

Chapter 2

Harry sat at breakfast on Monday morning, enjoying a conversation with Hermione. Across from them, Ron was shoveling food into his mouth as though it was his first meal since arriving at Hogwarts. More than once, Hermione had wrinkled her nose cutely in disgust.

In such a situation, it came as no surprise to Harry when Draco Malfoy tried to start a fight while the professors at the head table weren't paying attention. It was a childish tactic he'd used constantly throughout his years at Hogwarts, to mixed results.

"Hey, Weasley," Malfoy called out, "can't your family afford to feed you at home?"

Behind Malfoy, Crabbe and Goyle laughed far more loudly than the situation warranted, while several other Slytherins chuckled. It was a rather pathetic insult, all things considered. However, it still garnered the reaction he sought. Ron's face turned red, and his hand reached for his wand.

"Ron, no!" Hermione hissed.

"Please," Malfoy drawled, "As if I have anything to worry about. Weasley barely knows which end of his wand to hold."

Seeing Ron's temper about to boil over, Harry decided to step in.

"Like you're any good," Harry scoffed. "Didn't you turn your skin blue with the Color Changing Charm, instead of your feather?"

Malfoy's cheeks went red, and he glared at Harry for bringing up the rather embarrassing moment.

“Oh yeah, Potter,” Malfoy sneered. “If you’re so much better, why don’t you prove it? I challenge you to a duel.”

“He’ll do it,” Ron jumped in. “I’m his second, who’s yours.”

Malfoy looked at the two troll like boys behind him for a moment.

“Crabbe. In the trophy room, at midnight,” Malfoy said.

“Hold on just a second,” Harry interrupted before Ron could speak for him again, not having expected this to take place sooner than the last time. “If we’re going to duel, shouldn’t there be stakes?”

“Like what?” Malfoy asked suspiciously.

“Harry,” Hermione hissed, trying to stop him.

Harry patted her arm reassuringly as he thought. Holding out his hand, he used a trick he’d learned from Andromeda to summon the deed to a villa the Potters owned in France. There was Goblin magic imbued in the contract itself that allowed the owner to summon it at any time, no matter where they were. The scroll, yellowed with age and bound in a red ribbon, suddenly materialized in his hand.

“This is the deed to my family’s villa in France,” Harry said, arching a brow challengingly. “What do you have?”

“The Malfoys own an island in the Caribbean,” Malfoy boasted smugly. “If you win, I’m sure my father would-”

“You can’t bet something of your dad’s, Malfoy. Don’t you know anything?” Harry asked, enjoying putting the git in his place for once. “It has to be something with your name on it.”

Malfoy turned red in embarrassment, but Harry already knew what he wanted. The Malfoys had a mistress contract with Daphne Greengrass for Draco. It was something the girl had resented her entire life. Even worse, at the height of the war, Lucius had procured a marriage contract with Daphne’s sister, Astoria, just weeks before Voldemort fell. Both girls hated that they had essentially been sold by their father, but there was nothing they could do about it.

“I have a mistress contract for Greengrass,” Malfoy said, desperately trying to save face.

“Well then summon it,” Harry said, shaking his head when Malfoy continued to look confused. “Just hold out your hand and think of what you want. If it’s really in your name, it’ll come to you. Didn’t daddy teach you anything?”

With a scowl, Malfoy focused, looking somewhat nervous that it wouldn’t work. A moment later though, the contract appeared in his hand.

“It’s not exactly worth as much as a villa, but I’ll accept it,” Harry said.

Without another word, he stood and walked towards the head table. Behind him, Malfoy and Ron called out to him, but he ignored both of them. In a stroke of luck, neither Snape nor Dumbledore were at the Head Table this morning, and McGonagall was deep in conversation with Professor Sinistra.

“Excuse me, Professor Flitwick?” Harry called out.

“Ah, good morning, Mr. Potter,” he said brightly. “What can I do for you?”

“Well, sir, Draco Malfoy just challenged me to a duel. I heard you were a Dueling Champion, and I was hoping you would officiate for us,” Harry said.

