

Chapter 2

Harry made his way through the halls of Hogwarts, back to the Room of Requirement. It had been a week since he had spent the night with Daphne there, and today, his curiosity had gotten the better of him. He really wanted to know what had happened between her and Malfoy, since the Hogwarts rumor mill hadn't heard anything about it.

On a whim, he had written a note asking her to meet him in the Room of Requirement, and slipped it into her hand as they left Potions just before dinner. As he paced back and forth to summon the door, he hoped she would come, not just to satisfy his curiosity, but also because he enjoyed the time they spent together. It wasn't just that he wanted a repeat of their last encounter, it was also that he wanted to know more about her. Daphne had always been aloof, an enigma even to her own housemates. He genuinely wanted to know more about her.

Entering the Room, he checked the time and realized he had half an hour until seven o'clock, the time he had told her to meet him. Taking out his wand, three wooden, human sized dummies slid out of the stone wall as if it was water. The dummies moved erratically, never in a predictable pattern, as he cast the spells he was learning for the Tournament at them. Quickly, Harry lost track of everything except the flow of spells from his wand.

"Herbivicious Incarcerous!"

A variation of the Incarcerous spell, this spell uses nearby plants and root to ensnare the target. Thin, long, blackish brown roots slithered from between the stones of the castle floor and wrapped around the last surviving dummy, trapping it in place.

"Perfringo!"

This curse was related to the blasting curse, Confringo, but, instead of causing the target to explode, Perfringo pierced the target, causing it to shatter. It was often used to get through magical armor and shields. It also worked well on wood, Harry discovered. A thin, purple jet of light flew towards the dummy with incredible speed. Striking it on the left side of its chest. The

curse bored a small hole in the front, and then shattered the wood inside, causing dozens of splinters the size of matchsticks to fly from the fist sized hole in the back.

“Impressive.” He heard from behind him.

Spinning around, Harry smiled when he saw that it was Daphne.

“Hey.” He said.

Concentrating on the room for a moment, it shifted and changed around them, becoming a smaller version of the Gryffindor common room. Walking over to the couch, he sat down and patted the cushion next to him in invitation. Setting her bag down at the end of the couch, Daphne took a seat next to him, turned slightly to face him.

“Sorry about that,” he said, jerking his thumb over his should to where the dummies were earlier. “Guess I lost track of time. How long were you here for?”

“It’s fine.” She said. “I was only watching for a couple of minutes. Are those spells you’re learning for the Tournament?”

“Yeah.” He said, nodding and reaching for a glass of water from the low coffee table in front of them.

“Have they told you what the First Task is yet?” She asked.

Harry shook his head, swallowing the water in his mouth and setting the glass back down.

“No. Apparently, they want to test our “bravery in facing the unknown” or something.” He said, shaking his head.

Daphne let out a “Hmm” and they lapsed into silence for a moment.

“So, what did you want to see me for?” She asked.

“Oh, right.” He said. “I was wondering how everything went with Malfoy.”

Daphne nodded, “Well, I was going to take your advice and tell him he won. Thank you for that, by the way. But, Malfoy...”

Daphne walked into the Slytherin common room, quite pleased with how the evening had gone. Her time with Harry had gone much better than she expected. It had been wonderful, if she was honest. Just as she got halfway across the room, she heard an unwelcome, but not unfamiliar, voice call out to her.

“Greengrass.” Malfoy called out, the usual superior smirk on his face. “How’d it go with Potter? Did he take you out for tea with the Mudbloods?”

There were snickers and laughter from the dozen or so students gathered around Malfoy, including the ever-present Crabbe, Goyle, and Pansy Parkinson. She was willing to bet the presence of some many people was planned.

“I hope you showered before you came back here.” He said, deliberately talking loudly to garner attention. “Wouldn’t want you to contaminate the dorms with his stench.”

More sycophantic laughter came from those around him. Daphne suppressed a sigh of irritation and with an expressionless look on her face, walked closer to him.

“Let’s just get this over with. I have better things to do.” She said.

