quickly and left to go move back into their house after thanking him and Pansy one last time.

With them gone, Harry moved into the seat across from Pansy and looked at her curiously as she stared at her food, barely picking at it.

“You alright?” he asked.

Pansy jolted and scowled at him.

“I’m fine,” she huffed.

“If you say so,” Harry said, going back to his food.

There was a long silence before Pansy finally spoke.

“Why are you being so nice to me?” she asked.

“You haven’t given me a reason not to be,” Harry told her.

Pansy scoffed, “Yes, I have. I’ve been nothing but a complete bitch to you and your friends for seven years.”

“But not today.” Harry pointed out.

Pansy tilted her head and looked at him incredulously.

“So, what, you’re willing to let everything go, just like that?” she asked. “I tried to hand you over to the Dark Lord!”

Harry wiped his mouth with a napkin and sat back in his seat.

“I never was a fan of Dumbledore’s policy of forgiving everyone for anything, but I’ve always been willing to forgive people that try to change,” Harry told her.

“I don’t get you, Potter,” Pansy said, shaking her head.

“I could say the same about you,” Harry said. “What’s made you change so much lately?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Pansy said, looking down at her food and picking at it with her fork.

"The Pansy I knew never would have volunteered to help anyone without getting something in return," Harry said, then leaned forward and lowered his voice. "And she certainly never would have slept with a Half-blood."

Pansy rolled her eyes up to glare at him and huffed. Looking back down at her food, she went silent for several seconds again. Eventually, she set down her fork and pulled out her wand with a sigh. Waving it, she placed a Silencing Charm around them.

"This stays between us," she said demandingly, waiting until Harry had nodded to continue. "I never really realized how badly people were being treated until I heard all the terrible things my father did under Veritaserum."

"What did you think was going to happen?" Harry asked, though not unkindly.

"I don't know," Pansy said. "My father never told me about the things he did. I thought we could just make them leave."

Harry wanted to scoff and tell her how stupid that was, but Pansy looked thoroughly miserable enough at the moment, he thought she understood.

"Why do you hate Muggleborns so much?" Harry asked instead.

"It's the way I was raised," Pansy said with a shrug. "I grew up with everyone telling me how terrible they were, leeching off all of our hard work and trying to steal everything our families had spent generations building. I never really thought about what getting rid of them really meant."

"And now?" Harry asked.

"I don't know," Pansy said, biting her lip. "I don't want them dead, if that's what you're asking. But it's hard to change everything I grew up believing overnight."

“You’re trying,” Harry said supportively. “That’s what really matters.”

Pansy gave him a small smile and went back to her food. Quietly, they finished the rest of their lunch and headed back over to the Hogs Head to talk to Reginald. He was quite surprised to hear they were already done but was happy to give them a second one to work on.

This time, Harry and Pansy were given a house owned by a middle-aged couple that was staying in a tent in their backyard for the time being. This house had a lot more damage, but they worked hard to get it done by the end of the day. Harry was pleasantly surprised by how much work Pansy was willing to do. It really did seem like she was trying to turn over a new leaf.

At the end of the day, after a profuse thank you from the homeowners, they boarded the last carriage back to Hogwarts. When they got there, Hermione told them McGonagall needed to see them in her office.

It turned out, she just wanted to thank them for all the work they did, although she did ask to speak with Harry in private before he left.

“I trust there were no problems with your partner?” McGonagall asked once Pansy had left the office.

“No,” Harry said. “Actually, I was kind of surprised by how much work she did today. It really seems like she’s trying to make a change in her life.”

“That’s the best news I’ve had all day,” McGonagall said, relaxing the formality a bit now that it was just the two of them. “I’m very proud of the way you’re handling the situation. I know most of your classmates wouldn’t be as forgiving as you are.”

“As long as she makes an honest effort to change, I’m willing to give her a chance,” Harry said.

"Your mother would be very proud of you," McGonagall said with a rare smile. "Go get some rest, it's been a long day for all of us."

Nodding, Harry stood from his chair. Above McGonagall, Dumbledore's portrait gave him a pleased smile just as he turned to leave. He found Pansy waiting for him just outside the office.

