

## Indecent Proposal

### Part 4

Daphne sat on the couch, lazily flipping through a fashion magazine while barely paying attention to what was on the pages. Harry had been gone most of the day, and Daphne was bored. Normally when bored, she would go out shopping. Unfortunately, she had spent almost all of her gold on three pairs of high heels from Italy. They were very expensive, but she just had to have them when she saw them. She wouldn't get her next payment for two days, so sadly, she had to find other ways to cure her boredom. Annoying Harry was a good way to pass the time, but he wasn't there. She was almost done flipping through her magazine when she heard the front door open. Immediately perking up, she waited for him to call out to her.

"I'm home!" he called out loudly. Daphne rolled her eyes. Potter could be so unsophisticated. She expected nothing less from a Gryffindor.

Taking a page out of his book, she called back, "In here!"

Harry lumbered into the sitting room and groaned as he dropped down beside her. He then rubbed his eyes with the butts of his palms. "Long day?" she asked with a smirk. It always brightened her day when he suffered.

"You have no idea," Harry said as he yawned and stretched. He then grabbed her legs and placed them over his lap. Daphne was so used to this behavior that she didn't even complain anymore. She would never admit it to him, but she actually liked it. She made sure to wear short dresses or tiny shorts around him to ensure he had access to her bare skin. Harry's hands quickly began gliding across her soft, smooth skin, which made her pussy tingle pleasantly.

"You may not believe this, but earning gold isn't always easy," he told her as his fingertips tickled the top of her foot.

"You poor boy. You'll have to forgive me if I don't shed a tear," she responded and closed her eyes. Harry tickled her behind the knee, which made her gasp and squirm.

"Remember, it's my gold that keeps you in the lap of luxury. You could try being more sympathetic," he told her as his palm crept up her thigh. Daphne smiled wickedly.

"I'll try, but there's no guarantee I'll succeed," she said. Harry chuckled good-naturedly while massaging her calf muscle.

"I saw your sister," Harry suddenly stated. Daphne's eyes flew open, and she looked at him.

"You saw Astoria?" she asked, and he nodded in confirmation. "Where?"

“Diagon Alley,” Harry answered. “She was on the other side of the lane.”

“I wonder what she was doing there?” Daphne wondered. Harry shrugged.

“I would have invited her over for dinner, but I was in a rush,” he explained. Daphne froze. That was exactly what she didn’t want. If Astoria discovered how she had obtained her cushy lifestyle, there was no doubt in Daphne’s mind that her sneaky little sister would do her best to horn in. She knew it was inevitable. There was no way she could keep it a secret forever. Daphne had been thinking about this ever since she had lunch with Astoria. The only thing she could realistically do to ensure her spot at Harry’s side was to make him realize how valuable she was. To do that, she had to make him happy. When it came to men, the fastest way to accomplish this was through their stomachs or their cocks ... and since she knew nothing about cooking, there was only one route she could take.

“Well ... I’m sorry you had such a stressful day,” Daphne suddenly said. She pulled her legs from his lap and got off the couch. She took a hair tie from her wrist and pulled her hair into a ponytail. “Let me help you relax,” she said seductively.

Daphne then reached down and undid his trousers. Harry seemed surprised by her sudden willingness to initiate anything physical, but he didn’t say anything. She pulled his clothes off until he was left naked from the waist down. She then pushed his legs apart. Daphne stared at the monster pointing directly at her. She couldn’t recall the number of times he had made her cum with that thing. She slowly dropped down on her knees and leaned in. Her hand grabbed him around the base, and she slowly began moving her hand up and down. She felt him shudder at her touch, filling her with womanly pride. She enjoyed knowing that she could please him so easily. Her second hand joined in, and she quickly found herself double-handing his cock. Harry reached out and brushed a few wisps of hair from her face, and Daphne couldn’t help but blush. She kept her head down and focused on her task since she didn’t want him to see her red face.

