

Summary: Daphne Greengrass has always done what's expected of her. Make friends with the people she's expected to. Earn the grades she's expected to have. Etc, etc. Yet when her father announces her betrothal to Theodore Nott, she's finally had enough. Deciding that she simply will not enter a loveless marriage without having some fun first, she sets her eyes on the one person she knows her parents would never approve of: Harry Potter.

Chapter 1: Life's Not Fair

Daphne listened half-heartedly as her friend Tracey droned on and on about one thing or another. She didn't have the heart to tell the girl she couldn't care less what new shiny thing she had bought over the summer or which boy in their year had the best arse.

Her mind was too clouded to care for such trivial things, not that she had ever truly cared for them before, however.

No, Daphne's mind was far too focused on the last conversation she had with her father. The one where he had dashed all her dreams aside and stamped on their graves while spouting on about her duties to the family.

She could still see the triumphant smirk on his face as he ripped the last bit of hope from her chest...

Two Days Prior

"You wished to see me, father?" She asked politely.

Cyrus Greengrass turned to face his daughter with an unreadable expression as she entered his study.

"Sit." He commanded and she did so.

Cyrus nodded once and turned back to finish pouring himself a drink.

Daphne glanced at her father's desk in front of her. The usual myriad of papers and ledgers

were absent. Instead, only a lone piece of parchment sat front and centre on the dark oaken surface. Daphne didn't know why that fact suddenly filled her stomach with dread.

Her musings were broken up by her father suddenly sitting a glass of amber liquid in front of her. He had a matching one clutched in his hand and raised towards her. A toast, he was offering her a toast. Why?

She didn't voice her question, having learned long ago that she was to only speak whence spoken to. Reaching forward, she lifted her glass slowly and softly clinked it against her father's outstretched one. The smile he gave in return made the dread in her stomach freeze into an uncomfortable ball of icy fear. Father never smiled, much less when she was in the room. Whatever this meeting was about it couldn't be good, for her at least.

He sat without a word, downing his drink in one go with a contented sigh. Daphne in turn slowly sipped on her glass. The burn of the single malt sliding down her throat made her want to grimace in disgust. Only her years of training with occlumency kept her usual icy mask of indifference in place.

"I have good news, daughter. Our house has been offered a great opportunity- one that will see us rise even higher. All it requires is for you to do your duty." Her father spoke impassively.

"Oh?" Daphne sounded, trying hard not to let her trepidation seep into her voice. "And what is this offer exactly?"

She didn't need to ask. She already knew after all, and the thought of it made her want to scream. To rage and cry and curse her father and his so-called duty.

But she didn't. If Daphne Greengrass was one thing, then she was an obedient daughter and she would listen to her father's proposal without arguing.

So when he slid the singular parchment forward and she read the names at the top, her next words were a true testament to just how angry she was.

"Theodore Nott?! You would see me married off to a family of lickspittles and con artists?!" She exclaimed, gripping the edges of the parchment tight. The words 'Betrothal Agreement' shone in

bold fanciful font at the top, but her father's signature next to that of Thaddeus Nott burned even brighter in her mind.

"Silence!" Her father hissed, his cool and calm demeanour seemingly dissipating and instead was replaced by the usual look of contempt she was used to. "I have gone to great lengths to secure this arrangement and you will honour it! The Nott family owns one of the foremost investment firms in the country. With you marrying their fool of a son, you can help manipulate the market ever slightly in our favour."

"A pitiful boon." Daphne hissed. "Tell me the truth father, you owe me that at the very least!"

Cyrus stood with a stormy loom in his eye. It was a look usually reserved to cow 'Stori's rambunctious tendencies. One that meant he would not stand any more insolence without grave consequences. Daphne should back down, do as she was told and simply be content she was not being shipped off that very moment to start popping out heirs as soon as possible.

'Fuck that.' She growled to herself. She'd been a dutiful daughter all her life and how was she rewarded? By being sold off to a lesser family. Theodore Nott was the epitome of a scheming rat and his family was no better.

She held her father's gaze with a look of challenge adoring her features. Her father grit his teeth with anger, the vein on his forehead pulsating dangerously.

"You will do well to remember your place girl. I owe you nothing." Her father growled.

There was something to her father's tone. There was anger yes- barely retained fury at that, but something else. The way this whole proposal came about didn't feel like any regular contract. Her father wouldn't act so...secretive if this betrothal was merely about potential financial benefits. In fact, he'd be bragging about all the ways he was screwing the Nott's over for their gold with the contract. Yet he was being frustratingly tight-lipped about the whole thing.

Cyrus Greengrass only held his cards this close to his chest when he was desperate. And there was only one thing the Nott's had that her father would *ever* be desperate for, especially with war brewing on the horizon.