"What did she want to talk to you about?" she asked suspiciously.

"She just wanted to make sure everyone was working and not using it as an excuse to do some shopping," Harry told her. "Don't worry, I told her you did great."

"Thanks, Potter," Pansy said, looking as if the words pained her to say them.

"Don't mention it," Harry said.

"Just don't expect me to start being all friendly with that Mudblood Granger," she said.

"Don't call her that," Harry bit out forcefully.

Pansy looked at him and bit her lip before grabbing his hand and pulling him into an abandoned classroom.

"What are you going to do about it, Potter," she said, her face falling into a familiar sneer as she locked the door and put up a Silencing Charm. "Are you going to punish me?"

"What?" Harry asked, thrown by the sudden change in attitude.

"What's the matter? Did you lose your balls since last time?" Pansy asked.

Walking over to one of the desks, she bent over and lifted her skirt up over her small, round, pale ass. Harry shook his head.

“And here I thought you could at least go one day without insulting me,” Harry said.

He hesitated for a moment, then walked up behind her and ran his hand over her smooth, soft cheeks. If this was the way she wanted to make up for being a bitch, he was more than happy to oblige.

Pansy wiggled her ass back and forth as he softly caressed her backside. Just as she opened her mouth, no doubt to question his manhood again, Harry pulled his hand back and whipped it forward. Whatever words were going to leave her mouth turned into a loud gasp when he spanked her none too gently. The second spank was even harder, leaving a pink, hand-shaped mark on her alabaster skin. The only response he got was a deep, guttural moan.

“You really do like it rough, don’t you?” Harry asked, smirking as he decided to give her a little payback for all the times she’d insulted him over the years. “Have you always been this much of a slut, or is this new?”

“I’m not a slut!” Pansy barked over her shoulder.

“Really?” Harry asked.

Pressing his groin against her ass, his rapidly hardening cock rubbing against her panty-covered mound, he grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled. Pansy’s back arched impressively, thrusting her chest forward as he placed his lips next to her ear.

“You drag me in here, bend over, and ask for a spanking? That sure sounds like something a slut would do to me,” Harry said.

As she opened her mouth to retort, he ground his cock against her mound while reaching up with his free hand to grasp one of her small, perky tits roughly. Pansy's response turned into a whorish moan as he squeezed her breast tightly.

"Is this what you want?" Harry asked, nipping at her neck.

"Yes," she hissed while bucking her ass back against him.

Chuckling, Harry felt an indescribable thrill rush through him. Not only was he doing something that would horrify the people that knew him, but the fact that he was doing it with Pansy Parkinson only added to the thrill.

Letting go of her hair, he pulled his hips back, grabbed the back of her small, black panties, and tore them down her legs. Using his foot, he pushed them down the rest of the way so Pansy could step out of them. With one hand still groping her breast, he opened his pants with the other and pushed them down to his mid-thigh. Grabbing his throbbing cock, he slapped it against her ass, marveling at how large her thin waist made him look.

Pansy squirmed impatiently, the smell of her arousal wafting up to him as he pushed his swollen head between her drooling lips and dragged it up and down. She pushed back, trying to make him slip in, but her timing was off, and his head ended up running between her lips, all the way down to her clit. Pansy gasped and shuddered as he dragged his head back up to her entrance.

With one smooth, relentless push, Harry sank into her up to the hilt.

"Fuck," Pansy gasped, her hands tightening into a white-knuckled grip on the edge of the desk.

Harry groaned at the feel of her hot, tight folds grasping his length. Raising his hand, he brought it down on her ass with a thunderous clap that reverberated around the room. Pansy squealed, flexing around him as she tried to pull forward, only to find herself trapped helplessly between him and the desk.

“Malfoy must be the size of my pinky for you to still feel this tight,” Harry said.

“Shut up and fuck me, you bastard,” Pansy panted.

Chuckling, Harry drew his hips back slowly, dragging his cock out of her impossibly tight depths until only the head remained trapped inside. Pausing for a moment, Pansy whined and rolled her hips impatiently. With one hand on her hip, and the other on her shoulder, he slammed his hips forward. Pansy gasped, clawing at the desk as her back arched. Letting go of her shoulder, Harry grabbed a hold of her hair as he began pummeling her with fast, deep thrusts.

