

ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED WITHIN THIS STORY ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

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Summary: A new law passed by the Wizengamot forces Daphne Greengrass into a marriage she never wanted. To make matters worse, her new husband is the last person she would have ever expected, or wanted, to be shackled to: The Hero of the Wizarding World himself, Harry Potter. Marriage to him would mean more attention and scrutiny than she could stomach. What was a girl like Daphne supposed to do?

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Chapter 4: Something Blue (Finale)

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Their trip to Greece came and went. After that night tangled within the silken sheets of their cottage on the Aegean coast, Daphne could not bring herself to continue the farce. Her feelings that night had been too real, too immediate to ignore, no matter how she tried.

She knew not if she loved him. In truth, Daphne didn't even know what love was. But she did know the thought of losing Harry now — losing him and all he had come to mean to her — clawed at something deep in her chest.

And so she let her truth be heard. That night, tangled among the sheets with her ear pressed against her husband's chest while the steady beat of his heart soothed her frayed nerves, Daphne told him everything.

She told him how she had felt trapped at first. How she had believed their marriage to be another cage keeping her from the life she wanted. She spoke of her dreams, her aspirations, and all she had once yearned to accomplish. Tears rose unbidden halfway through, her voice faltering as she pressed on. It had been unfair of her to blame him, she said. Unfair to see him as a jailer when all he had ever done was try to love her. Somewhere along the way, her words lost their shape, dissolving into a mess of tears and broken apologies.

She kept the truth of her real plans to herself. She did not think she could bear his disdain if he knew of that.

Through it all, Harry stayed silent, his arms wrapped firmly around her, their weight a comfort she scarcely felt she deserved. When at last her tears ran dry and her voice failed her, he finally spoke, his hand lifting to cup her cheek as he looked into her red-rimmed eyes.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked. His words were not sharp or accusing, but carried their usual gentle warmth. He was not demanding an answer. Of course not. Harry had never once demanded anything of her. That had always been her doing. No, his voice held only quiet confusion, as if he truly could not understand why she had hidden such pain from him.

"I don't know," she replied after a moment, her voice rough from crying. "Pride, perhaps? Stubbornness? I did not think you would understand."

"And now?" he asked, still softer than she felt she deserved.

"And now," Daphne breathed, "now I see how foolish I've been."

Harry hummed. "Well, as long as we're being honest with ourselves."

Daphne couldn't help herself—whether from surprise at his tone or her already bruised pride, a startled laugh slipped from her throat.

"What's that supposed to mean?!" she demanded, sitting up to shoot her husband a heatless glare.

"Just that, usually I'm the one being foolish. It's nice to be the mature and reasonable one for once," he replied lazily, though the faint smirk tugging at the corner of his lips betrayed his teasing.

Daphne played along. "Are you saying I'm not mature?" she scoffed.

"Not at all," he said easily, his fingers idly tracing along her naked ribs. A shiver raced down Daphne's spine at the contact. "I'm saying you have a remarkable talent for pretending you are."

Daphne gasped, though the sound lacked any real offence. "Pretending?" she echoed, narrowing her eyes at him.

"You like to be in control," he said, his smirk deepening. "Even when you're not."

Daphne's eyes widened at his audacity, but before she could form a retort, Harry moved with surprising speed. In one fluid motion, he rolled them, reversing their positions on the bed until Daphne was beneath him, her back pressed into the mattress with Harry's weight pinning her down. A gasp escaped her lips, half surprise, half delight as his hands pinned her wrists above her head. The playful challenge in his eyes sent a jolt of heat straight to her core, and her body responded instinctively, arching up to meet his.

"Well," she managed, her voice breathless, "aren't we feeling bold tonight?"

Harry's smirk widened as he lowered his head, his lips hovering just above hers. "Just proving a point," he murmured, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through her entire body. Daphne's eyes fluttered closed, anticipation building as she fully expected him to close the distance between them, to claim her mouth and then her body with the passion she'd come to crave from him.

