

Harry wasn't sure what would happen when he invited Daphne Greengrass to go with him as his date to the Slug Club Christmas party. He hadn't even planned on inviting her; he'd just bumped into her in a corridor and asked her without thinking. He knew her reputation of being aloof and unapproachable, and had heard the stories of her rejecting boy after boy who asked her out, and until he'd been standing right in front of her in that corridor he hadn't been able to understand why guys continued to ask her out. Sure, she was beautiful, but what was the point if she didn't give any wizard the time of day?

But then he'd been standing in front of her, closer than he'd ever been to her before, and he'd understood. He'd seen her flawless face and her gorgeous body that not even the Hogwarts robes could fully hide, he'd looked into those striking ice-blue eyes, and he'd asked her to come to the party with him before his brain could remind him of her reputation. Harry had flinched after he made the offer, waiting for the inevitable rejection.

That rejection hadn't come though. Daphne had stared at him silently for a few seconds, and then she'd nodded her head slightly and agreed to meet him at the rough halfway point between the Slytherin dungeons and the room where Slughorn was hosting the party.

He still hadn't known how things would go from there. He'd barely spoken two words to the beautiful blonde Slytherin before today, and there were any number of ways this could blow up in his face quite spectacularly even after she'd said yes. She could have expressed some pureblood supremacist shite or been rude to his friends, or he could have done something to annoy her and make him the latest wizard to deal with a cold rejection in public. It could have even been a ruse, a ploy to damage him in some way. Harry had even wondered if he might go to meet her only to walk straight into an ambush.

There hadn't been any ambush. No other Slytherins were waiting nearby when he arrived to meet her. Daphne had been alone, and she'd taken his arm and walked into the party with him. Heads had turned and the whispers had started as soon as they walked in together, and those whispers hadn't stopped all night.

Harry had long since stopped caring. It had been a little awkward at first to be with Daphne. Neither of them knew quite what to say to each other, and she seemed as unwilling to say the wrong thing as he was. But her very curt and effective verbal takedown of Cormac McLaggen helped break the proverbial ice. They'd started to talk more easily after that, and Harry was shocked at just how well they'd gotten along once that initial awkwardness was overcome. For someone who had a reputation of not giving any wizard or really anyone outside of her very small social circle the time of day, Daphne was actually quite fun to talk to once she lowered her guard. Her quick wit had him laughing heartily, forgetting all about his suspicion of Malfoy.

“What a wanker,” Harry muttered as Filch dragged Draco in.

"You don't even know the half of it," Daphne said quietly. Harry had been watching suspiciously as Snape approached Draco, but he turned his head curiously to Daphne now.

"You hate Draco too?" he asked. "I figured he'd be at least slightly less annoying when he was only around other Slytherins." Some of the things Daphne had said earlier in the night had already led to Harry realizing that not all Slytherins hated him or were Voldemort sympathizers or anything like that, but he'd never seen any open arguing between any of the students from Snape's house.

Daphne rolled her eyes. "He struts around like he's Salazar Slytherin reborn, and he expects everyone to worship him as such. Or he did before this year at least. It's been refreshing to not have him preening like usual over the last few months. Maybe you and your friends sending dear daddy Lucius to Azkaban had something to do with that, in which case I should thank you."

"Maybe," Harry mumbled. In reality he knew that Draco was up to something. He didn't care how dismissive everyone else around him was about the idea of Draco being welcomed as a Death Eater and entrusted with a job by Voldemort. Harry *knew* it was true, and he wouldn't let him get away with it.

"But enough about Draco Malfoy," Daphne said. "I'm having a wonderful time with you, Harry, and I don't want anything to spoil it." This was the first time she'd called him by his first name. It had always been 'Potter' up until now, though that name had been spoken with growing warmth throughout the evening, but now he'd apparently graduated to Harry. He found that he liked the way it sounded coming from her lips.

"I don't either," he said, smiling at her. She smiled back, and he liked that even better. There was no ice in that smile. Harry did not think he'd ever seen anyone or anything that looked as beautiful to him as Daphne Greengrass did while smiling at him. The monster in his chest that had started growling any time he saw Ginny and Dean together seemed to be silenced, perhaps for good.