In no time at all, she writhed and moaned in ecstasy as she climaxed around him. Harry smiled, shook his head, and continued plowing into her. As she began to relax, he smacked her ass lightly and pulled out of her, drawing a moan of disappointment. Grabbing her hips, he spun her around to face him and pushed her back onto the desk.

Her legs spread wide; Pansy watched lustfully as Harry fed his long, thick cock back into her tight slit. As she arched her back, he grabbed the front of her shirt and ripped it open, sending buttons flying across the room.

“Potter!” she gasped.

Smirking, Harry shoved her bra up over her tits and resumed hammering into her hard. With each thrust, her small, perky tits bounced on her chest. Grabbing one of her breasts, he squeezed roughly while pinching her nipple hard. Pansy whined, tightening around him.

“Choke me,” she gasped.

“What?” Harry asked, sure he had misheard.

“Choke me,” Pansy demanded louder.

Hesitantly, Harry wrapped his hand around her neck and squeezed lightly.

“Fucking choke me you pussy!” Pansy yelled as her walls fluttered around him.

Glaring, Harry tightened his grip and cut off her air. With her mouth opening and closing like a fish, Pansy suddenly shuddered and squirmed wildly, her hand wrapping around his wrist to hold it in place. Thrusting into her spasming depths furiously, Harry was desperate to reach his own peak. Just as he thought she was done, she hit a second climax, this one even more powerful than the first. When she started cumming forcefully, soaking his cock in jets of arousal, Harry let go of her throat out of sheer surprise.

Gasping in a sharp breath, Pansy let out a shuddering moan and her eyes rolled into the back of her head. With a handful of vicious thrusts, Harry burst inside of her grasping depths. As his climax came to an end, she collapsed bonelessly onto the desk, spasming and gasping in deep breaths.

When Harry finally caught his breath after a couple of minutes, he pulled out of her and stepped back. Pansy sat up and looked down at her leaking slit.

“Merlin, Potter, how much do you cum?” she asked.

“Enough,” Harry said with a smirk. “You going to clean up your mess?”

Pansy looked at his half-hard length as he lifted it up. Looking up at his face, she slowly dropped to her knees and took him into her mouth without using her hands. Harry groaned as she swallowed all of him and sucked him clean. He grinned as she continued sucking until he was hard again.

“You know, if this is your way of apologizing, I wouldn’t mind if you insulted me more,” Harry said.

Smiling with her eyes, Pansy opened her mouth wide and took him deep into her throat.

### Chapter 3

“Welcome to the first, officially sanctioned meeting of Dumbledore’s Army,” Harry said loudly.

In the Great Hall, loud cheers greeted his announcement.

“Not that I’m complaining,” Justin Finch-Fletchley said, raising his hand then lowering it, “but why are you restarting the DA, I mean, the war’s over.”

Next to him, Ginny rolled her eyes.

“I want to know why we’re inviting other people to join,” Seamus grumbled.

Several others muttered their agreement, which Harry could understand. The original DA members all felt a bond with each other of shared hardships, especially after they all essentially lived together for a year while Hogwarts was under the control of Voldemort and his Death Eaters.

“Because if we don’t start bringing in new members now, when do we?” Harry asked. “Next year, the years after? When we’ve all graduated?”

As the grumbling quieted, he began to pace back and forth in front of the group.

“Last year, the DA was instrumental in defending this school, and I can’t tell you how proud I am of what you accomplished. Look at you, a bunch of teenagers who haven’t even finished your NEWTs took on a defeated an entire army,” Harry said.

He caught sight of Neville grinning as he swung his arm around Luna while everyone else cheered proudly.

“And that’s exactly why we’re here now,” he continued, nodding to Justin. “Voldemort may be gone, but there are still more just like. I don’t know when they’ll show up. It might be next year; it might be a hundred years from now. What I do know is that when they do show up, when this school is threatened, I want the DA to be there to defend it.”

Harry paused as he looked around, meeting the proud, determined gazes of his friends.

