

Making A Difference

Harry sat on the only swing Dudley and his gang hadn't broken in the Little Whinging playground. His feet moved him back and forth lightly, the toes of his worn and duct taped sneakers digging into the soft, dry dirt. It was an incredibly hot summer, with virtually no rain to speak of. The typically lush, green lawns of the neighborhood had become an arid, lifeless yellow due to the water restrictions. For the first time he could remember, Harry wasn't being forced to tend to Aunt Petunia's garden.

While everyone else hid indoors, using fans and hastily bought air conditioners to combat the oppressive heat, Harry remained one of the few brave enough to tread outdoors. He completely ignored the sweat dripping off his skin, and the way his sodden shirt stuck to his chest and back. In Harry's mind, if it was a choice between the heat and his relatives, it wasn't much of a choice at all. After the year he had had at Hogwarts, Harry had little tolerance for their attitude towards him or magic in general.

After witnessing the death of a classmate and being forced against his will to participate in a dark, twisted ritual to bring his parents' murderer back to life, Harry's temper was constantly boiling beneath the surface. The same casual insults that he had let roll off his back for most of his life, now had him on the verge of snapping. More than once, his magic, fueled by his anger, had shaken the house around him and frightened his relatives. It was that, more than anything, that led to them allowing him to leave the house as he pleased. His aunt, especially, seemed to be afraid of him this year, and Harry wasn't sure how he felt about that.

While he was glad to be out of the house, that led to problems of its own. Namely, it gave him a lot of time alone to think, something he tried to avoid doing whenever possible. Inevitably, his thoughts went back to the graveyard, to the horrors he had witnessed, and to the brief, wonderful moments he was able to see and speak to his parents. When he wasn't guiltily contemplating those events, he was thinking about Fudge, and how his Dementor bodyguard had destroyed any chance of a testimony from Barty Crouch Jr.

Harry looked up from staring at his feet as the evening sun fell behind the trees surrounding the playground. A sigh left his lips at the relief of being out of direct sunlight for the first time in hours. A small breeze blew past, cooling his glistening, sweat soaked skin.

“Potter?” a female voice asked.

Looking up, Harry squinted as he gazed at the tall, shapely blonde with bright blue eyes making her way towards him.

“Greengrass?” he asked incredulously.

Standing up, he palmed the handle of his wand sticking out of the back pocket of his jeans and glanced around quickly.

“I’m not here to attack you,” said Daphne, rolling her eyes.

“Then why *are* you here?” Harry asked suspiciously.

Daphne came to a stop a couple of feet in front of him and crossed her arms over her chest.

“I need to know what happened at the end of the Third Task,” she said.

Harry stared at her incredulously for a moment before shaking his head.

“Dumbledore already told everyone at the end of the year,” Harry told her.

Stuffing his hands in his pockets, Harry walked past her and towards Wisteria Walk. Behind him, he could hear Daphne rushing to catch up to his long strides.

“I don’t want to hear about it from Dumbledore, I want to hear it from you,” she said demanding.

"Yeah, well, too bad," said Harry in annoyance.

The last thing he wanted to do was tell someone he hardly knew about one of the worst days of his life. Suddenly, Daphne grabbed his arm with surprising strength and pulled him around to face her, her eyes narrowed as she glared at him.

"This is important," she barked. "I need to know what happened."

"I already told Dumbledore--"

"Then you can tell me," Daphne interrupted.

"What do you want to hear, Greengrass?" Harry yelled, his temper fraying. "You wanna hear that one of my dad's best friends killed Cedric? You wanna hear how that same friend tied me up and used me to bring back Voldemort? Or would you rather hear about the part where Voldemort tortured me and tried to kill me while his Death Eaters laughed? What do you want from me!?"

By the end, Harry was practically shouting in her face. Daphne stumbled back half a step, her eyes wide, shocked at the anger pouring off of him.

"I-I didn't know," she said quietly.

"No, you don't know," Harry agreed, still angry. "None of you have the first clue what my life is like. You read about me in books, you listen to those ridiculous rumors, and you think you know *all* about me. Well, you don't. You have no idea what I've been through."

"I'm sorry. I--"

"Quiet," Harry interrupted her.

The temperature was dropping quickly, and he had a chilling feeling it wasn't from the sun going down. The memories of the graveyard hadn't gone away after he stopped talking about them. If anything, they were becoming more vivid.

"I'm trying to apologize," Daphne growled, regaining her composure.

"Shh!" Harry hissed sharply.

Pulling out his wand, he looked around frantically as the temperature continued to drop. Next to him, Daphne pulled out her own wand, realizing something was definitely wrong.

"What is it?" she asked, her breath fogging.

"Dementors," Harry breathed. "We need to go. Now!"

"Dementors? You can't be serious," said Daphne, even as she followed him out of the park and onto Wisteria Walk.

Harry turned around to argue with her but stopped when he spotted a black wraith gliding across the ground, frost gathering on the grass around it. Daphne followed his gaze and gasped as she stared at the Dementor in horror.

"Run!" Harry yelled.

Grabbing Daphne's hand, Harry pulled her along as he sprinted down the street. They only made it halfway down the road before he spotted a second Dementor gliding down the road towards him.

"This way," Harry panted, pulling Daphne down an alley and into a concrete drainage ditch.

He and Daphne lit their wands as they ran down the pitch-black tunnel, the sounds of their heavy breathing and loud footfalls echoing off the walls. After just a couple of hundred feet, they ran into a solid wall, with just a small, gated drain at the bottom.

"We're trapped!" Daphne panicked.

She turned to run back out of the tunnel but Harry held her back.

"No, this is what we want," Harry told her.

"Are you insane!?" she asked incredulously.

"We know where they'll be coming from," he hissed. "It's easier to fight them if they aren't surrounding us."

Daphne opened her mouth to speak, but her words caught in her throat when the temperature plummeted even lower. Holding her wand up, they looked down the tunnel to see a Dementor slowly gliding towards them, its rasping, rattling breath echoing loudly in their ears.

"Potter," Daphne said, taking a step back.

Harry aimed his wand at the cloaked, inhuman figure, but held off on casting his Patronus. He didn't want to just hold it off, he needed to scare it away. If he cast too soon, it would just wait for him to get tired.

"Potter!" repeated Daphne, a hint of panic in her voice.

The Dementor stood to its full height and drifted closer, now just twenty feet away. Reaching out behind him with his free hand, Harry pushed Daphne behind him. Fifteen feet, ten feet,

five, his hand tightened around the handle of his wand. When the Dementor was an arm's length away, it pulled back its hood, revealing its grey, leathery face. There were no eyes and no teeth, it just had three dark holes in its skull. As their eyes met, Harry felt as if he was staring into the very depths of nothing, an empty husk devoid of human emotion.

A thin, skeletal hand reached out for his neck, and Harry was surrounded with a cold so harsh it burned his skin.

"No, not Harry, please," a voice begged from nowhere and everywhere.

Harry, spurred into action by the ghost of his mother's voice, swung his wand up and pressed it against the Dementor's chest.

"Expecto Patronum," he yelled.

An unearthly shriek filled the tunnel as Prongs leapt from his wand and gored the Dementor with his horns, sending it flying back several feet. Prongs stamped his ghostly, silvery hooves silently on the ground as he stood protectively in front of Harry and Daphne. The Dementor gave another scream before it turned and fled, disappearing into the pitch-black tunnel.