Harry was aware of Snape leading Draco away, but for perhaps the first time all term he sent it to the back of his mind. He would deal with trying to unravel Draco's plot another time. Daphne Greengrass deserved his full attention tonight, and she was going to get it.

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Harry didn't know what Snape and Draco had discussed, and he couldn't have cared less. Thoughts of Malfoy, Snape, Voldemort and the prophecy that dictated his future were firmly pushed to the background tonight, because Harry had something far more compelling to focus on. Who gave a fuck about the ferret or that greasy-haired bat when he had the sexy, allegedly unapproachable Daphne Greengrass in his arms, kissing him fiercely and wiggling in his lap?

She was anything but unapproachable now, and there was nothing cold about her. Her lips moved against his, kissing him back with at least as much passion and forwardness as he kissed her, and she wiggled her hips against him and raised the heat between them with each rock. He'd been pleasantly surprised when she took him by the hand after leaving the party and led him down a corridor and into an abandoned classroom, but that had only been the beginning. She'd been the one to initiate the first kiss, and she'd been the one to push him down on top of one of the desks and climb into his lap. It was a side of Daphne that no one in Hogwarts had seen before and Harry was thrilled to be the one she'd shown it to.

This was so far beyond anything he'd been through. All he had to compare it to was the single kiss with Cho, but the two things were absurd to even compare. Kissing Cho had been wet and awkward. Kissing Daphne, having her kiss him back and feeling her dry hump him through his trousers and her dress was like something straight out of his wet dreams. Harry felt in many ways like he was merely along for the ride here, but that didn't bother him. He just wrapped his arms around her, squeezed her amazing arse through her dress and let her continue to grind on him. Wherever this was going, he would stay on this ride for as long and as far as Daphne wanted to take it.

He gasped into Daphne's lips as he heard the door to the classroom open. She obviously heard it too since her hips stopped their wonderful grinding, and then a second later she was climbing off of his lap and spinning to face the door. She pulled her wand out from a strap on her thigh and had it pointed before Harry had gotten his own wand out of his pocket and stood up from the desk, which impressed him. Not many Hogwarts students had those kinds of quick instincts.

He couldn't see who had just entered since Daphne's body was blocking his view, but she seemed not to consider them a threat since she lowered her wand. Harry relaxed slightly, but he kept his wand out just in case.

"You had better have a *very* good reason for being here, Astoria," Daphne said, and her voice seemed to have regained some of its familiar sharpness. Harry recognized the name, and after a few seconds recalled that Daphne's younger sister Astoria was a fifth year Slytherin student. He'd heard Ginny mention her in passing a couple of times, but all he really knew beyond her house and being a Greengrass was that she apparently was more approachable than her sister.

Approachable or not, he didn't know what to make of her being here. He stepped to the side and saw her standing there, and the resemblance between her and her older sister was immediately apparent. Daphne's hair was a shade lighter and Astoria's eyes were a darker blue, but that they were sisters would have been obvious even if he'd never heard of Astoria until now.

"I'm here because I saw you pull Potter into an empty corridor," Astoria said calmly. Apparently, Daphne's forbidding nature did not work on her younger sister. "It was so unlike you that I had to investigate. Imagine my surprise, given how you're always

lecturing me about never letting my guard down around any wizards here. And with the Chosen One himself! You couldn't have chosen a riskier wizard to hump in a classroom. It's so unlike you."

"And you've come here to lecture me?" Daphne said, crossing her arms.

Astoria laughed. "Lecture you?" she repeated, shaking her head. "No, Daph. I came here because I'm *jealous*, and I want in."

"Jealous?" Daphne said, responding quickly while Harry's mind was still trying to grasp the part where Astoria said she wanted in. "What do you mean? I thought you liked Malfoy." Harry grimaced, wondering how it could be possible for Daphne's little sister to have such horrible taste.

Astoria wrinkled her nose. "Please give me a bit more credit than that, Daph," she said, looking like she wanted to gag. "I'm not a firstie anymore. I can see through that preening asshole now. He's all talk, or at least he *was* all talk back when he actually talked instead of brooding or whatever he's doing now. He's not worth my time. I need a real wizard, and who better than Harry?"