“That is quite the unusual request,” Professor Flitwick said. “I know you and Mr. Malfoy don’t see eye to eye, but do you really think a duel is necessary?”

Harry shrugged, “He’s the one that challenged me, professor. Ron accepted before I could say anything.”

“Well, you’re only first years, so it shouldn’t be too dangerous,” Professor Flitwick said thoughtfully. “Are you sure this is wise?”

Harry shrugged again. “It wasn’t my idea, professor. I’m just hoping he’ll leave me alone after this.”

“Yes, well, perhaps this will help you two get over some of your animosity towards one another,” mused the Professor. “Very well, when will the duel take place?”

“Can we do it tonight, after dinner?” Harry asked.

“That will work,” Flitwick nodded. “I shall see you and Mr. Malfoy then.”

“Thanks professor,” Harry said with a smile.

Turning, he walked back to the Gryffindor table where everyone was waiting tensely.

“Good news, Professor Flitwick agreed to referee our duel tonight, after dinner,” Harry smirked. “That is, unless you’d like to back out.”

Malfoy went red and Harry could see him thinking furiously, trying to find a way out without looking like a coward. Malfoy never had any intention of dueling him, but now he was in a

position where refusing would make him look weak in front of the whole school. Already, students were whispering to one another and spreading rumors.

“Fine,” Malfoy bit out angrily.

Turning on his heel, the blonde stalked off back to the Slytherin table, with Crabbe and Goyle following after one last glare at Harry.

“Harry, what were you thinking?” Hermione asked angrily. “Do you even know how to duel?”

“I know enough,” Harry told her.

“That was bloody brilliant mate!” Ron cheered.

Hermione huffed angrily as several other Gryffindors patted him on the back just as the bell rang. Not wanting to have her upset with him, Harry decided to explain his real reasons for accepting the duel on the way to class. After learning about the mistress contract, and how Harry wanted to save Daphne from being stuck with Malfoy for the rest of her life, Hermione was much calmer and even tried to help him by looking up basic defensive spells during lunch.

By the time dinner rolled around, the entire castle was talking about the upcoming duel. As Harry ate calmly, Hermione fretted next to him, going over all of the spells she’d found, while Ron talked about all the ways he should humiliate Malfoy.

When dinner ended, everyone stayed in the Great Hall, waiting eagerly. Realizing that no one was going to leave, Professor Flitwick stood and walked between the tables.

“Could everyone please stand and move over to the left side,” he said loudly.

When everyone in the Hall had complied, he waved his wand in an arc over his head, sending all but the Ravenclaw table to the right side of the room. Jumping far higher than he should've been able to, Flitwick leapt up and flipped through the air to land gracefully on the long, narrow table.

"Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy, join me, if you would," he said.

Walking up to the table they were using as a dueling platform, Harry was pulled into a hug. He smiled when he saw it was Tonks, who gave him a wink and wished him luck. Climbing onto the table, he eyed a sneering Malfoy over Flitwick's head.

"Now listen close gentlemen," Flitwick said sternly. "We'll be dueling under international rules. The duel will continue until one of you is disarmed, unconscious, or otherwise unable to intelligently defend yourself. Mr. Malfoy, are you ready?"

The blonde boy sneered arrogantly and gave a tight nod.

"Mr. Potter, are you ready?" Flitwick asked.

Harry turned to the professor and gave him a proper bow of acknowledgment. Jumping down to the floor, Flitwick waved his wand, producing a clear, dome shaped shield to protect the audience from stray spells.

"Bow to your opponent," he said.

Harry again gave a proper bow, while Malfoy barely nodded his head.

"On my mark," Flitwick said as he raised his wand over his head. "One... Two..."

"Rictusempra!" Malfoy shouted.

The purple magic of the Tickling Charm leapt from his wand and flew towards Harry. The aim was off though, so Harry stood still and allowed it to sail a few inches past his head.

“Stop!” Flitwick shouted while staring at Malfoy sternly. “Mr. Malfoy, this is your first and only warning. Fail to follow my instructions again and you will be disqualified.”

