

## Chapter 6

In mid-November, during Harry's second Quidditch game of the season, things went just as he remembered. Snape had bullied Madam Hooch into changing the schedule again, so now they were facing Slytherin. They were put at a pretty bad points deficit while the team was distracted by his broom being Jinxed. Fortunately, Hermione managed to light Snape's cloak on fire, thus causing him to bump into Quirrell just in time.

Malfoy was having a good laugh at Harry's troubles right up until the point that Harry raced towards him and snatched the Snitch right out from under his nose. It also didn't help his failing reputation when Malfoy fell backwards with a scream as Harry blew past, inches from his face, at a high rate of speed.

Harry seriously thought about sneaking into the girls' showers after the hugs they gave him for winning the game but decided that might be pushing his luck a bit too much. As it was a Sunday, they couldn't have another party in the Room of Requirement again since they had classes Monday morning, but he was certain they would be celebrating in the common room later that night.

On the way back to the castle, Hermione tugged on his arm.

"Let's go visit Hagrid," she said.

"Alright," Harry agreed, realizing it had been a while since they'd seen him.

"Hagrid!" Hermione yelled when they reached his cabin.

Harry smiled as Fang barked loudly and Hagrid's booming voice told him to get back a moment before he finally opened the door.

“Harry, Ron, Hermione,” Hagrid said, grinning under his bushy beard. “Been a while since I’ve seen you lot. Come on in, I was just about ter make some tea.”

As the three of them squeezed into the small hut and took seats, Fang rushed up to Hermione and drooled all over her hand and robes. Grimacing, she wiped her hand clean on the dog’s fur and gently tried to push him away.

“Hagrid, why is there a Cerberus on the third floor?” she asked.

“You mean Fluffy?” Hagrid asked. “Dumbledore wanted to borrow him.”

“But why?” Hermione asked. “What’s being hidden on the third floor?”

“That’s not somethin’ you need to be worryin’ ‘bout,” Hagrid told her.

“But Hagrid,” Hermione said, “whatever’s there, I think someone’s trying to steal it.”

Harry looked over at her, glad she had come to that conclusion herself but he wondered how.

“You’d do best to leave well enough alone,” Hagrid said, trying to sound firm as he wagged a sausage sized finger at them. “What’s there is between Albus Dumbledore and Nicolas Flamel.”

“Nicolas Flamel?” Hermione asked sharply.

“I shouldn’t have said that,” Hagrid said, turning his back to them.

Harry smiled at his friend’s guilty expression. Hagrid was a great person, and someone he’d trust with his life, but he was terrible at keeping anything secret.

Hermione continued to push for more information, but Hagrid was able to keep from making any more slip ups. They stayed for a little while longer before heading back up to the castle for lunch.

“What was that about?” Ron asked. “What makes you think someone’s trying to steal whatever’s on the third floor?”

“It’s obvious, isn’t it?” Hermione asked as they took seats at the Gryffindor table. “There’s no way that troll got in on its own. Someone must have let it in as a distraction so they could steal whatever it is. Now, we just need to figure out who Nicolas Flamel is.”

“Flamel?” Daphne asked from behind Harry. “You mean the Alchemist?”

“You know who he is?” Hermione asked excitedly.

“Of course, I do,” Daphne said, taking the seat next to Harry. “He’s one of the most famous wizards ever. He invented the Philosopher’s Stone.”

“Oh,” Hermione said excitedly in recognition. “I knew that name sounded familiar. I read about that weeks ago. That must be what’s hidden on the third floor.”

“Why would someone want to steal a stone?” Ron asked.

“It’s not just a stone,” Hermione said irritably. “It the Philosopher’s Stone. It turns lead into gold, and it’s used to create the Elixir of Life, granting anyone who drinks it eternal life.”

“Oh, no wonder someone wants to steal it,” Ron said, staring off into the distance wistfully.

“What makes you think it’s here?” Daphne asked.

Hermione quickly explained her thoughts on how and why the Troll got into the castle, causing Daphne to nod thoughtfully.