Not overly athletic, her arms rapidly began to tire, so she rested her palms on his thighs and leaned in. Under normal circumstances, the thought of licking a man’s balls outright disgusted her, but she found that she didn’t mind with Harry. In fact, she kind of liked it. Harry was always clean, and he always smelled good. Her hands gripped his thighs, and she placed her lips on his sack. Her lips parted, and her tongue slithered out and touched his skin. She used her tongue to tickle him as her mouth began sucking on it. Harry let out a soft, satisfied moan, which encouraged her to do more. She grabbed the bottom of her shirt and pulled it up to her neck. She let go of his sack and completely removed it, letting her D-cup tits bounce free. Harry greedily stared at them as she cupped them in her hands. Wanting to tease him further, she bounced them in her palms and jiggled them while pinching her nipples. Harry’s hand went to his cock, and she started stroking himself while watching her performance. Daphne shot him a sexy look as she leaned in and sandwiched his cock between her squishy mounds. Harry groaned happily.

“Damn, Daph ... What’s gotten into you?” he asked with his hand on the back of her neck. His thumb was tickling the skin behind her ear. This small act made her pussy throb with need. “Do you need more gold or something?”

“I do, but that’s not the point,” she told him while bouncing her tits up and down. It amazed her how much of his cock was able to stick out the top of her deep cleavage. “I just missed you today,” she added. That last part was actually true. She had been very bored all day and found herself daydreaming about all the naughty things they would surely get up to later that night. “So just sit back, shut up, and enjoy it,” she finished. Harry did just that.

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Harry didn’t know what was going on with Daphne, but he didn’t care much at that moment. Her tits felt way too good as they bounced around his cock. Daphne then surprised him by leaning over his cock and licking the tip. That really set him off. He scooped her off the ground and laid her flat on the couch. Harry quickly stripped down and straddled her chest. He slipped his cock between her tits while she pressed them together. He could see the lustful look on her beautiful face as he thrust over and over. Her fleshy breasts jiggled even though she was squeezing them tightly. He pinched the hard tips of her nipples and rolled them in his fingers. Daphne’s smokey eyes fluttered and then rolled into the back of her head. When he smelled the first hint of her arousal, Harry progressed their fun.

He removed himself from her tits and moved down between her legs. From there, he could more easily smell how aroused she was. Daphne was breathing heavily, which drew his eyes back to her big breasts. He couldn’t stop himself from leaning over and taking one of her crinkled nipples into his mouth. Daphne moaned and grabbed the hair on the back of his head. She pulled him harder into her breast, and he rewarded her by lightly tugging on it with his teeth. Her hips rolled back and forth as she ground herself against his erection. Knowing what she wanted, Harry pulled away and grabbed the small pair of shorts she had been wearing. He pulled them up over her ass while she pressed her legs together and lifted them into the air. When the shorts were at her knees, Harry looked down and saw the lips of her already tight pussy pressed firmly together. They were shiny with wetness. He then tugged the shorts off her feet and tossed them away. Daphne immediately spread her legs wide, showing off her wet slit. He placed his hands on her inner thighs and leaned in.

He first kissed her lower belly and then her mound. He could feel her body trembling under his touch. He then kissed her clit, which was swollen with arousal. Daphne gasped and squirmed, obviously liking his treatment of her body. Her musky, womanly scent washed over him. “I love how smooth your pussy always is,” he complimented her while kissing one side of her lips.

Daphne’s cheeks began to heat up. She was glad he liked the state of her body. She spent a lot of time and gold making sure her body was always smooth and sexy. She then felt his thumbs spread her lips open, revealing her opening. He gave it a small lick ... and then another. By then, Daphne was feeling quite horny, and she didn’t want to keep beating around the bush. She

wrapped her legs around the back of his neck and pulled him in. His face pressed against her, and she began sliding her wet pussy across his lips. Daphne's eyes fluttered, and her back arched. She slid her hands over her breasts and squeezed them. "Lick me," she begged in a throaty, lustful voice.

