

Daphne's New Assignment by Elias Persson

Parings : Daphne/Harry

Summary: Meanwhile malfoy gets assigned to killing dumbeldore Daphne gets a more seemingly easy feat to achieve, killing harry should be easy he is just a teenage boy who gots no real magical strength sure he survived Voldemort but purley luck, daphne has been fed Lies about harry and doesn't believe in his supposed magical feats that leaves her way to overconfident, harry easily avoids and humiliates her attempts look stupid, eventually she switches up tactics to trying to seduce him, she thinks she has succeeded but soon realizes that she has bit of more than she can

Daphne Greengrass was not having a good first week, her plans for the year had been severely hampered when she had received an order from none other than the dark lord. Officially the Greengrass family were neutral, but it was generally understood that although they didn't officially support Voldemort they were largely supporting his cause . Daphne herself was indifferent to blood supremacy, she did of course view herself better then others, but to her that wasn't necessarily down to blood.

She just generally believed that she was better, smarter and better looking than others. Now one week into the semester she was beginning to doubt the "smarter" part of her superiority complex. How could it be so hard to kill a stupid little halfblooded wizard, that wasn't even that magically talented or that smart himself.

She had of course been tasked with killing Harry Potter ,the boy who lived, and according to her father she had been let off easily compared to Draco Malfoy who had apparently been punished for his fathers failures and tasked with the impossible tasks to kill Dumbledore. Comparing the two was laughable, because on one hand you had the most powerful wizard of his generation and on the other hand you had an average and lazy teenager who was just really lucky.

That was the way she had always thought of Harry Potter, an average overhyped wizard who had no drive and no particular talent. When she had dared herself to ask the dark lord what he thought about Harry, her theories had been confirmed. The dark lord had stated with no room for argument that Harry Potter was an average wizard who survived on luck and other's saving him. It was that information Daphne had been working from, but after the first week of her mission she was doubting this information more and more.

This was the third time Potter had avoided her traps, she had been looking to complete the mission early to get on with her year in peace but Potter had turned out to be harder to kill then she thought. Admittedly, her tries hadn't been that complicated or clever, just some classic traps that she doubted Harry knew the correct spell to get out of.

How wrong she had been, her first trap had been a clever piece of magic that her mother had taught her with this mission in mind. You basically enchant a rope to become alive and be controlled by your mind. She had done the magic and placed herself where she knew

Harry eventually would pass, once he did she held him back by severing his bag and spilling his books and papers all over the floor.

As she had hoped he stayed back gathering his stuff and he had implored his friends to not be late for his sake. When he finally was alone Daphne willed the rope to strangle him. Daphne didn't actually really hate or want Harry to die, but she was looking to climb the ranks of the ministry when she graduated and the dark lord was clearly going to win the war so for her this was an excellent opportunity to gain his respect and gratitude.

Her mood had quickly changed when Harry had ended the spell over the rope before it had even been close to wrapping around him. He had seen it and quickly and silently turned it lifeless once again. Daphne had been shocked by the quick and powerful magic and she had to quickly leave to not get seen by him.

Her other two attempts had been even less effective, for the third one he had not even done any magic to dispel it. He had just nonchalantly sniffed the cup she had poisoned and ignored it.

Daphnes was currently on her way back from this third failed attempt and she felt dejected and angry. Nothing is fucking working, I had no plan once my second failed and now that my fathers plan didn't either I have no fucking idea how to kill him.

Daphne had written home in hope of getting inspiration from her parents and her dad had sent her a vial with poison and a way to get it into Potters pumpkin juice, but that had failed and she was now stuck with no ideas.

Worst of all Harry didn't even seem bothered by her attempts or even a bit afraid, the non existent gossip around the attempts she had been making on Harry's life also pointed towards him not actually telling Dumbledore or any teachers. If so, he is an arrogant idiot and a moron.

Harry's presumed arrogance around her attempts made her blood boil, but she didn't currently have any idea how she could manage to kill him. She had been watching him more and more in the lessons and eventually she had to reassess her thoughts around his magical talent. Yeah he was maybe not the most driven student, but he clearly possessed great magical potential and in the subjects he actually cared about he was quite proficient.

While she walked through the Slytherin common room towards her dorm she thought about why she had been so convinced that he was bad at magic, but no answers had come forth. Although, one thing did become clear to her during those lessons, she couldn't beat him in a duel which had been her back up plan.