“Next year, most of us will be leaving, and it will be up to the rest of you to keep the DA going,” he told them, looking towards some of the younger students like Demelza Robbins who had joined during the Carrows’ time as professors. “Which means we need to invite new members if we want the DA to continue.”

“But who’s going to lead us once you’re gone?” Dennis Creevey asked.

“I’ll choose someone before I graduate,” Harry reassured him, then checked his watch. “The new members should be here any minute. It’ll be up to you to show them what being a member of the DA really means. And remember, it’s not about what house you’re in, or what family you’re from, it’s your choices that matter and they chose to come here. There’s enough bigotry in the world right now, we don’t need that in here.”

As the original DA member looked amongst themselves curiously, the doors to the Great Hall opened and dozens of students came in. At the back of the group, Daphne came in leading a group of younger Slytherins behind her. There was a bit of grumbling when the original members spotted them, but not nearly as much as he’d feared. He hoped that by inviting several Slytherins to join, he could start to get rid of the ridiculous rivalry between their houses.

Nodding gratefully at Daphne, Harry was just about to start talking again when one last student slipped inside. Pansy walked in looking quite apprehensive. Several people looked at him for his reaction, but when he smiled and nodded, they relaxed. She still received a number of glares, but, thankfully, no one was outright mean.

“Right, everyone, welcome to Dumbledore’s Army,” Harry said with a grin.

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“I think that went really well,” Hermione said as they sat down for dinner.

“I’m just glad everyone seems to be getting along,” Harry sighed. “This whole ‘all Slytherins are evil’ thing really needs to stop.”

“They don’t exactly have a great track record, mate,” Ron pointed out.

“Ron,” Hermione hissed, “that’s exactly the sort of thing we’re trying to stop! Harry’s right, it’s ridiculous to label an eleven-year-old as ‘evil’ just because of what house a *hat* puts them in. That’s probably why at least some of them turned out the way they did. If three-quarters of the school thought you were going to be a dark wizard because you went to Gryffindor, you’d end up being angry too.”

Ron rolled his eyes but, rather wisely, kept quiet. Harry knew it would take time for people like Ron to change their minds, but they had to start somewhere. He could only hope that by the time he left, enough people changed their opinions that things didn’t go back to the way they were the next year.

“Hello, Ronald, did you know you have a lot of Wrackspurts today?” asked a dreamy voice from over Harry’s shoulder.

“Hello, Luna,” Harry said, turning with a soft smile. “Would you care to join us?”

“Thank you, Harry,” she said, taking a seat between him and Neville.

“What did you think of the meeting, Luna?” Hermione asked.

“Oh, I thought it was lovely,” she replied. “I’m glad Harry is starting to take the Wrackspurt infection seriously, it should help keep away the Nargles. Could you pass the pudding, please?”

Harry covered a smile as he chewed while Hermione sighed in fond exasperation and shook her head before passing a bowl of chocolate pudding to Luna. As she began scooping a large amount onto her plate with a dreamy look, the flapping of wings brought Harry’s attention to the ceiling. A frown fell over his face as hundreds of owls began winging their way into the Great Hall.

“What now?” Hermione asked fretfully.

Her question was answered a moment later when a tawny owl swooped down and dropped a copy of the Daily Prophet in front of her. Searching her pockets for money to pay the owl, she came up empty.

“I got it,” Harry said.

Pulling two sickles out of his pocket, he slipped them into the pouch on the owl’s legs. With a hoot, it took off and flew back out through the ceiling as Hermione unrolled the paper.

“Oh!” she gasped.

Before Harry could ask what had happened, he heard a loud sob. Looking up, he saw Millicent Bulstrode stand up from the Slytherin table and rush out of the Great Hall as tears rolled down her cheeks. Turning to the Slytherin table, he saw a large portion of the students there looking extremely upset. Searching out Pansy, he found her looking pale and stunned at the paper in her hands.

“What is it?” Harry asked.

Hermione set the paper down flat on the table.

No Vacancy at Azkaban! Death Eaters to Have Magic Bound!

