

Chapter 3

“Welcome to the first, officially sanctioned meeting of Dumbledore’s Army,” Harry said loudly.

In the Great Hall, loud cheers greeted his announcement.

“Not that I’m complaining,” Justin Finch-Fletchley said, raising his hand then lowering it, “but why are you restarting the DA, I mean, the war’s over.”

Next to him, Ginny rolled her eyes.

“I want to know why we’re inviting other people to join,” Seamus grumbled.

Several others muttered their agreement, which Harry could understand. The original DA members all felt a bond with each other of shared hardships, especially after they all essentially lived together for a year while Hogwarts was under the control of Voldemort and his Death Eaters.

“Because if we don’t start bringing in new members now, when do we?” Harry asked. “Next year, the years after? When we’ve all graduated?”

As the grumbling quieted, he began to pace back and forth in front of the group.

“Last year, the DA was instrumental in defending this school, and I can’t tell you how proud I am of what you accomplished. Look at you, a bunch of teenagers who haven’t even finished your NEWTs took on a defeated an entire army,” Harry said.

He caught sight of Neville grinning as he swung his arm around Luna while everyone else cheered proudly.

“And that’s exactly why we’re here now,” he continued, nodding to Justin. “Voldemort may be gone, but there are still more just like. I don’t know when they’ll show up. It might be next year; it might be a hundred years from now. What I do know is that when they do show up, when this school is threatened, I want the DA to be there to defend it.”

Harry paused as he looked around, meeting the proud, determined gazes of his friends.

“Next year, most of us will be leaving, and it will be up to the rest of you to keep the DA going,” he told them, looking towards some of the younger students like Demelza Robbins who had joined during the Carrows’ time as professors. “Which means we need to invite new members if we want the DA to continue.”

“But who’s going to lead us once you’re gone?” Dennis Creevey asked.

“I’ll choose someone before I graduate,” Harry reassured him, then checked his watch. “The new members should be here any minute. It’ll be up to you to show them what being a member of the DA really means. And remember, it’s not about what house you’re in, or what family you’re from, it’s your choices that matter and they chose to come here. There’s enough bigotry in the world right now, we don’t need that in here.”

As the original DA member looked amongst themselves curiously, the doors to the Great Hall opened and dozens of students come in. At the back of the group, Daphne came in leading a group of younger Slytherins behind her. There was a bit of grumbling when the original members spotted them, but not nearly as much as he’d feared. He hoped that by inviting several Slytherins to join, he could start to get rid of the ridiculous rivalry between their houses.

Nodding gratefully at Daphne, Harry was just about to start talking again when one last student slipped inside. Pansy walked in looking quite apprehensive. Several people looked at him for his reaction, but when he smiled and nodded, they relaxed. She still received a number of glares, but, thankfully, no one was outright mean.

“Right, everyone, welcome to Dumbledore’s Army,” Harry said with a grin.

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"I think that went really well," Hermione said as they sat down for dinner.

"I'm just glad everyone seems to be getting along," Harry sighed. "This whole 'all Slytherins are evil' thing really needs to stop."

"They don't exactly have a great track record, mate," Ron pointed out.

"Ron," Hermione hissed, "that's exactly the sort of thing we're trying to stop! Harry's right, it's ridiculous to label an eleven-year-old as 'evil' just because of what house a *hat* puts them in. That's probably why at least some of them turned out the way they did. If three-quarters of the school thought you were going to be a dark wizard because you went to Gryffindor, you'd end up being angry too."

Ron rolled his eyes but, rather wisely, kept quiet. Harry knew it would take time for people like Ron to change their minds, but they had to start somewhere. He could only hope that by the time he left, enough people changed their opinions that things didn't go back to the way they were the next year.

"Hello, Ronald, did you know you have a lot of Wrackspurts today?" asked a dreamy voice from over Harry's shoulder.

"Hello, Luna," Harry said, turning with a soft smile. "Would you care to join us?"

"Thank you, Harry," she said, taking a seat between him and Neville.

"What did you think of the meeting, Luna?" Hermione asked.

“Oh, I thought it was lovely,” she replied. “I’m glad Harry is starting to take the Wrackspurt infection seriously, it should help keep away the Nargles. Could you pass the pudding, please?”

Harry covered a smile as he chewed while Hermione sighed in fond exasperation and shook her head before passing a bowl of chocolate pudding to Luna. As she began scooping a large amount onto her plate with a dreamy look, the flapping of wings brought Harry’s attention to the ceiling. A frown fell over his face as hundreds of owls began winging their way into the Great Hall.

