

Indecent Proposal

Part 1

Daphne Greengrass was not having a good night. If she was being honest with herself, she was having a pretty shitty year in general, and all of her woes were due to her idiot father.

During the Dark Lord's second rise to power, her father, who wasn't a follower of the Dark Lord, used his friendship and connections with the Death Eaters to muscle out competing businesses in the country. Through threats and intimidation, her father expanded his business tenfold. All of that was great, assuming the Dark Lord would stay in power indefinitely. Then Harry Potter threw a wrench into his plans. With the Dark Lord now dead and his followers in prison, on the run, or dead themselves, there was no one left to offer her father protection from those he had screwed over. The Ministry of Magic was currently being run by supporters of Potter, and they were quite eager to take down anyone who had offered the Dark Lord any kind of support. Likewise, they were also arresting anyone who had illegally taken advantage of the situation. Now her family was on the chopping block.

Her father had gone to the Ministry hearing hoping to find a sympathetic ear or possibly even bribe his way out of trouble like in the good old days, but all he found was anger and resentment. He was ordered to pay restitution to those he had swindled, and that amount wasn't peanuts. To put it bluntly, the Greengrass family was broke. The entire family fortune was gone. The summer home in France ... gone. The shops they had owned ... gone, and just the previous week, a Ministry official showed up at their door with a notice of eviction. The family manor and property were being seized and sold off to the highest bidder after her father couldn't come up with the entire sum of gold he owed. Everything in the manor was being sold as well. The paintings, the jewelry, the various works of art ... even the House Elf had been taken from them! All Daphne had left was the clothes on her back, a small pouch of gold that had been stuffed in the bottom of her school trunk and forgotten about, and whatever clothes, makeup, knickknacks, and toiletries that could fit in that same trunk. Needless to say, she was not pleased with her current situation.

Chances of her finding any kind of sympathy were slim to none. Of the few friends that she had from school, none were in a position to offer any kind of help. Pansy's father was dead, and her mother had left the country, afraid that she might face a lengthy prison sentence in Azkaban. Tracey's family was in worse shape than hers, but at least they had family in Norway that they could stay with until they got back on their feet. To make things worse, anyone outside of Slytherin House hated her guts. Daphne could admit she wasn't the easiest person to get along with.

After being kicked out of her home, she rented a room in a cheap hotel in the back corner of Knockturn Alley. Daphne didn't know where her family had gone. They had had a falling out after losing everything. She guessed that her sister had shacked up with some boy. It was much easier for her to find help because of her kinder and gentler disposition. Even though the

fleabag hotel room she was staying in was very cheap, her money wouldn't last long. She had already cut back on her food, eating only two small meals that day. Sitting in her room with her stomach growling from hunger, Daphne decided that enough was enough. If she couldn't count on anyone to help her, then she would just have to help herself. Daphne would use the only advantage she had ... her stunning beauty. Putting on the only sexy dress she had left and fixing her makeup, Daphne waltzed down to the Leaky Cauldron to trick some unfortunate boy into buying her a meal.

Indecent Proposal

Harry was drinking and having a good time with his mates when he spotted a certain young woman making the rounds. 'Greengrass ... I haven't seen her in a while,' Harry thought as he checked her out. She was still beautiful, but Harry would also wager that she was just as bitchy and unpleasant as she had always been. There was hardly ever a time when she failed to insult him whenever he was unlucky enough to pass her by in the school's corridors. It wasn't only him. From what he remembered, Daphne held disdain for the majority of Hogwarts' inhabitants. Her insults could often be heard echoing through the drafty, old castle. Gryffindors, Hufflepuffs, Ravenclaws ... It didn't make any difference. They were all worthless peasants in her eyes. It wouldn't shock him if he learned that she hated most of the students in her own House as well. Daphne was just that type of girl. She knew she was beautiful, sexy, and rich, and she wasn't shy about flaunting those facts. She had even nearly brought Neville to tears when she called him a flabby, bucktoothed duffer when he accidentally bumped into her in the corridor between classes. As such, Harry wasn't surprised when Neville's happy face turned sour at the mere sight of her.