“That does make sense.” she said. “Dumbledore was Flamel’s apprentice years ago. They invented the twelve uses of Dragons blood together. But who in the school would even know the stone was there and risk trying to steal it?”

“I - I think it might be Snape,” Hermione said, causing Daphne to raise an eyebrow at her. “The night the Troll got in, Snape had a cut on his leg, didn’t he Harry?”

“Er, yeah, I remember that,” Harry said.

It seemed as if Fate itself had stepped in to guide Hermione, Harry thought.

“I know you don’t like him, and personally I don’t either, but you’ll need more than that to accuse a Head of House of trying to steal from Dumbledore,” Daphne told her.

“I know, that’s why I haven’t gone to Professor McGonagall,” Hermione said. “We need more proof.”

Just then, Hedwig flew in and landed on Harry’s shoulder with a friendly chirp. Smiling, Harry reached up and stroked her feathers with one hand, while feeding her a piece of ham for his sandwich with the other.

“Hey girl,” Harry said affectionately.

Swallowing the ham, Hedwig hooted before hopping down onto the table and holding out her foot. Reaching out, Harry took the envelope from her leg. A huge smile stretched across his face when he recognized the handwriting.

“It’s from Sirius,” Harry said excitedly as he tore open the envelope.

“What’s he say?” Daphne asked, as she, Ron, and Hermione leaned towards him.

“Cleared of all charges,” Harry said with a face splitting grin. “Pettigrew confessed to everything under Veritaserum. Sirius hopes they give him his old cell in Azkaban... He wants to meet up over Christmas break. Hermione, do you have a quill and parchment?”

Hermione dug the writing supplies out of her bag and handed them to Harry. Writing quickly, Harry had a response in just a few moments. Blowing on the ink to dry it quicker, Harry rolled the parchment into a scroll and held it up to Hedwig.

“You mind taking this to him, or do you need to rest for a bit?” he asked.

Hedwig nipped his finger affectionately and held out her foot. Smiling, Harry tied the letter to her and held out his arm so she could climb onto it.

“Safe flight, Hedwig,” he said softly.

Lifting his arm up, he gently pushed Hedwig into the air, making it easier for her to take off and fly up and out through the ceiling.

“Does this mean you don’t have to go back to the Dursley’s?” Daphne asked.

“I wasn’t going back anyways,” Harry told her. “I plan on going to Gringotts to buy a house over Christmas break.”

“Really?” Hermione asked.

“You can afford a house?” Ron asked, gaping at him.

Harry cursed to himself for bringing that up in front of Ron, hoping he wouldn’t become too jealous.

“My parents left me quite a lot,” Harry said modestly.

“You know, with how old your family is, it’s likely they had more houses and properties than just the one at Godric’s Hollow,” Daphne told him.

“I hadn’t really thought of that,” Harry lied, knowing full well just what his parents had left him.

“I can go with you and help you look through the paperwork, if you want,” she offered.

“That’d be great,” Harry said.

He was not looking forward to all the paperwork he would need to go over and sign at Gringotts. Even if Daphne couldn’t help him, it would at least be nice to have the company.

“We could ask Susan to come as well, and Hermione. Unless she has other plans,” Daphne said.

“Sorry,” Hermione said apologetically. “I’m going to France with my parents for Christmas.”

“That’s fine,” Daphne told her, then turned back to Harry. “What about Tonks?”

“She’d probably start a war on accident,” Harry said with a grin.

"I heard that," Tonks yelled from where she sat directly behind him at the Hufflepuff table and hit him in the back of the head with a bread roll.

"Well, if you're going to listen in, you might as well come over," Harry said, patting the bench next to him.

Tonks stood and pulled her friend, Hestia Jones, over to the table along with her.

"Did you hear about Sirius?" Harry asked.

"No," Tonks said. "His trial is today, isn't it?"

"It was," Harry said, handing her the letter.

He watched with a smile as her hair cycled through several different colors as she read, a smile growing on her face.

"Brilliant," she said with a grin. "Mum'll be thrilled. She always thought he was innocent."