"Thank Merlin," Daphne breathed in relief.

Harry and Prongs, however, remained alert.

"Where's the second one?" Harry asked.

"Maybe you scared it off," Daphne replied.

CLANG!

Harry whirled around just in time to see the second Dementor burst out of the small grate behind him. Daphne let out a scream that was cut off as it picked her up and pinned her against the wall by the throat. Her feet kicked frantically several inches from the ground and her fingers desperately pried at the gnarled hand wrapped around her pale neck. A gasp left her lips as the Dementor's face hovered an inch from hers, sucking all joy from her as it prepared to administer the Kiss.

Swinging his wand around, Harry's patronus charged and barreled into the dark creature's side, slamming it against the back of the tunnel. It shrieked loudly as it dropped Daphne, who collapsed to her knees where she coughed and gasped for air. With an unearthly scream of pain and rage that rattled their bones, the Dementor shot back into the drain it had come out of and vanished from sight. As Harry helped Daphne to her feet, Prongs pranced around in front of them, as if daring the Dementors to try again.

"You alright?" Harry asked.

"Yeah," said Daphne, her voice slightly raspy.

"Come on, we need to get out of here," he told her.

Nodding, she followed him as he led them back out of the tunnel, Prongs lighting the way as he trailed closely behind. The temperature around them rapidly rose, yet Harry still felt chilled to the bone. Reaching the end of the tunnel, and stepping back into the rapidly fading daylight, Harry paused and turned back to his Patronus.

"Thanks, Prongs," he said gratefully.

The silvery stag bowed gracefully before vanishing in a wisp of silvery smoke. Smiling faintly, Harry turned and climbed out of the ditch before helping Daphne up. Just then, they heard a hoot from overhead. They looked up to see a large brown owl winging its way towards them. Flaring its wings, the owl landed on Harry's shoulder and stuck out its leg.

“What now?” Harry sighed as he untied the letter.

Free of its burden, the owl took off and flew away without a backwards glance. Tearing the letter open, Harry unfolded it, his face dropping and paling the further he read.

“What is it?” Daphne asked worriedly.

“I’ve been expelled,” Harry whispered faintly.

“What!?” Daphne yelled.

Grabbing the letter, she yanked it out of his hands. Harry was stunned. He couldn’t be expelled, it wasn’t possible. He couldn’t go back to living in the Muggle world, not now that he knew magic was real. What was he supposed to do, just go back to living with the Dursleys, as though the last four years hadn’t happened? Maybe he could live with Sirius, both of them fugitives on the run.

“How did they know?” Daphne asked, though more to herself than to Harry.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked, shaking off his bleak thoughts.

“It literally just happened,” she pointed out. “The only way a letter could have gotten here this fast is if someone was waiting for it to happen. And on top of that, expelling you, for a second offense – it’s unheard of. Someone really has it out for you.”

“I noticed,” Harry muttered tiredly.

“We need to go back to your place,” Daphne continued. “It says they’re coming to confiscate your wand. When the Aurors get here, I’ll tell them what happened. I doubt whoever set this up thought there’d be a magical witness around. Where do you live?”

“Why are you helping me?” Harry asked suspiciously.

“Gryffindors,” Daphne said in irritation. “Not all Slytherins aspire to be Death Eaters, you know. Besides, in case you missed it, someone nearly had me Kissed too. There’s no way in hell I’m letting them get away with that.”

Crossing her arms over her chest, Daphne glared at him, as if daring him to argue with her. Though it wasn’t the most appropriate time, Harry could help but notice how attractive she looked when she was all fired up.

“Now, come on. Let’s get back before they come looking for you and try to add another ridiculous charge,” Daphne said.

Sighing, and realizing he was in no position to turn down the help, Harry led her down Wisteria Walk towards Privet Drive. They walked in silence, but he caught Daphne looking around the neighborhood curiously. As they turned on to Privet Drive, Harry noticed several figures standing outside of his house. Even from half a block away, he could hear his Uncle Vernon shouting. At first, he thought it was the Aurors coming to take his wand, but as they drew closer, he noticed some familiar faces.

“Is that Moody, and Professor Lupin?” Daphne asked.

“It looks like it,” Harry said.

“What are they doing here?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry said.

When they reached the corner of Number Four, Harry was able to make out what was being said.

"I told you, he's not here!" Uncle Vernon shouted from the doorway, his face slowly going from red to purple. "I insist you leave at once, before I call the police."

"He's coming up the street right now," Moody growled, even though he wasn't facing them.

Lupin turned and spotted him, a relieved smile spreading across his face.

"Harry, thank Merlin you're alright," he said before furrowing his brow at Daphne. "Hello Ms. Greengrass, what brings you here."

"I came to talk to Potter about something when we were attacked by two Dementors," she told him.

"Dementors!?" Lupin asked, his eyes going wide.

He looked around wildly, as if expecting them jump out from behind the bins any moment. Moody tensed, and the pretty, pink haired witch next to him raised an eyebrow.

"Perhaps we should take this inside?" Moody pointed out.

"Now see here!" Uncle Vernon barked, his chest swelling to let loose.

Before he could say another word, Moody jabbed him with his wand. Vernon flinched back as red sparks bounced off his shirt. His red face rapidly paled as he eyed the wand fearfully. Moody shoved the door open, pushing Vernon back as he stomped into the house. The pink haired witch winked at Vernon as she followed him in, and the rest of the group trailed after them.

Aunt Petunia squeaked in fright as the witches and wizards barged into the house. Rushing over to Uncle Vernon, she hid behind him, eyeing their wands as though she expected to be cursed any second.

"I have had enough!" Vernon shouted as he slammed the door closed, his mustache twitching. "I won't have any more freaks in my house! It's bad enough you forced us to take him in! I want you out! Out!"

Though he was yelling at the group, Uncle Vernon jabbed his fat finger at Harry accusingly. Harry stuffed his hands in his pockets and avoided looking at anyone else.

"Put a sock in it Dursley," Moody growled.

With a flick of his wand, a grey, woolen sock appeared in Vernon's mouth. Aunt Petunia shrieked as she watched her husband struggle, and fail, to remove it.

"Was that really necessary, Alastor?" Lupin asked.

"We don't have time for this," he growled as his eye spun in its socket.

Sighing, Lupin turned back to Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia.

"I do apologize Mr. and Mrs. Dursley. We'll be gone in just a few moments, and we'll be taking Harry with us," he said

"Good riddance," Aunt Petunia spat. "We never wanted him here anyways."

Harry felt his face heat up in a mixture of embarrassment and shame. He could feel the eyes of everyone in the room as they stared at him.

“Then we’ll endeavor to leave as quickly as possible,” Lupin replied calmly. “Harry, go up and get your things.”

“But what about the Aurors?” Harry asked anxiously, finally looking up. “They said I’ve been expelled, and they’re coming to take my wand.”

“It’s all being taken care of,” Lupin said, holding his hands up in a calming gesture. “Dumbledore is at the Ministry now. You haven’t been expelled, and he’s gotten you a hearing. I’ll explain more later, but for now we really need to go.”