Harry dragged his tongue along her slit while Daphne played with her hard nipples. Daphne didn't know how she had gone so long without having her pussy licked on a regular basis. After spending time with Harry, she knew she couldn't go without it in the future. His tongue felt divine as it lapped at her delicate lips. She mewled when it slipped between her puffy lips and penetrated her. She reached down with one hand and gripped the hair on the top of his head.

"Right there!" Daphne gasped when he hit a particularly pleasurable spot. She was just about to cum when Harry removed her legs from around his neck and pushed them up so her body was folded in half. She had just started complaining when Harry leaned in and began wiggling his tongue around her clit. Her impending orgasm flared, making her squeal with delight. Daphne wrapped her arms around the backs of her knees and held her body in place as Harry licked and sucked on her clit while his finger moved to her forbidden hole. 'Forbidden to everyone but him,' she reminded herself as he slowly entered her ass.

A whimper left her lips as she felt his finger go deep while she continued to orgasm. This certainly wasn't the first time her asshole had been fingered by him, and she correctly guessed that it wouldn't be the last. As always, the sensation started out feeling strange. It was an unnatural feeling, but the pleasure was still there. It wasn't the kind that she felt when Harry would pound her pussy. It was different ... naughtier. Her body squirmed uncontrollably as the naughty pleasure added to her orgasm. His licks suddenly sounded a lot wetter, and Daphne was too deep into her world of pleasure to be embarrassed by her body's reaction to him. Harry pulled his finger back, and she was slightly mortified when her asshole squeezed it and refused to let it go. Harry slowly stuffed it back in, making Daphne squeal. Harry then let go of her clit and kissed the back of her thigh.

"You really like having your asshole played with ... don't you?" he asked in a teasing manner. Daphne felt slightly humiliated, but she couldn't lie to herself. She did like it.

"S-Shut up, Potter ... You disgusting pig," she gasped as he began fingering her faster. Harry chuckled happily at her response and sat up. He crossed her ankles and pushed her legs up until her feet were above her head. His finger never stopped moving. Daphne bit her lower lip and tried desperately to hold back the whimpers of pleasure as her asshole was being violated in such wonderful ways. Her ass wiggled from side to side as she squirmed. Harry then pulled his finger from her ass and slid it deeply into her soaked pussy. She thought he was about to start fingering her pussy, but she was wrong. Instead, he was simply lubing up his finger with her pussy juices. His fingers slowly slid back down where he began gently caressing her taint.

“Oh!” Daphne squeaked with a shuddering breath while her asshole puckered. She could feel her asshole winking at him as if tempting him to return. Harry moved it down a little more and re-entered her tightest hole. Her back arched, and her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

“Just admit it,” Harry smiled knowingly at her. “You like it,” he teased while knuckle-deep inside her. Daphne held in a whimper and shook her head. Harry then forced her legs open and began brushing his thumb against her hard clit. Daphne cried out and clawed at the couch cushions. He rolled her hard nub between his fingers and fucked her hole at the same time. “Are you sure? It seems like you do,” he smiled at her. Daphne couldn’t take it anymore. She arched her back and came again.

“It f-feels good!” she finally admitted, though she didn’t mean to say it out loud. Harry pulled his finger from her ass and stood up. Daphne looked up at him while breathing heavily. Her body was spasming while she rubbed her thighs together. Harry grabbed her wrists and pulled her to her feet. He then lifted her onto his shoulder like a caveman and carried her to his room. Daphne squeaked and squealed as she was being carried. Her squirming almost made him drop her, so he settled her by giving her shapely ass a hard smack. Once they reached his bed, Harry laid her down and pushed her legs open.

Daphne was incredibly sexy, Harry admitted to himself as he stared down at the young woman. Her legs were spread wide apart, and her slick, hairless pussy was puffy from arousal. He settled between her legs and let his cock rest along her slit. He pressed his cock harder against her skin with his thumb and began slowly thrusting. Daphne trembled as he dragged his shaft over her slit and clit. “Tell me which way you want to be fucked,” he authoritatively told her.

