

Draco Doesn't Know...

A Harry Potter fanfic by Soupsnakes

Pansy Parkinson held back a yawn as he strolled down the corridors on her patrol. She had been ecstatic when she had gotten the prefect badge before her fifth year, but the endless patrols and meetings were taking a bit of the fun out of it.

If she was being honest with herself much of the appeal had also come from sharing the title of prefect with her boyfriend. Draco Malfoy was everything she should want in a man. Smart, confident and handsome from a good and wealthy pureblood family.

They had ruled the school together, or at least Slytherin house. She was proud of the fact that she had snagged herself such a catch, and she had always been the good and dutiful girlfriend.

Always supporting him and helping to keep the others in line. She was the woman behind his power, and if she continued playing her cards right, she would be lady Malfoy one day soon.

If it was not for the fact that she got to get other students in trouble it would almost not be worth it. Well, that was a lie. She also loved the power and prestige, and the prefect bathroom was nothing to sneeze at.

This night had been a bust, however. Not a single snivelling little Ravenclaw or Gryffindor out of bed. Just her and the empty corridors. With another yawn, a stretch and a sigh, she checked the time to see she still had an hour to go before she could head back to the dungeons and find her bed.

These patrols were just not as much fun now that Draco had mentally checked out. Ever since they had returned to school, he had been cold and distant towards her. He had stopped caring and disappeared for hours on end.

She had confronted him a week ago, suspecting he might be seeing another girl on the side. She had even spent some time following him to find out which skank he was spending time with. Nothing had come of it, and he had been very adamant that he was not seeing anyone else.

He was insistent that he was working on a secret task given to him, but refused to say what he was doing and where he was going. She had decided to let it slide, not willing to jeopardise her status.

She was not convinced that he was not having a side piece, but it honestly didn't matter. She would shut down anyone threatening her position and relationship. Shut them down hard, fast and permanently.

Besides, she would get her small private revenge in the meantime. Draco was not the only one that could keep secrets. Hell, he was not the only one that could get something on the side.

She passed by a darkened alcove, when she found herself attacked. Before she could utter a sound, a strong muscular hand had clamped over her mouth to keep her from screaming. Before she had time to panic, she was spun around and found herself staring into a pair of enchanting emerald, green eyes.

She scowled up at the smirking face above her as the hand disappeared from her mouth and snaked its way down her back to come to a rest on her firm arse.

“What the fuck, Potter?! Where do you get off jumping me like that?!” She snarled as he smirked at her palming her ass and giving it a firm squeeze.

“Oh, you like it when I jump you Parkinson. In fact, I think you like it very much...” He said, leaning down to let his soft lips gently brush against her neck, planting gentle kisses from her collar bone to her jawline that left a tingling trail on her, and sent a longing heat rampaging through her body.

“I thought you couldn’t come tonight...” She gasped, panting while her heart started racing.

He pulled back, hand mauling her tight behind, and smiled brightly at her. “Oh, I am definitely coming tonight, Parkinson. Over and over... And so will you if I have anything to say about it.”

Before she could react, his other hand found the back of her head. He caressed her while shifting their bodies around. He pressed her up against the wall, planting his lips of hers and devouring her in a searing kiss.

His lips moved against hers as she moaned into his mouth. Their tongues met in a passionate embrace, coiling and flicking around each other as they battled for dominance. Placing his knee between her thighs, she slowly forced her to spread her legs slightly open for him.

With a sudden jerk, his left hand tightened at the back of her neck, grabbing a handful of her hair and pulling, forcing her head backwards with a loud moan. His right hand gave her ass one last hard squeeze, before a stinging spank landed on her left butt cheek.

His right palm found its way to her crotch, cupping her rapidly moistening sex while he ground into her. His mouth found her exposed throat and he dove in, kissing, licking and gently biting her while his hand increased that delicious pressure on her mound.

Her mind was fogging over with a lusty mist, her breath coming in quick shallow gasps as he made her feel things, she had never felt with anyone else. She fucking despised Harry Potter. Always had. Hated his damn arrogance and unearned pride. She hated his baggy clothes and his utter disregard for the proper order of things.

She hated his messy hair and his ugly glasses and his stupid, handsome face. Most of all she hated how much she loved what he could do to her. How easily he pushed her buttons and made her his bitch.