“What about me?” Daphne asked. “I saw everything.”

“Dumbledore will probably want to talk to her,” the pink haired witch said.

“What about your parents?” Lupin asked Daphne.

“My mother will be fine with it. I’ll just need to owl her,” she said.

“Very well,” Lupin sighed. “Harry, go pack, quickly.”

“I’ll help,” the pink haired witch volunteered quickly.

Harry glanced at her curiously.

“Ah, right, introduction,” Lupin said. “Harry this is Nymphadora-

“Don’t call me Nymphadora!” the witch growled angrily, her hair turning a bright red and standing on end.

“Tonks, who prefers to go by her last name,” Lupin finished as if she hadn’t interrupted.

“Can we get on with this,” Moody barked.

“Yes, sir,” Tonks said with a cheeky salute.

Shaking his head with a small smile, Harry made his way up the stairs to his room. Tonks entered behind him, followed a moment later by Daphne.

“Ah, now this is much better,” Tonks said as she eyed his cramped, messy room. “Those Muggles are so clean it’s creepy.”

“What did they mean by freaks?” Daphne asked while Harry and Tonks began throwing his belongings into his trunk.

“My aunt and uncle don’t like magic,” Harry said simply.

Fortunately, Daphne didn’t press him any further, and they went back to packing his trunk.

“Tonks, how did you change your hair like that earlier?” Daphne asked curiously.

“Oh, I’m a Metamorphmagus,” she answered.

As if to prove it, Tonks changed the length and color of her hair, the tone of her skin, and even the size of her breasts.

“I bet men just *love* that,” Daphne said derisively.

Tonks snorted.

“Yeah, it does make it hard to have a long-lasting relationship,” she admitted. “The last guy I dated asked me to change a couple of things, nothing big. I thought he just liked big titted blondes. Then I met his mum, it was like looking in a mirror.”

Soon, his trunk was packed and ready to go.

“Is that everything?” Tonks asked.

As if answering her question, Hedwig hooted from her cage.

“Don’t worry girl, we’re getting out of here,” Harry told her softly.

Hedwig hooted happily and flapped her wings.

“Tonks, could you unlock her cage?” Harry asked.

With a flick of her wand, the lock popped open. Harry opened the door and Hedwig flew out. Doing a quick lap of the room, she perched on his shoulder and nibbled his ear. Smiling, he reached up and stroked her feathers affectionately.

“Looks like you’ve got competition,” Tonks said teasingly to Daphne.

Harry blushed while Daphne rolled her eyes.

“That’s everything,” Harry said, hoping to head off any more teasing.

Nodding, Tonks levitated his trunk and lead it down the stairs, Harry and Daphne right behind her. Suddenly, Tonks yelped as she lost her footing and flailed her arms wildly as she teetered forwards. Harry's arm snapped out and wrapped around her to keep her from falling. Unfortunately, his arm wrapped around her chest, and his hand landed on her large, firm breast. Blushing heavily, he pulled her back until she regained her balance before letting go as if his hand was on fire.

"Er, s-sorry, I didn't mean to..." stammered Harry, red faced.

"No problem, mate," Tonks said with a teasing smile. "I'll take a grope over falling down the stairs any day."

Harry blushed hard enough to put a Weasley to shame as Tonks winked at him and finished levitating his trunk down the stairs. A poke in the back from Daphne reminded him that he was stood still, blocking the stairs. Clearing his throat, he walked back down into the living room.

"Harry, Daphne, come here please," Lupin called out to them.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a scrap of parchment and held it up in front of them.

"This is very important, read this carefully and memorize it," he told them.

The Headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix is located at Number 12 Grimmauld Place

"Got it?" he asked.

"What's the Order of the Phoenix? Harry asked.

"I'll explain later," Lupin said.

Touching his wand to the parchment, Lupin set it alight. In moments, it was burned to ash.

“Alright everyone, grab your brooms. We’ll have to fly there I’m afraid.” Lupin said.

“I don’t have a broom with me,” Daphne pointed out.

“You’ll have to fly with one of us, then,” he told her.

“Fine,” Daphne said before turning to Harry. “Potter, I’m with you. If you pull any of those stunts I see you do on the Quidditch pitch, I’ll hex you into next week.”

Tonks laughed as they all made for the backdoor. Just before closing the door, Lupin waved his wand and vanished the sock that was still in Uncle Vernon's mouth. Even outside, they could hear Vernon yelling about freaks and disrespect.

“Right, let’s go,” Lupin said.

Strapping his trunk to Moody’s broom, Harry mounted his broom and hovered. Daphne climbed on behind him and wrapped her arms around his waist. Moments later, they took off into the sky. A smile stretched across his face at the feeling of the wind running past him. It felt good to be back in the air he thought. Looking next to him, he saw Hedwig flap her wings as she let out a joyful screech.

While the view below them was incredible on the way to London, the flight was uneventful. Of course, that wasn’t the only good thing Harry noticed. Between the feeling of Daphne’s breasts pressed into his back, and the sight of Tonks’ round bum in front of him, it had to be one of his most enjoyable flights ever. All too soon, it was time to land. Spiraling downwards, they touched down in a park across the street from a row of tall, tightly packed homes.

“Think about what was on that parchment,” Lupin told them.

Remembering the words, Harry watched in awe as a new building began to grow between number eleven and number thirteen. Though the buildings around it shook and rattled, none of the occupants seemed to notice a thing.

“I love magic,” Harry said with a smile

Quickly, Moody and Lupin ushered them inside. Tonks managed to trip over a troll leg umbrella stand, setting off the foulest portrait that Harry had ever seen. Out of nowhere, Sirius appeared to help Remus close the moth-eaten curtains.

“Shut it, you old hag!” Sirius shouted as he forced the curtains closed.

Next to him, Daphne gasped and gripped his arm tightly.

“Sirius,” Harry called out.

Turning, Sirius’ face lit up and he rushed forward to pull Harry into a tight hug.

“Potter, t-that's-”

“I’ll explain later,” he told her as he pulled back.

“This your girlfriend?” Sirius asked, waggling his eyebrows.

“No, she’s just a friend,” Harry said blushing.

“Sure,” Sirius said, clearly unconvinced. “Come on, I’ll show you the house.”

After being shown around, Sirius lead Harry and Daphne into the kitchen where several other people, including most of the Weasleys, were waiting for them. It took quite a while for Harry and Daphne to explain what happened to them, and then for Harry and Sirius to explain Sirius' innocence to Daphne. It was late by the time they were done, and Mrs. Weasley ushered them off to bed. Daphne would be staying with Ginny and Hermione, while Harry was given Sirius' old bedroom. Harry was grateful the Ron and Hermione were asleep when he got there, unsure how he felt about them after being ignored all summer. That night, he slept fitfully.

The next morning, he woke to the sound of Ron and Hermione arguing about whether or not to wake him up.

"Be quiet Ron, he got in late. We should let him rest," Hermione reprimanded Ron.

"Bit late for that," Harry grumbled as he sat up.

"Harry," Hermione gasped. "Are you alright? Were you really attacked by Dementors? And why is Daphne Greengrass here? What-"

"Hermione," Harry said sharply. "One at a time."

"Sorry," she said, wringing her hands nervously.

