

Indecent Proposal

Part 3

Daphne groaned as she dropped down on the couch and kicked her heels off. She sighed a breath of relief when her feet were freed of those cursed heels. While they looked incredible on her, they were murder on her poor arches. It had been a long day for her. Astoria, her little sister, had asked her out for lunch, and like the idiot she was, Daphne obliged. Of course, Daphne was forced to pay for it because Astoria didn't have any spending cash. This wasn't shocking in the least. Astoria was worse than her when it came to money management.

Just as she had suspected, Astoria was holed up with some random guy and leaching off of him. While Daphne was doing the same thing, at least she was earning her gold. She also had the foresight to pick a man with means who could properly support her until she was able to get back on her feet. Astoria just picked the first handsome guy and weaseled her way into his life without doing any research into his level of wealth or family connections. But hey, at least she had a roof over her head.

Astoria was very keen to find out exactly who she was bunking with, but Daphne wouldn't tell her. Daphne wasn't embarrassed to say that it was Harry. No, her hesitation was more selfish than that. If she had told Astoria, there was little doubt in Daphne's mind that her little sister would soon arrive on his doorstep in a skimpy outfit and a beautiful smile on her face. As annoying as Harry could be, he was quite generous with his gold. Even though he paid her weekly, he would still buy her little gifts and pay whenever they went out together. If he wanted to see her in a sexy outfit or skimpy lingerie, Harry coughed up the gold without question. In fact, he always seemed very eager to do so. Of course, those sexy clothes didn't remain on her body for long. They often ended up flung across the room while she was being manhandled in bed. Such was her life, Daphne sighed. If Astoria showed up, Harry would probably take pity on her and invite her to stay without thinking anything of it. Astoria had never been mean to him in school, so there were no grudges being held on his part. If that happened, it was only a matter of time until Astoria tried to butt in on their arrangement and get one of her own. That was something Daphne couldn't risk. Sure, she loved her sister, but they had always been competitive with one another. Astoria was just as pretty as her, but even Daphne could admit that her personality was much easier to get along with. If she allowed her sister in, Harry might just decide that Astoria was much less of a hassle to deal with, and Daphne's cushy ride could very well end abruptly. She couldn't allow that to happen. As much as she complained (much of it was done just to annoy Harry), Daphne loved being back in her childhood home. She felt safe and secure there, and with Harry financially supporting her, all of her needs were being met ... including the sexual ones. Besides, it wasn't like Astoria was living on the street and eating from the rubbish bin. If her situation turned sour, Astoria knew how to get into contact with her.

After resting on the couch for a moment, Daphne looked around. Usually, Harry would come down in a grandiose fashion as soon as she returned home. He never wasted an opportunity to annoy her. She looked over at the stairs and waited. He didn't come down. For some reason,

this irritated her. Even when he wasn't actively trying to annoy her, he still found some way to do it. Huffing in irritation, she got to her feet, groaned in pain, and gingerly went upstairs to look for the git. She tried the most obvious location first ... his bedroom. Arriving at his door, she opened it and walked in. This act eased her irritation slightly. Harry often barged into her room unannounced, so it was only fair that she got to do it as well. Looking around, she found the room empty. The room used to belong to her parents, but they were obviously gone now. Harry hadn't done any redecorating, though she knew it was only a matter of time. Her mother's taste and Harry's were quite different. Daphne spotted the large bed and couldn't stop her face from heating up. She couldn't count the number of times she had been taken on that very bed.

"Harry?!" she called out.

"In here!" his recognizable voice called back from inside the bathroom.

"Gross!" Daphne shouted back. "Don't speak to me from the toilet!" she chastised him, wrinkling her nose in displeasure.

"I'm in the bathtub, you moron! Come in here," he called through the door. Daphne sighed and entered the room.

Daphne was quite familiar with this bathroom. Both she and her mother had redone it to their liking. That meant expensive marble imported from Italy, the finest hardware, and a tub big enough for three people. The large bathtub was housed in a separate room within the bathroom. Daphne entered and found Harry relaxing in a hot bath. He was obviously naked, though Daphne could only see his top half. His lower half was underneath the water's bubbly surface.

"I didn't know you took bubble baths," Daphne snorted with amusement. "It's not very manly of you." Harry grabbed his glass of firewhiskey, which was sitting on the tub's flat edge. He took a big drink and set the glass down with a clink.

"I'm not normally, but some girl was selling magical bath bombs in Hogsmeade. She claims that they're great for relaxing. I was skeptical at first, but I'm glad I bought them. They actually work pretty well. I can feel my muscles relaxing as we speak," he groaned and squirmed against the side of the tub.