Daphne didn't need to ask to know. She wasn't being traded for some gold or political gain. No, she was being traded for protection. Protection for the Greengrass family from the wrath of the Dark Lord. Somehow, that only made the contract sicken her even more.

"I see." She said curtly. Giving her father a stiff curtsy, Daphne backed away. "I shall endeavour to remind myself of that father and do my duty. For the sake of our house." *'To save your cowardly hide.'* She thought bitterly

Cyrus nodded, unaware of her internal seething, and sat one more. All the anger dissipated from his form as he poured himself another glass. "See that you do."

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Present Day

"-aphne? Daphne are you listening to me?!"

Daphne shook herself from her thoughts and turned to face her longtime friend. "Sorry, you were saying?"

Tracey rolled her eyes with a sigh and slumped back into her seat. "You were thinking about the betrothal again."

"I've no idea what you mean." Daphne said simply, turning back to stare out the window. The sun was just starting to dip below the horizon, signalling their impending arrival at Hogwarts. She heard Tracey scoff from across the aisle before a weight suddenly settled onto the seat next to her.

"It's a lot to take in love, I know. But you've got all year to come to terms with it before it's made official. Hell! I doubt even your arsehole of a dad will make you get married before graduating from Hogwarts. That's two whole years of freedom!" Tracey exclaimed.

Daphne shook her head and sighed, keeping her eyes firmly out the window and away from her friend's joyful face. "Two years of dread you mean. My life has never been my own- for as long as I can remember it's always been my duty to obey my father's will. To freely let him use me to further his own interest. This contract is simply the same game he's been playing for years, and

it will never end. Not even after I'm wed. Not until the day he draws his last breath. I don't know if I can survive for that long Tracey." Her voice wavered towards the end. Emotions, something she'd always done her best to hold back, slammed raw and unbridled into her chest. It only took a moment for her to regain control, to swallow down the thick ball of pity in her throat and click her ever so practised mask back into place.

Tracey was silent during the entire slip up, her friend's hand was placed firmly atop her own, offering a small sense of comfort. Just as Daphne was about to stand and brush past the whole moment with a remark about arriving at Hogwarts soon, Tracey squeezed her hand, forcing Daphne to finally meet her best friend's gaze.

"Then you'll just have to live as much as you can *while* you can." Tracey murmured.

Daphne chuckled at her friend's enthusiasm and squeezed her hand in return. "And how do you suppose I do that?"

"Oh you know- the way all rebellious daughters do. Get drunk, flirt with boys, and maybe even have a fling or two. It just so happens I know the perfect place for all three." Her friend said with a smirk.

Daphne wanted to protest about the debauchery of such things- but something stopped her. A feeling inside her chest. Not the well of emotions that threatened to escape just moments ago, but something more primal...more vindictive. Her father could not touch her here, so why not let loose? Besides, Daphne had always tried to make her father proud, it was about time she changed things up and disappointed him instead.

Part of her practically jumped for joy at the thought.

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Tracey's 'place' just so happened to be Hogwarts itself. Or more specifically, the annual start of term party.

It was a tradition of sorts at the ancient school. Every year, one of the four houses hosts a sort of 'back to school bash' as it were. This usually consisted of music, dancing, liquor, and no small

amount of bribing the prefects on duty. Only 5th through 7th year students were invited, though this would be the first one Daphne ever attended. Tracey had tried to convince her to go the year prior but Daphne, as always, was keen on remaining the dutiful daughter she was. If word had gotten back to her father that she went to such a party- well, he would've been furious.

However, she could hardly care what her father thought now. So it was with no small amount of excitement that she found herself finishing a few final touches to her makeup before meeting up with Tracey in the common room.

"Damn Greengrass." Her friend whistled when she saw her. "You might just have every head turning tonight- mine included!"

Daphne rolled her eyes at her friend's exclamation and looked down to study her outfit. It was nothing much really. Just a simple silver strapless dress with a few tasteful ruffles down her left side and ended just above her knees. The shimmery material clung to her skin tightly but left enough room for her to move about comfortably. She supposed that she could see the appeal Tracey mentioned. Her figure was a point of pride for herself. Not too curvy, but nowhere near sticklike. Her form was akin to that of an hourglass, with a wide swell of her hips and thin waist. Paired with her above-average bust, Daphne was an object of lust for many in their year. She had simply never acknowledged that fact. Tonight though, would be different.

"Ready to go?" She asked with faux impatience.

Tracey smirked and held out her arms. "Let's show this lot the new Ice Queen of Slytherin."

They didn't have to travel very far to arrive at the party. This year's honour of hosting was passed to Hufflepuff. At first, Daphne thought this meant the party would be a lot tamer than the others she heard about, but Tracey assured her that, outside of the Weasley Twins, Hufflepuffs threw the *best* ragers.