Reading the article, Harry found that so many Death Eaters had been convicted and sentenced to life, that there wasn't enough room in Azkaban to hold them all. As a result, only the worst offenders would be sent to prison. All of them, even the ones they could fit in Azkaban, would have their magic bound for their crimes, essentially making them Squibs. After that, the ones not sentenced to prison would be sent home, though they would be watched closely by the Aurors for the next twenty-five years, with sporadic checks after that for the rest of their lives. While that may have sounded like a mercy to some, Harry knew that to people who valued their magic and heritage above all else, this would be worse than death.

As others finished reading, they began looking at the Slytherin table while whispering furiously. Seeing the attention they were getting, most of the Slytherins, including Pansy, got up and left. As his classmates argued whether the punishment was good enough, Harry stood from his seat.

"I'll be right back," Harry said.

"Harry?" Hermione called after him.

He didn't reply as he slipped out of the Great Hall and pulled out the Marauder's map. Tapping his wand to a stretch of blank wall, it opened to reveal a hidden passage that led down to the Dungeons. Running down the stairs, he was able to beat most of the Slytherins to their common room entrance.

As Pansy passed the shadowed passage he was hiding in, Harry silenced her with his wand and then wrapped his cloak around both of them. Pansy, rather understandably, panicked, but he was able to pull her back into the passage with him before a group of her housemates walked past.

"It's me," Harry whispered.

When Pansy relaxed, he let go of her. Instantly, she spun around and began pounding on his chest with her fists, her mouth moving as she screamed at him silently. Harry let her get in a few well-deserved hits before grabbing her hands. As soon as he did, all of the fight left her and he saw her face scrunch up as she cried. Wrapping his arms around her, Pansy gripped the front of his shirt tightly as she cried. After a couple of minutes, when her heaving sobs died down, he pulled her further down the passage.

"Come on," Harry said gently, removing the Silencing Charm from her.

"Where are we going?" Pansy asked tearfully, her voice sounding more vulnerable than he'd ever heard before.

"Someplace quiet," he told her.

Using a series of secret passages, Harry led Pansy up to the seventh floor and into the Room of Requirement. Pulling her over to a couch next to a fireplace, he sat down. Rather than sitting next to him, Pansy climbed onto his lap and curled up against his chest. Smiling, he wrapped his arms around her and rubbed her back soothingly.

"It's not fair," Pansy whined with a tearful snuffle. "Why do they have to take away his magic if he's going to stay in Azkaban?"

"I'm sorry," Harry said.

While he felt her father's punishment was more than deserved, he still felt bad for Pansy. He never wanted to see anyone lose a parent.

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The next morning, Harry woke up on the same couch with Pansy sleeping soundly on top of him. Smiling, he let her sleep for a few more minutes before waking her up. Grabbing his cloak, he snuck her back down to the Slytherin common room before sneaking back into Gryffindor Tower.

When Hermione questioned him the next morning, he told her he'd gone to the Room of Requirement to think. He was more than happy to let her think he'd been off brooding for now. Harry had no idea how he was going to explain what he was doing with Pansy to her and Ron. Even he wasn't entirely sure what was going on between them.

While everyone in Slytherin seemed to be subdued and upset over the announcement, Pansy seemed to be taking it especially hard. Through the two classes he had with her that day, Potions and Transfigurations, she was angry and short-tempered with everyone. She even stormed out of potions near the end of class when she accidentally melted her cauldron. Fortunately, Professor Slughorn was quite understanding about what was going on and didn't take points or give her a detention.

Harry had planned to talk to her again that night after dinner, but things came to a head before he could. As people began to leave the Great Hall, Pansy ran into Astoria Greengrass, who thought it would be a good idea to taunt her about Malfoy.

"What's wrong Parkinson, not getting any?" Astoria asked with a smirk when Pansy impatiently pushed past a couple of third years.

"Shut it, Greengrass," Pansy growled.

"I could ask Draco to set you up with one of his friends, you know - since he doesn't want you anymore."

"You slag!" Pansy shouted.

Forgoing her wand, she leapt at Astoria, who went wide-eyed in surprise.

“Move!” Harry yelled over the yelps and screamed insults of the two girls as he pushed his way through the crowd of watching students.

