

Harry grimaced in frustration, leveled his wand at Ron again, and took another attempt at a nonverbal disarming charm. Ron's wand didn't so much as twitch between his fingers. Harry sighed and shook his head. Nonverbal dueling was fucking difficult!

He dare not express his frustration too openly, though. That bastard Snape was hovering nearby, criticizing any Gryffindor who seemed to be having any trouble getting their nonverbal spells to work. *Shockingly*, the critique that the Slytherins received during the joint lesson wasn't anywhere near as cutting. Snape was currently berating Neville for his failures, but Harry knew that the greasy arsehole would be all over him if Harry gave him any reason to look his way. He took a deep breath, and after Ron nodded at him, he gave it another shot.

And that was when it happened. In trying to get the spell to work correctly while not speaking, Harry's arm arced harder to the left than he'd intended for it to go, and his mounting frustration also seemed to come out through his wand since it wasn't allowed to be expressed verbally.

When the green object first shot through the air and towards him, Harry didn't realize what it was. Ron was forced to step aside quickly as Parvati Patil's nonverbal spell went wrong, so he didn't see what was happening. But Harry saw the object flying through the air towards him, and he also heard Daphne Greengrass gasp loudly.

"Something the matter, Greengrass?" Snape asked, moving towards her. Meanwhile, Harry caught the green object in his hand, unfolded it nearly cried out in surprise when he saw what it was. The green mystery item that he'd accidentally summoned to him was a pair of sexy, lacy green knickers. After looking up quickly, he took stock of where Daphne was standing in relation to the path the knickers had taken through the air. All the pieces fit—but could the conclusion he came to actually be what had happened?

"N-nothing, sir," Daphne said weakly. Harry could see the side of her face from here, and it looked redder than he'd ever seen it. The beautiful blonde Slytherin was usually quiet and kept to herself in class, spending pretty much all of her time with Tracey Davis as far as Harry could tell. He didn't know much about her other than that, but he couldn't remember ever seeing her blush. She fidgeted and smoothed out her robes while clearing her throat awkwardly. Harry had never walked around in Hogwarts robes without wearing underwear beneath them, but he imagined he might have done much the same if this had happened to him and he didn't want anyone to know it. There was very little doubt in his mind now that the knickers in his hand belonged to Daphne Greengrass.

"You're sure?" Snape asked. His head started to jerk in Harry's direction, and out of reflex, Harry stuffed the knickers into his robes. It had been an accident, but Harry had no doubt that Snape would throw him in detention every night from here until he'd graduated from Hogwarts if he caught him with a pair of women's underwear in his hand. The fact that said knickers belonged to a Slytherin would only earn more of Snape's ire, as if Harry didn't receive more than his fair share of that simply by breathing the same air as Snape. The head of Slytherin's eyes narrowed as he looked at Harry, but Harry kept his face carefully confused, acting like he was as clueless about what was going on with Daphne as everyone else was.

Whatever Snape was about to say next was interrupted by Neville tripping and nearly knocking Dean and Seamus over. Snape snarled and went off to scold poor Neville, but Harry was just happy for the diversion. The last thing he needed was for Snape to inspect the matter any further. He knew who Snape's primary suspect would be if he felt like anything underhanded had happened.

Daphne didn't seem to suspect him, though. He saw her turn her head and look around at the rest of the class furtively as if she were trying to figure out who had stolen her underwear. Her eyes didn't remain on him any longer than they were on anyone else, though, and if anything, she spent more time watching Crabbe and Goyle than him or any other Gryffindor. Harry took a deep breath to settle his nerves and faced Ron again. The rest of the class was getting back to their nonverbal dueling now that the interruption was over, and Harry was going to do the same.

"Your turn, Ron," he said. He held his wand at his side and waited for his best friend to try a nonverbal spell on him. While he waited, and for the rest of the lesson, Harry was constantly aware of the lacy green knickers stashed away in his robes.

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The first time Harry stole Daphne's knickers had truly been an accident. All of the times since then were a different story.

He'd nearly vanished the first pair of knickers the same day he'd accidentally summoned them, wanting to remove the evidence of his 'crime.' But when he'd pulled them out of the pocket of his robes to do exactly that, he'd started to notice just how soft they were in his hand. He'd suddenly started imagining these knickers on Daphne's body, and then he imagined her body *without* the knickers he held in his hand. He visualized her walking around for the rest of the day, trying not to let anyone in Hogwarts know that her underwear was missing. The excitement and the taboo thrill of it all got Harry so worked up that he'd used Daphne's underwear to jerk himself off.