"I can't believe he never had a trial," Hestia said, shaking her head.

I can, Harry thought.

"Do you want to go to Gringotts with us over break, Tonks?" Daphne asked.

"Spent part of my holiday with Goblins, no thanks," she replied with a grimace.

“That and Harry’s probably right,” Hestia joked with a smile, to which Tonks stuck out her tongue.

“I wouldn’t start a war on accident,” Tonks said. “Boredom, maybe.”

Tonks’ joke garnered chuckles as the group bantered back and forth for the rest of lunch. As they left the Great Hall, Susan and Hannah Abbot joined them in heading to the library. Tonks and Hestia needed to study for the mid-term exams, while the rest had homework to do. Walking through the halls, Daphne pulled Harry to the back of the group, giving them a modicum of privacy.

“My mother asked me to invite you over for Boxing Day,” she said.

“Oh,” Harry said, surprised.

“Don’t worry, she’s nothing like my father,” Daphne assured him. “She just wants to meet you.”

“Will your dad be there?” Harry asked.

While he knew her father, Marcus Greengrass, wasn’t a Death Eater, he was a Pureblood Traditionalist that held some of the same beliefs. He was also a ruthless businessman that wouldn’t hesitate to sell Harry out or try and use his fame for his own benefit. The Aurors had suspected Marcus of giving financial aid to Voldemort during the second war, but they could never prove it. Harry wasn’t afraid of Marcus, but he’d really rather not have to deal with the man if he could avoid it.

“No, he’s off in Germany setting up a new branch of Apothecaries. He won’t be back until February,” Daphne told him. “It’ll just be you, me, and my sister, Astoria.”

“Alright, sure. I’ll come,” Harry said.



Smiling, Daphne took his hand in hers and leaned over to kiss his cheek.

“So, what are your mum and sister like?” he asked, genuinely curious.

“My mum is pretty much the complete opposite of my father, kind, funny, charming. Astoria’s fine most of the time, but I swear there’s no filter between her brain and mouth sometimes,” Daphne said, then lowered her voice. “She also gets sick quite easily. When she was four, my father screwed over one of his business partners. In retaliation, he put a Blood Curse on her.”

“Blood Curse?” Harry asked quietly.

“It’s literally a curse on her blood,” Daphne explained. “We don’t know how he got it, but he did. It makes her weak and easy susceptible to illnesses, like Spattergroit and Dragon Pox. Even worse, the curse will follow any descendants that share her bloodline.”

“Isn’t there a way to stop it?” Harry asked.

Even as he asked the question, the wheels in his head began to turn. If he hadn’t dealt with Voldemort by the end of his fourth year, maybe he could use something similar.

“No,” Daphne said. “Normally, you’d have to get the person who cast the curse to reverse it, but my father considered Astoria a loss and had the wizard killed. Without him, I don’t think it’s possible.”

“I’m sorry,” Harry said, not sure what else to say.

“Don’t be, it’s just the way life is,” Daphne said.

Although she remained stoic, Harry could see the small tightening of her shoulders and the set of her jaw that told him how much it bothered her. Still, he was glad she trusted him enough to

tell him about something so personal. He felt like he now understood her outlook on life a bit better now. As they reached the library, Harry and Daphne went to go find a table while the rest of the group went to gather the books they'd need.

"Do you want to go to the room with me tonight?" Harry asked her quietly.

Daphne turned and gave him a pretty smile.

"I'd like that," she replied, leaning over to kiss him briefly.

"Ugh, just when I thought you couldn't get any more pathetic, Greengrass," sneered a feminine voice.

Harry and Daphne pulled apart and looked up to find Pansy Parkinson looking at them with disgust. Behind her stood Lilith Moon, a pretty but quiet, dark-haired witch. Her hair was tied into a ponytail, but her bangs were left loose to fall around her face and glasses. In all of his time at Hogwarts, this time and last time, he couldn't remember a time he'd ever heard her speak.

"Then it's a good thing no one here cares what you think," Daphne said dismissively.