So traps didn't seem to work and poison was hard to get and apparently useless on Potter. I had hoped that I would be able to just duel him as a last resort, but I would probably lose and it's not worth the risk. It doesn't help that Weasley and Granger barely leave his side. I need to get closer to him to distract him in some

way, but how. He would surely know something is up if a Slytherin tried to befriend him.

Daphne was deep in her thoughts when she entered her dorm and made no effort to say hello to her dorm mates who were huddled around Pansy's bed, however something Pansy said piqued her interest.

"He was completely out of it for almost 5 minutes, I could have done anything to him if I wanted to, it was as if he was in another world." The girls around Pansy giggled and she looked very pleased with herself.

"Completely out of it" hmm sounds like something I could use, I wonder what she is talking about.

Deciding to dig a bit deeper Daphne approached the giggling girls.

"What do you mean "out of it" and what did you do to him?" Her question was straightforward and blunt but that wasn't anything new to anyone who knew her on some level. Pansy certainly knew that this was the way she usually asked questions and answered.

"Well I made Draco cum today and he was so out of it he could barely speak" she giggled before continuing "I thought about searching for the money he usually gloats so much about but I didn't know if I had enough time".

Tracy Davies interrupted before Daphne had her chance to ask a follow up question. "You totally should have, he could use some grounding and who knows maybe losing his financial security could do that."

Tracy's statements were met with disbelieving looks from everyone, no one thought that losing a little money would affect Malfoy. Daphne of course knew what Tracy knew, the fact that the Malfoy wealth had been seized by the dark Lord and that Narcissa and Draco barely had any room to go around and spend any money.

But Daphne had no interest in discussing Malfoy, she had her own mission to focus on. Therefore, she hurried to ask a follow up question to Pansy who was currently silent.

"What did you do to make him cum"

Pansy looked in disbelief at Daphne and she quickly realized her mistake, she was being way too invested in this. Pansy was suspicious of her interest and she had to come up with a valid reason.

Thinking quickly she decided to make up a lie about her fancying some older pure blood she had met over the summer and that she needed sexual advice, Pansy bought it and described in detail how she had kissed Draco before blowing him. When Pansy was done Daphne thanked her for the tips and went to her bed. She closed the curtains and dropped down to the bed deep in thoughts.

Could this be the way, what if Malfoy is just a weak male. Potter maybe has more experience and wouldn't react like this. She **quickly discarded that possibility**. Potter's reaction to that Asian girl means that he is probably a virgin. I'm even better looking than her so I will probably just have to wank his disgusting cock for him to lose control, no need to step down to the level of sluts like Parkinson.

This is perfect. I approach him in class and convince him to meet me alone after. Granger and Weasley will probably try to stop me but all boys think with their cocks. One glimpse of my breast and he will eat out of my hand.

During the years Daphne had often used her breast to get what she wanted, not in school, but often when she was out in diagon alley or other wizarding communities. She had come to understand that even a small glimpse could often be more effective than the best of arguments.

With the calming knowledge that she had a bulletproof plan, she sank down to her bed and let herself relax. Tomorrow was going to be Harry Potter's last day, she just knew it.

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It started well, Daphne's plan started in potions where she, prior to the lesson, asked Snape to break up the usual pairings. She told Snape that she wanted to fuck with Harry and that was predicably enough for him to agree.

When Snape announced that every pairing should only be a combination between a Gryffindor and a Slytherin, he gave some bullshit reason about how "Slytherins was so much better that maybe the Gryffindors would pick something up".

Daphne walked up to Harry and asked to pair up. She hoped that his inability to talk to any girls other than Granger would help her in convincing him, they had to pair up for her plan to work and she was worried that he would maybe go for someone else like Blaze Zabini, who she knew he has at least had some civil conversation with before.

But it seemed like Harry wasn't able to say no and he agreed to work with her, the look that he shot Granger when she had dragged him off had been full of panic and Daphne smiled to herself, he didn't know what was about to hit him.

Daphne waited a bit before setting her plan into motion, they worked in silence, but Harry seemed a lot more comfortable after they had worked for some time. That was when Daphne set her plan in motion, Snape had as allowed them to take off their robes as he usually did when they brewed potions

It was dangerous to work with such clumsy and large clothes and he usually always implored the students to take them off. Today was no different which left Daphne in a blouse and skirt, which were the usual clothing the girls wore in lesson, but today Daphne had purposely picked out a blouse from a year earlier, which meant that when she leaned over to "correct

Harry's cutting" she gave him a good look down her cleavage which were quite substantial with the smaller blouse. She also left a couple buttons undone which had left a healthy cleavage showing,

Harry's gaze naturally went directly to her breast before he looked away, seemingly embarrassed. This continued for a while, with Daphne taking every opportunity to give Harry a glimpse. When he averted his gaze in embarrassment for the fifth time she thought she had him hooked. She smugly praised herself for her master plan and prepared to move on to the next step.