"I'm fine. Yes, I was attacked by Dementors. Daphne is here because she came to talk to me and was there when I was attacked," Harry answered in order before his anger and frustration at his friends began to surface. "Why are you two here, I thought you were supposed to be ignoring me."

"We didn't want to mate, Dumbledore made us promise not to tell you anything," Ron said, "It's not like we had much to tell you anyways, we're as much in the dark as you are. They won't tell us anything."

"You could've at least written more often," Harry grumbled. "Do you have any idea what it's like being stuck with the Dursleys with no one to talk to? You know what they're like."

"Dumbledore thought you needed some time alone," Hermione muttered quietly.

"To hell with Dumbledore!" Harry yelled angrily. "Do you really think I'd want to be alone after everything I went through? You're supposed to be my friends, and I needed you."

"We tried!" Hermione wailed, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. "They read our letters before we could send them to you, and they wouldn't let us talk about anything! I knew you'd hate it there and you needed someone to talk to, but they just wouldn't let us send anything. I swear, I tried, Harry."

Seeing the miserable look on his best friend's face drained Harry of all his anger. Scooting forward, he wrapped an arm around her shoulders. Hermione threw herself at him and hugged him tightly, sniffing as she buried her face in the crook of his neck.

"Kids! Breakfast!" Mrs. Weasley shouted up the stairs.

"Come on, guys. Food," Ron said excitedly.

Hopping off the bed, he darted out the door and stomped down the stairs. Hermione gave a tearful chuckle into his shoulder before sitting up and wiping her eyes.

"I really am sorry, Harry," Hermione told him quietly.

"I'm sorry, too," Harry said before sighing. "I shouldn't have yelled at you. I'm just so angry all the time now, and I don't know why."

"Well, you are under a lot of stress," she pointed out.

Harry shook his head.

“No, it’s more than that. It’s like-it’s like there’s something inside of me that *wants* me to be angry,” he admitted quietly.

“That doesn’t sound normal, Harry,” she said seriously. “Maybe you should talk to Dumbledore about it.”

“I don’t know,” Harry said. “I don’t really trust Dumbledore as much as I used to.”

“What, why?” asked Hermione, staring at him curiously. “I know you’re angry at him for stopping us from writing you, but-”

“It’s not just that,” he said. “He’s keeping a lot of secrets from me, and I don’t like it. He knows something, something important, and he won’t tell me about it. For the last four years, he’s had no problem with letting us figure things out on our own, but now he’s completely leaving us in the dark, and I don’t like it, Hermione.”

“It does seem odd,” Hermione admitted. “But, I mean, he’s Dumbledore, I’m sure he has his reasons.”

“Reasons that he won’t even explain to me,” Harry added. “This isn’t a game anymore, Hermione. People are dead, and now he wants to keep secrets? Something big is going on, and we need to find out what.”

“Come on,” Hermione said, “Let’s go down to breakfast. We can talk more about this later.”

Sighing, Harry nodded and followed her down to the kitchen. As he ate breakfast, Harry was introduced to a few other witches and wizards, including Kingsley Shacklebolt, Hestia Jones, Mundungus Fletcher, and Elphias Doge. While Harry, Hermione, and Tonks were open and

friendly with Daphne, Ron, Ginny, and even Mrs. Weasley looked at her suspiciously. For her part, Daphne ignored their looks and focused on talking to Hermione about Ancient Runes.

When dinner was over, Mrs. Weasley gave them jobs cleaning the house. While Harry was willing to do it, Daphne had other ideas.

"Mrs. Weasley, Harry and I really need to start preparing for his hearing," she said, politely.

"You're too young to worry about that dear, Dumbledore will take care of everything," Mrs. Weasley said dismissively.

Though Daphne bristled at her tone, she stayed calm.

"Maybe he will, but it would be better for Harry to understand everything for himself. One small mistake could see him offending someone and make it much harder for him to beat the charges," Daphne said.

While Mrs. Weasley looked for an argument, Sirius jumped in.

"You're absolutely right," he agreed. "Besides, there's no such thing as being too prepared. Come on you two, I'll show you where we keep the law books."

"Sirius, you can't send them to the library, some of those books are far too dangerous for children to be reading," Mrs. Weasley reprimanded him.

Harry bristled at being called a child, but kept his mouth shut. Him saying anything wouldn't help at this point.

"All the dark books have already been moved, it's perfectly safe," Sirius said, waving off her concerns.

“Can I come too?” Hermione asked. “I’m really good at research, and it will help me with my OWL studies this year.”

“Sure Hermione,” Sirius said with a smile. “I’ll show you where to look.”

“Just be careful in there,” Mrs. Weasley gave in. “And if you find anything dangerous, tell an adult immediately.”

“We will,” Hermione assured her.

Sirius led them up to the first floor, and down the hall to the library.

“Try not to be too hard on my Godson,” Sirius said with a smirk. “I’m not sure if he can handle both of you at once.”

“Sirius!” Hermione exclaimed, scandalized.

Both her and Harry’s cheeks turned pink, but Daphne gave a smirk of her own.

“From what I’ve seen, Potter seems to be able to deal with anything that’s thrown at him,” she said.

With a bark like laugh, Sirius left and closed the door behind him.

“So, where do we start?” Hermione asked as she tapped her chin and scanned the books on the shelf.

“With these,” Daphne said, pulling two thick books off the shelf.

“Are you sure?” Hermione asked.

“My mother is the head barrister at the Ministry, she’s taught me a lot about wizarding law,” Daphne explained. “We need to start with this...”

For the next three days, Harry, Hermione, and Daphne spent most of their time in the library, going over laws pertaining to underage magic. Admittedly, Harry wasn’t the best at this sort of thing, but Hermione and Daphne were able to find several things to help him. Daphne, especially, with her greater knowledge of the magical world, and magical law, was a huge help.

As they worked, Harry was shocked to learn that not only did the Ministry maintain he was wrong about Voldemort’s return, but they had taken to accusing him of outright lying in a bid to seek attention. While this only served to darken his mood, it did explain why Daphne had felt the need to seek him out. Harry found himself immensely grateful that at least one person other than his friends was interested in his side of the story, and still more than a little surprised it had turned out to be Daphne Greengrass. By the night before his hearing, Hermione and Daphne had a solid plan to not only prove his innocence, but also a way of potentially proving Voldemort’s return.

The morning of his hearing, Harry was a nervous wreck. Their plan called for him to display confidence, and a certain level of arrogance, that he wasn’t sure he could pull off. Everyone in the house tried to be as encouraging as possible during breakfast, but it did little to help his frayed nerves. Thankfully, Tonks treated it as if it was just another day, and spent the morning transforming her face in humorous ways and telling slightly inappropriate stories that made him chuckle.

“Make sure you have everything, you two, we need to leave in a few minutes,” Mr. Weasley said to Harry and Daphne.

Harry pushed away his plate and bounced his leg nervously. He was terrified of not being able to go back to Hogwarts. It felt like he was on the verge of losing everything that mattered in his life.

"I need to grab some papers, can you help me, Harry?" Daphne asked.

Willing to do anything to take his mind off his rising panic, Harry stood and followed her to the library. The moment they entered, Daphne pushed him back against the door, slamming it shut as her lips crashed against his. Harry grunted and froze in shock. As Daphne kept moving her lips against his, Harry relaxed and tentatively kissed her back. Not sure what to do with his hands, he nervously placed them on her hips.