A fact that was proven as soon as they arrived at the entrance. This year's party was being held in one of the many unused storage rooms within the dungeon. With a healthy use of expansion charms by some of the more skilled upper-years, the former dingy closet was turned into a

massive chamber comprised of pulsing faery lights, a bar stocked with all manner of liquors, mixers, and drinks, and even a large sprawling dancefloor with a 6th year Ravenclaw manning the enchanted DJ equipment.

“Password?” A large Hufflepuff 7th-year prefect asked as they approached. Already a line had begun forming, with an ever bigger mass of students inside.

Tracey cleared her throat and addressed the impromptu bouncer. “Sententia Felix.”

The large boy nodded and allowed them to pass. Music thumped loud and bassy from within the room as they entered, signaling the party was already well underway. Tables and chairs littered the room, with various groups of students milling about and chatting while even more danced away on the dance floor.

“Feeling lucky?” Daphne semi-shouted into Tracey’s ear. The music was loud enough that speaking normally was useless.

Tracey smirked with a nod. “A bit of a euphemism. More than a few people will be getting ‘lucky’ tonight after all.” She shouted back.

Daphne rolled her eyes and allowed the brunette to lead her deeper into the large chamber. They passed several fellow students along the way. Hufflepuffs, Gryffindors, Ravenclaws, and even more than a few Slytherins. Daphne nodded to Blaise Zabini as they passed. The Italian boy had to do a double-take, surprise at her presence clearly evident on his face. Daphne gave him a small smirk, one he returned with a wave before he turned back to his flirting with Michael Corner.

“Huh, could’ve sworn Corner was dating the little Weasley girl.” Tracey muttered before shrugging.

One thing she noticed was just how many people from differing houses were together and conversing freely. She had always heard this event was one of the best instances of house unity, though in truth Daphne was more of the opinion that teens will always play nice if liquor and fun are involved.

They finally reached the bar after budging their way through the rest of their fellow attendees. A small smattering of students lounged at the glass countertop, glasses of various coloured liquids held tightly in their hands. The music also subsided as they approached, possibly by a muffling spell in place so people could actually order their drinks without yelling.

“Hey there ladies.” The bartender called. Daphne vaguely recognized him as a Gryffindor from a year above theirs. She studied him momentarily as Tracey sidled up to the bar. He was attractive enough she supposed, definitely enjoyable to look at, though the way his eyes roved over her dress, pausing pointedly on her breasts with a lecherous gleam, made her skin crawl. “What can I get you?”

“Where’s Tabitha?” Tracey said suspiciously. “She usually serves drinks at these things.”

The blonde boy waved Tracey off. “She wanted to enjoy the party since it’s her last year here, meaning you two lucky ladies are stuck with me for the night.” He gave Daphne an overzealous wink, eyes dipping once more towards her chest.

“I don’t think the term lucky applies here.” Daphne muttered softly enough for only Tracey to hear. The brunette snorted in response and turned back to the sleazy bartender.

“Two rose martinis with an extra splash of gin.” Tracey ordered.

Daphne hummed at her friend’s choice of drink. “A double Trace? We only just got here.”

Tracey rolled her eyes and gave her a big smile. “Oh lighten up love! You said you wanted to let loose, so let’s let loose!”

No sooner had she said those words than two sparkling red martinis were placed down in front of them. “Here you go ladies.” The blonde bartender drawled. “Anything else I can get you two? Napkins? A massage perhaps?” The wink he sent to them both made Daphne physically want to throw up.

“I’d much rather be touched by a plague-ridden wombat thank you.” Daphne bit with a generous dosage of her icy venom.

It took a moment for the blonde idiot to realize he’d been insulted. Watching his face morph from

a lecherous visage to a puce-coloured one of anger was rather comical in Daphne's mind.

"Why you spoiled little bi-"

"McLaggen!" A voice shouted from behind the boy. The boy, whose name Daphne finally recalled as Cormac McLaggen, froze instantly with a wince. Daphne watched as Susan Bones strolled up, clad in a bombshell of a black dress that did little to hide the girl's generous curves.

"This is your final warning! Make another person uncomfortable and you're out! Got it?!"

"Yes." McLaggen growled.

"Yes what?" Susan asked with a raised brow.

McLaggen seemed to physically shake with rage before his shoulder slumped in defeat. "Yes ma'am." He hissed.

"Good. Now go take care of that group's orders." Susan said pointing towards a rather large gaggle of guys on the other end of the bar. "Now!"

McLaggen slinked off, but not before throwing one last glare their way. Susan watched him go with an aggravated sigh. "Sorry about him girls. Ravenclaw booted him from the party last year for getting too handsy with a few witches. He would have been banned this year too but with Tabitha backing out, we were desperate for someone to work the bar."

"And you decided he'd be a good fit around people's drinks after getting kicked out for being a sleazeball?" Tracey asked with no small amount of disbelief.

