

“What do you mean?” Daphne demanded, barely resisting the urge to stamp her foot like a child. “You’re cutting me off?”

“Don’t be so dramatic,” Cyrus, her father, sighed. “We’re all needing to cut back right now due to certain...unforeseen expenses, but...”

“Astoria has merely had her allowance cut back,” Daphne glared.

“That’s because your sister has never once gone over her allowance, whereas you have reached out to us for additional galleons at least once a month since you started at Hogwarts,” Anastasia, her mother, muttered, earning a venomous glare. “Oh, don’t look at me that way. I’m having to cut back almost entirely as well.”

“It’s just for the summer,” Cyrus assured her. “When you return to Hogwarts this year, you will receive the same reduced allowance that your sister has, one that you will not be allowed to go over at all.”

“This is absurd,” Daphne hissed. “What’s the point of being rich purebloods if we’re going to be forced to live like common muggles? I know damn well this is because of...”

“This is because the price of being kept out of the war we’re all about to be plunged into is rather steep,” Cyrus glared. “This is how we weathered things last time, and it’s how we’ll manage this time too. Discreet, untraceable payments will be given to certain interested parties in exchange for us being left alone. When one side comes out on top, we’ll either be able to call in the favors owed to us or live secure in the knowledge that the government won’t be able to trace those payments back to us. You’re a bright girl, Daphne, and I don’t need to tell you what the alternative would be.”

Daphne scowled at that, looking away. In truth, she did know what the alternative was. The Dark Lord demanded submission, and those who stood against him rarely lived long. Amelia Bones, of all people, had been killed just the other week, and if even that old battle-axe wasn’t able to stand up to him, what hope did anyone else, besides Dumbledore, have? That didn’t mean that actively working for him was a good idea, though. He failed the last time, dying in his first attempt to kill Potter, and those who joined his side openly had to either pay far more than her family did in bribes to the government or else just go to Azkaban.

Discreetly paying off the Death Eaters was the prudent thing to do, one that would let them maintain the image of neutrality in the conflict that was getting worse by the day and, when the dust settled, go back to normal. It didn’t mean that she wasn’t furious at having her funds cut off, though, and as she saw that there was no way to negotiate her way out of this, she simply muttered a couple words of acceptance and stormed out.

Marching through the halls, she stopped when she saw her sister’s bedroom door open and poked her head inside, cocking an eyebrow as she saw Astoria lying on her stomach and reading some book while kicking her feet lazily in the air.

“I’m surprised I didn’t hear you from here,” the brunette murmured without looking up. “I take it you heard the news.”

“Yes, I’m to be forced like a pauper for months,” Daphne muttered, marching in and sitting down heavily at Astoria’s desk as the girl scoffed.

“I think you’ll survive having your allowance cut in half,” she chuckled, rolling her eyes. “It’s not like you haven’t more than spent the difference over the years.”

“It’s being cut further than that until we return to Hogwarts,” Daphne hissed, and Astoria finally looked up, her blue eyes going wide in surprise. “Father’s idea of teaching me a lesson, I imagine.”

That was the most annoying part of this, knowing that while her parents had a legitimate reason to cut back on their expenses, they were also using it as an excuse to punish her. Her father had chewed her out about her careless spending multiple times over the years. She never understood it, of course, as she knew enough about the family finances to know that even when she overdid things a bit, it was always well within their means, but it had annoyed him, and now he had an excuse to force her to rein it in.

“How big a reduction are we talking about?” Astoria asked curiously.

“As big as can be,” Daphne scowled, and Astoria guffawed, earning a glare.

“Sorry, Daph, it’s just...I was surprised,” she replied. “That really sucks; I’m sorry.”

“It does,” Daphne murmured, eyeing her sister curiously. “When you say you’re sorry...”

“No, absolutely not,” Astoria said flatly, and Daphne grimaced.

“I’d pay you back,” she muttered.

“Maybe if I make it to fifty,” Astoria said, and Daphne swallowed thickly, the reminder of her sister’s curse making her bite back the response that had been on the tip of her tongue.