His hand gave her just the right pressure, her hips grinding into his touch like they had a mind of their own, chasing that sweet ecstasy she knew was coming. He let go of her hair, his lips and tongue working a magic all of their own on her collar bone.

Suddenly she felt his deft left-hand slip open her robe, pulling it to the side. With swift and nimble fingers, he undid the buttons of her blouse. He found a breast and gave it a deliberate and slow squeeze through her bra.

She gritted her teeth when his hand slid into the cup of her bra, caressing her tits with his rough, calloused hand. He found her hardened nipple and gave it a pinch, just hard enough to bring a little pain with the pleasure before rolling and tugging it.

She could practically feel her knickers getting soaked, and she wouldn't have been surprised if he could feel her wetness through her clothes.

"Fuck yes..." She moaned as she ground into him. She could feel herself getting closer.

His left hand disappeared from groping her tits for a moment, before the tip of his wand was tapped between the cups of her bra. With a muttered spell, he vanished it entirely, leaving her tits bare and perky against the open air and her silk blouse.

His mouth moved downwards, leaving a trail of fire on her skin as his lips kissed their way from her neck to her breasts. He slowly licked circles around them in a spiral, agonizingly slow working his way towards her pebbled nipple.

His right hand was working its way up to her waistline, leaving her humping empty air and growling at the loss of pressure against her cunt. With swift and practiced motions, he slipped into her soaking wet panties, making her scream in bliss as he felt his bare fingers against her folds.

He started rubbing her slit, coating his fingers in her arousal and spreading her juices. For a moment, a finger lingered right at her tight entrance, teasing her opening, before sliding through her wet lips.

His skilled hands and mouth coordinated their next attack with such precision and confidence that she for a moment wondered just how many other sluts he had worked to a moaning, quivering mess to get that good.

His right hand started circling and gently stroking her hardened clit. At the same time, his mouth latched onto her whole areola, sucking it hard while his tongue danced across her skin and twisted around her nipple. His left hand tightened with surprising strength around her neck, restricting her airflow and making her gasp for breath as she felt herself hurdling towards a climax.

A sweet burning started in her lungs as she desperately fought for oxygen, her pussy drenching her lips and his hand with her nectar. Her hands tightened uselessly in his messy mop of a hair while she pushed him onto her breast. She was so close; she could feel it. She rocked her hips onto him like a wanton whore as she chased that last bit of pleasure to tip her over the edge.

She came with a silent scream, her knees shaking and her eyes wide as a quidditch field with her head thrown back. Her back arched against the wall as her hips jerked frantically against his hand, her core tightening and quivering as she exploded.

He was relentless. Fingers working her sensitive clit while his mouth and tongue worked her tits like a couple of over eager house elves on Christmas dinner. If it hadn't been for her lack of air, she was sure she would have woken the entire school with her cries of passion.

He worked her slowly down from her peak, fingers leaving her clit to tease her folds, while his choke hold on her throat slowly eased, letting her fill her aching lungs with full delicious breaths of air.

Harry let go of Pansy as she came off her peak, her weak knees giving out once he let up. She slid down the wall until she was seated on the floor, her back pressed against the wall as she caught her breath.

She looked up at him with glittering, lust filled eyes as she tried to come to grips with what he had just done to her. He gave her a knowing smile while she panted and tried to collect herself.

"Holy...Fuck...Potter..." She gasped. "That, that was... Wow..."

"Oh, we are just getting started Parkinson." He chuckled, unbuttoning his jeans and pulling them down. His cock sprang free from his underwear, standing proudly and rigid from his body.

She visibly swallowed before licking her lips at the sight of his fully erect and hard as steel cock. It pointed at her threateningly in all its thick glory of cunt-stretching, bitch-breaking masculinity.

He stepped forwards and placed the tip of his cock at her lips, smirking down at her as he caressed her cheek with his hand.

"Your turn Parkinson. Open wide, slut."

A flash of anger came onto her face, warring with the pure lust there as she opened her mouth, no doubt to come with one of her not so cutting insults.

"What the fuck did yo— Mmhhhhmhphhh" She was cut off as Harry pressed his member into her hot, wet mouth.

Placing his hands on her head, he firmly held her in place as he started moving his hips back and forth. He thrust deeper and deeper into her mouth, slowly building speed. She glared at him with indignation, but the slut in her had already won out as she moaned around his cock.