"Don't worry, we already thought of that." Susan said, pointing at two familiar girls skulking around the edge of the room. Daphne met the eyes of both Hestia and Flora Carrow, prompting the twins to nod silently in greeting before they turned back to the task at hand. "Paying those two menaces 10 galleons a piece to keep an eye on things tonight. If Cormac had tried anything with your drinks, they would've had him hogtied on his arse almost instantly."

Daphne hummed and took a sip from her martini. McLaggen was an arse but he at least knew how to mix a cocktail.

"Anyway, don't mind me girls. I'm simply grabbing a couple bottles and heading back out there!"

Susan said with a smirk.

“A couple bottles? Are you celebrating something Bones?” Daphne said with a raised brow.

Susan laughed as she collected two bottles of Ogden’s Finest from beneath the counter. “Nah, me and a few friends are set up in the private VIP area. Love the dancing and high-energy vibe as much as the next girl, but it’s nice to get a break now and again.”

“VIP area you say?” Tracey said, eyes gleaming with interest. The brunette leaned forward over the counter with a wide smirk. “What’s a girl gotta do to get in there Bones?”

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As it turns out, a girl simply needs to flirt with the party’s host in order to get into the VIP section.

All it took was a single cheesy line from Tracey to make Susan laugh and invite them back.

Said area was similar in concept to the bar. After they passed a certain threshold marked by rope barriers all the noise from the music and hundreds of students died down to a tolerable level. Susan also told them there were a few extra privacy wards in place that prevented anyone not allowed inside from seeing or hearing what was going on behind the barriers.

Daphne watched as everything behind the barrier suddenly came into view. Where before there had been a relatively empty corner of the room, there was now a softly lit set of tables with a mini-bar tucked into the corner. The two tables were pushed together to allow everyone else present room to sit.

She recognized a few. Neville Longbottom sat on the end next to a fairly pretty honey-blonde girl. The two were engrossed in what looked like an enjoyable conversation and barely paid the others around them any mind. Ginny Weasley peered at her and Tracey with thinly veiled interest as she whispered to a mousy brown-haired girl to her left. Daphne felt a small flash of wariness pass through her as the ginger-haired girl stared her way, yet it was when she turned away did the breath truly caught in her chest.

A pair of brilliant emerald green eyes gazed back at her. It felt as if they were peering into her very being itself and for just a moment Daphne felt herself exposed in such a way she never

had before. It made her feel vulnerable in a way she wasn't sure she liked or not.

Just as fast as the feeling arrived it dissipated. The owner of those beautiful green eyes shifted, breaking her focus and forcing her to take in the identity of the person who took her breath away.

"Harry!" Susan cheered. "You made it! Ron and Hermione decided not to join?"

Harry Potter tore his gaze away from her to level their boisterous host with a friendly smile.

"They're out there somewhere." He said gesturing towards the larger party. "Who're your friends?"

Daphne felt somewhat annoyed he didn't know who they were. They'd attended the same school for going on six bloody years now and yet 'the Great Harry Potter' couldn't even recall their names. She shared three classes with him for Merlin's sake!

Tracey seemed to sense her indignation and stepped up to cover for her lapse. "Tracey Davis, Slytherin. And this blonde bombshell here is Daphne."

"Daphne Greengrass?" A blonde bloke opposite of Ginny and the brunette girl questioned.

"That's right Ernie. The Ice Queen herself" Susan said. "These two ladies are here with me, so play nice." She gave the blonde boy, Ernie a playful smirk yet Daphne didn't miss the way the redheaded Harry pointedly. To his credit, Potter simply shrugged and held up his hands in faux surrender. "Oi, c'mon you two sit! Have a drink! We were just about to play a game of truth or dare."

Everyone shifted around to give them room to sit while Susan poured the drinks. Neville and the blonde, Hannah as Daphne learned, scooted closer while Tracey somehow ended up sitting next to their red-haired hostess at the end of the table, leaving Daphne to sit next to...him.

"Potter." She greeted coolly, sliding into her seat with all the grace of a pureblood princess.

"Greengrass." Potter greeted back with a teasing smirk that was far too attractive to be anything but trouble.

Daphne used her occlumency training to ward off the blush she felt threatening to overwhelm her

like some simpering fangirl and instead reached forward to take a healthy sip of her drink. Potter did the same, his piercing green eyes never leaving hers until Bones spoke up with a slap to the table.

“So! Who here has never played truth or dare?”

Much to her relief, Daphne wasn't the only one to raise her hand. Both Potter and the two Gryffindor girls did as well prompting a groan from their hostess.

“Ugh. Alright fine. Rules are simple. You ask someone to choose between truth or dare. If they choose truth you make them reveal something embarrassing. If they choose dare- well then you make them *do* something embarrassing. If they don't want to do either then they have to take a drink. Got it?”