Pansy glared at her before tossing her hair over her shoulder and sticking her nose in the air.

"Why would you actually *want* to be with someone as pathetic as Potter? With your family, you could at least find someone decent to take you," she said.

"Parkinson, in case you've forgotten, the Potters are one of the oldest and most powerful families in Britain. Something you should've realized after Harry beat your precious Draco in a duel, despite being raised in the Muggle world," Daphne said with a smirk.

Glowering, Pansy opened her mouth but paused when her stomach suddenly gave a loud gurgle. Her face paling rapidly, she turned and ran from the library. Behind where she had been, Tonks leaned out from behind a bookshelf, wand in hand, and winked at them before disappearing back behind the shelf. Surprisingly, Lilith gave Harry and Daphne a friendly smile before following after Pansy at a more sedate pace.

“She doesn’t say much, does she,” Harry said as he watched her leave.

“She’s mute,” Daphne told him. “Lilith got sick with some rare illness when she was young and lost her voice, I can’t remember what it’s called.”

“Really? So, she has to learn all of her spells non-verbally?” Harry asked, remembering his own struggles with silent casting. “That’s impressive.”

“It is,” Daphne agreed with a nod. “Lilith’s pretty smart, but she’s also really shy. I think the only reason she hangs out with Parkinson is because they’ve known each other since they were kids, and it’s hard for her to make new friends.”

Harry nodded as Tonks and Hestia returned with a small stack of books. A moment later, Susan led Hermione around the corner as she carried a stack of books that went over her head, making it impossible for her to see. Harry snorted while Daphne shook her head.

“You know, Hermione, it probably would’ve been easier to just bring the whole bookshelf over,” Harry said as she set the books carefully on the end of the table.

“I just wanted to make sure we have everything we might need,” she said a little defensively.

“Mission accomplished,” Tonks said. “Remind me, which of us is studying for our OWLs?”

“Very funny,” Hermione huffed as the table chuckled.

“Hey, Tonks? What was that spell you used on Parkinson?” Daphne asked.

“Oh, that?” Tonks asked with a grin. “Just a Bowel-Loosening Hex.”

“Well, I’ve always said she was full of shit,” Daphne quipped.

After catching up a curious Hermione and Susan on what had happened, the group got down to studying. After a few hours, they decided to call it a day and head back down to the Great Hall for dinner. Hermione wanted to go back to the library, but Harry and Ron were able to talk her into going back to the common room for the party. Giving Daphne a kiss on the cheek, Harry placed his lips next to her ear.

“Meet you there at eight?” he asked in a whisper.

Daphne smiled and nodded as she left to meet up with Tracey and head down to the dungeons. Harry noticed some of her housemates glaring at her back as she left the Gryffindor table, causing him to worry slightly.

Returning to the common room, Harry celebrated another Quidditch win with his friends and teammates. The Twins passed around bottles of left over Butterbeer from the last party, garnering cheers from the room. All three Chasers again gave Harry tight hugs and kissed him on the cheek as a thank you for catching the snitch. Katie even ended up sitting on his lap for a little while when seating grew cramped.

A few minutes before eight, Harry slipped out of the common room. Angelina was the only person to see him leave, but she just gave him a knowing grin and a wink. He waved and smiled back as the portrait closed behind him.

When he got to the seventh floor, the door appeared as he approached. Hoping Daphne was there, and someone else hadn’t found the Room of Requirement, Harry eased the door open slowly to peek inside. He stopped and stared at the sight that greeted him.

The room was small and contained nothing but an enormous four-poster bed. Sprawled out on the crisp white sheets was Daphne, completely naked and thrusting her large, perky breasts into the air as she fingered herself.

“Aren’t you going to join me?” Daphne asked before biting her lip with a moan.

Her voice shook Harry out of his shocked stupor. Shaking his head, he grinned at her as he stepped fully into the room and closed the door behind him. Stripping out of his clothes quickly, he climbed onto the bed and began kissing his way up Daphne’s leg. The scent of her arousal permeated the air as he kissed up her thigh to her dripping folds.