“You barely spend money,” she pointed out. “Other than books, I don’t think anything else even tickles your fancy.”

“Which is why I’m not being punished here,” Astoria sighed. “Look, Daph, we don’t know how bad things are going to get, and I’d really rather have some galleons on hand just in case I really need them. You’ll live a couple months of not being able to stuff yet more dress robes or jewelry into that clown car of a closet of yours.”

“The bloody hell is a clown car?” Daphne asked in confusion.

“A muggle concept one of my dormmates introduced me to,” Astoria replied. “You know, the muggle world might just have a solution to your problem.”

“How in the world could the muggles help me?” Daphne drawled, and Astoria rolled her eyes.

“I know you’d sooner set yourself on fire than try to get a job in the magical world,” she replied. “Magic forbid that anyone learn that the great Daphne Greengrass had to lower herself to such levels, but you could always find something in the muggle world. No one would know you there, and you could earn a bit of spending money.”

“You want me to work for some muggle?” Daphne asked incredulously. “What would I even do?”

“You’d have a hell of a lot of options from what Nancy has said,” Astoria replied, smiling at the thought of her fellow Ravenclaw. “She earned a fair few quid last summer just writing down orders

at a muggle restaurant and bringing them their food when it was done. You could find something like that easily enough.”

“I wouldn’t even know where to look,” Daphne muttered, and her sister rolled her eyes.

“I’ll write to Nancy asking for the address, and you can take the night bus,” Astoria replied. “Her family’s spending the summer in France after her father won some contest of some sort, so she won’t be working there.”

“You won’t tell her why you want it, right?” Daphne asked, and Astoria nodded.

“She mentioned the food being really good, so I can just say I want to try it,” she replied. “I am capable of subtlety, you know.”

“It’s far from ideal, but it could work,” Daphne murmured. *“At the very least, I could try it for a while and then let it slip to Father that I’m working at a muggle establishment. The shock and horror at that might well be enough for him to relent on my allowance, at least a little.”*

She smirked at that thought and stood up, going over and hugging her sister.

“Thank you,” Daphne murmured, and Astoria smiled.

“You’re welcome,” she replied. “Now get out of here. I’m doing research for the essay Professor Flitwick assigned us for the summer.”

“Have fun,” Daphne snarked before leaving the room.

“Wait a tic, didn’t Nancy say that she thought that place might shut down this year?” Astoria thought to herself. *“Well, I can ask anyway, and, if something else has gone up in its place, Daph might still be able to work there.”*

Shrugging, she returned to her research, figuring that she could write the letter later.

“Hooters?” Daphne thought to herself as she looked up at the establishment, checking twice to make sure that this was the address she’d been given. *“It sounds like the name of an owl emporium, not a restaurant.”*

She rolled her eyes, taking it as further evidence that muggles were far stranger than she’d ever imagined before. It had taken her a week of research before she felt comfortable venturing into this world, during which time she’d learned a number of things that bothered her greatly. The first was that muggle women apparently all dressed like prostitutes. Fashion-conscious at the worst of times, Daphne had taken time to actually observe muggles for a couple days and quickly discovered that the clothes she’d been given by her parents for the odd moment where they had to go into that world were greatly out of date.

“Thank goodness I still had enough money left to buy a few things,” she thought to herself as she took off the thin coat she’d wrapped around herself so no one on the night bus would see what she was wearing and, after stuffing into her mokeskin pouch, looked down at her clothes. *“I’d not be caught dead in anything like this around people who matter, but if this is what passes for proper clothing here, I don’t have much choice.”*

The black skirt she was wearing was tiny, not even reaching her knees, while the bizarre dark blue blouse contained less fabric than anything she'd ever worn in her life. It clung to her figure like a second skin, accentuating her substantial bust, and was so low-cut that none of her bras had failed to look anything other than ridiculous under it, forcing her to go without. Its tiny straps reminded her of a bra more than anything, and she'd questioned the shopkeep more than once to make sure that it was meant to be worn as an exterior layer, much to her confusion.