At their nod Susan smiled predatorily. “Great! As your wonderfully sexy hostess, I'll go first!” The redhead hummed, surveying them off with a glint of excitement in her eyes. “Ginny!” She shouted. “Truth or dare?”

Ginny seemed unbothered by being selected first and leaned forward happily. “Dare.”

“Oooo I knew you'd be fun!” Susan laughed. “I dare you to scream ‘I'm horny!’ as loud as you can!”

“W-what?!” Ginny sputtered. “But everyone-”

“Won't hear or see a thing. Unless of course...I want them to.” Susan said with a mischievous smirk. “Or- you could always drink.”

Ginny looked at her glass with no small amount of temptation, yet it seemed whatever internal war she fought inside of her was eventually won out by her Gryffindor courage. Jumping to her feet, the blushing chaser turned to the party at wide and cupped her hands over her mouth.

“I'M FUCKING HORNY!”

As soon as the words left her mouth, the girl spun and dropped into her seat like a flash. Yet not a single soul outside the VIP section reacted to her daring admission.

Susan laughed uproariously, soon being joined in by the others and even Ginny herself. “Alright

alright, good on you Weasley. Your turn!”

Ginny seemed to think for a moment. “And I can choose anyone?”

“Them’s the rules!” Susan nodded.

Ginny smirked and turned to the girl on her right. “Truth or dare ‘Mel?”

The brunette girl blushed and glanced around the room before finally answering her friend.

“T-truth.” She stammered.

Susan and Tracey both made a slight ‘Aww’ sound at the girl’s choice but nonetheless listened intently as Ginny asked her question.

“Who was the first person you fantasised about while touching yourself?”

Demelza made a small squeak sound and her face somehow flushed even redder. The girl opened her mouth once, twice, three times before quickly lifting her glass and taking a healthy swig. No one missed, however, the way her eyes had landed directly on Harry for a moment too long.

On and on their game went. Plenty of dares were carried out and even a few embarrassing truths here and there.

Ernie had to strip down to his boxers for 3 rounds. Ginny was dared to grope Hannah’s breasts while Hannah was told to choose between giving Neville a snog or a lap dance. The blonde chose the former, making the shy boy merely have a heart attack when she pushed herself onto his lap anyway and smashed their lips together.

Though the dares were being taken and the truths were told, the liquor still flowed freely. After an hour they were already halfway through their second bottle of fire whiskey and even Daphne was feeling the effects. A pleasant buzz had settled throughout her body and she soon found herself laughing freely along with everyone else at the table.

After that, the dares amped way up in intensity. Potter was dared by Bones to ask a passing Pansy Parkinson out on a Hogsmeade date. Watching him almost get hexed through their barrier was quite entertaining in Daphne’s opinion, even more so for Tracey who was merely

crying with laughter by the time he returned. She got her comeuppance though in the form of a dare to flash the crowd of people through their barrier.

“Absolutely not!” Tracey growled.

Potter shrugged with a smirk. “Like Susan said, no one will see unless she wants them to.”

“I know I want to.” Susan muttered into her drink. The redhead was long past sober at this point as was evidenced by the way she had been freely flirting with everyone at the table for the past 20 minutes, Tracey more than anyone.

Tracey ignored the girl’s comment though and instead glared venomously at Potter. In return, Potter simply held up the bottle of fire whiskey in challenge, reminding the girl of her only other way out.

Her friend pursed her lip in thought before angrily snatching the bottle from Potter’s hands and swallowing down a big gulp. There were a few good-natured boos called out from around the table, but each were cut off as Tracey slammed the bottle down and cursed.

“Fuck it.”

Daphne watched as her best friend whipped around to face the still-raging party and pulled down the front of her purple strapless dress. From where she sat her view of Tracey’s chest was obscured heavily by the girl’s arms, but she could just make out enough to know that Tracey had definitely went through with it.

“That’s a girl!” Susan wolf-whistled, her words slurring just slightly. “I say you keep it off!”

Tracey considered the redhead’s words for a moment as she sat back down before shaking her head. “Pour me a few more drinks Bones and then we’ll see.” The brunette winked.

Susan laughed but eagerly poured the girl another glass. Tracey took it quickly and merely downed the whole thing in one go.

“Fuck.” She grimaced. “Alright who’s next...” Tracey hummed as she looked around the table. Her friend’s eyes met hers and Daphne knew then and there who Tracey would choose. That oh-so-familiar glint entered the brunette’s eyes and she leaned forward, peering towards

Daphne mischievously. "Daphne love...truth or dare?"

Daphne sent her friend a small glare as everyone else around waited for her response with bated breath.

"...dare." Daphne growled out.

Susan, Ginny, and even Demelza all cheered at her choice while Tracey's smirk only widened.

"Excellent!" Her friend chirped. "Then I dare you to let one of us attempt to make the Ice Queen break." She grinned.