Daphne was now convinced that she was going to be able to seduce Harry, his gaze had been wandering to her breast even when she wasn't flaunting them in his face. She didn't blame him, she did as stated earlier have the best breasts in school. She had heard a couple of older students talking about how much better looking the 6 years were then the 7 years. In that discussion they had all agreed that although, Susan bones may have larger tits then her, Daphne's has a better shape and they are still large,

Daphne of course hexed them for talking about her, but she did appreciate the information.

When Harry seemed hooked she begun the next phase of her plan, Harry was clearly attracted to her, but she needed to show that she was interested. They'd were in the process of adding ingredients to the potion when she placed her hand on Harry's inner thigh. He jumped in surprise and looked at her, but she feigned innocence and continued their work.

She left her hand there while they worked and when it seemed like his body got less tense she started stroking his thigh. His breathing got a bit heavier but there was no other signs that he was enjoying or not liking her ministrations. Her hand inched closed to his groin and she ,against her own will, felt excitement for what was happening.

Daphne herself had never done anything even remotely sexual with someone and when she was about touch a cock of a boy that she had to ,against her better judgement, say was very attractive she was feeling excited.

Daphne gathered her courage and placed her hand directly on Harry's groin and felt the hardness she suspected to feel. She had seen him trying to adjust himself during the lesson and what she now felt was evidence that he enjoyed what she had been doing.

She was able to feel the outline of his hardness and she once again felt a surprising amount of lust when she felt how hard and big it was. Harry did surprisingly not really acknowledged her feeling up his cock, which in retrospect should have been a warning sign, but in the moment she put it down to him probably being so surprised by a girl touching him like this.

He had eventually looked at her when she began rubbing his cock through his pants. He looked surprised and aroused and Daphne felt like she already had succeeded in her plan. She leaned closer to him and whispered "go along with it and I will show you a great time later" she whispered as low and sexy as she could manage.

She knew that it was important that he agreed to go with her after the lesson and was prepared to have to convince him, what she hadn't known was how hard it would turn out to be. Harry looked aroused, but he apparently was not been as desperate as she thought he was going to be.

He whispered back "and what exactly would this encounter entail. As he said this he gave Daphne's butt a pinch and she was very close to calling the whole operation off just so that she could hex him for that, but she calmed down and thought about what she could promise him. She knew that she would probably have to go through with whatever she promised and she was not keen on actually debasing herself to Harry, but she had to reel him in and that would probably take more than some promise for some kissing.

"I will let you fuck my tits", that was her middle ground about what she was actually willing to do and something that would convince him to follow her. Harry predictably looked interested but what he later said then started the spiral downwards.

"I want a sample before I agree"

At first Daphne was confused. What did he mean by "sample", but his not so discreet leer at her breast made her understand.

Her first instinct was to slap him and tell him that a woman like her would never do something like that in public, but she caught herself before she could undo her whole progress. She had been touching him and giving him looks down her blouse in public all lesson, so exposing herself in public probably fit right in with his view of her.

Once again composed, she asked him how he thought she would manage to do that, because she was not about to expose herself to the rest of the class. The smug prick just looked at her indifferently and stated that that was her problem not his. Somewhere here she probably should have suspected that Harry wasn't as innocent as he would appear to be. A boy about to get his first tit job from a good looking girl was never going to risk it not happening by doing something like this, but Daphne was very afraid of her mission failing and she also felt a bit insulted that he didn't follow her without question.

Because of this she quickly made up a plan, the potion they had been making emitted a lot of smoke making it hard to see far in the room, she knew that if she managed to throw a bit of lemon grass into one of the others cauldrons their potion would explode and make it almost impossible to see past a meter.

She quickly got to work and cut up a bit of lemon grass and asked Harry to throw it into a cauldron, he of course picked Malfoys cauldron and when the lemongrass hit the potion it emitted a weird noise before exploding and covered the room in smoke.