"What's she doing here?" he asked Harry, looking over at the girl. Daphne was slowly making her way through the throngs of drunken merrymakers. It was easy to see that she was severely out of place in this dingy pub.

"Now that she's broke, she's forced to be out here slumming it with the rest of us commoners," Ron chuckled and earned himself a laugh from their group.

"She is dead sexy though," Seamus honestly said, chugging down a quarter of his pint. As much as they disliked the girl, they had to agree with his assessment. Daphne was wearing a blood-red dress that showed off a reasonable amount of cleavage. The skirt was a little above the knee, giving them just a peek at her smooth thighs. The color of the dress really popped against her pale skin and black hair. Taking one last look at her, they went back to drinking.

Harry didn't pay much attention to her over the next hour. He and his friends were too busy slamming back shots of firewhiskey and downing pints. Old Tom had a live band playing off in the corner of the room, and Harry thought they weren't too bad. The upbeat music added to the lively atmosphere. At some point, Ron and Seamus got into a drinking contest and soon after, they were both hammered. "Don't worry, Harry ... I'll get them home safe," Neville promised. "I'm going to go visit Hannah anyway," he told them.

"You sure?" Harry asked, and Neville nodded. Harry slapped him on the back before turning back to his drink. He decided to finish it up and then call it a night. However, before he could finish, a familiar face met his as he turned around.

"Well, if it isn't the wonder boy himself," Daphne said, looking none too pleased. Harry smirked at her displeased expression.

"Greengrass," he greeted her. "I'm surprised to see you in a dive like this. I guess times are tough."

"Can it, Potter," she ordered as she dropped down onto the seat next to him. "I'm not in the mood to hear you speaking ill about the state of my affairs." Harry sat back down.

"Speaking about the state of your affairs ... I couldn't help but notice you chatting up that old geezer over there. Is that what turns you on these days?" Harry joked. Daphne shot him a dirty look.

"I wouldn't have to be chatting anyone up if it wasn't for you," she shot back. "You're the root of all my problems." Harry couldn't help but chuckle.

"If you're angry with me now, just wait until you've heard the big news," he said with a cheeky smile. Daphne looked at him with confusion.

"What news?" she bluntly asked.

"The auction for your family's former home happened this morning ... and I bought it," Harry told her with barely controlled glee. He really loved sticking it to one of his former tormentors.

"You bought my home?" she asked with a blank face. Harry wasn't sure if she was angry or just shocked. Harry nodded.

"It cost a princely sum, but I got it. That's why I'm out here celebrating," he explained.

"Well ... That's just perfect," she stated sourly. "I'm so happy for you. I hope you slip, fall down the stairs, and crack that stupid head of yours. Why am I not surprised that just talking to you makes me even more miserable than I already was?"

"Hearing about your pain and misery truly breaks my heart," he responded flatly.

"I'll bet it does," she retorted, still glaring at him. "The least you could do is buy me a drink to help ease my suffering."

Harry shot her an amused look before ordering himself another firewhiskey. "What will you have?" he asked her.

"Firewhiskey as well ... four fingers with ice," she sniffed. When the glass was set on the bar in front of her, she grabbed it and downed half in one go.

"Slow down there," Harry warned. "Or you'll be dancing on the bar before the night ends ... Although, that might be a good way for you to earn some quick gold." Again, she glared at him.

"I'm not that desperate," she added. "Besides, I have a few things I can sell if need be."

"I'm sure you do," he teased, hooking his finger under the neckline of her dress and slightly pulling it down, exposing a bit more of her lovely cleavage. His hand was quickly smacked away.

"Potter," she warned, which made him laugh.

"Relax Greengrass ... You still have your looks, so I'm sure you'll find some decrepit idiot who's willing to be your sugar daddy," Harry truthfully told her.

There were plenty of feeble old men who would love a hot young woman as a companion, but the thought of it made Daphne's skin crawl. She was a pureblood princess and deserved so much better than that. She was sure her circumstances would get better over time, but time was a luxury she couldn't afford at the moment. Down to her last few galleons, Daphne needed to think of something fast. Shooting Harry a look of contempt, she took the time to study his face. 'He doesn't look too bad,' she thought, which was the nicest thought she had ever had about him. 'He's rich,' she also thought.