Soon, he hit the back of her throat, making her gag with a wet squelching sound every time he bottomed out. Her lips were stretched wide to accommodate his throbbing thick member as he took his pleasure from the mouth that had spent so much time insulting him over the years.

"That's it you fucking whore... Take that cock you nasty bitch!" He groaned as she gagged on his length.

“Open wide. You can take more, slut.” He growled, tightening his hold on her face as he started pushing deeper into her throat. He could feel her try desperately to swallow around him as he forced his way deeper.

He let out a deep moan as he finally slid all the way to the hilt, her nose pressed up against his pubic area. He held her there while her eyes started watering, tears messing up her carefully applied mascara as she choked on his dick.

Her hands banged against his thighs, and he let go, pulling back and out of her mouth. She gasped for breath, a thick string of spittle connecting her swollen lips to his glistening cock.

“Bloody Hell. I can’t get over how fucking big you are.” She rasped out, before he rammed his cock down her throat again with a huge grin on his face.

“Yeah? You like my big cock, you whore? You like choking on my huge, half-blood cock?” He asked excitedly.

“Yes!” She gasped out as he pulled out to let her breathe, before she plunged herself forwards, impaling herself on him and taking him all the way to the base. The sounds she was making was so erotic it made his cock twitch.

She bobbed her head vigorously on his dick making herself gag, turning her mouth and chest to a mess of dripping saliva. When she dove down to the hilt on his member again, he planted his feet a bit wider apart, firmed his grip on the back of her head and started thrusting.

He fucked her face hard, the squelching gagging sounds she was making only heightening the experience for him. His cock pumped in and out of her throat as he chased his own release. His head was thrown back, eyes closed as he focused on the intense pleasure.

If he had known that Pansy could take cock like this, he would have taken his nemesis’ girlfriend to bed years ago. He looked down to see her teary eyes as she feasted on him, taking all of him within her. One of her hands was dragging her nails down his thigh while the other was busy rubbing her heated pussy. Somewhere along the line, she had unbuttoned her pants and shimmied them down her hips a bit to allow her easier access.

“I’m gonna fucking cum!” He grunted, letting go of her head and pulling his cock out just as the first thick rope of hot cum erupted from the tip. His seed splashed against her upper lip, some spilling up onto her cheek and the rest firing right into her gaping mouth.

He grunted as he fired off several more shots of cum, plastering her face and tits in his sticky seed as he stroked himself up. She shivered and moaned while he painted her, her own fingers bringing her to orgasm.

When he was done, he rubbed the tip on her lips putting his cock back into her mouth so she could clean him up. She eagerly let her tongue scoop up every trace of cum on his meat wand.

“Bloody hell. You look good like that Parkinson. Like the slut you really are.” He teased her as his dick slipped free of her mouth. She swallowed and opened her mouth to show him. She might be a bitch, thought Harry, but she was one hell of a sexy bitch.

“Fuck off, Potter. Urgh. Help me up, will you? I got to get sorted before heading back.” She said, holding up an expecting hand.

He pulled her to her feet, and she stood shakily for a moment before she dug into her pocket for a mirror. Her eyes widened when she saw the mess he had made of her.

“Merlin’s saggy ball sack! You came like a damn fountain! Been that long since you got off, huh?” She said exasperated. He chuckled at her disbelief.

“You act surprised, Parkinson. Forgotten that you already sucked my cock last week?” He smirked. She looked him dead in the eyes before saying in the most deadpan voice she could muster.

“Oh, I remember. I just don’t remember Saint Potter having quite such an... eruption.”

Harry burst out laughing at that. “Yeah, well. I had just finished fucking someone else half an hour earlier. I bet you loved tasting her juices on my cock, didn’t you?”

Her face reddened, either in anger or in embarrassment, he didn’t know. Hell, it might have even been arousal. Before she could reach for her wand to clean herself off, Harry grabbed her and spun her around.

He placed a hand at her back and pushed her forward, bending her over and forcing her to support herself against the wall with her hands. He used his feet to gently but firmly nudge her legs wider apart, before putting pressure on her lower back, making her arch and present herself to him.