She knew that Snape and all the others' focus would be on Malfoy and his potions so she quickly casted a spell around them, creating a bubble stopping the smoke. Thereafter she quickly undid her blouse and exposed her bra, which she just dragged down, exposing her breast. The feelings of excitement surprised her, but she blamed them on her plan working.

Harry watched her in surprise as she undressed, probably surprised by her speed, but he wasn't idle for long. She expected him to feel her breast up a bit, but the mauling they got was a complete surprise. He sunk his hand into her breast and grabbed them quite hard, he lifted them up and gave them some squeezes as if he was actually searching them for flaws.

Once done, he gave her nipples a quick pinch before telling her that he was done and she should probably put her clothes back together. That was really at the last minute, because as she just did up her last button, Snape dispelled the smoke, clearing up the classroom.

The last portion of the lesson consisted of Snape shouting at them, but Daphne paid no mind to that. She was busy trying to contain her moans as Harry had turned the table on her and had been playing with her pussy under her skirt. It started exactly like her touching, aa innocent hand on the thigh that had traveled upwards with time and had been teasing her opening the last few minutes of the lesson.

Once Snape dispelled the class he whispered to her to wait for him in classroom 105 which was just down the corner. He proceeded to go over to Rona and Hermione. Daphne felt a bit dizzy after his teasing and she had lost all control of her plan. She let him touch her thigh ,that had seemed alright but once his hands had traveled upwards she had been prepared to stop him, but it just felt too good.

She packed her school things up, still in a bit of a dizzy state of mind and made her way to the classroom. She did not have to wait long for Harry, he arrived just minutes later and casted a spell, she recognized it as a privacy spell, on the door. Once done he wasted no time in sitting down in the teachers chair. Daphne didn't know what to do but Harry quickly reminded her of her promise.

“Well go on with it, I heard something about a tit job”.

A feeling of dread consumed Daphne upon Harry's statement, this was not the behavior of a virgin. For the first time that day Daphne felt true uncertainty around her plan, but it was no use pondering that now. She had no choice but to go through with her plan if she didn't want Harry to catch onto her.

She once again undid her upper half before she kneeling before Harry. She had never in her life felt so inferior as she did in that moment. His gaze told her to go one with it and she took a deep breath before beginning.

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Daphne didn't get it, she had spent the last 25 minutes working her breast up and down on his shaft and there were no signs of him even enjoying himself, he was actually looking quite bored as she was working hard. She hadn't even gotten a moan out of him and she was seething inside. How dare he be so unaffected, he should be begging for me to continue.

Despite what she told herself, Daphne had begun doubting herself, it was not supposed to take this long. Parkinson told me it took 4 minutes for Malfoy to come, I knew that a tit job was going to take longer, but this is ridiculous. My knees are hurting and it's tiring working my breasts so much. I need to switch tactics.

Unknowingly to Daphne, Harry had finally had enough.

“ Daphne this is alright and all but I don't have all day and this is taking too long”

His dismissive tone made Daphne blood boil, but she once again composed herself. “ I know, but I can suck your dick instead, I promise that it will be better.”

Before today she had imagined that sucking him off would be disgusting and something she would avoid, but her female pride was kicking in and she desperately wanted to make Harry lose that bored look. She let her breast drop off his lap and looked up at his cock, it was truly massive, she knew that she would struggle with its size.

But somewhere in her mind there was still that superiority complex and that made her think that she was going to rock Harry's world. With those thoughts she took his cock into his mouth, his shaft was warm and tasted a bit salty, but she found that she didn't mind the taste or the feeling of him being in her mouth.

She bobbed on the first 3 inches of his cock a couple of times, she did not feel ready to try to take it deeper but she applied all the tricks she had overheard from the girl's dorms. She made sure to swirl her tongue and she actually thought she was doing a great job until Harry's words popped that bubble.

“This has to be the worst blowjob I have ever gotten, barely even a third of my cock. Even the muggles at home do better than this.”

His statement bewildered Daphne, “muggles at home” and worst blowjob could only mean one thing, he was not as inexperienced as she had thought. Meanwhile she thought this over, she unconsciously continued bobbing her head.

Harry apparently found this funny because he laughed and continued criticizing her performance.

“ This is even worse than that worthless titjob before, you would have thought that someone as slutty as you would be able to at least put up a good performance. I'm tempted to just find someone more worthy but you owe me an orgasm so I will have to help you.” As he ended his statement Daphne felt him gather her hair. She was confused as to why before she felt herself gagging as he used her hair to make her go deeper.