Harry struggled not to smile as Malfoy scowled. Flitwick might be quite genial most of the time, but he took duels very seriously. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Snape scowling as well, while Dumbledore and McGonagall watched impassively.

“Gentlemen, on my mark,” Flitwick said. “One... two... three!”

Red sparks shot from the tips of the Charms professor’s wand.

“Rictusempra!” Malfoy shouted again.

Harry waited for the spell to reach him before batting it away with ease. While it was a skill that wasn’t taught until sixth year, it was simple enough that a first year could pull it off. Malfoy paled slightly to see his spell swatted away like an annoying fly.

“Expelliarmus,” Harry incanted.

The bright red Disarming Charm flew at the blonde, causing his eyes to widen before he was forced to dive out of the way. While it was a complicated spell for someone in their second week of school, Harry knew he couldn’t hide his advanced knowledge forever. This would, hopefully, help get people used to him performing spells earlier than most.

Malfoy scrambled to his feet, and Harry waited for him to cast another spell. It may have looked like Gryffindor chivalry, but his real reason for doing so was to defeat Malfoy convincingly. He wanted to leave no doubt who was the better wizard.

“Serpentsortia!” Malfoy shouted.

Harry raised an eyebrow. He was surprised Malfoy knew that particular spell already. Unlike his second year, however, this snake wasn’t a deadly cobra, but a small and rather frightened snake with greenish-brown scales. Rather than hide being a Parselmouth, as he would have in the past, Harry decided to just get it out of the way. That, and he was curious to know if he still had the famed ability of Slytherin’s line.

“It’s okay,” he told the snake, causing it to look at him. *“Come here, I’ll protect you.”*

“Thanksss,” it hissed in return.

The entire Hall froze as the snake slithered up to Harry, who bent down and held out his arm for it to climb up. As he straightened, the small snake clinging to his left arm near his hand, he saw Malfoy staring at him, eyes wide and face a ghostly white.

“Expelliarmus,” Harry said with a nonchalant flick of his wand.

Unprepared for the spell, the Disarming Charm hit Malfoy square in the chest. The Hawthorn wand was ripped from his hand and tumbled through the air towards Harry. Raising his wand arm, Harry caught the wand and felt the magic of it thrum in his hand. It would work for him, but not as well as if he had won it in an actual duel. It made him wonder just how wands knew what kind of duel they were having.

“Halt! Harry Potter of Gryffindor, is the winner!” Flitwick announced.

Fred, George, Ron, Hermione, and Tonks all cheered loudly while most of the school clapped politely, still unsure what to think of him speaking to a snake. Most of the Slytherins scowled and glared angrily at Harry for winning, then at Malfoy for losing. Smiling, Harry hopped down from the table just as Flitwick lowered the protective charm. Bowing one last time to the Charms professor, he walked up to Professor Sprout.

“Professor Sprout,” he said.

“Yes, Mr. Potter?” she asked, her eyes darting to the snake peeking out from under the sleeve of his robes.

“Could you put this snake in one of the greenhouses?” Harry asked. “She’s quite scared, and cold.”

Her expression softened as she looked at the serpent, which was doing its best to look pitiable. Something he didn’t know a snake was capable of.

“It’s not venomous, is it?” Sprout asked.

Harry asked the snake, causing everyone around him to look on curiously.

“No,” Harry answered. “She’s not venomous.”

“Well, I suppose I could put her in greenhouse one, it should be safe enough in there,” Sprout told him.

“Thanks professor,” Harry said with a smile. “Hold out your hand.”

A little nervously, she did as he asked. Putting his own hand near hers, the snake slithered onto Sprout and wrapped around her arm.

“Oh! Oh my,” Sprout said, staring at the snake cautiously.

“Sshe ssmellss nice,” the snake hissed.

Harry chuckled and Sprout looked at him curiously.

"She likes you," Harry told her.

"Really?" she asked in surprise, then smiled at the snake on her arm. "Well, let's see if we can find her a new home then. Congratulations on winning your duel, Mr. Potter."

"Thanks, professor," said Harry. He watched as she walked off towards the greenhouses, cautiously reaching out to pet the snake on the head.