Daphne knew that Harry must have had a decent amount of gold in the bank before everything went to shit. After he defeated the Dark Lord, however, his account was likely overflowing with gold. She had read multiple articles in the Daily Prophet about dozens of people leaving the Boy Who Lived an Inheritance as a way of thanking him for his hard work and sacrifice. The fact that he had apparently bought her family's sprawling manor only proved this to her. 'It would be nice to have my old room back,' she suddenly thought. She looked at him again with a gleam in her eyes.

"Potter ... I have a business proposition for you," she slyly said.

Indecent Proposal

"I can't believe I agreed to this," Harry stated for the third time as he escorted Daphne back into her old home. Harry hadn't even moved in yet and wasn't planning on doing so for at least a week. The full set of new wards wasn't even installed yet.

“Stop whining. It’s unbecoming,” she chastised him, leading him up the stairs and down the corridor to her old room. When she opened the door, she instantly felt more at ease. She hadn’t expected to ever see her room again. Everything was as she had left it.

“Besides, I’m the one getting screwed in this deal,” she told him, always finding something to complain about. It was in her nature.

“Literally,” Harry snorted, and Daphne shot him an unimpressed look.

“Funny,” she stated dryly.

In truth, she didn’t think she was getting too bad of a deal. She was getting her old room back plus a decently sized weekly allowance in exchange for unfettered use of her body. Though she didn’t like the thought of her basically being a whore, she lightened the outlook by reminding herself that she would only be with one man, Harry. It wasn’t like she was going to be standing out on a street corner in the shadier parts of Knockturn Alley. Mistresses were a common thing in pureblood society, and though she never expected to be in this position, it wasn’t anything out of the ordinary. Still, she planned on keeping it quiet, not wanting to ruin her reputation, and she was sure Harry didn’t want word of their arrangement spreading. The best part was that she could call off the deal at any point and move out, something she planned on doing as soon as possible.

She also made herself feel better with her rude thoughts about Harry probably being a one-pump-chump. He would slip it in and blow his load a few minutes later. Then she could be out of his presence and spend the rest of her time doing whatever she wanted. She was already thinking about her next shopping trip when his hands gripped her thin waist. Daphne jumped, forgetting he was there. He pulled her body back so that her back was pressed firmly against his front. Something hard was pressed against her bottom, and Harry ground it against her, letting her know exactly what it was.

“It’s crazy how quickly things change ... isn’t it,” Harry told her as his hands slid up and over her belly. “At one point, you would have spat in my face without a second thought ...”

“I still would,” she added as his hands climbed higher.

“... and now I’m about to fuck you in your own bed,” he finished his thought. “It’s funny how karma works. Isn’t that right?” She heard the amusement in his voice.

“Hilarious,” she answered as her heart began to beat faster. It was one thing to come up with such a hare-brained scheme, but it was another to actually live it. Now that he was touching her, she began to get nervous. Her experiences with men were limited, having only had one serious boyfriend in her life.

His hands cupped her covered breasts, and he gripped them tightly. One of his hands left her breast as he stepped back. Daphne then felt him tug on the zipper of her dress. Her heart hammered in her chest as the zipper lowered down to her lower back. Then he moved his other hand and peeled her dress down her body. Her braless chest was exposed first, then her belly. He tugged the dress over her flared hips and let it pool around her ankles. Daphne stepped out of the pile. Harry then lifted her bridal style and set her in the middle of her bed. At least there was the comfort of familiarity, Daphne thought as this would be happening in the room that she lived in for all of her life. As Harry stepped back off the bed and looked at her body, Daphne felt a bit insecure. She quickly covered her naked breasts and kept her thighs closed. Harry just smirked at her and began taking his clothes off. Daphne watched him carefully as piece after piece of clothing was dropped on her bedroom floor. As loathed as she was to admit it, Harry wasn't all that bad to look at. He was handsome enough, and his body was fit. However, the one thing that quickly captured her attention was the tent in his boxers. It was a very big tent. When he pulled his boxers down, a lump formed in Daphne's throat. Something monstrous in size sprang out and slapped against his lower belly before coming to a stop. It was pointing straight at her, thick, veiny, and nearly as long as her forearm. Now Daphne really *was* nervous. Harry crawled onto the bed, his horsecock bouncing between his legs. Her legs were clenched tightly together, afraid that ... thing ... might split her in two. He stopped at her side and ran his warm hand up her shin and over her thigh. His fingers dipped down between them, softly playing with the delicate skin of her inner thigh. Daphne's breathing quickened, and her body trembled.