After spending some time with her, Harry quickly realized that while she was very headstrong, in bed, she was quite subordinate. She very much preferred him to lead. He kept his eyes locked onto hers, and he saw a deep blush creep up her cheeks. She looked away and didn’t respond. “Daphne,” he said with a little more force. She looked at him again, the embarrassment clear on her pretty face.

She sat up and turned around so her ass was facing him. He assumed she wanted to be taken doggystyle. He knew it was her favorite position. However, he was surprised when she reached behind her ass and spread her cheeks apart. Her asshole puckered over and over as he stared at it. Harry quickly grabbed a bottle of lubricant and rubbed some all over his cock. He then poured some down her crack and rubbed it into her ass and pussy. Daphne moaned like a whore when he accidentally rubbed her clit. He then added more to his cock before getting behind her. Daphne dutifully kept her cheeks spread as Harry pressed the head against her hole. “Slowly,” Daphne gasped as he added pressure.

He watched her ring open up and accept him inside. He pushed a little harder, and Daphne grunted. With the head and an extra inch inside of her, he could feel the dry, burning heat of her ass. He pushed in a bit deeper. Daphne whimpered and hid her face against the bed. Harry lovingly rubbed her lower back to let her know he would be gentle. He made sure to keep

re-lubing so as not to hurt her. Slowly, he was able to finally get the entire thing inside. Daphne turned her head and looked at him. She opened her mouth to say something, but Harry pulled back at that exact moment. Instead of words, a very loud moan left her lips. Daphne watched him as he slowly began fucking her ass.

The sensation was incredible to him. Her ass was one of the best holes he had ever fucked. The smell of her wet pussy quickly filled his room, and her whorish moans of pleasure bounced off the walls. Much to his surprise, when he stopped thrusting to add more lube to his shaft, Daphne began rocking back and forth and fucking herself on his cock. Soon, she was squealing and bouncing her hips like a pro. Harry matched her pace and thrust forward as she bounced her ass back. Her cheeks were rippling and clapping almost as loudly as her moans. Harry reached between her legs and began rubbing her soaking wet pussy.

“Who knew my sexy little Slytherin was also a hardcore anal slut?” Harry teased her.

He really enjoyed her banter, but this time, the only thing that left her mouth was a cry of pleasure. Harry fucked her harder and harder while massaging her damp clit. Daphne’s body suddenly started vibrating, and she screamed. Her top half collapsed onto the bed, leaving her ass in the air. Little squirts of pussy juice sprayed from her cumming pussy while her asshole squeezed him tightly. The pleasure was too good for him to handle. Harry thrust faster until he couldn’t hold on. He grunted and thrust all the way in. Cum erupted from the tip and filled her bowels. He thrust again and again until it was too sensitive to keep doing it. Harry pulled out, and a few more squirts of cum shot out of the tip and covered the backs of her legs. He crawled over and lay down next to her. Daphne rolled over and kissed him passionately. Harry grabbed her around the waist and pulled her right up against him. Her hard nipples rubbed against his bare chest as he explored her mouth. Eventually, she broke the kiss and rested her head against his chest, breathing heavily. She smacked his stomach.

“I didn’t say you could cum in there!” she complained. “It feels weird.”

Harry rubbed her back apologetically. “Sorry,” was all he could say. Daphne huffed and sat up.

“I’m going to go clean up. We’re going out to eat tonight ... and you’re paying. I think I’ve earned it,” she stated as she walked out of the room. He saw that she was walking funny. He guessed that he would too, if his ass was full of cum. Harry shook his head and chuckled. He got up and went to his own private bathroom to shower and put on a nice set of clothes. No doubt she would force him to take her to some place fancy and expensive. ‘She certainly earned it,’ Harry silently agreed with her.