Thankfully, Daphne managed to make her way over and grab her sister while Harry wrapped his arms around Pansy. Both girls had a death grip on the other’s hair, and it took a silent Relashio Jinx to get them to let go.

“He’s mine, you stupid bitch!” Astoria shouted as she tried to break her sister’s hold and launch herself back at Pansy.

“You can have him, slut!” Pansy screamed, her face bright red. “I’ve got someone better!”

“That’s enough!” Harry said firmly, causing both girls to stop fighting.

“Thanks, Potter,” Daphne said, then glared at her sister. “Do you want to take them to McGonagall?”

“What? But I’m your sister.” Astoria whined.

“Not this time, just have a talk with her,” Harry said.

“Oh, I will,” Daphne assured him as she glared sternly at her sister.

Astoria huffed and crossed her arms over her chest, but Harry could see she was nervous. Daphne Greengrass could be quite frightening when she wanted to be. Giving Harry a grateful nod, she pulled Astoria off back towards the Dungeons.

“Come on,” Harry said, leading Pansy down the hall towards the stairs.

Muttering under her breath, she walked side by side with him as they climbed up the stairs.

“You want to talk about it?” he asked once they were out of earshot.

“No,” Pansy grumbled.

In silence, they continued to the seventh floor where they entered the Room of Requirement, which looked like a smaller version of the Gryffindor common room with a bed where the study tables usually were.

“What do you want, Potter?” she asked once he closed the door. “Did you just bring me here so you could fuck me?”

“What?” Harry asked incredulously. “No, I-”

“Oh, so you brought me here to punish me for beating the snot about of that bint, didn’t you?” Pansy asked while loosening her tie and undoing the top two buttons of her shirt.

Blatantly, she crossed her arms and used them to push her breasts up.

“You don’t have the balls,” she added.

Rolling his eyes, Harry walked up to Pansy and grabbed her ponytail roughly. Gasping, she looked up at him in anticipation as he pulled her head back, forcing her to arch her next.

“If you want me to fuck you, Parkinson, you could just ask,” Harry said.

Pansy visibly swallowed, her throat bobbing as her breathing picked up.

“Not my fault you have performance issues,” she said mockingly.

“You know what,” Harry said, sliding the tie from around her neck, “you talk too much.”

Grabbing Pansy’s shoulders, he spun her around so she was facing away from him. Just as she opened her mouth, he gagged her with her own tie and fastened it around her head. Taking off his own tie, he used it to tie her hands behind her back. As she looked over her shoulder, Harry grinned as he cinched the knot tight around her wrists.

“Still want to talk shit?” he asked.

Reaching around, he grabbed her shirt and ripped it open, sending buttons clattering across the hard stone floor. Pansy yelped and mumbled loudly as he ran his hands up her stomach to her chest.

“No bra?” Harry asked. “Now who’s the slut?”

Looking over her shoulder, Pansy glared at him and mumbled again. Harry smirked at her while unbuttoning her skirt and letting it fall to the floor, revealing her rather plain, white panties. Grabbing her ponytail, he pulled her head back sharply, causing her to gasp through her nose. Kissing the pale, delicate throat, Harry squeezed her small, perky breast roughly. When Pansy moaned, he suddenly pinched her soft, puffy nipple and small nipple between his fingers and pulled, stretching the soft, fleshy mound away from her body. Her back arched as a moan escaped her lips, muffled slightly by the tie holding her mouth slightly open.

Letting the nipple slip from his grip, it snapped back into place, the nub reddened and stiff from the abuse. Glancing at Pansy’s face, she stared at him with a hooded gaze, her dark brown eyes glittering with excitement. Cupping her breast gently, Harry caressed it softly, his thumb rubbing her hard, hot nipple soothingly. Suddenly, he lifted his hand and slapped it firmly. Pansy yelped in surprise and squirmed slightly. Catching the scent of her arousal, he grinned as he bent down and kissed her bottom lip before taking it between his own and sucking as he pulled away.

Tightening his grip on her hair, Harry strode over to the couch, pulling her along with him. Forcing her to bend over the back of it, he let go of her hair and groped at her small, pert bum roughly.