"Relax, Daphne. I'm going to make sure that you're enjoying yourself as much as I am," Harry promised her. He then leaned over and kissed her right below her belly button. "You have such a sexy body," he complimented her. Daphne blushed deeply at having his face so close to a certain area of hers. His kisses traveled higher up her stomach until he grabbed her wrists and pulled her hands away from her bare breasts. Harry looked at them. "Such perfect, little nipples," he lustfully said. They were average-sized for a girl her age and light in color, being only a shade or two darker than the pale skin of her breasts. He lightly brushed his fingers over her little nubs, and they hardened immediately. Daphne let out a soft gasp at the touch. Harry looked up at her with a satisfied expression. "Like that, huh?"

"Shut it, Potter," Daphne said, her cheeks pink with embarrassment. She couldn't help it if her nipples were sensitive. She bit her lower lip and squirmed as he rolled the hard tips between his fingers. He pinched and pulled on them, making her gasp again. Harry then leaned over, and Daphne thought he was coming in for a kiss, but instead, his lips found her breast. It felt good, she thought, as Harry kissed and sucked on the underside of her breast. Daphne had always been very proud of her breasts. As a student, they had been a bit on the larger side, having C-cups when she was only fourteen. Now that she was a young adult, they had grown an entire cup size, and she was carrying around small D's. Not only were they large, but they were beautifully shaped as well, standing proud and perky on her slim figure. Harry seemed to like them, she thought with some amount of satisfaction. His lips were traveling all around her areola while his hand greedily groped her other breast. At some point, without her knowledge, she had arched her back and pressed her breast harder against his lips.

With her body squirming uncontrollably, it wasn't surprising when the tip of her nipple brushed against his lips. As it did, Harry sucked it into his mouth, causing Daphne to squeak. Daphne quickly realized that Harry wasn't going to be shy regarding her body. The hand that wasn't playing with her breast slid down her belly and onto the crotch of her panties. Her body betrayed her, and her legs opened slightly. They didn't open much, but it was enough for his fingers to find her covered slit. The sensation of having her body played with in such a manner was confusing to her. On one hand, she had grown up in a pureblooded culture where women didn't act like horny, muggle whores. She was expected to act pure and refined in every aspect of her life. Women of culture and sophistication weren't supposed to act that way. On the other hand, the feeling of his finger sliding up and down her rapidly dampening slit was making her question her views and teachings on sex.

Though what he was doing to her felt good, Daphne tried her best to remain quiet and still. That's what was expected of a woman of her breeding. Harry was making it difficult by wiggling his tongue all around the tip of her nipple. A few whimpers left her lips. She was equally glad and disappointed when he let her nipple go. His lips then moved to her cleavage where they kissed and nipped at the soft skin between her breasts. They traveled up her chest until they reached her throat. Daphne was forced to tilt her head back when his lips attacked her neck. Her breathing grew heavy as he laid soft kisses up and down her neck. He kissed her right below her ear and traced the line of her jaw. When he reached her lips, his hand slid behind her head, and he kissed her heatedly. Daphne had never experienced a kiss like that. His tongue tentatively explored her mouth, but she didn't reciprocate. Women like her avoided such uncouth behavior. However, Harry chose that exact moment to move his finger from her covered slit up to her covered clit. Massaging the little bump on her panties caused her to squeal into his mouth. Her tongue accidentally slipped into his mouth where it met his. Harry's tongue brushed against the bottom of hers, tickling it provocatively. The feeling was exquisite, Daphne decided. The area between her legs throbbed almost painfully. All thoughts of quickly removing her tongue from his mouth left with a moan. Her mind momentarily shut down, and her body acted on pure instinct. Her sweet lips danced with his, and her tongue was there for him to freely explore. She wasn't sure how long they lay there kissing, but when he finally broke the kiss, she felt oddly disappointed.