Shameful though it had been, he'd never cum harder in his life than he had while using Daphne's knickers. From that point on, he had become obsessed with Daphne's knickers. He still had that first pair that he'd summoned, but he hadn't been content to just hold onto them as a trophy. He'd gambled on her continued unwillingness to admit that someone had stolen her knickers, and so far he'd been right. Many times during classes that he shared with her, Harry would wait for an opening and summon her knickers off of her body when he thought he could pull it off without her realizing it was him. He'd stolen so many pairs of Daphne's knickers by now that the secret drawer he was storing them in was almost full, and she hadn't caught him yet. He did feel guilty, but not enough to put a stop to his perverted obsession with stealing the knickers off of Daphne's body.

He hadn't snagged any in a couple of weeks, and it looked like her guard was down today as she and Tracey worked together during transfiguration. Harry, unable to resist such a prime chance to add to his collection, turned his wand around on his table so it was pointing at Daphne and cast a nonverbal summoning spell. Most nonverbal magic was still tough for him, but this was one spell that he'd perfected.

Daphne sat up straight in her seat and looked around quickly when her knickers were summoned off of her body, but Harry had become an expert at stealthily snagging underwear. By the time her head was turning to try and catch the culprit, the knickers (skimpy black today) were already stuffed away in his pocket, and he was using his wand to perform the delicate vanishment transfiguration that McGonagall was having them work on today. There was no reason for her to suspect him above anyone else.

"Is there a problem, Miss Greengrass?" McGonagall asked.

“No, professor,” Daphne said. “Nothing.” Her voice sounded calm and unaffected despite her predicament. Then again, this was far from the first time that she’d had a pair of knickers stolen off of her body. If Harry had become an expert at covertly stealing them, Daphne was similarly experienced at not letting anyone around her know that she had just gotten her knickers stolen off of her body.

“Then return your attention to your assignment, rather than gazing around the classroom,” the professor said. Harry felt kind of bad at her frosty tone, knowing that he was responsible for Daphne’s distraction. Again, though, it wasn’t enough to make him regret what he’d just done. He couldn’t get enough of this, as his secret drawer could attest to.

“Yes, professor,” Daphne said. She bent back down over her table and got back to work. Harry watched her out of the corner of his eye, silently impressed at how she was able to shake incidents like this off.

He should have stopped there. He should have been happy to have another pair of knickers to add to his perverted collection without her being any closer to figuring out who the thief was. But he was feeling extra daring today, and the interest in adding a bra or two to go along with his extensive collection of Daphne’s knickers was a compelling motivation to take another risk. He waited and worked on the lesson for a few minutes, and then, once Daphne’s head was turned to say something to Tracey, Harry used a nonverbal summoning charm to steal his first bra.

The summoning itself was successful, but Harry misjudged both the extent of Daphne’s distraction and the ease with which he could quickly stuff a bra into the pocket of his robes. It took a few extra seconds to pull it off, and those precious few seconds cost him everything. By the time he’d finished the theft, he looked up and saw that Daphne was not only looking in his direction but her eyes were locked on to the pocket that he’d just finished stuffing her bra into.

Then her eyes rose to look into his, and the fury he saw behind those dark blue orbs caused the hair on the back of his neck to stand up. She’d just caught him red-handed, and now there was going to be hell to pay.

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“A word, Potter.” Daphne didn’t raise her voice, but he could hear the fury behind it anyway.

Harry allowed her to take his hand and drag him down the corridor, ignoring the whispers and stares. Plenty of people were noticing Daphne accost him after class, and word and rumor would spread quickly. And that was assuming that the truth didn’t come out. Whatever rumors his gossiping classmates might come up with would probably fail to capture the truth of Harry’s perversion.

She hadn’t called him out upon catching him stuffing her bra into his pocket. Her stare had left no doubt that she’d caught him, but rather than confronting him, she had returned her attention to the transfiguration assignment in front of her. She’d ignored him for the rest of the lesson, but now that it was out, it was obviously time for him to answer for his crimes.

Daphne led the way inside an old unused classroom, and Harry watched her close, lock, and silence the door behind them. As soon as she was done, she turned back towards him. The fury he’d seen in her eyes when she caught him was back in full force now.