His cock was now deep in her throat and she struggled to breathe as he held her down. He finally emitted a moan, the first sign of him enjoying their time together. This was what Daphne used as a excuse for not doing anything to hinder him on, she reasoned to herself that this was all about the mission still.

But deep down she had already begun unconsciously submitting to his orders, having him use her mouth like it was his was arousing and Daphne couldn't even deny it. She had dropped a hand down and was now fingering herself meanwhile Harry was facefucking her. The mixed feelings were confusing Daphne, on one hand a part of her was still fighting against being used like this, but a larger part of her felt like this was right.

Harry set a hard pace and his balls were slapping Daphne's chin hard each time he bottomed out in her throat. She was still gagging hard, but Harry seemed to love it and his grunts were much more common now. Daphne's own masturbating was picking up and she felt an orgasm approach.

"About to come from sucking my dick o my, you are truly a slut." His voice was strained from all the effort he was putting into fucking daphnes throat, but the words still hit home. Daphne wasn't even surprised when she felt herself becoming more aroused by his words, her body had betrayed her and she was now giving in to the lust.

As she was about to cum she felt him remove his cock from her throat, she sputtered trying to regain her breathe, but she was interrupted by Harry aiming his cock at her and releasing his orgasm all over her face, rope after rope of cum covered her face and she had to close her eyes to shield them.

It seemed like forever before she heard Harry sit back down and no more cum came. What the fuck how could he even cum that much, never mind. This is my chance, but I can't even see. Daphne used her fingers to remove some of the cum around her eyes and tried to open them.

The sight that greeted her was not what she had been hoping for, Harry was sitting in the chair, totally coherent and not at all passed out. He was looking down at her with a smug grin, it was as if he knew what she was trying and was laughing at her attempts. She quickly cast aside that thought, there was no way he knew, he was probably just amused at her problems in seeing.

"Okey Daphne, your blowjobs aren't anything to talk about but you do have a nice throat," he moved to sit up and Daphne desperately hindered him. She needed to make him stay, maybe after his second orgasm he would be more tired. This was how she rationalized offering Harry to fuck her, but truly she was still very horny and the sight of Harry's still hard cock made her want him even more.

Harry didn't seem surprise by her loud exclamation that he couldn't leave and that she would let him fuck her . He just calmly stood up and motioned for her to do so as well. Wasting no time he made her turn around and bend over the desk , he flipped up her skirt and pulled her panties down. He kicked her feet wider, giving him better access.

Daphne had completely abandoned any thought that this was about the mission and she wiggled her ass trying to tempt Harry into starting.

He responded with a hard slap to her ass and said, "yes yes I will fuck you, but first put your hands behind your back." His voice left no other option than to obey and she felt the cold wood on her breast as she was forced to lay down completely. She felt a cold feeling around her hands as something clicked and she tried to move them before realizing that she wasn't able to. Handcuffs, she had heard about them from a muggle film, but she struggled to imagine where Harry would have gotten them from.

Daphne pondered it for a moment before forgetting totally about it, that was because Harry had without warning showed his whole cock into her waiting pussy in one thrust. One thrust and her innocence were forever gone, but Harry left her no opportunity to regret or even think about it. He set a high pace leaving her no time to adjust to his size.

Daphne knew that she should be hating how he was treating her, but she couldn't bring herself to lie to herself anymore. The feelings Harry was electing within her was hard to describe, there were something so brutal and dismissive about how he was fucking her. It was such a contrast to what she had imagined sex being like, she had always pictured her first time being sweet and loving.

Harry was certainly not being sweet or loving when he began spanking her ass in tandem with his fucking. Daphne was being pulled deeper and deeper into the insanity of their encounter and the way she looked at sex was changing on the spot. She struggled to imagine that any kind of other sex could engage these kind of feelings she currently experiencing.

Harry seemed indifferent, thrusting into her like some kind of machine. She understood now how badly she had misjudged the situation, he knew all the tricks and all the angles to cause the most pleasure. There was only one thing that could mean, he was very experienced. She had gotten played and there was nothing they could do except take it.

His massive cock felt amazing and she couldn't help the orgasm that was building, she knew that their fucking had not gone on long enough for a woman to cum normally, from what she had heard it was even hard for most to come from just intercourse alone. This all felt meaningless to the pleasure she felt building up in her lower stomach.