"I also called in an associate who just happens to be a master of enchantments. Look what I had him install," Harry said with glee. He grabbed his wand and tapped a rune that definitely hadn't been there before. Instantly, the water began churning and bubbling, and Harry groaned happily.

"Hundreds of Accu-Pressure jets that work every muscle in your body," he said blissfully while tilting his head back and closing his eyes. "It cost a pretty penny, but it was worth every Knut."

“The rich get richer, huh?” she said sourly while giving the tub a look of longing. “I’m so terribly happy for you.”

“Hey, I just decided to take a page out of your book. Why not enjoy the spoils of wealth?” he said and sighed happily.

“Well, if you’re done bragging, then I’ll ...”

“Take your clothes off and join me,” Harry finished her sentence. That wasn’t what she was going to say, but it didn’t surprise her. Harry always took every open opportunity to kiss or touch her body. Daphne had gotten used to it and had even grown to like it ... Not that she would ever admit it to him. She would continue to call him a pervert and turn her nose up at him. After all, appearances had to be kept. Still, she was actually eager to try out this new tub. It had nothing to do with the thought of Harry’s hands caressing her soapy body.

Daphne reached behind her and unzipped her dress. As it became slack, she slid it down her body. First, her bra-covered breasts were unveiled. The bra magically supported her D-cup breasts and made them appear even larger. The valley of cleavage that it produced was spectacular to behold if she was being honest with herself. Her tits were one of her best features, so she tried her hardest to make them the focal point of any ensemble. The dress then moved down her slim belly. Daphne was quite fit, and she knew that Harry found her stomach attractive. Or at least she thought he did by the amount of time he spent kissing it and tickling her belly button with his tongue. She put up with his nonsense because it actually felt good to her. She was less pleased when he decided to shoot his thick seed all over her belly, which was often. Her dress was then pushed down her wide hips, where gravity took over, and it pooled around her bare feet. Daphne then stepped out of the pile of airy material. Harry watched her closely the whole time, and she secretly hoped that he liked the new set of underwear she had bought a few days previous.

“That color looks really good on you,” he told her, staring at her burgundy-colored bra and panties. His small compliment made her feel good, but she hid her pleasure well.

“I know,” she responded, which made him chuckle. She put her dress on the sink counter so it wouldn’t get wet or wrinkled.

After living with him for a couple of weeks, Daphne wasn’t as shy with her nudity as she was in the beginning. To prove this point, she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. Without missing a beat, she pulled it from her shoulders and placed it on top of her dress. Again, Harry didn’t even pretend that he wasn’t looking. He was eagerly staring at her big breasts as they jiggled and bounced around. Daphne hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her panties and dragged them down her thighs while bending over. Stepping out of them, she then picked them up and tossed them with the rest of her clothes. Daphne climbed into the tub, where Harry grabbed her waist and sat her down between his parted legs. Leaning back, she rested against his chest. She could feel his erection resting against the small of her back. Daphne sighed after

getting into a comfortable position. The water was warm, and it soothed her aching muscles. Harry's hand immediately found her bare breasts, and he covered them in soapy suds. As he began to caress them, her nipples instantly became hard, and Harry's fingers quickly found them. Daphne squirmed against his chest as his fingers rolled the hard, little nubs. His lips then found the side of her head, and Daphne arched her back and mewed cutely while being kissed. 'Dealing with Harry is a pain,' Daphne thought as she thrust her breasts harder into his hands. 'But sometimes it's not so bad.'

"How was your day?" he asked her before sucking on her ear lobe. Daphne gasped from the surprising amount of pleasure this little act brought her. Harry's hands moved down from her breasts and slid over her slick belly.

"Tiresome," Daphne answered honestly. "My sister can be a handful," she told him while his hands moved up her thighs. Her body was tingling in a pleasant way, and she could feel herself getting wet. The backs of her heels were resting against the backs of her thighs, and her knees were together and sticking up out of the water. Harry's hands caressed the length of her soapy thighs, and she found that she greatly enjoyed the sensation. His hands were a little rough, but not overly so. In her opinion, that was the perfect mixture to bring her the maximum amount of pleasure when being touched. Daphne rested the back of her head on his muscular shoulder.