"*Ridiculous*," she thought to herself as she opened the door and stepped inside.

It was early, and the restaurant had just opened, something that the near-empty state of it made all the clearer, and as Daphne looked around, she had to actively try not to sneer. The few employees there were all women, and each of them was dressed even more scandalously than she was. They were all wearing tiny orange short pants so small they barely hid anything at all and white tops that clung to them even more tightly than what Daphne herself was wearing while exposing their stomachs.

"*Muggle culture is fucking disgusting*," she thought to herself as she stepped inside and made her way right to the register.

"Welcome to Hooters," the woman at the front desk said tiredly. "You can sit anywhere you like; we're not exactly packed at the moment."

"Actually, I'm not here for food," Daphne replied primly. "I'm looking for paying work, and I was told that I might find it here."

"Alright," the woman said slowly, looking at her strangely. "Karl, there's a girl here looking for a job!"

"Oi!" a deep, irritated-sounding voice called back. "Keep it down, will ya, luv? My 'ead still feels like a bloody monkey crawled inside and decided to take up the drums."

"If you'd drink less, that would happen less often," the woman said dryly as a bearded man stepped out of what was clearly his office and ambled over. He was relatively tall and middle-aged, his dark hair and beard flecked lightly with grey, and as he looked at the woman who'd called him out, Daphne noticed just how tired his dark eyes looked.

"I pay you for a few things, darlin, and advice ain't one of them," Karl said, his gaze turning calculating as he looked over at Daphne. "Well 'ello, what 'ave we 'ere?"

"I'm Daphne," Daphne replied, keeping her face neutral with practiced ease as the older man leered at her, looking her up and down. "I'm looking for work."

"I can see that," Karl murmured. "'Ow old are you, luv?"

"Too young for you," one of the other girls quipped, making the others giggle.

"Goes without sayin, Tiff," Karl said simply, "but I'd know all the same."

"Does it matter?" Daphne asked, subtly tapping the compulsion charm runic sequence she'd sewn into her blouse. "I need work and, if that sign on the front glass is any indication, you need help."

“You got any experience in this kinda thing?” Karl asked, retaining a degree of skepticism even as his eyes glazed over a little.

“No, but how difficult can it be?” Daphne asked primly, tapping the charm again. “I’d be writing down orders, bringing them back here, and then taking the customers their meals while letting them leer at me like dumb animals. Is there more to it than that?”

“Nope,” Tiffany replied, popping the P, as Karl chuckled.

“Not exactly quantum physics, I’ll allow,” he grinned. “You certainly ‘ave the looks for it; can’t imagine what sort of tips you’d bring in.”

“Tips?” Daphne asked, furrowing her brow in confusion.

“Given the, shall we say, incentives to dine here, blokes often tip at near-Yank levels in this place, and you’ll likely find it no different, provided you don’t fuck up,” Karl replied, making her even more confused. “Well, I’m willing to take you on on a trial basis, but there are a few things to go over. Darla, go see if we ‘ave any spare uniforms you think’ll fit...what did you say your name was, luv?”

“Daphne,” Daphne replied.

“Right,” Karl nodded. “Well, come along, then; we’ve got some papers to fill out, and do remember to keep your voice down in me office. ‘Ead’s still bloody killing me.”

Daphne nodded and followed along, both pleased at the fact that she’d apparently gotten the job and desperately hoping that she wouldn’t regret this.

“How in the world do you rake in tips like this?” Tiffany asked as she saw Daphne looking through the bills she’d piled up that night.

“As Karl says, just give them service with a smile,” she replied, looking the slim blonde up and down.

Her hair was bleached, she’d learned in the last month, something that sounded genuinely horrifying to Daphne as she explained it. She honestly didn’t understand the idea, as she didn’t think that Tiffany’s skin tone really complimented the color, but the woman was pleasant enough and she had no desire to say that.

“A smile’s got almost nothing to do with it,” Lexie chuckled, shaking her head. “If these shorts were any shorter or tighter, we’d be showing these pigs an entirely different set of lips.”