"I'm sure you do." He made a show of sniffing the air, then wrinkled his face in disgust, "Like taking a shower. You reek of Blood traitor."

"Yes, you already said that." She said in a bored tone over the snickers.

"Just get on with it, Malfoy." A voice barked.

Looking over her shoulder, she saw that Tracey had made her way over to them. Daphne didn't show it, but she felt a little bit better having her best friend next to her.

"Alright." Malfoy said, reaching in to his robes and pulling out a small vial filled with a thick, pearlescent purple liquid. "But first, you need to take this."

"And what is that, exactly?" She asked, although she had a good idea.

"This," he said holding up the vial with a nasty smirk, "is Bogart's truth serum. Can't have you lying now, can we?"

Bogart's truth serum was one of the most popular truth potions on the market. It wasn't as strong as Veritaserum, which forced the user to speak the truth when asked a question, and lasted for thirty minutes. Bogart's truth serum only forced the user to tell the truth when they spoke, but didn't force them to say anything. It also only lasted for five minutes.

Daphne silently cursed him in her head. Just before she left Harry this morning, he told her she could tell Malfoy whatever she wanted. She was grateful for that, and had planned to lie to him. It wasn't that she cared about hurting Malfoy's feeling, but it would make life for her in Slytherin easier if he thought he won. Now, though, that option was gone.

"Are you sure you don't want to do this somewhere more private?" She asked.

Doing this with less people around would cause less of a problem later. Humiliating him in front of so many classmates was sure to anger him. As much as she hated to admit it, Malfoy, and his father, were capable of her and her family a lot of problems if they wanted to.

“Don’t worry, I’ll go somewhere private with you later, but for now, here is fine.” He said arrogantly.

“Fine.” She said, giving him a cold glare. “Have it your way.”

Reaching out, she snatched the potion from Malfoy’s hand as he smirked at her. Checking it carefully to make sure it wasn’t tampered with, she eyed it closely, and then sniffed it. Satisfied that it was fine, she took a small mouthful of the potion and sat down in a chair across from him.

“So, tell us, who’s better at sex, me, or Potter?” He asked with a victorious look.

“Potter.” She said.

Daphne enjoyed the look on his face, as it went from gob smacked, to a combination of angry and embarrassed, his cheeks going pink.

“What?” He yelled, outraged. “In what possible way could Potter be better than me?” He spat, angrily.

Daphne smirked, “Well, he’s better looking than you, has a better body, his dick is bigger, and he actually managed to give me an orgasm, unlike you. More than one, in fact. And, I don’t find his personality completely repugnant, like I do yours.”

As she spoke, his face went steadily more red as he glared at her angrily. Immediately, she wished she hadn’t said so much, but her anger had gotten the better of her for a moment. There

were snickers and giggles coming from behind Malfoy, this time at his humiliation, rather than something he said. Malfoy shot to his feet, his hands clenched and shaking in impotent rage.

“When my father hears about this, you’ll pay you stupid bitch.” He shouted, storming out of the room.

Daphne tried not to show her nerves as she got up and turned to head up to her dorm without a word. Tracey right behind her.

“Of course, Tracy interrogated me about that night while I was still under the truth serum.” She told him, shaking her head.

“Do you think Malfoy will try something?” He asked, concerned.

She sighed, “I know he will, I just don’t know what.”

“Well, if you need help, just let me know.” He assured her. “And if it’s an emergency, you can call for Dobby.”

She looked at him curiously.

“Who’s-”

POP

“Harry Potter, sir, be’s calling for Dobby?”

Looking in the direction of the new voice, they saw that Dobby the House Elf, wearing his colorful clothes and multitude of hats, had popped into the room, looking eagerly at Harry.

“Er, Dobby,” he said, surprised at his sudden appearance. “I wasn’t actually trying to call for you, but it’s good you’re here. Dobby, this is Daphne. We think Malfoy might try and hurt her. If she calls for you, can you go to her and help?”

Dobby stared at him with wide, bulging eyes.

“Bad former master be’s trying to hurt The Great Harry Potter, sir’s, miss?” Dobby whispered.