“First: you’re going to give me back the underwear you stole today,” she hissed. Harry just nodded, swallowing thickly as he reached into his pocket and pulled out the matching black bra and knickers. Daphne snatched them out of his hands, folded them up, and set them down on top of one of the desks before fixing that glare on him again. “Now you’re going to tell me why the fuck you’ve been stealing my underwear for months now!”

Harry licked his lips nervously and stuck his hands into his pockets. Playing dumb wasn’t going to do him any good here. She’d caught him in the act, and now he had to face the music. He would be honest with her. She deserved that much.

“At first, it was an accident,” he said. Daphne scoffed and scowled at him, but he shook his head. “No, really, it was. Do you remember what we were doing the first time?”

“Yes, of course,” Daphne said. “It’s hard to forget the first time you have your underwear stolen right off of your body by some shameless pervert. It was during our nonverbal dueling with Professor Snape.”

“Right.” Harry nodded. “I was frustrated that my spells weren’t coming out right, so my arm swung a little too wide and I put a bit too much force into the spell. Before I knew it, your knickers were in my hand.”

“What rubbish.” The blonde crossed her arms, and Harry did his best not to stare at the outline of her large breasts, visible even through the unflattering Hogwarts robes. “If you’d really done it accidentally, you would have just given them back to me at once and apologized.”

“Do you really think Snape would have taken my explanation seriously?” Harry asked her. “That man has hated me from the second I stepped foot in this school—before that, even. He’s hated me since I was born, and he looks for any excuse he can find to insult me and punish me. If I’d tried to return your knickers to you with an apology, he’d have had me in detention until my hair was gray.” Daphne was still scowling, but she tipped her head slightly in what appeared to be a reluctant nod.

“Yes, he hates you. And now I’m beginning to see why.” Daphne stepped closer to him, and he flinched as she poked his chest with her index finger. “Even if I chose to believe this story, it doesn’t explain why you’ve done it over and over again. I’ve had so many pairs of knickers stolen by you that I’ve had to order more. If you try to convince me that every single theft has been an accident, I’m going to have your balls, Potter.”

“No.” Harry shook his head, trying not to let his mind wander. He knew she’d had very unpleasant things in mind when she mentioned going for his balls, but the idea of her soft hand or full lips attached to his nuts was a tempting thought to get distracted by. “The first time really was an accident, and I was too embarrassed and afraid to give them back to you. I pulled them out that night because I was going to vanish them. Remove the evidence, that kind of thing. But then…”

“Then *what?*” Daphne demanded, tapping her foot on the floor impatiently when he trailed off in embarrassment.

“I held them in my hands, and—I liked them,” he mumbled, looking down at his feet. “I knew it was wrong, but holding those knickers in my hands, knowing that they were on your body and that you’d

probably spent most or all of the day walking around without anything on down there, it was...exciting.”

“So exciting that you kept stealing more of them,” Daphne said. Her voice had dropped almost to a whisper, but Harry did not take that as a good sign. It was just the opposite, actually. Harry had a well-honed sense of recognizing danger, and everything in him was screaming that this witch wanted his head.

“Err, yeah.” He didn’t know what else to say. It wasn’t like there was any way to make this seem better than it was. He had a drawer full of her knickers. There wasn’t any way to hide his perversion now that she’d caught him.

“You are a vile pig, Potter,” Daphne said. He looked up and saw her body shaking as she glared at him. There were even angry tears in her eyes, and the sight of tears had never filled Harry with fear like they did now. When he’d seen Cho cry, he hadn’t known what to say or do. But seeing Daphne’s blue eyes tearing up made him fear for his safety.

“Guess I can’t really deny that,” he said. “I’d say I’m sorry, Greengrass, but that probably doesn’t mean much to you.”

“Fucking right it doesn’t!” Daphne snapped. She shook her head and wiped at her eyes harshly with the back of her hand. “If this had been Crabbe or Goyle, that would be one thing, but you? To think that *The Chosen One* goes around stealing girls’ underwear!” She glared and poked his chest again. “Tell me, how many times had you done this before you *accidentally* stole that first pair from me? You’ve probably collected underwear from half the girls in our year by now, haven’t you, you degenerate?”

“No.” Harry shook his head. “Only you.” Daphne scoffed and snorted.

“Oh, I’m sure,” she spat. “I’ve seen the way the stupid witches in this school moon over you, especially now that you’re *The Chosen One*.” For the second time, she used his new title like it was a curse word. “You could have any of them that you wanted. They’d give you all the knickers you wanted. They’d climb into your bed and let you fuck them every night too. So why did you keep stealing *my* underwear?!”