She walked right by her sister, stepped close to Harry and smiled at him. Now that she was closer, he could tell that she was ever so slightly shorter than Daphne, but other than that he just noticed how lovely she was. Amongst his year Daphne had a reputation as arguably the most beautiful witch, a reputation that Harry considered well deserved now. It was easy to imagine Astoria having the wizards of her year whispering about her in much the same way that Seamus and Dean occasionally talked about how much they'd like to chip through Daphne's ice.

"I've been trying to figure out how to approach you for almost a year now, Harry," the younger Greengrass said. "You're not exactly easy to get close to though, and that arse Draco and his lackeys have made it even harder for a Slytherin witch like me. It seems like even my frigid big sister realized what a catch you are though, and somehow she beat me to it. But maybe that doesn't have to be a bad thing."

Having her attention on him likely would have excited him normally, but he was very aware of Daphne's presence there. He looked at her quickly, expecting to see the glare she so often turned on the wizards who annoyed her. Instead she just stood and watched, her face a blank mask. What was going on here?

Astoria turned to face her sister as well, and Harry couldn't resist taking a peek at her arse. It was, in a word, fantastic. Daphne's was a bit thicker, but Astoria's perfect apple-shaped arse immediately made him imagine bending her over and spanking her. He closed his eyes to shake the vision off before he gave himself away.

"How about it, Daph?" Astoria said. "We were always good at sharing things growing up. Not to mention we both deserve the best, don't you think? And you seem to have figured

out the same thing I've known for over a year now: Harry's the best. He's the only wizard worthy of either of us, so why should either of us have to settle for some lesser bloke?"

"You're only saying that because you're on the outside looking in," Daphne said.

"First, that's not true," Astoria said. "Second, that wasn't a no."

Daphne looked from Astoria to Harry, biting her lip. Harry held his breath, staying well out of this so as not to anger either girl. He'd already decided he would follow this ride wherever Daphne wanted to take it, so he would follow her lead on this too.

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"I still don't think it's fair that I just have to sit and watch," Astoria grumbled.

"You'll get your turn," Daphne said, not looking back at her sister. "I was here first, and I'm allowing you to join us. But you'll have to wait your turn, little sister."

Her eyes were solely on Harry as she straddled his lap and rocked against him once again. It felt so much better this time though, because there was absolutely nothing separating them. Daphne had helped him take his trousers and underwear off, and then she'd gotten naked herself. Harry's breath had caught in his throat as he watched Daphne strip down in front of him. As amazing as she'd looked in her dress, nothing could beat her naked body.

They were back on top of the desk like they'd been when Astoria crashed the party, but Daphne's rocking carried so much more promise now. It was her bare pussy lips rocking back and forth against his cock, which had surely never been as hard as it was right now. He could feel Daphne's wetness against him, and even though this was his first time he wasn't so clueless that he didn't understand what that meant. Daphne, the supposedly cold Slytherin, was turned on and ready to give him her first time.

"Are you ready, Harry?" she asked, looking down at him. She held his shaft in her hand and rubbed her pussy lips against the tip of his cock. He was so close to being inside of her; he had been for minutes now, and he'd had to force himself not to beg her to drop down and take his cock inside of her. He didn't want to come across as too needy or pathetic, but he'd never wanted anything as badly as he wanted Daphne to drop her hips.

"I'm ready," he said, hoping she couldn't tell how hard he was having to fight not to plead with her. The little smile that crossed her face might have just been because she was excited about what was about to happen, or maybe she could sense his difficulty in containing his desperation.

Daphne slowly lowered her hips, and Harry looked back and forth between the point of penetration and her face, wanting to be able to appreciate both. The feeling of his cock sliding into her pussy was even better than having her grind against him, and looking at

her eyes widening told him that she shared his opinion on it. This was what they'd both been anticipating and what they'd been building towards from the moment her lips first touched his.

It was actually happening now; Harry was having sex. This wasn't the vague dreams he'd started having when he realized that the Ravenclaw seeker was pretty, or the lewder thoughts he'd started having later about not just Cho but Fleur Delacour. It wasn't even the growing lust he'd felt for Ginny in recent months, where he'd wanted to shove Dean out of the way and be the one to take the redhead into his arms. This was the real thing. Daphne was really sliding down onto his cock and wiggling around as she got used to having him inside of her. They were both sharing this for the first time, and the way Daphne's eyes widened as she stared down at him perfectly reflected what Harry was feeling.