Daphne merely quirked an eyebrow at her friend's request and raised her glass to take a sip.

"That's it? Come now Tracey, you know that's an impossible task even for you."

Though she said it teasingly, Tracey knew her words were true. The brunette may be Daphne's closest friend, but even she couldn't get passed Daphne's icy exterior without Daphne *letting* letting her. Yet Tracey was never one to back down and as such her friend merely bit her lip with a wink and said, "There's a first time for everything love. Potter!" The brunette exclaimed. "What do you say? Think you can melt the Ice Queen's heart?"

It took everything she had not to let her face betray her true emotions. Though she only gave Potter a disinterested side-glance at Tracey's question, her heart had already started beating at a much quicker pace. Potter gave her a sparing glance of his own before finishing off his drink in one go.

"I guess we'll find out." He drawled.

Daphne gave Tracey one last small glare before she turned to face Potter face to face. This was the first time she was the sole focus of his attention since the night began and yet as those intensely green eyes bore into her she found herself wanting to squirm.

"You just let me know if I start making you uncomfortable okay?" Potter murmured so low that she barely caught his words. She nodded regardless, using that spare moment to reinforce her mental hold over her emotions- drawing upon every lesson, teaching, and method bore into her mind by her father and the best practitioners of the mind arts alike...

All that nearly went out the window as soon as Potter's hand suddenly came to rest atop her thigh.

Daphne almost gasped in surprise, only just barely able to contain herself the warmth of Potter's hand melted into her. She looked up once more into the piercing eyes of his and he gave her a soft smile.

"Shall I stop?"

Daphne bit down the flash of annoyance in her throat. Did he really think that she, Daphne bloody Greengrass would lose her never from a single touch? Really? She wasn't some simpering girl who would swoon at a single look from his emerald eyes, no matter how much her stomach twisted into knots every time she gazed into them! No, Potter had another thing coming if he thought she'd give in now.

Daphne made a show of raising a brow almost bored-like. "Stop? Don't tell me you've lost your nerve already Potter."

Harry saw the challenge for what it was and his small smile morphed into an almost devilish smirk. "As you wish Greengrass."

Daphne very nearly lost it as his hand dipped under the skirt of her dress. Though he rested it just barely above her knee, the feel of it against her bare skin had goosebumps spreading all across her body. She was sure the others at the table were saying something, perhaps cheering Harry on or making a few dirty jokes, but Daphne couldn't hear them through the sound of her beating heart in her ears.

Harry watched her vigilantly as his hand ever so slowly made its way up her thigh. It was an agonizing slow pace, but Daphne wasn't sure if that was due to discomfort or excitement- Nor did she want to know.

His other hand found her cheek. The contact forced a small gasp from her lips, but it was soft enough that the others couldn't have possibly heard. She wasn't sure if Potter heard it either, for he didn't react one way or another. All Daphne knew was that her heart felt like it would surely

beat out of her chest as the calloused flesh of his hand cupped her cheek delicately while the other came to rest mere inches from her blazingly hot core.

She didn't know how it happened. One moment she was there, Potter's hands on her body with Potter himself gazing fixedly at her. The next, she was leaning into his hold, allowing herself to be drawn in as her mind clouded with a single need to feel his lips against her own. Her wish was granted, the feel of Potter's lips grazing against hers set fireworks off in her mind. Everything else fell away, the muffled music, the smell of liquor, everything as Daphne moaned heatedly against Harry's deliciously soft lips.

"Holy shit he actually did it!"

The sound of Tracey's voice shattered the illusion she found herself in. Reality came crashing back with stunning clarity and Daphne pushed herself away from Harry with a sharp gasp.

"Woah Greengrass! You okay?" Susan asked as she finally seemed to gain her bearings. "Harry didn't snog you senseless did he?"

"He might have!" Ginny laughed. "Did you hear that moan? She was practically ready to fuck him then and there!"

Daphne winced at the redhead's joke. Everywhere she looked she was met with more and more laughs and jests from the people around the table. Even Tracey was laughing, shooting her a victorious smirk between snorts of laughter.

Embarrassment burned hot in Daphne's cheeks, enough for her to even feel tears threaten to well up in her eyes. There was only one person she refused to look at. She couldn't stomach to see the no-doubt look of taunting smugness on his face. If it was up to her she'd never meet his gaze again lest she be captivated by his presence and embarrassed even further.

Daphne stood abruptly, cutting off their mocking laughter with a loud scrape of her chair. "If you'll excuse me." She said through gritted teeth. The blonde paid them no mind as she stalked away, anger burning hot inside her chest mixing with embarrassment and a slight twinge of hurt.