As Daphne pushed her tongue between his lips, Harry opened his mouth, letting it inside. It was a glorious feeling that quickly had his excitement rising as her tongue slid and slithered along his. When she finally pulled back, Daphne smirked at the stunned look on his face. Her green dress shirt was open, revealing the black bra underneath, and Harry had no idea when that had happened. Grabbing the bottom of her bra, Daphne lifted it up, causing her large breasts to bounce free. Harry gaped at her perfect, perky tits, his mind completely frozen.

"I'll make you a deal Harry," said Daphne, grabbing his hands and placing them over her warm, soft breasts. "If you do well today, I'll do anything you want tonight. Anytime you get nervous, just think about what you'll have waiting for you if you succeed."

Harry barely registered her words as he cupped her impossibly smooth mounds. All too soon, she pushed his hands away and fixed her bra.

"And if you make Fudge look like an idiot, I'll do something really special for you," she told him in a sultry tone while buttoning up her shirt.

"Er, I- but-why?" Harry stammered.

"Because, despite my better judgement, I find myself fancying a Gryffindor," she said teasingly. "And I take what I want."

Daphne leaned forward and kissed him heatedly once more, though this time only briefly.

“Come on, we need to go,” she said.

Awkwardly adjusting his erection so it was less visible, Harry followed her back into the kitchen. Fifteen minutes later, they were stuffed inside Mr. Weasley’s pitifully small office. It made Harry wonder, with all the magic available, surely, they could make it bigger. They were only there for a few minutes before Kingsley showed up and informed them that Harry’s hearing was now a trial in a different courtroom and had been moved up by four hours. Running through the Ministry, they barely got to the courtroom in time.

“I can’t go in with you, I’m afraid,” Mr. Weasley said. “I’ll contact Dumbledore, he should be here soon. Just – do your best until then.”

“Thanks, Mr. Weasley,” Harry said.

Taking a deep breath, he mentally steeled himself before approaching the courtroom door which was guarded by two Aurors. Just after Harry passed the Aurors, the tall blonde one on the right held out his arm to stop Daphne.

“You can’t come in,” he told her.

“I’m a witness,” Daphne said with a glare.

“I don’t care,” the Auror glared back. “The Minister has given strict instructions that Potter is the only one allowed in the courtroom.”

“That’s illegal and you know it,” Daphne said angrily. “Anyone accused of a crime has the right to present evidence of their innocence, including witnesses. The Minister has no say in that.”

“Take it up with the Minister, girl,” the Auror sneered. “Now get back before I arrest you.”

Furious, Harry turned and threw the door to the courtroom open. Marching inside determinedly, he ignored the stares and whispers as he locked eyes with Fudge and glared at him. As Daphne had suspected, he was being brought before the entire Wizengamot. Fortunately, they had a plan for this.

"You're late," Fudge barked.

"My apologies," Harry said sarcastically. "Perhaps if I had been notified of the change in time and place, I would have gotten here sooner. And why are you refusing to let my witness inside? Am I not allowed to present evidence in my own defense?"

The crowd chattered amongst themselves while Fudge shuffled in his seat. Clearly, he either hadn't expected Harry to have a witness, or hadn't expected him to know enough about the law to call him out on it.

"What do you mean your witness wasn't allowed in?" an auburn-haired woman wearing a monocle asked sharply.

From speaking with Daphne, he was almost certain this woman must be Madam Bones, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

"The Auror standing guard told us that, by the Minister's orders, no one, even witnesses, were allowed in." Harry told her.

Madam Bones turned to glare sharply at a flustered Fudge.

"What is the meaning of this, Cornelius?" she demanded.

"Well, I'm sure Auror Dawlish misunderstood my instruction, that's all." he answered lamely. "Auror Tonks, if you would please bring Mr. Potter's witness inside."

Startled at the familiar names, Harry turned and watched Tonks walk towards the door.

“And please ask Auror Dawlish to come in as well,” Madam Bones added.

Nodding, Tonks walked to the door and a moment later, Daphne and the tall blonde Auror, Dawlish, entered the courtroom.

“Ms. Greengrass, if you would please take a seat in the gallery for now,” Madam Bones said.

Nodding, Daphne took a seat in an empty section, a smirk on her face as she watched Dawlish.

“Auror Dawlish, what instructions did the Minister give to you?” Madam Bones asked.

“Amelia, I hardly think this is the time,” Fudge blustered.

“On the contrary, Minister, I think this is the perfect time. Auror Dawlish?” she repeated.

“I was told not to let anyone besides Mr. Potter into the courtroom,” Dawlish answered.

“Were you specifically told not to allow witnesses inside the courtroom?” Madam Bones asked, her bright blue eyes staring piercingly at Dawlish who shuffled on the spot.

“No, ma’am,” he said quietly.

“You see, just a simple misunderstanding,” Fudge declared.

“Very well, see me in my office after the trial Dawlish,” Madam Bones said before waving him off.

As Dawlish left, Fudge regained his composure and turned back to the proceedings.

“Now, let’s begin. Disciplinary hearing of the sixth of August,” said Fudge said in a ringing voice, “into offences committed under the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery and the International Statute of Secrecy by Harry James Potter, resident at number four, Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey.

“Interrogators: Cornelius Oswald Fudge, Minister for Magic; Amelia Susan Bones, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement; Dolores Jane Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister. Court Scribe, Percy Ignatius Weasley.

“The charges against the accused are as follows: That he did knowingly, deliberately and in full awareness of the illegality of his actions, having received a previous written warning from the Ministry of Magic on a similar charge, produce a Patronus Charm in a Muggle-inhabited area, in the presence of a Muggle, on the second of August at twenty-three minutes past nine, which constitutes an offence under Paragraph C of the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery, 1875, and also under Section 13 of the International Confederation of Warlocks' Statute of Secrecy.

“You are Harry James Potter, of number four, Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey?’ Fudge said, glaring at Harry over the top of his parchment.

“I am,” Harry said, calmly.

“You received a warning from the Ministry of Magic for performing underage magic three years ago, did you not?” Fudge asked, leaning forward as his eyes glinted maliciously.

“I did,” Harry said calmly.

“And yet, you still cast a Patronus charm on the second of August?” Fudge asked almost gleefully.

“I did, however-”

“Knowing that you were in an area full of Muggles?” Fudge continued, talking over Harry.

Clasping his hands behind his back, Harry waited calmly and patiently, remaining silent.

“Answer the question!” Fudge barked.

“Sorry, I wanted to make sure you were finished asking questions first. I didn’t want to be interrupted again,” Harry said, suppressing a smirk when Fudge’s face went red at the quiet chuckles rumbled through the crowd. “To finish answering your last question; Yes, I did cast a Patronus, however, I only did it to fend off the two Dementors that attacked Daphne and me.”

“You cast a fully formed Patronus?” Madam Bones asked, her eyebrow raised. “Would you mind providing us with a demonstration?”

Shrugging, Harry cast the Patronus Charm. The ethereal stag leapt from his wand and pranced around the room proudly before vanishing in a cloud of mist.

“Very impressive,” Madam Bones commented. “You learned this at school?”