Daphne regarded the dark-eyed redhead coolly, finding her almost as crass as their boss, but kept her mouth shut. The past month had been pleasant enough, all things considered, and while her base pay wasn’t much, the tips she increasingly got from the customers whose tables she waited on had proven to be rather substantial, especially after she sewed and enchanted a few runic sequences into her uniform that made the dim-witted cretins more likely to pay up.

It was unethical and quite possibly mildly illegal, but between the mild compulsion charms in her top and the calming charms in her shorts, everyone she spoke to while wearing it found themselves

even more drawn to her cleavage than they would have been otherwise and, by the time they'd finished, relaxed and happy enough to be very generous.

"It's not my old allowance, but it's not exactly nothing either," she thought to herself as she finished organizing her tips. *"I might actually just get through the summer like this. Let Mother and Father think that I succeeded in living like a pauper for the entire season while I squirrel away enough coin to treat myself at the end of it."*

"Daphne," Darla murmured, drawing her attention. "There's a new bloke in your section."

"On it," Daphne replied, smiling at the brunette who was easily her favorite of her coworkers as she grabbed a menu and made her way over.

She barely paid attention to the table in question, simply taking note of the dark hair of the man sitting alone, and pulled out her notepad as she went to set the menu down in front of him.

"Welcome to Hooters, may I take..." was all she got out before a familiar pair of emerald-green eyes looked up at her; she swore she felt her heart stop. *"No...Merlin, please. no."*

It was Harry Potter, unmistakably and undeniably, in all his scarred, purportedly oh-so-heroic glory. She was ruined, her life utterly and totally over. Half the reason she'd been willing to debase herself in this ridiculous establishment in the first place was the fact that no one she knew would ever be caught dead anywhere near it, and out of all the places in Muggle London, the boy-who-lived just happened to stroll in. It wasn't fair; it was horrifying; it was...

"Um, could I have that?" Harry asked, pointing at the menu, and she handed him the menu numbly, wishing that the earth could just swallow her whole. The entire school was going to know that she dressed up like a whore and waited tables for muggles in exchange for money. "Um, Miss, are you okay?"

"What?" Daphne asked, shaken out of her dread-laced reverie.

"Do you need to sit down?" Harry asked.

"He doesn't recognize me," Daphne realized, feeling her dread and horror slip away into total relief in seconds, only to then turn to white-hot rage. *"How the hell does he not recognize me? We've spent five fucking years in the same school together!"*

"I'm fine," she replied through gritted teeth. "Can I get you anything?"

"I've never been here before, so I'll need to look through this first," Harry replied. "In the meantime, though, could I get a glass of water?"

"Coming right up," Daphne said, turning on her heel and marching towards the kitchen, where she grabbed a cup and started filling it.

"Daphne, are you okay?" Darla asked. "You looked like you might faint back there, and while this uniform is really tight, it's not corset-level we-can't-bloody-breathe tight."

"You see that boy over there who just sat down?" Daphne asked.

“Don’t know if I’d call him a boy,” Darla replied as she looked over at him, seeing him looking through the menu. “I showed him to his table when he walked in, and he’s got the eyes of someone who’s seen some shit; trust me on that. What bloody eyes they are too.”

“He goes to my school,” Daphne replied, and Darla’s eyebrows shot towards her hairline.

“Your middle-of-nowhere boarding school?” the brunette asked.

“The one and only,” Daphne replied.

“That explains why you looked like you saw a ghost, but why do you now look like you want to make someone into one...oh, he doesn’t recognize you, does he?” Darla guessed, and Daphne growled. “You don’t know if you’re more relieved or livid, do you?”

“The idea of someone I know catching me working here is absolutely mortifying, and I should be thrilled, but...how the hell does he not recognize me?” Daphne hissed. “We’ve gone to the same damn school for five years, and while I don’t know if we’ve ever actually spoken, we’ve shared classes, and...well, look at me?”

“To be fair, he’s never seen you in anything like that, has he?” Derek, the cook, asked, only to flinch under the withering glare she gave him. “Hey, I’m just saying...”