“What now?” Hermione asked fretfully.

Her question was answered a moment later when a tawny owl swooped down and dropped a copy of the Daily Prophet in front of her. Searching her pockets for money to pay the owl, she came up empty.

“I got it,” Harry said.

Pulling two sickles out of his pocket, he slipped them into the pouch on the owl’s legs. With a hoot, it took off and flew back out through the ceiling as Hermione unrolled the paper.

“Oh!” she gasped.

Before Harry could ask what had happened, he heard a loud sob. Looking up, he saw Millicent Bulstrode stand up from the Slytherin table and rush out of the Great Hall as tears rolled down her cheeks. Turning to the Slytherin table, he saw a large portion of the students there looking extremely upset. Searching out Pansy, he found her looking pale and stunned at the paper in her hands.

“What is it?” Harry asked.

Hermione set the paper down flat on the table.

### *No Vacancy at Azkaban! Death Eaters to Have Magic Bound!*

Reading the article, Harry found that so many Death Eaters had been convicted and sentenced to life, that there wasn't enough room in Azkaban to hold them all. As a result, only the worst offenders would be sent to prison. All of them, even the ones they could fit in Azkaban, would have their magic bound for their crimes, essentially making them Squibs. After that, the ones not sentenced to prison would be sent home, though they would be watched closely by the Aurors for the next twenty-five years, with sporadic checks after that for the rest of their lives. While that may have sounded like a mercy to some, Harry knew that to people who valued their magic and heritage above all else, this would be worse than death.

As others finished reading, they began looking at the Slytherin table while whispering furiously. Seeing the attention they were getting, most of the Slytherins, including Pansy, got up and left. As his classmates argued whether the punishment was good enough, Harry stood from his seat.

"I'll be right back," Harry said.

"Harry?" Hermione called after him.

He didn't reply as he slipped out of the Great Hall and pulled out the Marauder's map. Tapping his wand to a stretch of blank wall, it opened to reveal a hidden passage that led down to the Dungeons. Running down the stairs, he was able to beat most of the Slytherins to their common room entrance.

As Pansy passed the shadowed passage he was hiding in, Harry silenced her with his wand and then wrapped his cloak around both of them. Pansy, rather understandably, panicked, but he was able to pull her back into the passage with him before a group of her housemates walked past.

"It's me," Harry whispered.

When Pansy relaxed, he let go of her. Instantly, she spun around and began pounding on his chest with her fists, her mouth moving as she screamed at him silently. Harry let her get in a few well-deserved hits before grabbing her hands. As soon as he did, all of the fight left her and he saw her face scrunch up as she cried. Wrapping his arms around her, Pansy gripped the front of his shirt tightly as she cried. After a couple of minutes, when her heaving sobs died down, he pulled her further down the passage.

“Come on,” Harry said gently, removing the Silencing Charm from her.

“Where are we going?” Pansy asked tearfully, her voice sounding more vulnerable than he’d ever heard before.

“Someplace quiet,” he told her.

Using a series of secret passages, Harry led Pansy up to the seventh floor and into the Room of Requirement. Pulling her over to a couch next to a fireplace, he sat down. Rather than sitting next to him, Pansy climbed onto his lap and curled up against his chest. Smiling, he wrapped his arms around her and rubbed her back soothingly.

“It’s not fair,” Pansy whined with a tearful snuffle. “Why do they have to take away his magic if he’s going to stay in Azkaban?”

“I’m sorry,” Harry said.

While he felt her father’s punishment was more than deserved, he still felt bad for Pansy. He never wanted to see anyone lose a parent.

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The next morning, Harry woke up on the same couch with Pansy sleeping soundly on top of him. Smiling, he let her sleep for a few more minutes before waking her up. Grabbing his cloak,

he snuck her back down to the Slytherin common room before sneaking back into Gryffindor Tower.

When Hermione questioned him the next morning, he told her he'd gone to the Room of Requirement to think. He was more than happy to let her think he'd been off brooding for now. Harry had no idea how he was going to explain what he was doing with Pansy to her and Ron. Even he wasn't entirely sure what was going on between them.

While everyone in Slytherin seemed to be subdued and upset over the announcement, Pansy seemed to be taking it especially hard. Through the two classes he had with her that day, Potions and Transfigurations, she was angry and short-tempered with everyone. She even stormed out of potions near the end of class when she accidentally melted her cauldron. Fortunately, Professor Slughorn was quite understanding about what was going on and didn't take points or give her a detention.