"Well, don't leave me hanging over here," Astoria said as she stood off to the side and watched them. "How's it feel to have Harry Potter pop your cherry?"

"Excellent," Daphne said after taking a moment to consider the question. "Worth the wait." She continued to wiggle and shake her hips from side to side, moving her body carefully as she tested the waters and got used to having a dick inside of her. Based on her words and the look on her face as she slowly moved on him, she seemed to find it a pleasant experience.

For his part Harry now understood why Seamus and Dean were so obsessed with talking about this. He'd had a lot to deal with that had kept him from putting proper focus on the all-important task of losing his virginity, but he could have cursed himself for worrying so much about the likes of Malfoy and Snape now. Before he had considered being up on his broomstick and flying through the air to be just about the best form of relief that he could turn to, but it was swiftly being replaced with every wiggle of Daphne's hips that moved his cock around inside of her. Shagging beat flying any day!

Daphne seemed to feel similarly, because the more experimental wiggling she'd done at first soon gave way to her putting her hands on his chest and grinding on him. It was similar to the way she'd humped him earlier when their clothes were still on, but it was so much better now for obvious reasons. But she didn't stick with grinding for long. She'd been trying out different motions as she went along, and soon enough she started moving up and down on him. Harry groaned, finding the vertical movement to be even more stimulating than the rocking had been.

She started going harder, building speed and bouncing on him like she couldn't get enough of it. Her hips and arse were smacking against him now, and Harry felt like he was being taken for a ride like a broomstick. He didn't mind at all. If Daphne wanted to take him for a ride and see how well he handled and how hard she could push him, she was welcome to put him to the test.

If someone walked in on them right now, they probably wouldn't believe that Daphne had been a virgin before she straddled his lap, because this was not the fuck you would expect from someone who had never done this before. Whatever tentativeness there had been in Daphne had been expelled after her earlier experimental movement, and any pain she'd felt from the loss of her virginity had evidently faded enough that it did not hold her back now.

Daphne rode Harry not like someone who was feeling her way through this and trying to take it easy, but as someone who loved every bit of what she was feeling and wanted more of it. She fucked him hard and fast on the desk, and Harry just sat back with his hands resting on her hips and watched her go at it.

She looked incredible riding his cock. She *always* looked incredible but the blokes who whispered about the things they'd liked to do to her when she was out of earshot, not to mention those who'd actually worked up the courage to approach her and were summarily rejected, would curse Harry's name if they knew the view he was getting of the blonde's stunning body now.

Her breasts bounced along with her, and when Harry could pull his eyes away from that mesmerizing sight, he was able to see her pretty face screwed up not with disdain but pleasure. Her eyes were bright, there was an aroused flush to her pale cheeks, and she moaned softly as she rode him. Her quiet moans were in stark contrast to the intensity of her bounces on his cock, but those moans came faster and faster as her hips sped up and she rode him harder. Harry had a feeling it meant she was getting close to orgasm.

Hopefully this would be the case, because he knew he would not be able to hold on too much longer. It was frankly a miracle that he hadn't cum already with this being his first time, and sharing that first time with a witch as beautiful as Daphne. Every time she slammed herself down onto him and made the desk rock beneath them became a greater test of his willpower. He was determined to make her cum before he finished. Whether this was the one and only time they did this or if he was fortunate enough to be able to shag Daphne a hundred or even a thousand times in the future, he wanted to make it as good for her as he possibly could.

But willpower only took a wizard so far, and he was straining hard at this point. He'd tried relying on thinking about unsexy things to hold himself back, but his brain was running away from him and turning those attempts into something else entirely. Thinking about Malfoy sneering at him almost immediately turned into a fantasy of beating Malfoy in a duel and fucking Pansy Parkinson while forcing him to watch, and imagining detention with Snape somehow turned into having a witch suck him off under the table while he pretended to scrub out potion cauldrons or whatever menial task Snape would make him do. Even thinking about Voldemort didn't work, because that evolved into Harry shagging Bellatrix so hard and so well that she changed sides and helped Harry beat her former master. Harry closed his eyes, looking away from Daphne's bouncing breasts and fighting with all his might against the almost overpowering temptation to cum inside of her.

"Try rubbing her clit, Harry," Astoria suggested. "That always works really well for me while I'm playing with myself."