Instead, she felt a sudden, unexpected sensation at her sides. Her eyes snapped open as laughter bubbled up uncontrollably. His fingers danced across her ribs and stomach, finding all her most sensitive spots with practised ease. The bastard was tickling her!

"Harry—stop!" she gasped between fits of laughter, trying to wriggle away from his torturous touch. "That's not fair!"

Harry ignored her plea, his devilish fingers digging into her ribs relentlessly until Daphne's eyes filled once more with tears, this time from laughter.

In the end, a particularly hard kick from Daphne sent them both tumbling to the ground with twin grunts. For a moment, the only sound was their mingled, surprised breaths and the faint sounds of the ocean drifting in from the window. The world narrowed to the space between them, a

tangle of limbs on the floor. Harry, propped on one elbow, looked down at her, his chest still heaving. A slow, incredulous grin spread across his face, crinkling the corners of his eyes. Daphne stared back, her initial shock melting into a helpless giggle that escaped as a puff of air against his cheek. That was all it took. Harry's grin broke into a full-throated laugh, a deep, warm sound that Daphne felt in her very bones. Her own laughter followed, bubbling up from her chest until they were both shaking with mirth.

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When their time in Greece came to an end, Daphne had been prepared for their return to England. She had already begun to adjust her plans. Obviously not the ones to kill Harry, but the ones concerning her future in general. She could still conduct all manner of research from London. Sure, she may never get to explore dilapidated ruins and piece together the forgotten magic woven within, nor would she discover long lost tombs and crack the secrets locked underneath centuries of dust and time. It would be hard, but she could live with it...for Harry. Yet when their return portkey activated, it was not the familiar garden of Grimmauld Place that greeted her when the world finally settled, but a large sweeping valley surrounded by tall spire-like mountains that clawed at a sky awash with the vibrant hues of twilight. In the distance, a tent sat, its interior illuminated with a soft, welcoming light, the front flap parted open to reveal the impossibly expanded interior, as if it was waiting to greet her.

Daphne turned towards her husband, confusion etched across her features. Harry smiled back knowingly, a rare, unburdened expression that made his eyes sparkle. He shrugged, the gesture one of profound simplicity.

"Our talk the other night got me thinking. If neither of us is happy with the way things are back in England, then why go back?" He huffed out a laugh, shaking his head as if at his own previous foolishness. "Honestly, I should've thought of this years ago."

“But your job—” Daphne began, her words stumbling from her mouth as her mind fought to catch up with the reality he was so casually unveiling.

“I quit,” Harry answered, the two words landing with the force of a detonation. “Sent an owl to Robbards two days ago. I’ll have to send a few more to finish up paperwork and the like, but as of today, I’m no longer an auror.”

“Harry,” she tried again, but he kept going.

“Andromeda promised to take care of the manor. Hermione’s the one who set up the tent. She sent along all of our belongings, too. Well, most of them anyway. If anything you need is missing, I’m sure she wouldn’t mind—”

“Harry!”

Harry finally paused, and for the barest moment, a flicker of apprehension crossed his features, as if he’d just realised that she may not have wanted this. Daphne silenced that unspoken worry instantly, closing the distance between them and pressing a lingering kiss against his lips that was both a promise and a benediction.

“Are you certain?” she asked, her voice a soft, probing whisper as she looked deep into his emerald irises, searching for any hint of doubt.

Harry’s eyes softened, the last of his anxiety melting away under her gaze. Unconsciously, his hands found their way to her hips, his fingers digging into the soft fabric of her dress as he pulled her flush against him. “I’m sure. I’d follow you anywhere Daph’. I’ll miss England, sure, but England isn’t my home. You are. You’re all I want, Daphne.”

Daphne couldn’t stop the tears from falling if she wanted to, an alarming habit she’s found herself falling into around Harry. She buried herself in his arms, her face pressed into the crook of his neck as she clutched her husband like he was her lifeline.

Perhaps he was.