Harry had planned to talk to her again that night after dinner, but things came to a head before he could. As people began to leave the Great Hall, Pansy ran into Astoria Greengrass, who thought it would be a good idea to taunt her about Malfoy.

"What's wrong Parkinson, not getting any?" Astoria asked with a smirk when Pansy impatiently pushed past a couple of third years.

"Shut it, Greengrass," Pansy growled.

"I could ask Draco to set you up with one of his friends, you know - since he doesn't want you anymore."

"You slag!" Pansy shouted.

Forgoing her wand, she leapt as Astoria, who went wide-eyed in surprise.

“Move!” Harry yelled over the yelps and screamed insults of the two girls as he pushed his way through the crowd of watching students.

Thankfully, Daphne managed to make her way over and grab her sister while Harry wrapped his arms around Pansy. Both girls had a death grip on the other’s hair, and it took a silent Relashio Jinx to get them to let go.

“He’s mine, you stupid bitch!” Astoria shouted as she tried to break her sister’s hold and launch herself back at Pansy.

“You can have him, slut!” Pansy screamed, her face bright red. “I’ve got someone better!”

“That’s enough!” Harry said firmly, causing both girls to stop fighting.

“Thanks, Potter,” Daphne said, then glared at her sister. “Do you want to take them to McGonagall?”

“What? But I’m your sister.” Astoria whined.

“Not this time, just have a talk with her,” Harry said.

“Oh, I will,” Daphne assured him as she glared sternly at her sister.

Astoria huffed and crossed her arms over her chest, but Harry could see she was nervous. Daphne Greengrass could be quite frightening when she wanted to be. Giving Harry a grateful nod, she pulled Astoria off back towards the Dungeons.

“Come on,” Harry said, leading Pansy down the hall towards the stairs.

Muttering under her breath, she walked side by side with him as they climbed up the stairs.

“You want to talk about it?” he asked once they were out of earshot.

“No,” Pansy grumbled.

In silence, they continued to the seventh floor where they entered the Room of Requirement, which looked like a smaller version of the Gryffindor common room with a bed where the study tables usually were.

“What do you want, Potter?” she asked once he closed the door. “Did you just bring me here so you could fuck me?”

“What?” Harry asked incredulously. “No, I-”

“Oh, so you brought me here to punish me for beating the snot about of that bint, didn’t you?” Pansy asked while loosening her tie and undoing the top two buttons of her shirt.

Blatantly, she crossed her arms and used them to push her breasts up.

“You don’t have the balls,” she added.

Rolling his eyes, Harry walked up to Pansy and grabbed her ponytail roughly. Gasping, she looked up at him in anticipation as he pulled her head back, forcing her to arch her next.

“If you want me to fuck you, Parkinson, you could just ask,” Harry said.

Pansy visibly swallowed, her throat bobbing as her breathing picked up.

“Not my fault you have performance issues,” she said mockingly.

“You know what,” Harry said, sliding the tie from around her neck, “you talk too much.”

Grabbing Pansy’s shoulders, he spun her around so she was facing away from him. Just as she opened her mouth, he gagged her with her own tie and fastened it around her head. Taking off his own tie, he used it to tie her hands behind her back. As she looked over her shoulder, Harry grinned as he cinched the knot tight around her wrists.

“Still want to talk shit?” he asked.

Reaching around, he grabbed her shirt and ripped it open, sending buttons clattering across the hard stone floor. Pansy yelped and mumbled loudly as he ran his hands up her stomach to her chest.

“No bra?” Harry asked. “Now who’s the slut?”

Looking over her shoulder, Pansy glared at him and mumbled again. Harry smirked at her while unbuttoning her skirt and letting it fall to the floor, revealing her rather plain, white panties. Grabbing her ponytail, he pulled her head back sharply, causing her to gasp through her nose. Kissing the pale, delicate throat, Harry squeezed her small, perky breast roughly. When Pansy moaned, he suddenly pinched her soft, puffy nipple and small nipple between his fingers and pulled, stretching the soft, fleshy mound away from her body. Her back arched as a moan escaped her lips, muffled slightly by the tie holding her mouth slightly open.

