

## Chapter 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’ll work with her,”

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm not sure," Harry admitted.

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

"I doubt it," Harry answered.

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

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

"That's what worries me," she muttered.

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

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Two days later, Harry was waiting in the Entrance Hall with the other prefects for their assigned partners to show up. Surprisingly, he felt quite nervous about seeing Pansy again. It had been almost a month since the night they'd spent together in an abandoned classroom. For days

afterwards, he'd worried about rumors and Malfoy's reaction, but nothing ever happened. For some reason, it seemed she didn't tell him like she said she would. Perhaps that was why he had agreed to work with her, he thought. Maybe he just wanted some answers.

As people began showing up, and he watched more and more of his friends and classmates leave for Hogsmeade, he began to wonder if she was going to show up at all. Just as the last remaining duo, Susan Bones and Hannah Abbot, left for the village, he spotted Pansy coming up from the Dungeons. When she started to look around, Harry raised his arm and waved to her. Looking at him oddly, she hesitated for a moment before walking over to him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Why?" Pansy asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“They’re not so bad,” Harry said.

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

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

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

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

They'd passed the village on the way up to the castle at the start of the year, but it wasn't until he walked through it that Harry truly realized the scope of the damage. There wasn't house or business that hadn't suffered from Voldemort's wrath. Some homes, looking like they'd been stepped on by a Giant, were nothing but a pile of rubble. However, most of the buildings were mostly intact, with large chunks of wall and roof missing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

“What?” Harry asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Really,” Jennifer asked hopefully. “That would be wonderful.”

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

“Lizzie,” Jennifer admonished.

Harry waved her off, telling her it was alright.

“Last time I checked,” Harry said with a smile.

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

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

“Wow,” Lizzie gasped.

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

“But Mum, I want to watch,” Lizzie huffed.

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

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

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

“Fine,” Pansy said with a nod.

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

*Reparo!*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Can you tell me how she...?" Jennifer asked.

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

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

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

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

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

"You alright?" he asked.

Pansy jolted and scowled at him.

"I'm fine," she huffed.

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

There was a long silence before Pansy finally spoke.

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

"You haven't given me a reason not to be," Harry told her.

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

"But not today." Harry pointed out.

Pansy tilted her head and looked at him incredulously.

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

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

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

"I don't get you, Potter," Pansy said, shaking her head.

"I could say the same about you," Harry said. "What's made you change so much lately?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



“And now?” Harry asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Don’t mention it,” Harry said.

“Just don’t expect me to start being all friendly with that Mudblood Granger,” she said.

“Don’t call her that,” Harry bit out forcefully.

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

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

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

“What’s the matter? Did you lose your balls since last time?” Pansy asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Really?” Harry asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Potter!” she gasped.

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

“Choke me,” she gasped.

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

“Choke me,” Pansy demanded louder.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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