“Because you’re the sexiest girl in this whole fucking school!” Harry blurted out. “Because no one has ever turned me on the way you do! Because I can’t get you out of my head!”

Daphne stared at him, wide-eyed and breathing hard. Harry hadn’t intended to say all of that, but she’d brought it out of him. Calling him a pervert for what he’d done was one thing; he couldn’t hide from that accusation. But he wouldn’t stand for her thinking that just any witch would have done. He might have stolen her knickers by chance that first time, but he was convinced that his obsession would never have begun if it had been any knickers but hers in his pocket. It was strangely important to him that she understood it was her knickers—*only* hers—that he was obsessed with.

An attack seemed like the likeliest response from her, but Harry was caught completely unprepared when she instead launched her body into his and kissed him hard on the lips. Daphne put her hands on his cheeks and shoved her tongue into his mouth, channeling her anger and embarrassment into a ferocious, aggressive kiss. It was probably the last reaction he would have expected from her, but Harry

went along with it. Wherever this was coming from, he wasn't going to shy away from it. He put his arms around the beautiful, dangerous witch and kissed her back.

Daphne's hands slid down his body, roughly rubbing him through his robes. She pushed his robes up out of the way and gave his dick a firm squeeze through his underwear, and Harry groaned. He moved his own hands down her back, lifted the bottom of her robes up, and grabbed her arse. Harry groaned into her mouth while grabbing her bum. Imagining her naked under her robes had been a significant part of the obsession for him, and now he got to grope her arse after all this time.

He could have stood there all day, squeezing her bum while she played with his dick, but Daphne had other ideas. She pulled her robes up her body and tossed them onto the ground. Since the stolen bra and knickers were both sitting on one of the desks, Harry got to stare at Daphne's nude body in front of him while she took off her shoes and socks as well. Daphne let him stare for a few seconds before her hands started pushing down on his shoulders.

"Quit gawking and get down on your knees, Potter," she demanded. "You're right that your apologies mean nothing to me. But if you want to show me you're sorry, there are better ways for you to use your mouth."

She didn't have to keep pushing on his shoulders, because Harry willingly crouched down once he realized what she wanted. He had entertained many fantasies about Daphne Greengrass since that fateful first pair of knickers he'd summoned off of her body, and even if the majority of those fantasies centered on actually fucking her, there had been plenty of times that he'd envisioned putting his head between her legs too. He was obsessed with this gorgeous blonde witch, so if she wanted him to make up for his thieving by eating her out, it would be his privilege to put his mouth to work.

He'd never done anything like this before; he'd never done anything beyond a couple of rather chaste and awkward kisses with Cho. But he'd been thinking about Daphne so frequently lately that he didn't even hesitate or give himself time to doubt his ability or lack thereof. He just put his hands on Daphne's thighs, leaned his face in, and began to lick.

He didn't really have any techniques in mind, and he couldn't say that he'd spent any time researching the right way to go about this (something told him there weren't any books in Madam Pince's library on this topic.) But Harry had always been good at figuring things out as he went along and trusting his gut, and that was what he did here. He felt a desire to taste Daphne's beautiful pussy, so he stuck his tongue out and licked along her pussy lips. Daphne liked that well enough, but he wanted to get even closer and deeper. He put his hands on her ass and moved his head in circles, trying to taste every inch of her and also figure out where he could put his mouth to get the biggest reaction possible out of her. Daphne's pussy tasted as divine as it always had in his fantasies, but those fantasies had also included her moaning in pleasure as he made her cum with his mouth, and he was not going to be satisfied until he'd made that part of the fantasies into reality as well.

Daphne, apparently finding the standing straight-up position to be awkward, hopped up and planted her arse on the edge of one of the desks before spreading her legs again for him. Harry shuffled into position, put his hands on her thighs, and got back to licking. Something about the new position immediately made a massive difference in his ability to pleasure her. It felt more natural, not having to tilt his head up quite as much anymore, and it was so much easier to get his mouth where he wanted it with her legs over his shoulders like this. He was able to move his tongue in tight spirals against her pussy that had Daphne moaning and tugging on his hair. Harry was definitely on the right track.

Though he was new to this, Harry did have at least some idea of the importance of a woman's clit in her pleasure. She'd seemed to tense up and groan in a way that did not sound like excitement to him when he'd tried licking it earlier, but when he went back to it again now, Daphne was far more receptive. Once he heard her moan and felt her legs push in closer to his head on his tongue's return to her clit, Harry believed that she was ready for him to redirect his focus.