“Yes, my third year,” Harry said. “Professor Lupin taught me because the Dementors the Ministry sent to Hogwarts had a habit of attacking me.”

“You’ve been attacked before?” she asked in surprise.

"Yes. Once on the train at the start of the year, another during a Quidditch match, again on the night Sirius Black escaped Hogwarts, and, of course, this Summer," he told her.

"Dementors, in Little Whinging. How absurd," Fudge said with a laugh.

"Are you calling me a liar, Minister?" Harry asked, fighting valiantly to hide his anger.

"The Dementors are under Ministry control," Fudge said with a glare. "They could not have been in Little Whinging."

"Then I request the use of veritaserum." Harry declared.

Fudge narrowed his eyes but looked flustered at the request.

"Hem, hem" a girlish voice sounded from next to Fudge.

A short, squat woman in lurid green robes that made her look like a toad, stood with a sickeningly sweet smile on her face.

"Mr. Potter, the Ministry cannot afford to waste precious resources on such a trivial matter." she said in such a falsely sweet tone it grated his nerves.

"It this is so trivial, then why have you brought me before the entire Wizengamot, instead of leaving this to a hearing as it should have been?" Harry asked, causing the toad like woman to glare at him. "You know what, if the Ministry can't afford it, I'll pay for the Veritaserum."

"That won't be necessary, Mr. Potter," Madam Bones interjected. "The Ministry is required, by law, to provide all defendants, no matter the crime they are charged with, with any means they require to prove their innocence. Auror Jones, would you please administer the potion?"

Hestia nodded and approached a cabinet at the side of the room. From where he was stood, Harry could see a number of different glass vials and decanters, all various shapes and sizes. Reaching past several more brightly colored containers, Hestia retrieved a vial sealed with red wax out of her pocket. Breaking the seal, she popped open the vial and gave him a small smile.

“Open your mouth please,” she said.

Harry did so, tilting his head back slightly. Hestia placed three drops on his tongue. Immediately, Harry felt a calm come over him.

“Mr. Potter, can you hear me?” Madam Bones asked.

“Yes,” Harry said tonelessly, happy to answer her question.

“Can you tell us what happened on the night of the second of August?” she asked.

In a monotone voice, Harry explained in incredible detail about that night. He told them about meeting Daphne, answering the questions she asked, and then the fight with the Dementors. When he got to the part about walking back to Privet Drive, Madam bones asked him to stop.

“Give him the antidote,” she said.

Hestia approached him again and fed him another potion. Instantly, Harry felt his head clear and he shook his head. While he hated being under the potion, in this case, it was worth suffering through.

“Ms. Greengrass, would you please stand next to Mr. Potter?” Madam Bones asked.

Daphne walked up and stood next to him, chin up and shoulders square.

“Can you tell us what you remember about that night?” she asked.

Daphne told them her own story, which differed only slightly from Harry’s. One thing she did add seemed to catch Madam Bones’ attention.

“You’re saying that Mr. Potter went out of his way to ensure no muggles would witness what happened?” she asked, seeking clarification.

“Yes ma’am,” Daphne replied. “The tunnel he took us to made it impossible for any Muggles to witness the magic he cast.”

“Very impressive thinking under such harrowing circumstances,” Madam Bones noted. “I believe we’ve heard enough; I say we call for a vote.”

“Very well,” said a thoroughly deflated Fudge. “All those in favor of conviction?”

Only a handful of wands, including Fudge and Umbridge were raised.

“All those for clearing the accused of all charges?”

Harry breathed a sigh of relief as dozens of lit wands were thrust into the air. There was no question he had won.

“Cleared of all charges,” Fudge said tonelessly before banging his gavel.

Mentally, Harry cheered, but he knew he had more to do.

“Madam Bones,” Harry called out, stopping the Wizengamot members from leaving as they listened curiously. “Since I’m here, and the Wizengamot is here, why don’t we get down to what this is really about?”

“And what would that be, Mr. Potter?” she asked.

“Voldemort.”

There were several gasps and shrieks at the name, and Harry couldn’t help but shake his head.

“We all know Fudge only made such a big deal about this because of what I’ve been saying about Voldemort,” Harry continued. “Let’s settle this here and now, I’m sure the Wizengamot would like to see for themselves what happened that night.”

“I forbid it!” Fudge shouted. “The Wizengamot does not have time to listen to your delusional rambling.”

“Yet, they have time for you to bring them here for a simple case of underage magic!” Harry bit back. “Why are you so afraid for them to see the truth, Minister? Why not let them decide for themselves?”

“I, for one, would like to see for myself what happened,” Mrs. Longbottom said, standing up.

That one declaration started a cascade as more and more people agreed. Harry could see several members, those from dark families and some who he recognized from the graveyard, looking distinctly nervous.

“Then let’s put it to a vote,” Madam Bones declared.

A couple of minutes later, a Pensieve was brought in for Harry to show his memory. After Hestia showed him how to place memories inside, another idea struck Harry. Pressing his wand to his temple he placed three memories into the Pensieve.

For the next hour, the Wizengamot watched his memories. First, was what happened in the graveyard, then the reveal of the imposter Moody, and Fudge's Dementor bodyguard Kissing Crouch before he could be questioned. Finally, they watched as Peter Pettigrew was revealed as the true betrayer of the Potters, and that Sirius was an innocent man.

As the memories ended, and the witches and wizards of the Wizengamot sat in stunned disbelief, a few witches and wizards tried to sneak out. Fortunately, Hestia, Tonks, and Kingsley spotted them and quickly had them bound.

"As of this moment, the Kiss on sight order for Sirius Black is rescinded," Madam Bones declared. "I want everyone in that memory brought in for questioning."

"I saw Malfoy outside in the hall on my way in," Harry offered helpfully.

"Kingsley," Madam bones barked.

Nodding Kingsley made his way out into the hall.

"You can't do this!" Umbridge shrieked. "These are upstanding members of society, surely you aren't going to arrest them on the word of this-this boy."

"That's exactly what I'm doing," Madam Bones replied.

"Minister, Minister, you have to stop this!" Umbridge pleaded.

"He's back," Fudge whispered in shock.

“And someone find out how two Dementors ended up in Little Whinging!” Madam Bones ordered.

“I believe I can help with that,” a female voice called out from behind Harry.

Turning around, he spotted an attractive older woman with long blonde hair and bright blue eyes.

“Madam Greengrass?” Madam Bones asked.

“Greengrass?” Harry asked Daphne quietly.

“My mother,” she told him.

“After I heard about the attack on my daughter, I decided to do some digging into the records from that night.” Madam Greengrass said. “It was quite well buried, but I found this.”

Holding up a piece of parchment, she walked up and handed it to Madam Bones.

“It’s an order to send two Dementors to Little Whinging to Kiss an unnamed, highly dangerous criminal,” Madam Greengrass said. “The interesting part is that it was ordered and signed for by one Delores Jane Umbridge.”

“Aurors, arrest that woman!” Madam Bones demanded.

“Get your hands off of me!” Umbridge shrieked as Hestia and Tonks disarmed and bound her in ropes. “You can’t do this to me! I’m the Senior Undersecretary to the Minister for Magic!”

“Get her out of here!” Madam Bones commanded.