She wasn't sure where she was going, only that she needed to get away from there, and by

extension, away from Harry Potter. Her feet moved of their own accord as she stewed in her tumultuous emotions, eventually leading her past a gaggle of couple making out by the entrance of a darkened hallway. Above the hallway, a hastily made sign read 'Restrooms' in quill ink. Daphne sighed and pushed her way forward. It wasn't her dorm but it would work long enough to gather her thoughts.

The girls' restroom was thankfully devoid of any eavesdroppers, allowing Daphne at least some relative peace while she calmed her warring emotions. Tracey's reaction had stung, that much was true, but even then Daphne knew that wasn't the true reason for her outburst.

The phantom feeling of Harry's lips still lingered on her own. She mouth tingled with the memory and part of her yearned to feel it again. A foolish wish. Potter didn't mean it, nor should she want him to. It was a stupid dare and for some reason she let her mind get carried away in the moment by the hormones and liquor. It was just a stupid dare...

And yet...Daphne couldn't help but feel hurt by the entire thing. It was her own fault to be sure, but fuck for a moment it almost felt real! She sighed to herself, leaning over one of the vanities lining the wall. The blonde who peered back at her in the mirror was almost a stranger to her. Where just this morning had been a stoic and confident woman now stood a foolish girl, eyes heavy and heart twisted with emotion over a fucking boy of all things! Daphne shook her head dispassionately and pulled away. She had collected herself enough to make her way back to her dorm. Perhaps sleep would help her mind settle and forget this whole bloody night.

The Slytherin princess pushed open the door and stepped into the hall. The thunderous music met her ears instantly, slightly disorienting her and causing her to accidentally bump into another figure standing in the hall.

"Oof! Sorry I wasn't looking-"

Her words died off as two familiar green orbs gazed back at her. Harry Potter stood before her, hand on her shoulders and body so very very close to hers.

"Are you alright?" He asked, his voice somehow cutting through the loud thumping of the music.

Daphne pulled away from him, the touch of his hands feeling as if they burned. "I'm fine Potter."

She replied coldly. "Now if you'll excuse me I find myself ready to retire for the night."

Potter didn't budge though, remaining stone still in the middle of the hall and blocking her only way out. "Daphne if this is about what happened I-

"You what?!" She hissed. "Don't tell me you're hung up over a stupid kiss Potter. I thought you were smarter than that. It was just a dare after all!"

Potter's lips set themselves into a thin line, though Daphne had to force herself not to think about what they would feel pressed that tightly against her bare flesh as he- No! She pushed those thoughts away and forced her eyes to meet his in an icy glare.

"Are you going to move or not Potter?"

"Not until you cut the facade and talk to me." He replied just as coldly.

Daphne bristled at his tone and stepped forward. "Why? Do you think I owe you any sort of explanation? I owe you nothing!" She hissed, jabbing a finger firmly into his chest. "Before tonight you didn't even know who the hell I was so why would you ever think I owed or cared about giving you a fucking explanation hmm?!" She was close now, nearly pressed right up against him with her finger planted firmly against his chest and her head tilted up to glare venomously at him.

...which is what made it all the more confusing when her lips were suddenly on his once more.

Daphne's mind was an even bigger mess now than it was before but she could hardly care at the moment. The feel of his lips sent shivers down her body, ending in her core and making her knees go weak. When his tongue pressed against her lips seeking permission Daphne just about passed out right then and there. Thankfully she didn't and instead opened her mouth gleefully with a moan of arousal.

Just as Harry began to deepen the kiss and her mind turned well and truly into mush, a cacophony of laughter from further down the whole alerted them to just how not alone they were. Harry shielded her as a gaggle of drunken Ravenclaw boys past. Not a single one paid

them any heed, but it was enough for Daphne to wish for somewhere a bit more private.

“C’mon.” She mumbled, pulling Harry by his shirt into the girl’s loo behind her. Part of her felt she should be aghast at the idea- snogging a boy in a bathroom wasn’t at all what was proper of a pureblood heiress. But Daphne was long past proper tonight. Her body hummed with a desperate need for the green-eyed troublemaker in her grasp and she had no plans to let that hunger go unsatiated.

Harry was of the same mind it seemed. The second the door closed behind them he was upon her, pressing her firmly against the wall and his tongue down her throat. Daphne gasped at the sudden change. She’d never been handled so roughly in her life. She’d never been handled like this at all actually. Harry was taking her through a lot of firsts tonight. First kiss, first grope, and if she had her way there would be many more ‘firsts’ broken tonight.

When his lips left hers Daphne found herself nearly whimpering in disappointment. The absence of his lips against hers was only soothed when she felt them press against her neck, sucking lightly on a spot that had her legs turn to jelly within moments.

“Hng! Harry please~” She moaned as his hands joined the mix, dancing slowly down her sides and ending pointedly on her upper thighs. Before she could so much as doubt their next move, Harry pulled away from her, his hands still firmly planted on her body, teasing the edges of her skirt but never going any further.