He looked up at Daphne, wondering what her reaction to being called his Miss. She didn’t seem offended by it. In fact, she was just watching them curiously with a small smile.

“Er, yeah. So, do you think you could help?” He asked.

“Or my sister, Astoria? Malfoy might try and use her to get back at me.” She said worriedly.

Dobby nodded frantically, his hats teetering precariously.

“Of course, Dobby be happy to help Harry Potter sir’s Miss.” He said, happily.

“Thanks, Dobby.” Harry said with a smile. “You’re the best.”

“You’s welcome, Harry Potter, sir.” He said happily, popping away.

“That’s a very strange House Elf you have.” Daphne said, smirking at him.

“Oh, well, he’s not really my House Elf. Dobby’s free, he’s more like a friend.” He told her.

“Didn’t he used to be the Malfoy family House Elf?” She asked curiously.

Harry smiled, remembering how he tricked Lucius Malfoy into releasing Dobby.

“Yeah, he did, but I freed him. It’s a bit of a long story.” He said, running a hand through his hair.

“I’ve got time.” She said, looking at him in expectation.

Harry shrugged and started telling her about tricking the elder Malfoy, which led to telling her about the entire Chamber of Secrets ordeal. It took quite a while, with Daphne asking quite a few questions, especially about the Chamber. Unfortunately, he had very few answers, as he hadn’t spent much time looking at the Chamber while he was there.

“Can you show me the Chamber of Secrets some time?” She asked hopefully.

Harry shrugged. “Sure. I’ll take you after the First Task.”

“Thank you.” She said gratefully.

They lapsed into comfortable, yet brief silence.

“So, is that all you needed to see me for?” Daphne asked with a knowing smirk.

“Well,” he said, scooting closer to her, “I was hoping you might want to stay the night again.”

“You might be able to talk me into it.” She said leaning forward.

Their lips met, and as he raised his hands to her waist, she put her hands on his chest. To his surprise, she pushed him back slightly. Sniffing the air, she wrinkled her nose cutely.

“You,” she said, poking a finger into his chest, “need a shower first.”

Harry chuckled, “Fair enough. I did get a bit sweaty earlier.”

Standing up, he was just about to ask the Room for a shower when he had an idea. Closing his eyes, he asked the room for a copy of the Prefects bath, something he had heard Angelina talk about in the common room. When he opened his eyes, there was a new door in front of him. He opened the door to find what looked more like a small pool rather than a bath. On the back side were dozens of taps he knew were for the different soaps. On the back wall there was a moving stained-glass image of a mermaid, smiling and waving at him.

“Looks like it’s big enough for both of us if you want to join me.” He called over his shoulder.

Stripping as he went, Harry walked to the enormous bath, leaving the door open behind him. Steam rose off the surface of the water as he stepped into the bath, quickly sinking up to his chest. He swam over to the taps and turned one on at random, a light blue soap fell into the water and began to foam. Looking back to the door, he was disappointed that Daphne hadn’t come in. With a sigh, he decided to hurry up and dipped his head below the surface. Quickly, he scrubbed his hair and face, and raised his head back up. He took a moment to wipe the soap from his face before opening his eyes. He smiled when he saw Daphne walking into the room with her robe wrapped tightly around her.

Walking around the edge of the large pool, Daphne stood behind him and untied the sash of her robe. Harry turned around just in time to watch her open her robe, revealing her nude body underneath. As she shrugged the robe off her shoulders, her large, perky breasts bounced slightly with the movement of her shoulders. Slipping into the water, she smiled playfully at him and ducked her head under the foamy water. When she didn’t resurface immediately, Harry looked around for her, but couldn’t see anything through the foam. After a few seconds, he felt something grab on to his legs. An instant later he jerked his hips back as something, thankfully lightly, hit his groin. Daphne’s head rose out of the water in front of him, wiping the soap from

her face and pushing back her wet, golden blonde hair. The water in this part of the bath came up to the bottom of her breasts while she was standing.

“Sorry.” She said with a giggle. “That didn’t quite go the way I wanted it to.”