Daphne ran her fingers through her thick, black hair, trying to regain her composure while Harry kissed her body. He went back down her breasts and down her belly again. She expected him to stop there, but once again, he surprised her. When his lips continued down the front of her panties, she got nervous. 'He's not going to ...'

Her thoughts were stopped when his lips moved down to the crotch of her panties. "Potter! What are you ...?" she began but was cut short when he pushed her thighs wide open and inhaled the scent of her womanhood.

"You smell incredible," she heard his muffled voice. Never having felt so embarrassed, Daphne covered her flaming red face with her hands.

“Get your face away from there, you pervert!” she cried out, feeling completely humiliated. Harry was having other thoughts apparently. He settled between her legs and looked her in the eyes while his hands caressed her smooth thighs.

“I’ve been with a few pureblood princesses like you,” he told her. “And all of them have been lame when it comes to sex,” he dropped the truth. Daphne’s hackles raised at his presumption. “I don’t know why girls like you have been taught to be a dead fish in bed, but I’m not having that. A body like this deserves to be explored in every way possible,” he stated as his hands slid down over her shapely calves. He then grabbed her ankle and lifted her foot. He undid the strap around her ankle and slowly slid the black heel from her foot. He carelessly tossed it aside, an act which annoyed her to no end. Didn’t he know that those shoes were really expensive? She thought he was going to drop her foot and remove her other heel, but when he gently ran his fingertips up the length of her soft sole, Daphne jumped from the pleasant tickling sensation. “I promise you, Daphne, when you’re someday married to a rich, dickless loser with no sex drive, you’re going to stay awake at night fantasizing about all of the things we did together,” Harry told her as if it was a fact.

Before she could tell him to stick it up his ass, Harry began kissing the bottom of her foot. A gasp of surprised pleasure escaped her mouth as his lips played with the delicate skin of her sole. She particularly enjoyed it when his lips moved to the side of her foot and around to her ankle. His hand was gliding along her thigh as his lips crept up the inside of her calf. Her womanhood throbbed with excitement when he tickled behind her knee. Setting her leg down on the bed, he undid her other shoe and tossed it with its pair. Instinctively, Daphne lifted her bare foot to his lips, which made Harry smirk annoyingly.

“So you want me to do the other one?” he asked with a smile and his eyebrow raised.

“N-No,” Daphne quietly said as she turned her head to the side so he couldn’t easily see her embarrassment.

“Don’t deny yourself pleasure because you’re embarrassed, Daphne,” Harry wisely said as he massaged the bottom of her foot with his thumb. It was true that she had just now figured out that she liked having her feet played with, but she wasn’t about to admit that to him. Even as he kissed the top of her foot while he gently ran his fingers down her sole, Daphne kept quiet while her panties became damp. Harry then stood up on his knees and brought her feet down to his gargantuan erection. Like a filthy animal with no self-control, he rubbed himself against her. She could feel how hot his skin was as the pads of her small toes slid across his veiny skin. Her mother would have skinned her alive if she knew what Daphne was allowing him to do to her. Still, she couldn’t deny that the whole thing felt delightfully naughty, like getting away with swiping a treat from the candy jar right before dinner. Unable to control her burgeoning urges, Daphne pressed her foot against the underside of his shaft and pinned it against his belly. Up and down her foot moved while studying the shape of his cock with her toes. When she looked up at him, he had a wicked smile spread across his face.

"I knew there was a slut inside of you just waiting to come out," he chuckled. Daphne glared at him and used her foot against his chest to push him away.