"Then why don't you let me help you relax," he teased, lightly biting her earlobe. His hands slid up to her knees, and his fingers tickled her delicate skin. A little bit of "relaxing" actually sounded very good to her at that moment. Dealing with her hyperactive sister was always exhausting. Daphne turned her head and kissed him, an act that she rarely initiated. Her knees opened, and she parted her legs widely. Harry certainly didn't pass up such a clear invitation. One of his hands moved down the inside of her thigh until his fingertips reached her little slit that was underwater. He moved his fingers up and down, massaging her slick folds. His other hand returned to her breasts, where he continued to soap them up while fondling them. Her little pink nipples were crinkled and incredibly hard. Every featherlight touch sent shocks of pleasure throughout her body. The only thing better was if his lips were attached to her little nubs. Secretly, she absolutely loved it when he sucked on her nipples, especially when he was a bit rough with them. Not too rough, mind you, but just enough to add a dash of pain to the mix. She didn't know why that little bit of pain made the pleasure so much better, and she certainly wasn't going to ask Harry for his input. She could just imagine how much he would tease her over that. Putting that out of her mind for now, Daphne moaned into his mouth and deepened the kiss. Harry was a good kisser, she thought. 'Better than me,' she added with some annoyance. No boy should ever be a better kisser than a girl, she told herself. Thankfully, Harry didn't seem to mind, and he never commented on it. He could be surprisingly tactful when he wanted to be.

Daphne had never been the most passionate person, and she always viewed sex as a necessary act to get what she wanted from her boyfriend or husband. However, after spending some time with Harry, she discovered that she really enjoyed it, and sometimes, she even subtly provoked him into action. It inflated her ego when she found that it didn't take much from her to

get his blood pumping. Harry seemed to really like it when she came down from her room wearing only a t-shirt and panties. Those panties didn't stay on her for long.

Harry's fingers were gently stroking her slit and teasing her opening, which felt good, but she wanted more. She thrust her tongue into his mouth and began grinding herself against his fingers. Harry took the hint and began playing with her a little more forcefully. He slipped two fingers into her, and her walls instantly tightened around them. Daphne broke the kiss and moaned. She bit her lower lip as he slid his fingers knuckle-deep. Once they were fully in, he started curling them in a way that she really liked. Her body shuddered, and she gripped his forearm tightly.

Harry smiled into the side of her head. He had noticed that she had become more passionate as the days passed. Daphne had been trying to be subtle when it came to enticing him with her body, but Harry knew what was on her mind. He was more than happy to give her what she wanted. There was no need for her to tease him with her panties or to "accidentally" rub against him, but he appreciated her efforts nonetheless. He was, however, glad to see that she was finally starting to be honest with herself about her desires and needs. The way her pussy was fluttering around his fingers told him everything he needed to know.

He loved hearing her soft whimpers of pleasure when he played with her body. The cute noises she made always turned him on. Her legs opened wider, and he rewarded her actions by brushing her clit with his thumb. She gasped, and her lower body bucked. Moving his thumb in a circle, he caressed the area around her clit, which he had learned from his experiences with her, that she liked more than having it directly played with. Her large breast was spilling out of his hand as his fingers flicked over her hardened nipple.

Daphne couldn't take it anymore. She needed more. Sitting up, she spun around and straddled his lap. Putting her hands on his shoulders, she lifted her bottom up. Harry took over from there. He grabbed his cock and placed it at her opening. Daphne dropped down and took him to the hilt. Harry moaned while Daphne gasped. There was no need to wait and rest. She had been fucked by him so many times that she was already properly stretched to fit his big cock. Her wide, inviting hips began rolling, bringing her the pleasure she needed.

"Jeez, Daph ... Your pussy feels amazing!" Harry moaned as her walls clung to him tightly. Daphne blushed deeply but was pleased nonetheless. She strived to be the best, regardless of what she was doing. She squeezed him as tightly as possible while vigorously thrusting her hips back and forth. Harry's hands slid down her wet, soapy back, which felt more pleasurable than she thought it would, and finally ended up with him cupping her ass. His hands squeezed and kneaded her cheeks and even pulled them apart. Then, his fingers slipped between her cheeks, and the tip of his finger began tickling her asshole. Daphne gasped, and her cheeks clenched together, trapping his finger between them.

"Potter," she warned while continuing to ride his cock. Harry just gave her an innocent smile that she equally liked and hated. Even with her warning, he continued to play with her hole.

“You can pretend you don’t like it, but your pussy doesn’t lie,” he teased as his finger toyed with her rim. “Every time I touch you here, you get super wet,” he told her.

As much as she hated to admit it, there was a bit of naughty pleasure when he touched her there. It was something she was embarrassed by and ashamed of, but there was no denying it. A girl of her pedigree shouldn’t have ever allowed a man to touch her there, but then again, a girl of her pedigree should have never ended up in a ratty, old motel in the cheap part of Diagon Alley. She did what she needed to do to survive, and by doing so, she discovered something new about herself. Daphne Greengrass liked to have her asshole played with. Just thinking about it made her face burn with shame. What would her mother and friends say if they were to find out? She knew exactly what her mother would say. She would most likely say that she was acting no better than a Muggle whore, and Daphne couldn’t disagree. On the other hand, it was her stupid parents that got her into this situation, so her mother’s opinion on the matter was worth less than a scuffed Knut. She would wager a large sum of gold that her mother had never had her body played with in such a manner. Her mum had probably never had an orgasm, let alone the mind-blowing kind that Harry seemed so adept at giving her. If she had, her opinion might be very different.