“And besides,” he began, his voice a low rumble in her ear, a teasing counterpoint to the emotion of the moment. “It’s not like I’m getting the short end of the stick here. What? I’ll have to sleep in a tent with my drop-dead gorgeous wife pressed against me for warmth every night? The horror,” he drawled, his voice laced with mock suffering.

Daphne giggled, the sound watery but real, and pulled back to slap him playfully on the arm.

“You’re an idiot,” she chastised lightly, her heart feeling so full it might burst.

“You married me,” he bit back, his grin infectious.

Daphne’s smile of amusement melted into something achingly fond as she reached up to brush her fingers along his jaw, tracing the line of it as if memorising it all over again. “I did,” she said, the words a vow.

Harry smiled back, his own hand interlacing with hers as he lifted it to his lips, pressing a soft, reverent kiss against her knuckles. “C’mon,” he said, tilting his head towards the tent. “Let me show you around our new home.”

The inside of the tent was a testament to the thought and care Harry put into it for her. It was less a temporary shelter and more a fully-fledged home, complete with a plush sitting area, a small but well-equipped kitchen, and a sleeping area dominated by a bed that looked impossibly comfortable. But it was the far corner room that made Daphne’s breath catch. A sturdy-looking portable worktable stood against one wall, surrounded by shelves already stocked with a selection of ancient-looking tomes and blank research scrolls. It was nearly an exact copy of her lab back at Grimmauld. He truly had thought of everything. He had given up everything. For her. Gratitude, affection, devotion — they all came crashing together inside her chest to form something utterly tender and longing. Morgana, what was she going to do with him?

Well, she did have one idea.

Without a word, Daphne turned to face him, her eyes locking with his. The playful amusement in his expression slowly faded, replaced by a dawning comprehension as he read the raw,

unfiltered need in her gaze. She sank to her knees on the soft rug, her movements fluid and deliberate. Her hands went to the waistband of his trousers, her fingers nimble as she undid the button and slowly drew down the zipper. Harry's breath hitched, his eyes darkening as he watched her, his body already responding to the unspoken invitation.

With practised ease, she freed him, his cock springing forth, thick and already hardening in her grasp. She looked up at him from under her lashes, a silent question in her eyes, and his answering nod was all the permission she needed. Leaning forward, she flicked her tongue against the tip, her eyes remaining locked with his as she circled her tongue around the engorged tip. A low groan rumbled in Harry's chest, his hand coming to rest gently on the back of her head, his fingers tangling in her hair.

Daphne took him into her mouth then, her lips sliding down his length in a slow, deliberate glide. She savoured the weight of him on her tongue, the way he filled her mouth so completely. She set a languid rhythm, taking him deep, her cheeks hollowing with each pull back. One of her hands wrapped around the base of his shaft, stroking in time with the movements of her mouth, while the other cupped his balls, rolling them gently in her palm. Harry's head fell back, his eyes closing as he lost himself to the sensation, his hips beginning to move in shallow thrusts, fucking her mouth with increasing urgency. The sounds he made—the guttural groans, the sharp intake of breath—were the sweetest music she had ever heard. She redoubled her efforts, her tongue swirling around the sensitive head, her movements becoming more frantic as she sought to give him the same pleasure he had just given her with his selfless act of devotion.

Just as she felt him begin to tense, his body coiling with the promise of release, he gently tugged her hair. "Daphne, stop," he breathed, his voice strained. "Not yet."

Reluctantly, she released him, looking up in confusion. He reached down, pulling her to her feet and crushing his mouth to hers in a searing kiss. Without a word, he spun her around, his hands firm on her hips as he guided her towards the worktable.

“Bend over,” he commanded, his voice a low growl that sent a shiver of anticipation straight to her core.