Her orgasm was explosive, she had shrieked so high that Harry had to silence her with his hands, but she didn't care. It just felt so good that she lost all kind of sense of time and space. She basked in this feeling for a time, just enjoying the aftermath of the biggest orgasm she has ever had.

A hard slap to her ass finally brought her back to reality, she looked over her shoulder and saw that Harry was once again sitting in his chair. His cock looked even bigger now, resting against his stomach. She could barely believe that that monster had been in her.

"Come here slut, your job is not done." Harry's voice was like a whip, it spurred her into action. She struggled to straighten herself, partially down to the handcuffs, but more because her legs didn't seem to work. Harry watched the struggle in silence making no move to help her. When she eventually gained back her ability to move she turned around and sank down on his lap, once again making his cock go deeper than she thought possible.

She began bouncing on his cock with her hands still behind her back, that made her breast stick forward even more and Harry took advantage of that by sucking and twisting her nipples. The added stimulation made Daphne moan even more and she bounced even quicker, her legs were burning with pain as she struggled with the uncomfortable position and how it was making new muscles in her legs work.

Her body seized up in another orgasm, she just couldn't help it. Their current position was hitting all the right places.

Harry laughed as he felt her wall clamp down on him once again. "Cumming already, you are well and truly a slut and not even a good one."

Daphne barely registered that Harry was talking, she was too busy hanging on a thread, trying to not go unconscious from all the pleasure she was feeling. She tried to pull away, but Harry was not having it.

"OH no you are finishing what you started," he said as he stood up with Daphne still impaled on his cock. He laid her down on the desk once again and put her legs around his midsection and begun fucking her again.

Daphne was still hanging on to her consciousness by a thread, but that didn't stop him from dirty talking even more.

"Was this what you imagined when you showed me your tits in class earlier, your tits look much better right now, bunching while I fuck you like the whore up you are." The harsh words reached Daphne but she couldn't do anything other than moan in return as he smacked her breasts.

"I wonder if this is what Voldemort imagined while he gave you the mission, he probably thought that a smart girl like you would be able to kill me easily, but here you are cumming in my cock." He said it as if it was just another part of the dirty talk, but Daphne finally picked up on what he was saying.

Despite her state of mind she had a moment of clarity, he knew and he had known for a while. She had recognized earlier that he had played her, but it was to an even bigger extent than she had initially thought.

She had failed and all she could do now was let Harry sample his winnings. As she acknowledged this she felt her third orgasm of their fucking approach. She let herself go and felt the pleasure take over.

As she came Harry seemed to finally hit his breaking point, with a grunt he exploded into her pussy which had been trying to milk his cock for some time now. With Harry's cum shouting deep into her and the orgasm still raking over her, Daphne's mind finally gave away and she let herself drift away into unconsciousness.

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Harry looked back a last time before exiting the classroom, Daphne was still lying naked and handcuffed on her back. You could see the evidence of their fucking all over her, her breast had bite marks and handprints all over them and her face was still full of dried cum. Her pussy was leaking cum and perhaps the most satisfying thing was the small light bolt he had branded her with. It had been a difficult decision, but he had eventually decided that she had deserved it.

The reminder of her attempts made him snort, had she really thought he wouldn't realize. Sure she didn't know about the marauders map, but she had not exactly been subtle when she had been studying him. That had been the first thing that had tipped him off, someone was trying to kill him and Daphne Greengrass was suddenly staring at him at all time. He wasn't great at math but he could still do 1+1.

The marauders' map had confirmed his suspicions, he had pulled it out after he had dispelled the second attempt and sure enough her name had been moving away from the corridor with no one else in sight.

He had pondered what to do, sure the attempts had been pathetic, but they were still annoying. He had eventually decided to wait it out and that seemed to have been the right answer. He had been a bit shocked at first when she clearly had been trying to seduce him, he was still confused as to why she thought that would do her any good in killing him.

He had quickly decided to take it as far as he could, making her flash him in the middle of the lesson had been nice, but fucking her had certainly been great. Her tit and blowjob had been mediocre, but fucking someone that had always come across as untouchable was really sexy and he wouldn't mind doing her again.

He smiled once again when he imagined her waking up covered in cum and branded with his symbol. He had dropped that he knew about her mission just as she went unconscious so she probably has to come to terms with that as well. Maybe she would realize the error in her ways and pledge herself to him.

He snorted at the thought, that was probably not happening, but regardless it had been a productive day and he would have to settle for fucking Daphne unconscious this time. Certainly not a bad result.