As Harry turned around, he found Malfoy glaring at him, his cheeks pink with fury.

"Give me back my wand," he demanded.

"I believe you owe me something first," Harry said.

Shaking with rage, Malfoy took the mistress contract from his robes and threw it at Harry. After checking to make sure it wasn't a fake, Harry handed him back his wand. Ripping it from his hand, Malfoy turned and marched off stiffly.

"Harry!" Hermione exclaimed, as she ran up and hugged him tightly. "You were brilliant!"

"Yeah, bloody brilliant," Ron said with a massive grin. "That git never stood a chance. How come you never told us you were a Parselmouth?"

"It's not that big a deal," Harry shrugged. "I'm sure loads of people can do it."

"No, they can't," Hermione said, biting her lip nervously. "It's really, really rare. It's-it's usually something only Dark Wizards can do."

"Nah, they're just the ones that get the most notice," Tonks said as she walked up and hugged Harry. "Great job, Har. It's about time someone shut that idiot up."

They pulled back, and Ron and Hermione were looking between the two of them curiously.

"Oh, right," Harry said. "This is Tonks. Tonks, this is Ron, and Hermione."

"Wotcher," Tonks said brightly. "Hey, wonder boy. Your future mistress looks like she wants a word with you."

"Wonder boy?" Harry asked, shaking his head.

Following her gaze, Daphne Greengrass was indeed staring at him, her face a cold, emotionless mask.

"Guess I should go talk to her, I'll catch you guys later, yeah?"

"Sure thing, *wonder boy*" Tonks replied, emphasizing Harry's new nickname with a grin.

"We'll see you in the Common Room," Hermione said.

As his friends left, Harry made his way over to Daphne.

"We should talk," Harry said.

Nodding stiffly, Daphne turned on her heels and stalked off to the Entrance Hall. Harry followed her down the hall to an abandoned classroom. When they were both inside, she cast an impressive Privacy Charm on the door and then turned to him.

“So, am I going to be servicing the Boy-Who-Lived from now on?” she asked bluntly.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “I’m not going to make you do anything you don’t want to.”

Daphne scoffed, “You really expect me to believe that?”

“I’m not really sure how I can prove it to you. I could destroy the contract, but then your dad could just make another one with the Malfoys. Here,” Harry said, handing Daphne the contract. “You hold on to this, and if I try to use it against you, you can just burn it.”

With a trembling hand, Daphne reached out and took the contract from him.

“You’re serious about this,” she said more than ask. “Why?”

Harry sighed, “My relatives hate me. They treat me like a House Elf. I slept in a cupboard under the stairs until I turned eleven, I did all the chores around the house since I could walk, and they fed me table scraps. I know what it’s like to have your freedom taken away like that. I don’t want to see that happen to anyone else if I can help it.”

“I-” Daphne paused, swallowing thickly. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” he told her with a small smile.

Turning, he left the room and closed the door behind him.

Two days later, Daphne spoke to him for the first time since he had given her the contract, as they left another horrible Potions class. After the duel, Snape had seemingly slipped back into his old ways, bullying Neville and docking points from non-Slytherins. Harry was lost in thought, wondering if he should use the Resurrection Stone to let his mother deal with the greasy git when Daphne caught up to him.

“Potter,” she called, breaking him from his thoughts. “Can we talk? Privately.”

“Sure,” he said.

Bidding his friends goodbye, Harry led her over to a painting of a rather gothic looking set of double doors tucked away in a dim alcove. Raising his hand, he knocked seven times, although the canvas did not move under his touch. Instead, after a brief pause, the painting of the door swung open to reveal a long, narrow, dimly lit hallway. Looking over his shoulder, he smiled at a confused Daphne, then stepped into the painting. After walking several steps down the hall, he looked back to find her gawping at him in astonishment.

“Come on, it’s safe,” he said, smiling.

Tentatively, Daphne stepped into the painting, looking around in amazement. Harry resumed his walking, then stepped out of the open doors at the end and out onto the seventh floor. Daphne joined him a moment later.

“Where are we?” she asked.