Daphne moved her hands out of the way and grabbed a handful of his hair lightly when he ran his tongue between her lips. As his tongue flicked over her clit, she hissed, tugging his hair and arching her back. She groped at her own breasts roughly, pinching and rolling her stiff, pink nipples as Harry continued pleasuring her.

He guessed Daphne had been playing with herself for a while, because the moment he took her swollen clit between his lips and sucked, she came. A trembling moan left her lips as her body shuddered and her legs lock around his head like a vice. Trapped in place, Harry smirked and lapped at the throbbing bundle of nerves frantically to extend her climax. Writhing wildly above him while gasping for air, she let go of his hair and pushed him away.

“Fuck,” Daphne panted breathlessly.

Harry chuckled and kissed his way up her stomach. Pausing at her chest, he spent a short time caressing and lavishing her perfect tits with kisses before sucking on one of her nipples. Daphne hissed, arching her back before moaning as he switched over to the other breast.

Cupping his cheeks, she pulled him in and kissed him on the lips as he settled between her legs. She placed him at her entrance, wrapped her legs around his waist, and used her strong thighs to pull him into her. Harry groaned into her mouth as he easily sank into her hot, silky depths. He took a moment to savor the feeling of being encased in her tight, wet core before beginning to move his hips.

“Oh fuck, yes,” Daphne hissed.

Harry pushed himself up on his arms, watching as her incredible breasts jiggled and swayed in time with his thrusts while Daphne stared up at him with a heated gaze.

“You feel so fucking good,” he said.

Licking her lips, she ran her hands over his chest, reaching around to rake her nails lightly across his back. Grunting, Harry thrust into her harder, driving her into the soft mattress with each forceful plunge into her depths.

Incredibly, Daphne arched her back and came again with a long, deep moan. Feeling her tighten around him, Harry grunted and continued thrusting through her climax. When she finally collapsed onto the bed, panting heavily, he slowed to a stop. Giving her a short, heated kiss, he pulled out of her and grabbed her hips. Daphne rolled over onto her stomach and then pushed herself up onto her hands and knees.

Caressing the small, but full globes of her pale ass, Harry lined up with her soaked entrance and slipped back into her depths. Daphne moaned, dropping down onto her elbows and resting her forehead on the mattress. Her walls fluttered around his cock as it filled and stretched her tight walls.

“Fuck,” Harry groaned. “What gotten into you today?”

“You didn’t notice?” Daphne asked, looking at him over her shoulder with a smirk. “Tonks was teasing me under the table the whole time we were in the library today.”

Harry gaped at her. He’d sat right next to her for hours and hadn’t noticed anything. Either Daphne was incredibly good at hiding her reactions, or he was completely oblivious. Still, the thought of Tonks slipping her hand up Daphne’s skirt in the middle of the library, while they were surrounded by friends and classmates, made his length pulse excitedly.

“That little bitch brought me to the edge half a dozen times and never once got me off,” Daphne said, rocking her hips back and forth lightly. “She kept making her fingers thicker and longer inside of me. You’re going to help me get payback on he later, but for right now, just keep fucking me.”

Harry began thrusting into her, his hands gripping her wide hips and pulling her back to meet his hips.

“What else did she do?” he asked huskily.

“She just kept starting and stopping, keeping me on edge,” Daphne panted. “Do you remember when I sat back and pressed my knee against the table?”

“I think so,” Harry said, vaguely remembering what she was talking about.

“I was trying to get her more room, hoping she’d let me cum,” Daphne said, pausing to moan as he gave her a particularly deep thrust. “She even played with my bum.”

Harry cock leapt excitedly at the images running through his mind. Grabbing her cheeks, he spread her open and stared down at his thrusting cock and her wrinkled hole just above it.

“Like this?” he asked, running his thumb over the crinkled skin.

Gasping, Daphne rocked her hips back against him hard.

“Yes!” she chirped.