Letting the nipple slip from his grip, it snapped back into place, the nub reddened and stiff from the abuse. Glancing at Pansy’s face, she stared at him with a hooded gaze, her dark brown eyes glittering with excitement. Cupping her breast gently, Harry caressed it softly, his thumb rubbing her hard, hot nipple soothingly. Suddenly, he lifted his hand and slapped it firmly. Pansy yelped in surprise and squirmed slightly. Catching the scent of her arousal, he grinned as he bent down and kissed her bottom lip before taking it between his own and sucking as he pulled away.

Tightening his grip on her hair, Harry strode over to the couch, pulling her along with him. Forcing her to bend over the back of it, he let go of her hair and groped at her small, pert bum roughly.

She really does have a great ass, Harry thought. He loved the way her thick, round cheeks filled his hands perfectly.

Grabbing the waistband of her panties, he yanked them down around her knees, gripped her bare cheeks, and spread them apart. Pansy groaned at being so exposed while Harry stared down at her damp folds and crinkled hole. Holding her open with one hand, he reached down with the other to open his pants. Pulling out his hardened member, he laid it between her cheeks and pushed them together to sandwich his shaft. His admittedly impressive length looked huge compared to her thin frame. If he hadn't fucked her already, he would have wondered if he could fit inside her at all. Pansy bent impressively as she looked back at his cock, slowly sawing back and forth.

"Is this what you want?" Harry asked, lifting his length and slapping it down on her ass.

With a moan, she wiggled her hips, shaking her bum at him invitingly. Grinning, he raised his hand and brought it down with a loud *slap* on her upturned ass. Pansy yelped but continued to wiggle enticingly while staring back at him heatedly.

"Look at you, Parkinson," Harry said, smacking her other cheek. "Tied up, gagged, and you're still desperate for my cock."

Glaring, she let out a series of muffled insults, all while still rubbing her ass against his throbbing erection. Chuckling, Harry finally got tired of teasing her and placed his swollen head at her entrance. Pansy let out a loud, whorish moan as he sank into her, his girth forcing apart her tight, silky walls. Holding her cheeks apart, he watched as her eager folds stretched around his shaft. Once Harry was fully sheathed in her welcoming depths, Harry paused for a moment to savor the feeling of her soft walls hugging his shaft.

When Pansy groaned and wiggled impatiently, he pulled back until just the head remained trapped between her lips and then snapped his hips forward. Pansy arched her back and let out a muffled cry, followed by a drawn-out, pleasure-filled groan. Harry grabbed a hold of her ponytail once more and used it as a handle as he hammered into her from behind.

Pansy's small, round cheeks rippled under the impact of his thighs and her body jerked from the force of his thrusts. With his free hand, Harry reached up and roughly groped one of her bouncing breasts. Each hammering thrust forced a short, muffled grunt from her lips. Pulling Pansy's head back further, until she was practically standing with her back arched sharply, Harry leaned forward to kiss, suck, and nip at the side of her neck.

"You might be a whore, Parkinson, but you're my whore, aren't you," Harry growled before his teeth grazed her ear.

Pansy mumbled in response.

"Say it!" Harry demanded, slapping her bouncing breast firmly.

She mumbled again, slightly louder this time.

"What's that? I can't hear you," he taunted.

Pansy yelled loudly, only for it to be incomprehensively muffled by the tie. Pushing her forwards over the back of the couch, Harry slammed into her with long, powerful strokes while spanking her ass roughly. Soon, her legs began to tremble uncontrollably, her depths fluttered around his length, and a low whine came from the back of her throat. Realizing she was nearing her peak, Harry gripped her cheeks and continued thrusting at a steady rhythm.

Staring down at his thrusting length, he noticed her wrinkled hole winking slightly. His curiosity getting the better of him, Harry ran his thumb over it. With a gasp, Pansy bucked her hips and looked at him sharply over her shoulder. Meeting her eyes, he wet his thumb by dragging it

along her leaking slit and moved it back up. Even as he continued slamming into her harshly, he gently pressed down with his thumb until her tight ring gave way.

Pansy instantly stiffened, her eyes going wide. For a moment, Harry was worried he'd hurt her until her depths clamped down around his cock and a high-pitched squeal left her gagged mouth. He grunted as she tipped over the edge into a powerful climax, her rear entrance clamping down on his thumb while a gush of arousal drenched his shaft.

Harry slowed to a gentle rocking as Pansy rode out her orgasm. After writhing around for a long moment, she collapsed limply over the back of the couch while her depths continued to spasm and twitch. Hearing her panting heavily, he grabbed the tie to pull it down and out of her mouth, letting it dangle around her neck. As she caught her breath, Harry pulled out his wand and banished the clothes from her body so that the only thing that remained was the tie binding her wrists.