She did as he asked, placing her palms flat on the cool, smooth wood of the table and leaning forward, presenting herself to him. She heard the rustle of fabric as he shed his clothes completely, and then his hands were on her again, roughly pushing her dress up over her hips. He hooked his fingers into the waistband of her knickers, dragging them down her legs slowly as the cool air of the tent lapped at her hairless quim, leaving her bare and exposed to his gaze. Daphne looked back, her lower lip trapped firmly between her teeth in anticipation as Harry knelt behind her. His green eyes penetrated her, the burning green orbs holding her gaze unflinching as he leaned forward and buried her face into the soft expanse of her ass. Daphne cried out as his tongue found her clit, electricity curling its way up her spine as he attacked her sensitive nub. He licked and sucked with a ferocity that stole her breath, his hands spreading her cheeks wide as he devoured her. Within moments, he had her legs shaking as whorish moans tore their way from Daphne’s lips. Fuck, it felt incredible. Morgana, how did she not only marry a man who was selfless to his core, but could also devour her cunt with the skill of a seasoned professional? She didn’t have long to ponder the question. The tension in her core coiled tighter and tighter with every passing second until, with a shrieking cry, it finally snapped with a blinding intensity. Her orgasm crashed through her, a wave of pure ecstasy that left her shaking and gasping for air, her nails digging into the wood of the worktable below.

But even as her orgasm faded, Harry didn’t give her a moment to recover. He rose to his feet, and she felt the blunt head of his cock pressing against her entrance.

With a single, powerful thrust, he was inside her, his cock stretching her inner walls and filling her so completely that Daphne swore she could see stars. Daphne moaned, pushing back against him, pulling him even deeper inside. Dear Merlin she adored his cock. And now she never would have to go without it as she had feared.

He set a punishing rhythm, his hips slamming against her ass with each stroke, the sound of her fleshy cheeks being battered by his hips echoing loudly in the quiet of the tent. The table rocked beneath them, the brand new wood creaking under the thunderous force her husband was pounding into her with. Daphne could *definitely* see stars now. She felt lightheaded, even more so when his hand snaked down between her legs, his fingers finding her clit with ease as he began to attack it with small circular flicks while he battered the inside of her pussy with his cock.

It was too much. She was hurtling over the edge again before she'd even begun to recover from her last climax. Before she could so much as scream, Daphne felt her inner walls clamping down around her husband's cock as she came for the second time that day.

Harry pulled his hand away as she came, his hips slowing as he finally gave her a chance to catch her breath. Daphne moaned appreciatively. Sometimes her oversensitive nature was a curse. Still, he stayed hilted inside her, the fullness in her stomach bringing a soothing comfort as her body trembled from the last onslaught of pleasure. His hand travelled upwards, fingertips still wet with her slick as he groped the curve of her arse.

Daphne allowed him to explore with little issue. Harry did have a certain fascination with her ass that she found amusing. She had even allowed him to bugger her a few times. While not her favourite act, she certainly could appreciate the sensation. In fact she even craved it from time to time. When was the last time they had even done anal? It's been a few months, she was certain. She supposed Harry had earned himself a reward...

Biting her lip, Daphne turned back once more, meeting her husband's gaze as she reached back and used both hands to spread her own asscheeks apart.

Harry sucked in a breath, his eyes locking onto her puckered hole. He swallowed thickly.

Daphne watched his every move, anticipation welling in her core as his thumb ghosted over her precious back door with an almost reverent graze.

“Are you sure?” he asked, his eyes still locked onto her arse, his voice strained as he fought to hold himself back.

“Yes,” she breathed, her voice borderline a low moan as she rocked her arse back, squeezing his cock inside her cunt. “Yes, Harry. Anything.”

He stilled for a moment, and she heard the soft murmur of a lubrication charm. Then she felt the pressure against her tight rear entrance, a familiar sensation that made gooseflesh prickle across her flesh. He was impossibly gentle, as he usually was when taking her ass, pushing forward slowly, giving her time to adjust to the intrusive stretch. The sensation was familiar, yet still odd, as her back door was overtaken by the burning pleasure. He paused when he was fully sheathed, his body draped over hers, his lips pressing soft kisses to her shoulder blades.

“Okay?” he pressed.

“Mmm~” was her only response, her eyes fluttered closed as she revelled in the fullness so intense it bordered on pain.