She really does have a great ass, Harry thought. He loved the way her thick, round cheeks filled his hands perfectly.

Grabbing the waistband of her panties, he yanked them down around her knees, gripped her bare cheeks, and spread them apart. Pansy groaned at being so exposed while Harry stared down at her damp folds and crinkled hole. Holding her open with one hand, he reached down with the other to open his pants. Pulling out his hardened member, he laid it between her cheeks and pushed them together to sandwich his shaft. His admittedly impressive length looked huge compared to her thin frame. If he hadn't fucked her already, he would have wondered if he could fit inside her at all. Pansy bent impressively as she looked back at his cock, slowly sawing back and forth.

"Is this what you want?" Harry asked, lifting his length and slapping it down on her ass.

With a moan, she wiggled her hips, shaking her bum at him invitingly. Grinning, he raised his hand and brought it down with a loud *slap* on her upturned ass. Pansy yelped but continued to wiggle enticingly while staring back at him heatedly.

"Look at you, Parkinson," Harry said, smacking her other cheek. "Tied up, gagged, and you're still desperate for my cock."

Glaring, she let out a series of muffled insults, all while still rubbing her ass against his throbbing erection. Chuckling, Harry finally got tired of teasing her and placed his swollen head at her entrance. Pansy let out a loud, whorish moan as he sank into her, his girth forcing apart her tight, silky walls. Holding her cheeks apart, he watched as her eager folds stretched around his shaft. Once Harry was fully sheathed in her welcoming depths, Harry paused for a moment to savor the feeling of her soft walls hugging his shaft.

When Pansy groaned and wiggled impatiently, he pulled back until just the head remained trapped between her lips and then snapped his hips forward. Pansy arched her back and let out a muffled cry, followed by a drawn-out, pleasure-filled groan. Harry grabbed a hold of her ponytail once more and used it as a handle as he hammered into her from behind.

Pansy's small, round cheeks rippled under the impact of his thighs and her body jerked from the force of his thrusts. With his free hand, Harry reached up and roughly groped one of her bouncing breasts. Each hammering thrust forced a short, muffled grunt from her lips. Pulling Pansy's head back further, until she was practically standing with her back arched sharply, Harry leaned forward to kiss, suck, and nip at the side of her neck.

"You might be a whore, Parkinson, but you're my whore, aren't you," Harry growled before his teeth grazed her ear.

Pansy mumbled in response.

"Say it!" Harry demanded, slapping her bouncing breast firmly.

She mumbled again, slightly louder this time.

"What's that? I can't hear you," he taunted.

Pansy yelled loudly, only for it to be incomprehensively muffled by the tie. Pushing her forwards over the back of the couch, Harry slammed into her with long, powerful strokes while spanking her ass roughly. Soon, her legs began to tremble uncontrollably, her depths fluttered around his length, and a low whine came from the back of her throat. Realizing she was nearing her peak, Harry gripped her cheeks and continued thrusting at a steady rhythm.

Staring down at his thrusting length, he noticed her wrinkled hole winking slightly. His curiosity getting the better of him, Harry ran his thumb over it. With a gasp, Pansy bucked her hips and looked at him sharply over her shoulder. Meeting her eyes, he wet his thumb by dragging it

along her leaking slit and moved it back up. Even as he continued slamming into her harshly, he gently pressed down with his thumb until her tight ring gave way.

Pansy instantly stiffened, her eyes going wide. For a moment, Harry was worried he'd hurt her until her depths clamped down around his cock and a high-pitched squeal left her gagged mouth. He grunted as she tipped over the edge into a powerful climax, her rear entrance clamping down on his thumb while a gush of arousal drenched his shaft.

Harry slowed to a gentle rocking as Pansy rode out her orgasm. After writhing around for a long moment, she collapsed limply over the back of the couch while her depths continued to spasm and twitch. Hearing her panting heavily, he grabbed the tie to pull it down and out of her mouth, letting it dangle around her neck. As she caught her breath, Harry pulled out his wand and banished the clothes from her body so that the only thing that remained was the tie binding her wrists.

Pulling out of Pansy, he helped her into a standing position and then spun her around to face him.