Sharing a laugh, he pulled her body against him, kissing her on the lips, tasting lightly of the soap from the tap. Sliding one of his hands up her slick body, he ran the back of the nail on his middle finger along the underside of her breast. Daphne moaned, and with the water supporting most of her weight, she wrapped her legs around his waist. Harry dropped his hands down to hold her by her firm, round ass, her hot pussy resting directly on his hard cock.

As they kissed, he could feel her reaching around behind his head for something. When she pulled back, there was a smirk on her lips and her wand was in her hand. Tapping the top of her head, a transparent bubble appeared around her head. Daphne ducked under the water and grabbed his rigid shaft, stroking his slippery shaft up and down. Harry wasn’t sure what spell she was using, but as he watched her lower her head over him, he felt as his erection entered the bubble around her head and enter a pocket of warm, humid air. Although he could see much through the water, he could certainly feel it as she took the head of his cock into her mouth, sucking lightly and swirling her tongue around his swollen tip.

Harry leaned his head back and closed his eyes as she started bobbing her head up and down, taking him further and further into her mouth. Worried about popping her bubble, he didn’t run his hands through her hair as he usually would, but instead, he reached under her and grabbed her floating breasts and caressed them gently. Daphne bobbed her head at a leisurely pace, pleasuring him, but not driving him to climax. She spent a few minutes sucking his cock as if she truly enjoyed it, rather than doing it out of obligation. Eventually, she pulled off of him and raised her head out of the water, her bubble popping as she surfaced. Kissing him on the lips, Daphne sat in his lap again and ground herself down on his now throbbing erection.

Raising herself up, she lined his head up with her entrance, and then sank down on his wide shaft, moaning into his mouth as his girth stretched her tight walls. As she started bouncing slowly up and down in his lap, her tits bounced and rippled as they bobbed in and out of the water. Harry grabbed her ass and squeezes her full, round cheeks while pushing her to move faster on his cock. Breaking away from his lips, Daphne gasped and moaned loudly as his cock slid in and out of her hot, tight pussy. As she moved faster, waves formed on the surface of the water, splashing against their bodies and the walls of the pool

Feeling the need to move faster, Harry wrapped his arms around her and stood up. Walking her over to the shallow end of the tub, he sat her on the edge in the thigh deep water. Grabbing some towels that were stacked to the side, he spread them out to make a place for her to lay down. Daphne smiled at him and kissed him and thanks before she laid down on the towels with her ass on the edge. Harry sank his cock back into her, groaning in pleasure as her walls grasped him tightly. Leaning over her, he grabbed her shoulders and started sliding in and out of her at a much faster pace. Soon, he was slamming into her, jerking her body back and forth and making her big tits bounce wildly on her chest.

“Oh, Merlin.” Daphne moaned, arching her back.

Harry’s furious pace soon had her walls fluttering around his length, massaging his shaft as he thrust in and out of her. Daphne threw her head back with her mouth opened in a silent scream as she came, her walls spasming and grasping his cock even more tightly as he continued driving his rigid shaft into her. Her body trembled as she came down from her climax, eyes closed as she was lost in a sea of pleasure. Harry loved watching someone who was normally so controlled lose her mind in the pleasure he was giving her and he was determined to see it again.

Reaching between their bodies, Harry rubbed her throbbing clit furiously as he slammed his cock in and out of her still spasming cunt. Daphne squeaked at the sudden assault, writhing wildly as she was driven uncontrollably to a second, powerful climax. She grasped convulsively at the towels, desperately searching for something to hand onto in the throes of her orgasm. Her spasming, clutching walls drove him to his peak, making his cock pulse as he flooded her walls with his hot cum. Harry buried his length deep inside of her jerking his hips spasmodically as he came. When he was finally finished, he pulled out of her, watching for a moment as a small stream of white cum leaked out from between her lips.

Daphne laid on her back, panting heavily as she recovered from her violent climax. Gathering her into his arms, Harry carried her back into the warm, soothing water. Sitting down, he sat her down in his lap where she rested against his chest as he stroked her back gently.