"Fuck!" Daphne cried out as he firmly pressed his tongue against her clit. This was not an uncomfortable groan like he'd heard when he first tried stimulating her clit. His tongue felt good for her there. But would she make even more noise if he put even more into this? Harry wasn't sure, but he was going to find out. He took her clit between his lips and began to suck.

"Potter! Oh, fuck!" She was outright screaming now, and pulling his hair as he sucked her clit. Her legs were pressing against the side of his head now, boxing his ears and putting more pressure on his head than was really comfortable. But Harry didn't mind having his ears squeezed by her legs right now. If this was what he needed to do to make up for all the embarrassment he'd put her through with his obsession, it was a small price to pay. Honestly, he felt like he owed her even more now because the sound of Daphne screaming as he sucked on her clit was the best damn thing he'd ever heard. Or at least it was for all of about twenty seconds until she started squealing and humping his face. He felt something hit his face, and after a couple of seconds, he realized that it was her squirting on him. Harry groaned, hornier now than he had ever been in his life.

Daphne pushed his head away when it all got to be too much for her, and he sat on his knees and watched her chest rise and fall while she caught her breath. He didn't know what came next, but he would wait for her to show him the way. She eventually opened her eyes and looked down at him, and he saw her nostrils flare.

"I love seeing your face all sticky thanks to me," she said. She patted his cheek with her hand. "I've marked you, Potter. And you probably love it, you pervert. But I'm not through with you yet." She hopped up off of the desk and motioned for him to get up. As soon as he was back on his feet, she reached for his robes. Harry helped her get them over his head, and her hands went straight to the waistband of his underwear after they were out of the way. With one yank, his underwear was off and his cock was finally free to show just how aroused he was by everything that had happened so far.

"Merlin," she breathed, staring at it and stroking it with a fingertip. "This thing is huge." She glanced up at him while wrapping her hand around his cock to give it a squeeze. "Do you know how to use it, Potter?"

"Never done it before," he admitted. "But I'm ready to find out." Daphne snorted and gave him a brief nod.

"Good," she said. She turned around, walked past him, and bent over the larger teacher's desk, putting her hands down flat on the desk and sticking her arse out towards him. "Let's see how much your depravity helps you with this, Potter. You've clearly spent many nights fantasizing about doing this to me. Now is your chance to prove that you're more than just a deviant only good for stealing girls' knickers."

Harry had frequently pictured that arse underneath her robes as she went about her day without underwear on following his acts of thievery, and now he got to admire Daphne's bare bum right in front

of him. This was not the view he had expected to receive when she caught him today, but Harry knew better than to waste his good fortune. He hastened to get into position behind her, grab her arse and line his cock up between her thighs. He let the tip rub against her a few times, but before she could complain or demand that he get on with it, he inched forward and slipped the head of his cock inside Daphne's pussy. He groaned at the incredible feeling of penetrating a girl for the first time; and not just any girl, but Daphne Greengrass, the girl who had become an obsession for him this term. Everything inside of him screamed out, demanding that he slam his cock deep into her, fuck her, and ruin her for all men but him. Harry ignored that instinct, though. He moved with deliberate slowness, not wanting to rush things. That caution seemed even more apparent once he realized that his cockhead was bumping against her hymen. Was she really ready for this? Should he take this even more slowly than he'd planned?

"Do it, Potter," Daphne demanded suddenly. Without thinking, Harry thrust his hips forward, breaking through Daphne's hymen and forcing his cock about halfway into her pussy in a mindless search for pleasure before he caught himself and went still. She'd hissed as he popped her cherry, and even a fellow virgin like Harry knew that the first time hurt for a girl. Daphne was probably going to need him to be careful and considerate in the speed and depth of his thrusts.

"What are you waiting for?" Daphne asked. She pushed up on her hands slightly so she could lift her head and turn back to shoot him an unimpressed look. "It's in, Potter. Now show me you know how to use it. This is what you wanted, isn't it? Show me! *Fuck me!*"

Any consideration for her well-being, her readiness to take him or her pleasure vanished once Daphne demanded that he fuck her. Whether she was truly ready for it or not made no difference to him, because his body moved solely for his own satisfaction now. He used his hand to push down on Daphne's lower back, making her bend down lower over the desk for him to fuck. His other hand held her hips as he leaned over her, spread his legs wider, and planted them to give him the best leverage possible with which to rail Daphne Greengrass. She might be a newly deflowered former virgin, but there would be no taking it easy now. If she wanted to be shown what he could do, she in turn would have to prove that she was capable of taking it.