Pulling out of Pansy, he helped her into a standing position and then spun her around to face him.

"Have fun?" Harry asked with a smirk.

"Bastard," she grumbled halfheartedly.

"You loved it," he said, stroking her cheek.

"Can you untie me now?" Pansy asked.

"Not yet," Harry answered with a grin. "I kind of like having you at my mercy."

Before Pansy could reply, he gripped her ass and lifted her up. With a squeal, Pansy leaned forward into his chest as he carried her over to the wall. Pressing her back against the hard

stone, he adjusted his grip until she wrapped her legs around his waist. Without pause, he lined himself up and sank back into her soaked depths.

“Potter,” Pansy moaned.

“Merlin, I love fucking you,” Harry groaned.

“Would you pick me over that slut, Greengrass?” she asked, then immediately looked away as if surprised by her own question.

Harry smiled at the uncharacteristically shy look on her face.

“Don’t know, I’ve never fucked her,” he said, then smirked. “Should I go find her and then let you know?”

“No!” Pansy yelled, her legs tightening around him as she glared.

“What, you don’t want me to go pound her into a mattress and make her realize how bad Malfoy is in bed?” Harry asked as he began thrusting.

“Don’t you dare,” Pansy growled.

“You want to keep me all to yourself?” Harry asked.

“You have me, you don’t need that bitch,” she told him.

“So, you are mine,” he said with a grin.

“I – just shut up and fuck me, Potter,” Pansy huffed.

Chuckling, Harry began thrusting harder, drawing a deep moan from her lips. Leaning forward, he kissed her on the lips, his tongue sliding along hers. Groping her ass, he dragged his middle finger across her back door, causing Pansy to grunt into his mouth. Running his finger through her soaked folds, Harry pushed his finger in up to the first knuckle.

“Harry,” Pansy gasped, pulling her lips back from his.

She bit her lips as he sawed his finger back and forth in time with his thrusts. Her face and chest flushed as she panted lightly. As his finger plunged deeper, a shiver ran through her body.

“You know, I bet Astoria doesn’t let Malfoy do things like this to her,” Harry said.

Pansy shivered and smiled at him.

“No, I bet she doesn’t,” she panted. “That stuck-up cunt won’t do half the things I’m willing to. Now fuck me harder.”

Grinning, Harry did just that. Using her hands for leverage, Pansy rolled her hips into his thrusts with a loud, wanton moan.

“Greengrass couldn’t take your big cock like I do,” she said between gasping breaths. “She wouldn’t let you tie her up and fuck her however you want.”

With a shuddering breath, Pansy scrunched up her face and cried out as she came again, clenching around his cock and finger.

“She probably doesn’t cum like a desperate slut either,” Harry growled.

Pansy let out a pitiful moan as he continued slamming into her as he chased after his own climax. Nearing his peak, he yanked his length out of her grasping folds. As Pansy tried to get her trembling legs underneath her, Harry gently pushed her down to her knees. Still gasping and shaking from her climax, she stared up at him as he stroked himself furiously.

Realizing what he planned, Pansy closed her eyes and tilted her head back just a moment before Harry reached his peak. With a grunt, streaks of hot, white cum shot from his pulsating tip and splashed against her face. Groaning, he painted her nose, cheeks, chin, and lips with thick white streaks. As the last dregs dripped onto her tits, Pansy cautiously opened her eyes and licked her lips.

“Fuck,” Harry panted.

Smirking, she stuck out her tongue and licked up as much as she could reach before pulling it into her mouth and swallowing. Grabbing his still hard shaft by the base, Harry gathered the cum on her cheek onto the head of his cock and brought it to her mouth. Pansy gave him a sultry look as she opened her mouth and sucked him clean. Over and over, Harry used his length to clean off her face until there was nothing left.

“I bet Greengrass wouldn’t do that,” Pansy smirked.

Snorting, Harry released her hands with a thought. Grinning, she stood up and looked down at herself. As she reached for the few drops that had landed on her chest, he reached out to stop her.

“Leave it,” Harry said, then continued at her questioning look. “I want it on you when you go back to your common room.”

“Are you sure that’s enough?” Pansy asked with a smirk. “Maybe you should cover me a bit more.”

Harry groaned as she stroked his length a few times before using her grip to pull him over to the bed.