“It’s fine, it is, I just...” Daphne grumbled.

“Hey, listen, Daph, boys are born clueless and only barely improve with age,” Darla said, ignoring the ‘oi!’ Derek gave her. “Just keep in mind this is a good thing. You’ve said before you’d be mortified if anyone you knew caught you in here.”

“That remains true,” Daphne sighed, shaking her head. “I’m being stupid, and I really should give the clueless jerk his water.”

She walked back out, grabbing a coaster, and set it and the water down in front of Harry, who looked up at her and blushed, apparently only just noticing her. Freezing at that, she took a moment to see if she could spot any sign of recognition in his eyes and relaxed as she realized she didn’t see anything.

“Have you decided yet?” Daphne asked.

“Oh, yeah, I was thinking I’d have the fish and chips,” Harry replied. “Is it any good?”

“I honestly can’t say,” Daphne replied. “I haven’t tried it, but I’ve seen quite a few people order it before; I’ve yet to receive any complaints.”

“Haven’t been working here long, then?” Harry asked, and she tensed.

“No, no, I haven’t,” Daphne replied. “Will that be it then?”

“Yeah, why not?” Harry replied, giving her back the menu, and she nodded, taking it from him as she finished jotting down his order.

“*Why ask how long I’ve been working here if he doesn’t recognize me?*” she wondered to herself as she walked back and handed his order to the cook. “*What are you playing at, Potter?*”

Eyeing the Gryffindor suspiciously, she tried to put him out of her mind as a group of guys sat down at the table next to his.

“Bloody hell, she’s gorgeous,” Harry thought to himself as he watched his waitress walk back towards him, heading over to the other table.

“Hi, welcome to Hooters. I’m Daphne, your waitress for today,” she said as she started handing out menus. “Can I get you anything to drink while you look through your menus?”

“No need, luv,” one of the guys said. “We’ll take four burgers, four irr-brus, and your number.”

Harry watched her subtly, seeing her right eye twitch just slightly as she wrote down their orders.

“That last one’s not on the menu, I’m afraid,” Daphne said dryly as she gathered up their menus. “I’ll be back in a moment with your drinks.”

“Fucking hell, what an arse,” Harry heard one of them murmur to the others as she walked away.

“He’s not wrong,” he thought to himself, admiring the sway of the waitress’ hips as she walked away. In her tiny orange shorts, her plump rear was displayed magnificently, and for the first time in what felt like ages, he felt something other than the aching gnaw in his chest. *“She looks kind of familiar, but I have no idea why. She probably just reminds me of some actress looking like that.”*

With her long blonde hair, heart-shaped face, and striking blue eyes, this Daphne was easily one of the most beautiful girls he’d ever seen, not to mention how incredibly well she filled out the skimpy uniform she had on. He’d overheard Dudley talking to his friends about this place the other day and, figuring it might be worth checking out, had decided to go have lunch. Looking around, he saw how hot the other waitresses all looked and was hit by the realization that Sirius would have loved the place. Feeling that familiar pain in his chest, he looked down at his cup of water and sighed.

It had been weeks since the battle at the ministry, and it was still a struggle just to get up in the morning. Sirius was gone, and it was his fault. If he hadn’t been so stupid, if he’d tried harder to contact him instead of just rushing off to save him, his godfather, the greatest tie he’d had to his parents, would still be alive, and the thought was almost as painful as the loss itself. They’d ultimately taken in dozens of Voldemort’s worst servants and exposed the monster to the world, but even with that leading to Fudge’s resignation, it wasn’t nearly worth the cost.

“The Order probably won’t be too thrilled to learn that I’m out here, but if I spent another full day just locked away in Privet Drive, I’d have gone mad,” he thought to himself. *“It’s not as though I’m likely to run into Death Eaters in here of all places, though.”*

The very thought of any pureblood stepping foot in a place like Hooters was hilarious and nearly enough to bring a smile to his face as he spotted his waitress returning with a tray full of drinks. She held it cautiously, as though she were still just getting used to carrying drinks without spilling them, and he realized that she really hadn’t been working there for very long.