Harry drilled her with massive, deep thrusts, forcing Daphne's pussy to learn how to take his cock as deep inside as it could reach. As she had commented on when she first saw it, Harry had plenty of size to work with, and he was slamming his full length into her at a pace so rapid that the power of his thrusts caused her body to rock forward and her knees to bang against the bottom of the desk. That part of her first fuck couldn't have felt good for her, but he never once heard her complain about it. Daphne was too busy clawing at the desk beneath her and grunting along with every thrust that he delivered.

Harry, who had heard her groan in dissatisfaction when he tried licking her clit before she was ready for it as well as when she was too sensitive following her orgasm and had to shove his head away, could clearly tell the difference between those grunts and groans and these ones. Even Harry knew that his pushing down on her back to bend her low on the desk and leave her helpless to his balls-deep thrusts was not what anyone would recommend for a girl's first time, but Daphne didn't just tolerate the rough pounding Harry subjected her to. She enjoyed it, and if he'd dared to slow down, she definitely would have snapped at him for it.

It was fortunate for both of them that she wasn't having second thoughts about finding out just what he could do. Harry couldn't have slowed his pace now if his life depended on it. He was getting a taste of what it felt like to fuck Daphne Greengrass, and he couldn't get enough of it. He forgot about



everything, whether it was her recently lost virginity, the drawer full of stolen underwear waiting up by his four-poster, or that they really should be getting to dinner. He would gladly miss dinner to keep going because burying his cock to the hilt inside of Daphne's tight pussy and rocking her body on top of and against the desk was Harry's new obsession.

His ears had already been blessed to hear Daphne's squeals of pleasure as she came all over his face, but now he got to hear how her cries got even louder when she hit a climax after several minutes of being bent over the desk and shagged in a fierce introduction to sex. There weren't words or intelligible syllables in those squeals, and that only made it more satisfying to Harry. Daphne Greengrass had always seemed like such an unflappable witch who never lost her composure, but he'd just fucked her into a squealing mess in the middle of an unused classroom.

Harry continued to hammer her through her orgasm, only thrusting faster as she squealed and her pussy muscles gripped and squeezed so fucking tight around his cock. He knew that he wasn't going to last much longer, and he didn't care. He wasn't here to show off his stamina. This was about fucking the gorgeous blonde Slytherin as hard as he could, and he'd made his point and shown her what he could do. All that was left was to finish just as aggressively as he'd started, at least once she'd made it clear what she wanted.

His common sense was long gone, so Harry didn't even hesitate to consider the implications of orgasming inside of a woman's pussy. He just kept thrusting until he broke, squeezing her hip and slapping her arse as he came inside of her. Showing just how reckless he was being, he not only didn't pull back but pushed his cock even deeper into her while he shot his cum into her. Even if he'd stopped to consider the risks, he almost certainly would have remained right where he was to fill her with his cum. His obsession with her was too strong to pull back now.

Even after his orgasm was finished and the lust had receded, he still had no interest in pulling out of her. It took Daphne reaching back to push on his chest with her hand for him to finally slide his dick out of her pussy, and even then he did so with great reluctance. He was sad to no longer be inside of her, though he did appreciate the view he had of a bit of his cum dripping out of her pussy.

"You know what comes next, right, Potter?" Daphne asked, standing up straight and turning back towards him, which unfortunately deprived him of the great view he'd been enjoying.

"Next?" he said, not sure what she meant. "You want to go again already?" Daphne laughed and shook her head.

"Not what I meant, no," she said. "You've just deflowered a witch of the Sacred Twenty-Eight. Are you even aware of what a scandal that is?"

"Uh, no?" he said, shrugging. He knew what the Sacred Twenty-Eight was, but he'd never paid much attention to that stuff.

"Well, it is," Daphne said, putting her hands on her hips. "My family could demand compensation for you for taking my chastity away from me." She gave him a calculating smile. "If you want to avoid a bitter feud with my family, you'll have to marry me now."

He was expected to pay for his serial knicker theft by first deflowering and then marrying Daphne Greengrass, the most beautiful witch in Hogwarts? Harry could think of far worse prices to pay in the name of his obsession.