“The seventh floor. There’s one of those paintings on every floor. The number of times you knock tells it what floor you want to go to,” he told her.

“That’s... impressive,” Daphne said after a moment of thought.

“Wait until you see this,” Harry grinned.

Walking a short distance over to the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy, he paced back and forth three times, summoning the Room of Requirement. After a brief pause, the familiar decorative wooden door melted out of the stone wall. Daphne looked at it with a raised brow but said nothing as Harry opened the door and led her inside. The room looked like a comfortable sitting room but lacked any specific house colors.

Shutting the door behind them, Harry turned to Daphne and waited for her to speak.

Daphne cleared her throat, looking clearly uncomfortable.

"I owe you an apology," she said as if it pained her to say it. "I thought you were just trying to humiliate Malfoy and take me for yourself in the process. I've seen that kind of behavior my whole life. The thought that you were just trying to help me just- it didn't seem possible."

"I understand," Harry said with a kind smile. "Look, I know this isn't ideal, but as far as I'm concerned, the contract doesn't exist. You're free to live your life any way you want. As soon as you're of age, you can burn it."

"Unfortunately, it's not that simple," Daphne said, looking anywhere but his eyes. "I got a letter from my father this morning. For some unfathomable reason, there's a stipulation in the contract that if you don't treat me as your mistress, you'll be in breach of contract, and he can have it nullified."

"What?" Harry exclaimed. "Why the hell would they put something like that in there to begin with?"

"He wants to make sure my children carry on the family name. It's why my father accepted a mistress contract and not a marriage contract. As a mistress, my children will carry the Greengrass name. The contract stipulates that I must have one child suitable enough to carry on the family name by the time I reach twenty-five. If you don't treat me as your mistress, it could be seen as a refusal to carry out your end of the agreement." Daphne explained.

“And he can nullify the contract and create a new one,” Harry finished in disgust. “What did the Malfoys get out of it?”

“My family’s seat on the Wizengamot when my father dies.” Daphne said, shaking her head. “My father believes we need to carry on the family name at all costs. Since it’s just me and my sister, and married witches take their husbands’ names, this was the only way to stop the Greengrass name from going extinct. He also received a large amount of gold and partial ownership over several businesses that Malfoy owns.”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” Harry grouched. “Alright, so what should we do?”

For some reason, his question had Daphne smiling for a moment before her face turned impassive.

“The magic of the contract will know if we’re not keeping up our end of the agreement,” she said before hesitating. “Basically, I will need to... service you, until we can destroy the contract.”

“No!” Harry barked, ignoring the flash of hurt that passed over her face. “There has to be another way. I’m not going to force you to do that.”

Daphne relaxed and gave him an amused smile.

“While I appreciate that – and truly, I do – it’s not that simple. There’s no way around it, I’ve looked,” she told him. “Besides, I’d much rather do this with you than someone like Malfoy, or whoever else my father might sell me to. You’re not forcing me to do anything. I’m perfectly willing to do this as long as I get my freedom when I become of age.”

Harry growled and began pacing back and forth angrily.

“Stupid backwards... bunch of sick perverts...” Harry muttered angrily, cursing how sick and corrupt Magical British society was.

“Are you quite finished?” Daphne asked amusedly.

“Oh, I’m just getting started,” Harry said before blowing out a breath and forcing himself to be calm. “Are you sure about this?”

“Like you said, it’s not ideal, but things could be much worse,” Daphne said, pushing a strand of long blonde hair behind her ear.

“Alright, so how do you want to do this?” Harry asked.

He felt it would be best in this situation to let her take the lead.

Daphne bit her lip thoughtfully for a moment before grabbing his hand and pulling him over to the couch. She pushed him down until he was sitting and then knelt between his legs, her hands fumbling with his belt and pants.

Harry shifted in excitement as she pulled open his pants and took out his rapidly swelling cock. Daphne stared at it in awe and fascination, her hand tentatively caressing his shaft as it grew rock hard under her touch.

“It’s... a lot bigger than I thought it would be,” she said.

Harry suppressed a smug smile and relaxed as she slowly grew more confident with fondling and stroking his cock.