Thinking about the younger Greengrass touching herself was a temptation in and of itself, but Harry opened his eyes and seized the lifeline she'd offered him. This was his first time having sex but it wasn't like he didn't know the female anatomy at all. He and his fellow Gryffindors had spent plenty of time doing up close study of such in the magazines Dean had smuggled in, and Harry could identify the clitoris easily enough. He reached between Daphne's legs and tried stroking her with his fingers.

It almost immediately became obvious that Astoria's advice had been wise, because Daphne's moans got louder and deeper once Harry started stroking her clit. Her bounces became more insistent as well, and while that made it a little more difficult for Harry's fingers to keep up, he wasn't going to let that stop him. He'd finally been given a path to success, and he was going to pursue it with all his might. While Daphne bounced, Harry rubbed. He could feel the pressure building in his balls as Daphne's tight pussy, and he knew it wouldn't be much longer now. He just had to hope that his rubbing combined with the pleasure she was getting from riding his cock would be enough to get Daphne there as well before he was done.

"*Oh!*" Daphne suddenly groaned. Her body leaned forward slightly, and her hands squeezed his shoulders.

"That looks and sounds like an orgasm to me," Astoria said. "Well done, Harry."

Daphne didn't confirm that conclusion with words, but it was obvious enough to Harry that she was right. He watched as Daphne's eyes closed and listened to her moans, and he knew that he'd succeeded. He'd helped her get off. And not a moment too soon, because Harry wouldn't have been able to hold on for another second if his life had depended on it. He groaned and erupted, firing a thick load of semen inside of Daphne. It felt like it lasted much longer than the orgasms he'd had while wanking, but it still wasn't long enough for his liking. If he had it his way, he would spend the rest of the night cumming inside of Daphne Greengrass.

All too soon his orgasm was over though, as was hers. Daphne's eyes cleared and her cheeks lost their flush, but she didn't seem to be interested in climbing off of him or removing his cock from her pussy. That was just fine by Harry.

A dramatic clearing of the throat reminded them both that they were not alone in this abandoned classroom. "You had your fun, Daph," Astoria said. "Now it's time for you to get up and let me have mine."

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"That should do it," Astoria said, having licked and sucked Harry's cock until he was fully hard once again. She got up off of her knees, turned away from him and put her hands down on the desk, bending over and sticking her arse out at him. She'd already gotten naked, so he was staring at her bare bum. That apple arse looked even better without anything covering it, and Harry knew that the oral sex really hadn't been necessary to get him ready. Astoria could have just bent over and stuck her arse out at him and it would have gotten him hard soon enough.

"Come and fuck me, Harry," she said, wiggling her hips and shaking her arse at him. "Hurry! I already needed it bad, and then I had to watch Daph take you for a ride. If you don't stick it in and shag me hard, I might just have to hump this desk."

"I wouldn't want that," Harry said, hurrying to get into position behind her. It was still stunning to him that Daphne had pulled him into this classroom, and her little sister joining in and being given Daphne's permission to do so would be hard for him to believe if he hadn't been right there for all of it. But she was here, naked and desperate for him, and Daphne had agreed that Astoria could have her turn with him. Harry might struggle to believe his good fortune, but he wasn't going to waste it. He put one hand on Astoria's smooth bum cheek and used the other to guide his cock into position, and he wasted little time in pushing forward and penetrating her.

Harry moved slowly inside of her at first, not wanting to push her too hard and giving her plenty of time to adjust to having a cock inside of her for the first time. This time he was the one in control, and he did not want to abuse that control no matter how badly he might want to fuck this beautiful blonde's brains out.

"More, Harry," Astoria said quickly. "More! Harder! I want you to fuck me! Give it to me!"

Well, if she wanted it, who was he to deny her? He put both hands on her hips and started to fuck her properly, thrusting his cock deep into her and pulling it back quickly so he could do it again. This was his first chance to fuck a woman, but he found that it came to him rather quickly now that he was in the middle of it. Back and forth, in and out, Harry settled into his new assignment with relish and fucked Astoria as hard as she'd begged him to. He followed his instincts and stopped worrying about her comfort. If he wound up pushing her harder than she was ready for after all she could always speak up, but unless she did so he was going to hold nothing back.