"Fuck off, Potter," she muttered while fluffing her hair again. Harry just laughed at her response. Daphne squealed loudly when he grabbed her ankles and pulled her body to him. Before she could reprimand him, he practically tore her soaked panties right off of her body. With nothing left on to hide herself from him, she was fully exposed when he pushed her legs apart. Harry stared down at her slick folds. Daphne wanted nothing more than to cover herself, but she knew it was pointless.

"I guess if I want you to act like a slut, I first need to treat you like one," he smirked. Only a second later, her legs were pushed up, and her feet were above her head, showing remarkable flexibility. With her body folded in half and Harry leaning forward, she never saw his cock lining up until the thick head pressed against her opening and spread her tight lips apart. Daphne painfully whimpered as the first inch penetrated her. Her body stretched well beyond what should have been humanly possible for a girl of her size. His lips touched hers, muffling her whimpers while his strong hands shackled her thin ankles. She couldn't focus on the kissing, not when his ghastly, huge flesh pipe was destroying her perfect pussy. All she could think about was how her body would be ruined for her future husband. She could feel every inch of him as he slowly sheathed himself inside of her. Her slick walls clung to him tightly, fluttering and pulsating in a way that had him moaning into her mouth. When his balls pressed against her puckering asshole, the bastard barely gave her a few seconds to get used to his girth before he began fucking her inexperienced body like a wild animal during rutting season.

Daphne never expected to be treated like this. Her body was twisted and folded, giving him unfettered access to her wet womanhood ... and he took full advantage. His hips slammed down on her, driving her ass and back deep into her mattress. Her body was bouncing with every thrust of his hips. The squeaks and squeals of pain and pleasure were muffled as he sucked on her warm tongue. Her eyes were closed tightly shut, not wanting to see his reaction to the noises coming from her mouth and lower half. She was wet, there was no doubt about that. If the heavy scent of her arousal wasn't enough, the sounds of suction coming from between her legs were.

"Your pussy feels amazing," Harry groaned before going back to kissing her. She wanted to slap him for using that kind of language around her, but deep down, she was glad he found her body appealing.

The worst part of it all was that it felt good ... very good, in fact. Her body quickly responded to his actions. Her walls squeezed him and didn't want to let go. Her already wet pussy practically flooded with her juices. She could feel her wetness leaking out from around his pistoning cock, dripping down the crack of her bottom and flooding her asshole. With every thrust, the brute's big balls beat against her poor, little backdoor, smearing her pussy juice all over it. Harry's chest rubbed against her rock-hard nipples, creating even more pleasure which caused her toes to curl. Her body squirmed, and her fingernails dug into his wide back. Tingles of exquisite

pleasure raced up and down her spine while her pussy tightened further. The tingling was growing stronger, so much so that it was beginning to frighten her.

Harry's thrusting was out of control. At one point, his cock slipped out as he was pulling back. When he thrust forward again, the head of his cock mashed against Daphne's throbbing, swollen clit. That was it for her. Her eyes went wide, and she pulled her lips away from his. Letting out a high-pitched squeal as her pussy clamped down on him, she violently came all over his cock. Harry pushed his wet cock back down to her slit and penetrated her again. Over and over he thrust into her cumming pussy. Daphne's body bucked and thrashed from the over-stimulation, but it was no use. Her body was locked in his grip. Finally, after what felt like forever, she felt warmth spread inside of her, and through the hazy fog that was clouding her mind, she realized that he had seeded her. Filling her body, his hips moved slowly while hitting the deepest areas. Harry's lips were on her throat, sucking on her pulse point. Her body spasmed a few more times as her walls fluttered around him. Then he let go of her ankles and rolled off of her.

Daphne was left speechless. Her body felt amazing, and her skin tingled pleasantly. Rolling onto her side, she looked at Harry. He seemed happy enough. When he looked at her, he smiled happily.

"I think this arrangement will work out," he stated and pulled her body until she was draped halfway over him. He cupped her ass possessively while her breasts pressed against his upper arm and chest. Daphne was too tired to complain about being treated like a ragdoll. The many days of stress and hunger had caught up with her. Within seconds, she was nearly asleep, her warm breath washing over his chest. She would yell at him in the morning, she decided before finally drifting off.