“I’ve-I’ve never done this before, so tell me if I do something wrong,” said Daphne with an uncharacteristic shyness.

“You’re doing great,” Harry told her.

While he had been with women far more skilled, or perhaps experienced would be a better word, she was doing better than most for her first time.

Bolstered by his confidence, Daphne stroked him faster, her grip growing firmer. Tentatively, she scooted closer and moved her mouth closer to the head of his cock. Puckering her lips, she placed a brief, soft kiss on his engorged tip. Harry hissed and closed his eyes, his head tilting back. Over and over, Daphne kissed his head and shaft, before surprising him by licking him with her tongue. Harry groaned from the feeling, his hand coming up to run his fingers gently through her hair.

When he felt her lips wrap around his swollen, throbbing head, Harry opened his eyes to look down at her. Daphne’s attention was completely focused on the pillar of hard, throbbing flesh in front of her. To him, it actually seemed as if she was enjoying herself.

Her pouty pink lips stretched wide around his flared head and then encased it fully in her hot, damp mouth as she moved lower. While her tongue was still, she kept it pressed firmly against the underside of his shaft. Daphne continued moving down until she had taken nearly a third of his considerable length before slowly pulling back. When she pulled away from his tip, a thin string of saliva connected her bottom lip to his head. She broke it by swiping her tongue across her glistening lips.

When she looked up at him with a look questioning her performance, Harry smiled, cupped her cheeks, and bent forward to give her a short but meaningful kiss.

“You’re doing great,” he told her in a quiet, sincere voice.

Daphne’s bright blue eyes sparkled as he sat back. Without any hesitation, she took him back into her mouth and moved with a newfound confidence bordering on passion. Her head bobbed fast, going slightly deeper with each descent. Harry hissed in pleasure when she suddenly sucked as she pulled back up his shaft, stopping just short of pulling off completely.

Now, she looked up at him, her pale blue eyes locked with his as her head continued to move. Daphne moved slowly yet sensuously, as if she enjoyed extracting every gasp, hiss, and groan from his lips. Starting from the tip, she pushed down as far as she could, until his bloated head nudged the entrance of her throat. She gagged but pulled back just a bit before sucking back up to the tip and pulling off with a pop.

With a smug little smirk, she licked the entire length of his shaft before taking him back into her mouth. Now, she added her tongue, alternating between slathering his shaft on the way down and sucking hard on the way back up. Harry's hips bucked slightly out of reflex, desperate to keep himself inside her incredible mouth. Through a combination of her improved technique, and vigorously stroking the part of his length her mouth couldn't reach, Daphne was rapidly driving him towards his peak.

"I'm close," Harry groaned through gritted teeth.

Daphne pulled her mouth off of him and continued stroking his shaft as she looked at his glistening, throbbing cock thoughtfully. Just when Harry thought he couldn't take it anymore, Daphne descended back down on his length and bobbed vigorously, her hand pumping him with short quick strokes. Harry gasped and threw back his head, his eyes shut tight as she drove him over the edge.

"Daphne," he grunted in a final warning.

Whether she understood it or not, there was no holding back for him now. Harry gasped, his body tensing and trembling as he reached a thunderous climax. His cock pulsed in her mouth, depositing a thick stream of cum along her tongue with each powerful throb. Daphne flinched slightly as the first jet struck the roof of her mouth but stayed in place and milked out the rest of his orgasm. By the time his climax had waned, her mouth was full of his cum and his body sagged as he basked in the momentary euphoria.

To his utter shock, Daphne Greengrass, the Ice Queen of Slytherin, swallowed every drop he gave her with a smug smirk on her face.

“Bloody hell,” Harry panted.

“You know, this might be a lot more fun than I originally thought,” Daphne said as she stood and fixed her clothes. “I have to go study with Tracey. I’ll see you later, Potter.”

“It’s Harry!” he yelled out just as she left the room.

Clearing his head, Harry fixed his pants and stood. He and Daphne were definitely going to need to have a much longer conversation soon. Still, things had gone a lot better than expected.