His deft hands made short work of pulling down her pants and underwear to around her knees, leaving her dripping sex bare to him. She glared over her shoulder at him as he stroked his hardening cock enjoying the view.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing Potter?!” She hissed, a furious blush on her cum streaked cheeks. He smiled. She knew exactly what he was going to do.

“Unless you tell me to stop right now, Parkinson, I am going to slide my thick, hard cock into that tight little cunt of yours.” He said, cupping her dripping pussy with the palm of his hand.

“Unless you tell me to stop right now, I am going to stretch your tight little hole with my huge cock and give you the best damn fuck of your life.” He said, stroking his tip against her wet folds. He then leaned over and whispered right against her ear.

“I am going to make you scream while you cum like a filthy little whore on my cock. I am going to ruin your cunt for your boyfriend.”

Her only response was to close her eyes, swallow and give a little whimper. He straightened and with one hand on her hip and the other guiding his slick, throbbing cock, he slid into her warm, welcoming tightness.

She let out a guttural moan as his dick slowly slid into her, stretching her cunt in the most fantastic of ways. She felt so snug and tight around him, her walls gripping his cock in their wet embrace as he took her.

When he bottomed out, he looked down to see his entire length being swallowed up between her taught, firm buttocks. He held himself there for a few moments, savouring the tightness and the joy of being balls deep inside his enemy's girlfriend.

He started moving, easing out of her almost to her entrance, before pushing back in forcefully. He started thrusting, making her moan as he started to build speed. Part of him had wanted to just pound her relentlessly from the beginning, but he knew it would be best to ease her into it for a bit.

Before long, the alcove was echoing with the wet slaps of skin on skin as he thrust into her hard from behind. She was moaning like a bitch in heat while he fucked her relentlessly. If it hadn't been for a quickly cast privacy spell, Harry was sure someone would have heard them.

Keeping one hand on her hip, he reached out with the other and pushed her head forwards. Her arms gave out at the pressure and a particularly hard thrust that made her scream bloody murder.

He pressed her cum smeared cheek up against the cold, hard stone of the wall, making her look into a mirror in the back of the alcove. It showed her in perfect profile how she looked. Dishevelled hair and makeup, her face and bouncing tits smeared with streaks of cum. Her blouse open and robes discarded, her pants and knickers around her knees.

All the while, Harry Potter was fucking her cunt harder, deeper and better than she had ever thought possible. Her ass jiggled with the force of his thrusts into her, and her tits swayed back and forth with the motion. She was moaning and gasping for air as his cock knocked the breath from her.

He picked up the pace, pummelling her cunt as he chased his release. She beat him to it. With a wail like a banshee, her entire body spasmed. Her pussy tightened around him as her cunt started fluttering. It felt like she was trying to either snap his dick clean off, or milk him dry, as she came all around his thick bitch-breaker.

He didn't relent though. As she was climaxing around his cock, he kept on pumping in and out of her tight, spasming core. He grabbed a hold of her hair by the back of her neck and pulled hard.

She grunted as he held her up by the hip and hair while he destroyed her pussy. She had gone weirdly silent, her mouth gaping open, her eyes wide but unfocused. Her body trembled and shook as he drove into her.

Her cunt was fluttering and spasming around him as she rolled from one orgasm into another while he chased his own release. There was something so purely erotic about just fucking a woman just for pure sex. No love and tenderness, just lust and passion.

He felt the familiar tightening in his balls that signalled he was getting close to the edge. He let go of her hair, raking his nails down her spine, all the way from her neck to her tail bone. He was about to erupt any moment, and he wanted to finish on a high note.

“Oh fuck! Pansy! I’m gonna cum!” He groaned as he hammered away at her abused cunt. Her only reply was to moan even louder and throw her ass back to meet his thrusts. He took that for a good sign.

Just as he was about to cum, he pulled her buttocks apart and let a glob of spit fall between them, landing right on top of her asshole. With a wicked grin, he pressed his thumb against her puckered starfish. As his thumb popped into her tight asshole, his cock erupted inside her.

While his cock pulsed strongly within her and his thumb up her ass, she let go a shriek that made his ears ring. It was so loud and guttural he could have sworn he could faintly hear the mirror cracking. She came like a hurricane around his pulsing manhood, her insides milking him for every drop.