"Have fun?" Harry asked with a smirk.

"Bastard," she grumbled halfheartedly.

"You loved it," he said, stroking her cheek.

"Can you untie me now?" Pansy asked.

"Not yet," Harry answered with a grin. "I kind of like having you at my mercy."

Before Pansy could reply, he gripped her ass and lifted her up. With a squeal, Pansy leaned forward into his chest as he carried her over to the wall. Pressing her back against the hard

stone, he adjusted his grip until she wrapped her legs around his waist. Without pause, he lined himself up and sank back into her soaked depths.

“Potter,” Pansy moaned.

“Merlin, I love fucking you,” Harry groaned.

“Would you pick me over that slut, Greengrass?” she asked, then immediately looked away as if surprised by her own question.

Harry smiled at the uncharacteristically shy look on her face.

“Don’t know, I’ve never fucked her,” he said, then smirked. “Should I go find her and then let you know?”

“No!” Pansy yelled, her legs tightening around him as she glared.

“What, you don’t want me to go pound her into a mattress and make her realize how bad Malfoy is in bed?” Harry asked as he began thrusting.

“Don’t you dare,” Pansy growled.

“You want to keep me all to yourself?” Harry asked.

“You have me, you don’t need that bitch,” she told him.

“So, you are mine,” he said with a grin.

"I – just shut up and fuck me, Potter," Pansy huffed.

Chuckling, Harry began thrusting harder, drawing a deep moan from her lips. Leaning forward, he kissed her on the lips, his tongue sliding along hers. Groping her ass, he dragged his middle finger across her back door, causing Pansy to grunt into his mouth. Running his finger through her soaked folds, Harry pushed his finger in up to the first knuckle.

"Harry," Pansy gasped, pulling her lips back from his.

She bit her lips as he sawed his finger back and forth in time with his thrusts. Her face and chest flushed as she panted lightly. As his finger plunged deeper, a shiver ran through her body.

"You know, I bet Astoria doesn't let Malfoy do things like this to her," Harry said.

Pansy shivered and smiled at him.

"No, I bet she doesn't," she panted. "That stuck-up cunt won't do half the things I'm willing to. Now fuck me harder."

Grinning, Harry did just that. Using her hands for leverage, Pansy rolled her hips into his thrusts with a loud, wanton moan.

"Greengrass couldn't take your big cock like I do," she said between gasping breaths. "She wouldn't let you tie her up and fuck her however you want."

With a shuddering breath, Pansy scrunched up her face and cried out as she came again, clenching around his cock and finger.

"She probably doesn't cum like a desperate slut either," Harry growled.

Pansy let out a pitiful moan as he continued slamming into her as he chased after his own climax. Nearing his peak, he yanked his length out of her grasping folds. As Pansy tried to get her trembling legs underneath her, Harry gently pushed her down to her knees. Still gasping and shaking from her climax, she stared up at him as he stroked himself furiously.

Realizing what he planned, Pansy closed her eyes and tilted her head back just a moment before Harry reached his peak. With a grunt, streaks of hot, white cum shot from his pulsating tip and splashed against her face. Groaning, he painted her nose, cheeks, chin, and lips with thick white streaks. As the last dregs dripped onto her tits, Pansy cautiously opened her eyes and licked her lips.

"Fuck," Harry panted.

Smirking, she stuck out her tongue and licked up as much as she could reach before pulling it into her mouth and swallowing. Grabbing his still hard shaft by the base, Harry gathered the cum on her cheek onto the head of his cock and brought it to her mouth. Pansy gave him a sultry look as she opened her mouth and sucked him clean. Over and over, Harry used his length to clean off her face until there was nothing left.

"I bet Greengrass wouldn't do that," Pansy smirked.

Snorting, Harry released her hands with a thought. Grinning, she stood up and looked down at herself. As she reached for the few drops that had landed on her chest, he reached out to stop her.

"Leave it," Harry said, then continued at her questioning look. "I want it on you when you go back to your common room."

"Are you sure that's enough?" Pansy asked with a smirk. "Maybe you should cover me a bit more."

Harry groaned as she stroked his length a few times before using her grip to pull him over to the bed.