Tonks, tired of Umbridge’s shouting, silenced her and dragged her through a back door.

“I’m ruined,” Fudge muttered, his face still locked in an expression of shock.

With Fudge in a near catatonic state, Madam Bones took control of the room. She began directing Aurors to arrest the people she recognized in the memory and ordered investigators to identify and detain the rest. Seeing that he wasn’t needed at the moment, Harry was about to leave when the doors to the courtroom burst open again.

“Witness for the defense!” Dumbledore shouted as he strode into the room, his bright purple robes fluttering behind him.

His grand entrance came to an end when he noticed the pandemonium in the room. Raising a grey, bushy eyebrow he looked around in bemusement.

“You’re a bit late, Albus,” Madam Bones informed him. “Not only has Mr. Potter been cleared of all charges, he has also provided sufficient evidence that the DMLE will be conducting a full investigation into his claims regarding the return of You-Know-Who.”

“Indeed?” asked Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling brightly. “Then it appears-”

“Albus!” yelled Fudge, jumping to his feet.

Climbing down the raised dais, he ran up to Harry and Dumbledore, a panicked look on his face.

“Albus, he’s back!” Fudge whispered fearfully, as if everyone around him didn’t already know.

“My memory may not be at its best in my old age, but I do believe I tried to tell you that months ago, Cornelius.” Dumbledore said.

“But-but what do we do?” Fudge asked desperately.

“I’m not sure I’m the best person to ask. I am, after all, merely the headmaster of a school.” Dumbledore told him.

“I’ll have all of your previous positions reinstated at once,” Fudge declared.

“That’s very kind of you, Cornelius,” Dumbledore said. “I believe I may be of some assistance. However, there is still the matter of finding a new Defense Against the Dark Arts professor. It would seem that everyone I’ve contacted regarding the position in the past two months is under the impression that their lives would be made quite difficult, were they to take the post.”

Fudge flushed and fiddled with his bowler hat as he looked down, unable to meet the professor’s eyes.

“I-I will ensure that doesn’t happen again. It was probably Dolores’ doing – you know how she wanted that post,” Fudge babbled.

“Excellent,” Dumbledore said with a friendly smile. “Then I believe we should get to work. Lord Voldemort will begin acting more openly now that the Ministry has recognized his existence.”

Fudge paled and fumbled with his hat before plopping it back on top of his head.

“I suppose you’ll be looking to replace me as Minister in the next election?” he asked defeatedly.

"As I have told you many times before, Cornelius, I have no interest in becoming Minister," Dumbledore said tiredly. "I am perfectly content at Hogwarts."

"Ah, yes-yes, I see," Fudge muttered before turning to Harry. "Harry, I know we have had our differences--"

"Differences!?" Harry asked incredulously. "You call attacking me in the press, calling me a nutter and a liar difference!?"

"Yes, well, with the evidence at the time," Fudge said weakly.

"The evidence was there, you just refused to look at it!" Harry yelled. "You were too busy counting the gold Malfoy paid you to pull your head out of your--"

"What Harry means, Minister," Daphne interrupted, "is that the Ministry has done a lot of damage to his reputation. You'll need to show him you've changed before he'll be willing to work with the Ministry. Perhaps you could start by making a public apology in the Evening Prophet?"

"Ah, yes, yes, of course," Fudge agreed readily.

"And, with the number of attempts on his life, it would probably be best if he were allowed to perform magic outside of school," she continued.

"I'll have it taken care of today," said Fudge, with the air of providing a great service.

"Excellent!" Dumbledore said, clapping his hands. "Now, Harry, Ms. Greengrass, I believe Arthur is waiting for you outside."

Grateful for the excuse, Harry turned and left without another word, Daphne following closely behind him.

“What happened? Did Dumbledore get there in time?” Mr. Weasley asked quickly in concern.

“I’m free to go,” Harry said. “I’ll tell you everything when we get back to Snuffles’ place.”

Nodding, Aurthur led them back up to the Atrium. In the elevator, Daphne took his hand and gave him a proud smile that sent his heart racing. Remembering what she had told him earlier about a reward, he was suddenly even more anxious to get home.

When they got back to Grimmauld Place, everyone was waiting anxiously in the kitchen for news of the outcome of his trial.

“Cleared of all charges,” Harry said.

A massive cheer shook the kitchen and the twins set off some indoor fireworks in celebration. After being congratulated, patted on the back, and hugged, everyone calmed down slightly.

“It’s better than that,” Daphne said with a smirk.

Harry and Daphne took turns explaining everything that had happened in the courtroom. The witches and wizards in the room listened raptly as they described how he had turned the tables on Fudge and convinced the Wizengamot of Voldemort’s return. Harry took great pride in telling Sirius that he was no longer a wanted man, and felt a swell in his chest as Sirius wrapped him in bear hug.

“Your parents would be proud of you, Harry,” Sirius said quietly into Harry’s ear, before pulling back to look him in the eyes. “As am I.”

Once they finished telling their tale, the celebrating started anew, louder and more raucous than before.

The celebrating and joyous atmosphere lasted long into the night. Not only did a special edition of the Evening Prophet proclaim Harry as a lone voice of truth in a sea of corruption, but it also had a statement from Fudge, who gave Harry a public apology. Even when they turned on the wireless, they would take breaks between songs to spread the news of Harry's vindication and Sirius' exoneration.

As the hour grew late, and it was time for bed, Harry was glad to get away. While he was as happy as everyone else the trial had gone as well as it had, it did get quite tiresome after a while. After saying their goodnights, Harry and the rest of the kids went up to bed.

Harry had just finished changing into his pajamas and was getting ready to crawl into bed when his door opened and Daphne walked in wearing a dark green, silk robe. With all the chaos over the last few hours, he had completely forgotten about the reward she had promised him. Part of him was positive she was joking and had only said it to help his nerves. Daphne locked and silenced the room after closing the door behind her. Any thought that she might be teasing him was wiped from his mind when she dropped the robe to the floor, revealing her glorious, naked body to his gaze.

With large, perfect breasts, a thin waist, wide hips, and long, toned legs, Daphne looked like she could give even a Veela a run for their money in the looks department. Although, with her blonde hair, maybe she had Veela blood in her.

"Er, Daphne?" Harry asked, regretfully tearing his eyes away from her stunning tits.

"I told you I was going to give you a reward if you made Fudge look like an idiot," she reminded him with a smirk.

Harry swallowed thickly, nerves and excitement warring within his mind. This was the first time he'd seen a woman nude, and he had no idea what to do.

“Relax, Potter,” said Daphne with a smirk. “I’m not going to bite – much.”

Sauntering up to him, Daphne saw his nervousness and rolled her eyes.

“Come on, Potter,” she said in irritation. “Where’s all that courage and attitude I saw at the Ministry?”

“Er, Sorry. I’ve never done *this* before,” he admitted.

“I want a man that’s willing to take what he wants, Potter,” Daphne said with a seductive purr. “You do want me, don’t you?”

“Yes!” Harry said quickly.

“Good, then take me,” she told him.

Harry hesitated, not even sure where to begin. A moment later, he gently rested his hand on her bare hips.

“Seriously?” she asked derisively. “I know you were just another pathetic coward.”

“I’m not a coward!” growled Harry, his hand unconsciously tightening on her hips.