Grinning lecherously, Harry ran his thumb along her lips, coating it in her arousal before bringing it back up to back door. Daphne moaned as her circled it around her entrance, then panted and gasped when he pressed the tip in up to the first knuckle.

“Harry,” Daphne whimpered.

Slowing his thrusts, he continued playing with her bum, constantly going back to coat his fingers in her arousal. This was something Harry had done before with Luna, so he knew to take his time and be exceedingly gentle. Starting with his index finger, he slowly sawed it and out of her until she could take the whole thing, then he added his middle finger. He continued to thrust at an almost casual pace while working his fingers in and out of her incredibly hot, tight rear.

Daphne was a moaning groaning mess by the time he managed to sink two fingers fully into her. Her hands gripped the bedding tightly, but she never once showed any signs of pain or even discomfort.

Pulling his fingers out, he spread her cheeks as wide open as he could. Working his cheeks, Harry let a huge glob of spit fall from his lips right onto her slightly stretched hole. Gasping, Daphne turned her head to look at him.

“Just tell me if you want me to stop, okay?” he asked.

With nervous excitement sparkling in her stunning blue eyes, she nodded. Pulling out of her, Harry lined his swollen head up with her back entrance and pushed gently. Her tight ring suddenly gave way under the pressure and swallowed his tip whole. Daphne gasped sharply, flexing around him as he held still.

“You alright?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” Daphne panted. “Keep going.”



Smiling, Harry reached down and stroked her cheek gently. Slowly, he cautiously pushed deeper into her. She managed to take another two inches before he paused to let her adjust. The heat was mind numbing and her walls hugged him like they were molded to fit him perfectly.

Pulling out slowly, Harry moved back down to her flowing lips and sank back into her depths to cover his cock in her arousal. Moving back up to her rear, he sank back into her a bit more easily, causing Daphne to moan sensuously.

It took several minutes of careful, gentle work, but Daphne managed to take his entire length. With his cock buried to the hilt in her ass, Harry savored the incredible feeling. Leaning over her back, he cupped her breasts and kissed her neck as she panted, sweat glistening on her forehead.

“You okay?” he asked softly.

“Yes,” she breathed, her forehead pressed against the mattress. “I – Oh, fuck. I can’t believe you’re fucking my ass and I like it.”

Harry couldn’t help but laugh at the sound of disbelief in her voice. Kissing her cheek, Harry straightened up and grabbed her hips. Slowly, he pulled back, causing Daphne to gasp. When he was about halfway out, he reversed course and sank back into her just as slowly as he had pulled out.

“Faster,” Daphne panted.

Smiling, Harry did as she asked. Daphne moaned whorishly as he thrust back into her and trembled while clutching the sheets in a death grip. Even Luna, as kinky as the little blonde could be, hadn’t enjoyed anal as much as Daphne did.

Gradually increasing his pace, Harry was soon thrusting in and out of her at a much more normal pace. The feeling of her tight heat enveloping his length was quickly driving him towards his climax.

Putting one hand on the mattress for support. He reached under Daphne with the other hand and rubbed her clit, hoping to bring her off before he erupted. She moaned and groaned continuously, writhing under him.

Suddenly, Daphne cried out and went rigid as she clamped down on his length. Harry grunted in surprise, the feeling send him over the edge abruptly as she clawed at the sheets, her legs shaking and trembling uncontrollably while she gushed arousal all over the bed. As he came inside of Daphne, filling her depths, her legs gave out and she fell prone on the bed.

Harry followed her down, keeping his cock buried inside of her as they both rode out their climaxes.

“Holy shit,” Daphne panted, her legs still shaking. “That felt so fucking good.”

Harry laughed, feeling a bit lightheaded as he pulled out of her and flopped down onto the bed. Daphne moved over with a groan and rested her head on his chest as he wrapped an arm around her.

“Any ideas on how we can get back at Tonks?” she asked after a couple of minutes.

“Get back at her? I’m going to send a thank you card,” Harry joked.

Daphne snorted and slapped his chest lightly.

“No, I have a much better idea,” Daphne said, looking up at him with a mischievous grin.