Her cunt felt volcanic hot. Warm liquid splashed against his thighs as he held himself deep within her. He pulled his cock free, the last few spurts of his cum splashing against her lower lips and ass. As soon as he let go, she fell to her knees and curled up, sobbing quietly as her entire body shook uncontrollably, every nerve tingling.

She had never looked better to Harry. Her perky ass and gaping cunt peeking up above her pants and soaked knickers. His cum slowly starting to trickle out of her swollen pussy to the floor. Her hair was a wet mess of tangles and her skin slick with sweat.

He walked around her, taking in her barely conscious form. He knelt in front of her pulling her face up. She looked at him with unfocused glassy eyes.

Slowly, he parted her lips and shoved his softening cock into her mouth.

“Be a good girl and clean me up, slut.” He said, as her mouth and tongue started working almost mechanically. He enjoyed the sensation of her mouth around his softening member, until he decided it was enough and stood back up.

He tucked himself away pulling up his underwear and jeans smirking at her still quivering body on the floor. She looked too good to not be immortalized. He pulled the compact camera he had been gifted out of his moleskin pouch and held it up for her inspection.

“Hey, Parkinson? Mind if I snap a photo or two? Would make for one hell of a souvenir.” He asked, showing his camera. Her eyes snapped open, and she stared up at him for a moment.

“Ok... But don’t... Don’t... Show anyone... Kill you...” she managed to gasp as she was panting for breath and trying to collect herself. He grinned at her and snapped a few photos.

“Thanks Parkinson. That was better than I had imagined. Same time next week?” He said as he put the camera away running a hand through his messy hair. She let out something between a moan and a groan as a reply, before Harry turned around canceling his privacy charm before making his way back to the Gryffindor Tower, whistling happily.

It was almost an hour later when Pansy Parkinson stumbled into her dormitory, hastily bathed and still wet. Her body was still tingling all over, and her nether region was delightfully sore. She felt a satisfaction and exhaustion that was bone deep as she fell into bed.

The last thing she thought about before closing her eyes were brilliant green eyes framed by often repaired glasses, messy black hair and a cocky smirk that made her cunt clench. She let out a contented sigh as she drifted off to sleep, her dreams a conflicting tangle of desire and hatred for her new lover.

The following day Harry had a hard time keeping a constant smile from his lips. The world was going to shit around him. Voldemort and his cronies were gaining support and removing opposition and the Ministry response was lacklustre at best. Adding to that was the fact that despite everything Dumbledore was keeping secrets from him.

On the plus side, he had fucked Pansy Parkinson. He had been balls deep in Draco Malfoy's girlfriend. He had stretched her tight cunt and made her scream bloody murder. He had flooded her core with his seed and painted her face with his cum.

And he had the pictures to prove it. It was hard to be depressed with that in mind. Even Potions class was a joy to be in. He hummed to himself as he stirred his potion and looked over to see Pansy watching him from the corner of her eye. He winked at her, which made her glare at him for moment before refocusing on her own work.

Harry couldn't help but chucking at her reaction. Hermione and Ron glanced at him in concern. They couldn't help but notice his chipper mood but had probably chalked it up to quidditch or the fact that Ginny and Dean seemed to be going through a rough patch.

He wondered what they would say if they knew just who and what had caused his good cheer. That thought made him snort to while he tried to stifle a laugh.

He also went out of his way to taunt Draco for the smallest of things, making the blonde git spitting mad. He also snuck in a smack on Pansy's ass every now and then when they passed each other, and he thought he could get away with it.

That weekend they met up two more times. Once in the dungeon in an unused classroom, and once under the staircase in the Astronomy Tower. Harry didn't love her or even like her much for that matter, but the sex was fucking amazing.

There was something to be said for hatefucking your enemy's girl and turning her into a quivering and cum covered mess. The sheer eroticism of it was like a drug to Harry. For the first time he could remember he felt in full control of his life, and he revelled in it.

The fact that he got to see the snobbish pureblood bint stumble away from their encounters on unsteady legs only made it so much better. The feeling of ramming his cock balls deep into her tight cunt and explode inside her was truly addictive.

It was Wednesday night and Harry had just finished blowing his load deep inside her in their favourite alcove. He looked at the panting girl as she tried to get her shaking legs to work while standing up by supporting herself on the wall.