“Really, ‘cos I’m standing here naked, telling you to take me, and so far, you’ve barely even touched me,” she told him haughtily “I should’ve known a half-blood like you couldn’t handle a Pureblood like me.”

His temper flaring, Harry grabbed her tits roughly and pushed her back against the wall.

"That's better," Daphne said condescendingly. "Have your balls finally dropped?"

Harry tightened his grip on her tits until the soft flesh bulged out between his fingers. He was sure his fingertips were pressing hard enough to leave a mark.

"Is that all you've--"

"Shut up!" Harry barked in a voice he barely recognized as his own.

Daphne had him so angry, and so aroused, he felt like a completely different person. If she kept talking, he didn't know if he'd be able to control himself. He decided it was time to give her mouth something to do besides talking.

"Get on your knees," he growled.

Daphne's bright blue eyes sparkled, and she smirked as she stared into his eyes.

"Make me," she told him breathily.

Growling, Harry grabbed a handful of her golden hair and yanked it roughly, pulling her down until she was on her knees. Daphne was face to face with the rigid bulge in the front of his cotton pants. Pulling her forward harshly, he rubbed his clothed erection all over her beautiful face. When she looked up at him with a raised eyebrow in a dismissive look, Harry growled again and yanked down the front of his pants, freeing his long, thick cock. Holding her face still, he grabbed the base of his shaft and began slapping his length all over her face. Seeing the Slytherin Ice Queen, Daphne Greengrass, on her knees as he slapped her with his cock did the impossible and made him ever harder. This was a sight he would never forget.

"Is this really the best you can do?" she taunted him.

“How ‘bout you do something useful with that big mouth of yours, bitch,” Harry said, momentarily shocked by the words coming out of his mouth.

Harry thoughts ground to a halt as Daphne parted her lips the moment he pressed the head of his cock against them. Groaning at the feeling, he pushed in deeper, pinning her head to the wall as his shaft sank into her mouth and bumped the back of her throat.

GAK!

A loud, hacking gag came from the back of her throat, spewing long, thick strings of saliva all along his shaft. His temper still flared, Harry showed her no mercy as he held her in place and began rocking his hips, ramming the thick head of his cock against the entrance to her throat. Though she gagged and her eyes watered, Daphne made no move to push him away. With her lips stretched wide around his girth, she still managed to smirk with her eyes. ‘Is that the best you can do,’ she seemed to ask. With a rumble in his chest, Harry drove his hips forwards, jamming his fat bloated head into her tight throat.

Stoically, Daphne took everything he gave her, bobbing her head forward to swallow even more. Harry panted and groaned as he fed inch after inch of his shaft past her plump lips. Saliva dripped off of her lips and down her chin to run down between her perky tits. As his balls touched her chin, he closed his eyes to savor the incredible feeling of her tight throat spasming around the log of engorged flesh invading her delicate throat. After several long seconds, with only the sound of Daphne’s gags and Harry pants filling the room, he finally relented and pulled back.

Sucking in a desperate breath, Daphne coughed and gasped for breath, but through it all, her eyes never left his. Grabbing the hair at the top of her head painfully in his fist, he pulled her to her feet.

“I’m going to fucking ruin you,” Harry growled.

Using his grip on her hair, he pulled her over to the bed and threw her onto it. As Daphne rolled over onto her back, Harry quickly stripped out of his clothes. Harry was discovering something

about himself he would have never guessed before. Being rough, controlling one of the most desirable and unapproachable girls in school was something he had never thought about before, but now, it was arousing him to a level he had never thought possible.

Completely naked, his cock jutting out menacingly, Harry walked up to the bed and pulled Daphne by the legs until her ass was resting on the edge of the mattress. Lining his head up with her shocking wet entrance, he realized he wasn't the only one getting excited at this display of force. Pausing for just a moment, he looked at Daphne while flexing his cock and causing his head to swell where it was trapped between her drenched lips.

Just as Daphne opened her mouth, Harry snapped his hips forwards, burying half his length into her core in a single, vicious thrust. Daphne's words never left her lips, replaced instead by a pleased scream. From that first thrust, Harry set a relentless pace, drilling her faster and deeper until his entire length was buried in her hot, clutching snatch. The wet, damp walls of her pussy enveloped him in their satin grip. He could feel his thick length stretching her open, molding her core to his shape.

"Is this what you wanted, you stupid whore?" Harry gasped as he panted.

With the exception of the sensuous gasps and wanton moans that left her lips, Daphne left his question unanswered. Snorting in frustration, his hand lashed out and harshly slapped her wobbling breast with a *smack*, leaving a red handprint on her pale skin as it jiggled wildly.

"Fuck!" Daphne yelled. "Yes, I love it."

Smirking darkly, Harry continued railing into her sloppy wet cunt, a wet slapping sound filling the room with each powerful thrust of his hips. Reaching up, he slapped her tits harshly, enjoying the way they bounced and jiggled from the impact. Grabbing both of them tightly, he squeezed harshly and use them as handles to pull her harder onto his hammering cock.

Daphne began to writhe on the bed, her breath coming faster, her moans and gasps louder. Pinching her nipples, a desperate whine left her lips, her body quivering as she arched her back. Without a conscious thought, Harry reached up with one hand and wrapped it firmly around

her pale, delicate neck. For a moment he'd worried her gone too far, but the smoldering look in her eyes begged him for more.

Suddenly, Harry felt his climax rapidly start to build. As his peak neared, his hand tightened around Daphne's neck, constricting her breathing. Daphne quivered, her legs moving restlessly while her hands clawed at the sheets of his bed. With sweat dripping down his face, Harry fought to hold back his climax as long as possible.

Opening her mouth in a silent scream, Daphne's body went completely rigid, her back arched. Her already tight depths, clamped down on him with incredible tightness, her walls fluttering around him wildly. The feeling caused Harry to go crashing over the edge and triggered an explosive climax. Letting go of her throat, Daphne sucked in a desperate breath a moment before she screamed out her climax. Harry grunted and groaned as his cock swelled and pulsed, filling her with stunningly powerful jets of cum that hosed her depths.

Long after he had filled her to the point of leaking, Daphne continued to moan and tremble uncontrollably for her thunderous climax. Harry continued easing himself in and out of her slowly, depositing every last drop of his cum inside of her. Finally, Daphne collapsed bonelessly onto the bed, her eyes closed as she panted heavily. As he calmed, the guilt and worry began to grow.

"Daphne?" he asked in concern. "I'm sorry, I-"

"Don't- you dare- apologize," she panted tiredly. "That- was brilliant."

Smiling in relief, and a bit of smug satisfaction, Harry climbed onto the bed and laid on his side next to her. Reaching out, he caressed her sweat soaked body, exploring each and every curve of her voluptuous figure. In particular, he enjoyed playing with her full, firm breasts.

Groaning tiredly, Daphne rolled over, pushed him onto his back, and rested her head on his chest.

“We have a lot to talk about tomorrow, Potter,” Daphne said sleepily. “There’s a lot you need to know about. Get some rest.”

Feeling tired himself, Harry kissed the top of her head and caressed her bare back all the way down to her thick ass. He had no idea what Daphne had planned, or what was going on between them, but he was going to enjoy the ride on the way to finding out.