He began to move then, slowly at first, then with more confidence. The feeling was indescribable, a deep, primal pleasure that built steadily with each measured thrust. One of his hands snaked around her body, cupping her breast, his thumb and forefinger rolling her nipple into a hard peak. The other remained on her hip, holding her steady as he claimed her tight asshole.

Her third orgasm was slow to build. The intensity from the first two paired with the slight discomfort of being buggered made for a delayed climax, yet the pleasure was enough to have her panting like a hopeless slut as she was edged closer and closer to her climax. Fuck she was so full. So very very full. It started with a tingle down at her spine, spreading slowly over her like a tidal wave of bliss. With a low coo, Daphne allowed herself to relax, her climax washing over her completely.

Through the haze of pleasure, she was dimly aware of Harry's thrusts becoming steadily more jagged and desperate. Her asshole always did manage to make him finish quickly, but Daphne was not quite done in her show of appreciation.

Pushing her ass back, Daphne signalled for Harry to pull out. He did so immediately, not even questioning her as he pulled free of her ass, leaving her used back door gaped open. Daphne turned without a word and sank to her knees, both hands wrapping around his slick, hard cock. She looked up at him, her expression one of utter devotion as she stroked him with long, firm jerks. With a strained groan, Harry finally came, his pulsing in her grip as thick, hot streams of his release shot forth, splashing across her face and breasts, marking her as his. She continued to stroke him gently, milking every last drop, until he was spent.

A while later, they finally collapsed into their new bed together, breaths ragged and skin shining with sweat — and cum in Daphne's case, but in that moment she had never felt more beautiful or cherished.

The months that followed became a blur of discovery, both arcane and intimate. Their journey was a tapestry woven with breathtaking landscapes and uninhibited passion, a life lived with a ferocity Daphne had only ever dreamed of. They explored the forgotten corners of the magical world, from the sun-bleached ruins of North Africa, where Daphne painstakingly translated hieroglyphs detailing warding magic thought lost to time, to the mist-shrouded forests of Transylvania, where they uncovered a hidden enclave of wand-wielding vampires practising ancient blood magic. Their new life was built slowly between every new place they travelled. Their intimacy was as adventurous as their travels; they made love in the salt-sprayed caves of the Irish coast, tangled in sheets charmed to feel like cool silk in the sweltering heat of Egypt, and spent a week in a magically concealed grove in the Kilsbergen forest experimenting with pleasure-enhancing potions they brewed themselves. Every new discovery, every ancient text

deciphered, was celebrated with a passion that only deepened their bond, their shared life a perfect fusion of her intellectual ambitions and the profound love she never knew she craved. It was nearly a year later, while they were cataloguing a cache of cursed artefacts they'd recovered from a submerged temple off the coast of Yucatán, that Daphne felt the last vestiges of her old self dissolve completely. She was cross-referencing a ritual for soul-binding with a similar, darker practice when she looked up and saw Harry patiently cleaning a sinister-looking dagger, his brow furrowed in concentration. He had given up his entire world, his identity as a hero, his friends and his home, all to give her this. Not just the freedom to research, but a partnership in it. He listened to her theories, debated translations with her, and protected her with a fierce dedication that went far beyond his Auror training. He had given her the world, and in doing so, had become her entire world. A profound, overwhelming sense of peace settled over her. Setting down her quill, she walked over to him, wrapping her arms around his waist from behind and pressing her cheek to his back. He stilled, his hand halting its work.

"I love you," she whispered, the words feeling less like a revelation and more like a simple statement of fact, as undeniable as the ancient magic they studied.

Harry turned in her arms, his eyes soft and knowing, as if he'd been waiting for her to catch up to a truth he had known all along. He didn't need to say it back; his kiss, deep and full of a year's worth of shared sunrises, midnight discoveries, and unrestrained love, said everything.

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Author's Note

Annnnnndddd that's the end! Hope you all enjoyed this little short story, it certainly was a ride for me! Let me know what you all think and what you'd like to see next.

Thanks for reading!