Astoria held onto the edge of the desk and squealed as he fucked her, and Harry could tell that she was enjoying the rough pace he was setting. She'd asked for it, and with every deep thrust he gave her she moaned out her approval of it. Just as Daphne had settled into a wild ride once she got over her initial experimentation after losing her virginity, Astoria wanted him to give it to her good. That was something Harry was honored to give her. He held her hips and slammed into her hard enough to rock her against the edge of the desk, much to her moaning approval.

He was glad to have enjoyed his first time with Daphne before this. It had helped him take the edge off and get comfortable with the pleasures of sex, and it allowed him to have both the confidence to nail Astoria as roughly as she wanted him to and the stamina to maintain that pace without cumming almost immediately. If this had been his first time he would have worried about finishing too quickly, and that fear might have prevented him from performing as well as he wanted and she deserved. But having already experienced the wonders of sex and having already enjoyed a powerful orgasm with Daphne, he had the skill and the staying power to hammer into Astoria with deep, repeated thrusts that had her screaming into the desk.

Harry was consumed with the need to fuck this woman. That he doubted he'd ever spoken to her before tonight didn't matter, and neither did the fact that her sister was sitting right there watching them. Holding back or taking it easy on her was not even a consideration in his mind, and it went without saying that Malfoy was forgotten completely. He and that git Snape could talk all they wanted tonight, because Harry was far too busy shagging Astoria's brains out.

She screamed unintelligibly into the desk and clawed at it with her hands, and Harry watched her body shake. He didn't need anything more than that to know that she had just reached a climax every bit as powerful as Daphne's, but she squirted fluid onto both his body and the desk beneath her as if to drive that point home.

Daphne had already assured him that she would just be able to take a potion afterwards and there would be no danger of consequences after he'd cum inside of her, and Astoria had spoken up while getting naked to confirm that she would take the same potion. That meant there was no *need* for him to pull out, but bending Astoria over the desk and fucking her from behind had filled him with another desire. He hadn't taken any time out to spank her since he had been so focused on shagging her, but maybe there was another way he could leave his mark on her arse tonight.

He pulled his cock out of her after another few minutes of shagging, and grabbed his shaft again so he could take aim at his intended target. His hand stroked up and down to finish himself off, and then he started to cum all over her arse cheeks. He'd admired the bum of the younger Greengrass when she'd been fully clothed and gained an even greater appreciation for it once she'd gotten naked, and now he reveled in coating that lovely apple arse with his semen.

Astoria giggled when he was done. "Did you really have to cum all over my arse?" She sounded amused rather than legitimately angry, so Harry didn't flinch.

"I had to make my mark somehow," he said lightly. "No matter who's lucky enough to get their hands on your arse in the future, now I'll always be the first one to see it covered in my cum."

"And you'll always be the only one," Astoria said, turning around to face him. "We Greengrasses demand only the best, so you'd better get used to taking care of my needs."

"Mine as well," Daphne said, nodding primly. "Your obligations are only just beginning, Potter."

"Sounds good to me," he said. Even with Malfoy's plot and the prophecy hanging over him, things were looking up as far as Harry was concerned.

This is the public release of a previously patron-exclusive poll winning fic from November 2021 as voted on by my [patrons](#). Patrons starting at \$1 can vote in both of the monthly General Prompt Polls (one specifically for Harry Potter characters, and one for other fandoms) where \$5+ patrons get to nominate their own ideas each month. The currently ongoing multichapter story, *What's Yours is Mine* (Harry Potter), also receives new chapters monthly for patrons. \$5+ patrons can make suggestions that help influence those chapters, and patrons at every level will get to read them right away, two months ahead of when they go up here.

Here's a look at this month's Harry Potter Prompt poll winner:

The Seductive Secretary:

At first, Harry isn't sure why Daphne Nott née Greengrass would apply to be his secretary when she's so overqualified. But even as the gorgeous blonde excels at her job, her short skirts, suggestive words and not-so-accidental physical contact with him makes it clear that she's got ulterior motives for working for him. (Harry/Daphne)

You can read an excerpt of this story by clicking the spoiler:

[You can become a patron starting at \\$1 to participate in both monthly General Prompt Polls and read the winners as soon as they're posted, and read new chapters of *What's Yours is Mine* two months before they're posted elsewhere](#)