“Shall I stop?” He whispered, eyes twinkling with mirth yet still full of concern for her.

Daphne wanted to cry, to scream at him that of course she didn’t want to stop! Instead, she felt her face curl up into a teasing smile as she leaned into his lips.

“Don’t tell me you’ve lost your nerve already Potter.” She murmured back.

Harry grinned and closed the remaining distance, whispering so softly she barely heard his words before his lips were on hers once more.

“As you wish Greengrass.”

Daphne cried against his lips as she felt her knickers pushed aside gently and something firm

swipe over her dripping entrance. She was forced to wrap her arms tightly around Harry's neck lest she collapse to the floor from the quaking arousal running rampant through her body. He had barely touched her yet already she felt like she was spiralling off the edge. Part of her felt that there was no way she could experience anything better than this, but that was before his first digit slid inside.

The blonde witch gasped, breaking their kiss and burying her face into the crook of his neck with a shaking moan. Harry pushed deeper inside her, sinking into her precious tunnel with ease. The slick arousal coating her inner thighs made it a trivial thing, her pussy practically pulled him in of its own accord.

The moment he began to rock his hand against her virgin quim was the moment Daphne swore Harry Potter would be the death of her. Between her soft gasps and moans of pleasure, she pleaded with him. She wasn't sure why or what for, only that she was muttering desperate pleas for more- for him to keep going- for him to make her feel *alive*.

He didn't disappoint.

Daphne saw stars flash behind her eyes the moment a second of his devilish fingers slipped inside her moistened core. By now a thick sheen of arousal coated both her thighs and the smell of sex permeated the air. It wouldn't be much longer before her end would come, she could feel it and by the trembling of her inner walls, so could Harry.

His pace quickened, forcing a strangled moan from her lips as she gripped him even tighter. Her legs shook from the pleasure, forcing Harry to hold her up by the waist as she bucked unconsciously against his hands. It was so close- so very very close. Daphne just needed a little more, she could practically feel the dam inside her breaking and the tsunami of pleasure overwhelming her senses already. She just needed. A. Little. More.

"Oh god I'm gonna- Harry!" She cried, the pad of his thumb pressing firmly against her precious bud was enough to send her careening over the edge. Daphne sobbed with pleasure, her body quaking of its own accord as an orgasmic high seeped into her very bones. Harry held her up as

she rode her climax out, fingers still buried deep inside her but moving far more slowly and gently now than they had before.

Just as quickly as it came, so too did her climax pass, leaving Daphne a trembling mess clutched against Harry's chest. She panted with breath, the burning in her chest slowly abating as her orgasm died down. At some point, Harry had pulled his fingers free from her entrance, leaving behind a mess of her juices around her thighs.

"That was-"

Daphne was cut off as a knock sounded against the bathroom door.

"Daph'? Are you in there?" Tracey's voice called.

Daphne groaned and pulled herself up with Harry's help.

"Want me to distract her so you can slip away?" He asked with a small chuckle.

Daphne shook her head and sighed. "No, she's probably just checking on me. I swear she has the worst bloody timing..."

Another knock sounded and Daphne rolled her eyes with exasperation at her friend's impatience. The blonde stalked towards the door, only stumbling a tiny bit as she wrenched the door open.

"What Trace?!"

Tracey blinked owlishly at her, obviously not expecting Daphne to actually answer. "I just- uhm- Look Daph' I wanted to apologize. I shouldn't have pushed you like that but I did, and I feel terrible about it."

Daphne stared at her friend for a moment before rolling her eyes. "Obviously you're forgiven, you dolt. Now go away."

"I am? I mean thank you! I- Wait did you say go away?"

Daphne sighed and opened the door just a tiny bit wider letting her friend peer deeper inside.

"Yes please, I'm a bit busy as you can see..."

She watched in amusement as Tracey's eyes widened to the size of saucers when she spotted

Harry, clothes unkept and hair tousled from their snogging, leaning against the wall just behind her.

“Oh...well...have fun then love!” Tracey blew her a quick kiss and dashed away, a deep blush covering her best friend’s face as she retreated. Daphne giggled at the brunette’s reaction and slowly closed the bathroom door.

Two arms appeared from behind her, wrapping snugly around her waist while a voice practically purred in her ear.

“Don’t suppose you want to get out of here?”

Daphne shivered at the thick undertone of lust coating his words. “Dear Morgana yes~”

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Author’s Note

It’s finally here! Sorry for the delay on this chapter, it sorta went on wayyyy longer than I intended but I think it was worth it in the end! Now everything is nicely set up for the remainder of the story. Like the title says, this will be a five chapter fic and will feature a main pairing between Harry/Daphne (I not so subtly hinted at the other background pairings in this chapter as well.) Hope you all enjoyed!

Thanks for reading!