“Out of curiosity. Isn’t dear old Draco suspicious? I mean, the way you look after our little meetings. The way you walk the day after?” Asked Harry. He genuinely wanted to know. He liked to think that if HE had a girlfriend that came stumbling back to the common room looking like she was run over by the Knight Buss and a dozen angry Hippogriffs every other night, he would find it a bit odd to say the least.

“I mean,-“ He chortled. “With how much spunk I have pumped into you this week I am surprised if he hasn’t seen or noticed it dripping down your legs. Tell me Parkinson. Does your little boyfriend know that you are fucking other guys?” asked Harry as he cupped her cheek and made her look at him. “Does he get off on you sleeping around, slut?”

She blushed and bit out an angry response. “No! Draco doesn’t know. He can’t know! And don’t you dare tell him anything! That would ruin everything.”

“Fair enough.” Harry sighed. “I’m just wondering why you are so willing to shag me if he is so important to you though.”

She looked away and closed her eyes. A small tear appearing, either from sadness or anger, he didn’t know, and he didn’t really care.

“He is... Distracted... He barely touches me anymore...I think he might be cheating on me, but he swears he is busy with-“she caught herself, giving him a sharp and startled look as if just realizing who she was talking with.

“Chin up Pansy. If Draco can’t appreciate what he has, he is an even bigger git than I gave him credit for.” He said while pulling her close and slapping her naked ass. He was not going to comment on the irony of suspecting Draco of cheating while she was literally dripping with his spunk.

“Hell, your personality is ugly as a troll’s arse, but your body is *made* to sin.” He said with a smirk as he slipped a finger into her wet, creamy cunt.

“Fuuuuck me, Potter!” She moaned. “I thought we were done.”

“Hmm... I can go again if you can...” He told her with a gleam in his eyes.

“Like I would ever give up before a Gryffindor. Bring it on Chosen One.” She said mockingly while wriggling her hips to move his finger around inside her.

He didn’t waste any time lining up his cock with her freshly fucked hole. He slid in easily while she let out a moan at the penetration. The feeling of using his own cum as lubrication

while fucking her turned him on like crazy and he couldn't help but start thrusting into her like a man possessed.

The *Slap-Slap-Slap* of his crotch on her ass served as some sort of perverted drumbeat to the wet squelching sounds coming from her overstuffed cunt. Her moans and grunts of pleasure served as the vocals to the music of their coupling.

"Potter.... Please.... My bum!" She moaned, tossing her hair back out of her face as she braced herself to meet his cock, thrust for thrust.

He couldn't help the laugh as he pulled out of her. He rammed two fingers into her gaping cunt and gave her a few strokes. His fingers curled up inside her and collected a good amount of cum. He slowly pulled them out of her and used his slick fingers to smear his spunk on her back door.

While pushing his fingers into her buttocks, he re-entered her sloppy pussy. She clenched up tightly as he went to work on fingering her ass while he got back into rhythm with his thrusting.

Ever since he had played with her back there, she had gotten a liking for fucking while being fingered in her ass. Harry was more than happy to oblige her in that regard. The feeling of his cock and finger gliding against one another while only separated by a thin layer of skin and flesh drove him insane with lust.

He drove into her harder and harder. Her entire body shook with his movements as he rammed into her again and again. The sounds she made while she struggled to take him was the sweetest of music to his ears.

She let out a guttural moan as he bottomed out in her. Then her climax hit her like the Hogwarts Express. She screamed louder and louder as each contraction of her womanhood ran through her. Her tight virgin asshole twitched around his finger and her pussy massaged his entire length as he exploded like a Weasley prank gone wrong.

He grunted as he plastered her insides with his cum and using his free hand to smack her ass hard. He gave a few last strokes before pulling out and having her clean his length with her mouth. He loved the way she did it and there was something enticingly powerful about having Pansy use her mouth to clean off the cock that had just made a mess of her cunt.

"Bloody hell... 10 points to *SLUTherIn*, Miss Parkinson. That was amazing." He panted and gave her juicy ass one last slap.

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Pansy felt like she was slowly losing her mind. It had been two weeks since she started fucking Harry Potter and no matter how hard she tried, she just could not keep herself away.

She knew damn well that she didn't love him. She loved Draco. At least as much as she loved anyone. But the way Harry shagged her brains out was just too good to resist. She would have felt guilty about fucking him if Draco hadn't been so damn distant with her.