Daphne whimpered as his finger traced the rim of her hole. Her asshole was puckering severely as she gyrated her hips and worked his cock. Having her hole played with always sent pleasant tingles of pleasure straight into her pussy. It was a lewd, disgusting, and filthy act, but it felt really good. When his finger touched the actual hole, she squeaked loudly, and her pussy began rippling around his thick shaft. Raw bolts of pleasure raced up and down her spine. Her already sensitive nipples became hypersensitive, and she almost came as they brushed against his wet chest. Daphne became lightheaded and collapsed forward. Her arms encircled his neck, and she rested her head on top of them. She was breathing heavily against his cheek while her pussy uncontrollably massaged the cock that was buried deep inside of her.

“See?” Harry teased her again. “You love it,” he told her, and Daphne didn’t have the strength to lie. When she didn’t say anything, Harry continued. “Now, let’s get a bit more comfortable ... Shall we?”

Before she knew it, Harry had apparated them to his bedroom. Their bodies hit the bed, and Daphne flattened out on top of him with an “Oof!” She had never apparated with a cock inside of her, obviously. The sensation was strange but not wholly unpleasant. The choking sensation she experienced made her pussy grip his cock even tighter. Both of them were still soaking wet and soapy, but neither of them cared at that moment. Harry gripped her ass, pulled her body forward, and began pounding her wet pussy from below. Daphne squeaked and squealed with every powerful thrust, and just when she thought that the ass-play was done, Harry decided to place his finger against her hole and slowly ease it in. Daphne’s eyes widened to the size of saucers, and she bit down on his shoulder.

“Careful there,” Harry called out to her. “Or you might draw blood.”

All Daphne could do was whimper pathetically as his finger slid deeper into her asshole. Once he reached knuckle-deep, he slowly started pulling it out. The pleasure was strange but titillating. The slight pain somehow added to the pleasure she was feeling. Harry then pushed his finger back in a little faster this time. As he did this, he began fucking her even harder, and within moments, Daphne was being double penetrated for the first time.

Her mind was a complete mess. All her training and experiences told her that this was wrong and that she shouldn't be acting this way, but the pleasure was too intense. She didn't want the pleasure to end. Both her pussy and asshole were squeezing him tightly at the same time. Her pussy was incredibly loud, and it produced a wet squishing sound that would have completely mortified her a couple of weeks ago. Now, she was used to her body's embarrassing noises during sex. It helped that Harry loved that her pussy got so wet. He said that her wet pussy was a monument to his vast manliness. Oh, how she wanted to smack him for that remark. Suddenly, her hips began trembling.

"Does it feel good?" he asked her, though the git surely knew the answer. He wasn't as dumb as he looked, Daphne often told herself. Daphne squeaked loudly as his finger penetrated her ass over and over. Her pussy was flooding his groin with her juices while her insides tugged on his cock. When he pushed his finger all the way in again, Daphne couldn't take anymore.

"Harry ... I'm going to ... EEP!" she squealed just as her pussy began to milk his thrusting cock. Her asshole clamped down on his finger, but that didn't stop him from continuing to finger-fuck her. Her hips bucked wildly, and Harry was forced to snake his free arm around her slender waist and keep her body trapped against his. His lips quickly found hers just before he began pumping her full of cum. Daphne felt his warm seed fill her, and that seemed to motivate her fluttering pussy to milk him even harder. She couldn't think straight, and she couldn't concentrate with his damn finger inside of her ass. A sudden spike of pleasure made her squeal into his mouth and break the kiss.

"Please, Harry ... Enough," she said in a breathless voice. She reached behind her, clumsily grabbed his hand, and pulled his finger from her hole. It even felt good as she slowly eased it out of her. Her asshole didn't want to let him go, she thought with embarrassment. Harry's hands cupped her ass, and she collapsed forward on top of him while her pussy slowly milked the last few drops of cum from his balls. Daphne squirmed against his chest and rubbed her aching nipples on his soft skin. She wasn't sure how long she remained on top of him, but it was long enough that she had regained her steady breathing. Harry's cock stayed inside of her until it became too soft and slipped out. Both of them were still wet and slippery from their soapy bath, but Daphne was simply too tired to care.