She found herself doing things with Harry that she had never even thought of doing with Draco. Like letting him fuck her throat like she was a common mudblood whore or letting him play with her ass. She even let him empty himself inside her.

Hell, she had even let him take photos. Just the thought of that made her feel giddy. She had definitively discovered that she had a naughty side. She had no idea what had possessed her to suck his cock that first time when she had walked in on him late at night at the prefect bathroom.

She had wanted to bust him for being there without permission but seeing him naked and feeling particularly miffed with Draco that day had made for a dangerous combination. She had felt unloved and unwanted and saw a chance to make herself feel better with Harry. She would be lying to herself if she did not admit that part of his attractiveness to her was the fact that Draco hated him.

She had wanted to do something that would make him mad. At the same time, she did not want anyone to know. And she had been feeling desperate for sex and downright neglected. If someone had told her that a simple blowjob would turn into her getting her cunt pulverized on a regular basis, she would have laughed at the very notion.

She sighed contentedly and curled into Draco. For once they were spending the evening together like they had used to before he started sneaking around doing whatever.

The two of them were cuddling on a grand sofa in front of a fireplace in the Slytherin common room. He was leisurely reading a book while his right arm was draped over her shoulder and playing with her hair. She sat with her knees tucked up on the sofa and leaned against Draco, resting her head on his chest.

She was trying to focus on the book she was supposed to read but her thoughts kept wandering off. She would have been annoyed at that, but she was just so excited that she was sharing this intimate moment with her man.

She felt a sense of bliss. Her cunt was sore and aching in just the right way that meant she had been fucked to perfection by a certain scarred wannabe-hero just a couple of hours ago. Being this close to Draco and having him show her some affection was just the icing on the cake of her day.

"Mind if I lay down, Love?" She asked while stretching slightly and looked lovingly at her boyfriend.

"Hmm?" Draco said as he was brought back to reality. "Oh ok. Sure thing. Go ahead" he said. His smile was warm and made his entire handsome face light up. It was one of his special smiles. A smile he only showed her and not the smile he affected for everyone else. She pressed a kiss to his lips, enjoying the way he responded to her.

For a fleeting moment she remembered just what her lips had been doing earlier that evening. The thought that she was kissing Draco with the same lips she had had wrapped around Harry Potters thick cock just a short while ago made her blush.

“Thanks babe.” She said trying to hide her reddening cheeks. He just smiled at her as she stretched out on the sofa. Her head rested comfortably in his lap while one leg rested on the floor and the other draped lazily over the back.

The two of them went back to their comfortable silence. They enjoyed the rare pleasure of a night off from homework or prefect duties. She had just gotten back into her book when a started gasp from the armchair diagonally from their sofa broke the silence.

She lazily looked up to see Daphne Greengrass staring at a spot between her legs with a look of shock and surprise on her face. She followed Daphne’s wide-eyed gaze to see that her skirt had ridden up as she had laid down and so thoughtlessly spread her legs.

Cursing herself for a fool, she belatedly remembered that Harry had torn her knickers off her during their tryst. That was not uncommon, but she had neglected to replace them. Pansy wished the sofa would turn into a port key and take her far away in that moment.

The girls had caught glimpses of each other naked plenty of times over the years. That just came with the territory of sharing a dorm and bathrooms. But what Daphne was seeing right now was more than just a quick glance. To her sheer horror she realized that the other girl had a clear and unobstructed view of her womanhood in all it’s glory.

As if that was not bad enough, she could feel a glob of Harry’s essence leaking out from her slightly gaping hole and trail down between her ass cheeks. She silently cursed the green-eyed bastard for ejaculating like an overpowered Aquamenti spell.

She closed her legs and pulled down her skirt. Her eyes met Daphne’s for a moment and her face went beet red in embarrassment. A sly and knowing grin crept onto Daphne’s face and she gave a meaningful look at Draco and raised an eyebrow before giving a wink.

She looked up at her boyfriend only to see him completely engaged in the book he was reading. She let out a sigh of relief at the fact that he had not noticed anything about her silent exchange with Daphne.

She got comfortable again, ensuring her cunt would not be on display to the entire common room. *Thank Merlin!* She thought to herself as she sent a silent prayer to any divinity that would listen that Draco didn’t know anything was amiss.