“Thanks for that, sweetheart,” one of the guys at the other table said. “So are you from around here?”

“Not particularly,” Daphne replied gently. “Your burgers should be done soon.”

“So when do you get off?” another of them said. “My friends and I here are throwing a party later tonight, and I think you’d fit right...”

“You guys do realize she’s a student, right?” Harry asked, and Daphne froze, going pale as she looked at him. “I mean, look at her.”

“I...wait, really?” one of the men asked warily.

“Yes,” Daphne replied. “I’ll be back with your burgers when they’re done.”

With that, she turned around and returned to the kitchen, looking oddly scared for someone who had just been spared having to continue talking to guys who clearly couldn’t take the hint.

“*He knows,*” Daphne thought to herself, her heart racing in her chest as she reached the kitchen. “*He knows and he’s pretending not to for some reason, which is likely even worse than him outright acknowledging it. What am I going to do? I can’t let him tell people I’ve been working here; my life would be over.*”

“Your fish and chips for table twelve,” Derek muttered as he finished loading up a plate and set it next to her.

“Huh?” Daphne asked.

“Bloke you were complaining about like five minutes ago,” Derek replied. “You okay, Daphne?”

“Fine,” Daphne replied, picking up the plate and bringing it over.

“Thank you,” Harry said as she set it down in front of him. “This smells fantastic.”

“You’re welcome,” Daphne replied, eyeing him warily. Deciding to talk to him to see if she could get him to trip up and give something away, she asked, “So what made you decide to come here?”

“Heard some good things from my cousin,” Harry replied, cutting into the battered haddock to let the steam out. “I also just kind of needed to get away for the day. I recently...lost someone I was close to, and just sitting around at home all day isn’t exactly helping me with that.”

“Why not reach out to your friends for help?” Daphne asked before she could stop herself, and Harry just chuckled humorlessly.

“I have, but it’s...complicated,” he replied.

“I see,” Daphne murmured. “Well, for what it’s worth, I’m sorry for your loss. Excuse me.”

“Thank you,” Harry said, smiling slightly as she turned around and made her way to another of her tables, which she’d noticed had just been emptied.

As she cleaned up, she got quickly lost in thought, completely confused by Potter. *“His comments about me being a student sounded too certain to be guesswork, so presumably he knows who I am, but why play dumb like this? He has to know that I’d recognize him, given the scar if nothing else. It doesn’t make any sense.”*

She continued to contemplate the problem as she returned to the kitchen to gather the burgers those braindead muggles had ordered and as she took the order of the guys who were seated a moment later. Harry ate slowly, seeming to savor the simple fare he’d been given, and for the next fifteen minutes Daphne continued working as normal, trying to keep her mind on her work as it came, yet her eyes continued to be drawn to the dark-haired boy.

“I thought she was nuts when Astoria said she found him cute last year, but I must admit he’s grown up nicely,” she thought to herself. *“If only he weren’t insistent on tormenting me like this.”*

She returned to his table reluctantly as she noticed him finish his meal, trying to think of just what she could ask him to make him admit that he knew her.

“That was lovely,” Harry said, smiling up at her as she picked up his plate and gathered his utensils.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it,” Daphne said simply. “Did you want anything else? I could get you the dessert menu if you like.”

“I don’t suppose you have treacle tart, do you?” Harry asked, and she chuckled, shaking her head. “A little too much to ask of a chain restaurant, huh?”

“Chain?” Daphne asked, confused, and he just blinked at her.

“There are apparently a bunch of these in America,” Harry replied. “It started there, did it not?”

“My manager has mentioned the *Yanks* before, so presumably yes,” Daphne nodded. “I didn’t bother following up on that.”

“Just in it for the paycheck?” Harry asked lightly, and she gave him a slight smile.

“Aren’t we all?” she asked.

“I wouldn’t know,” Harry replied. “Never worked myself. How old are you if you don’t mind me asking?”

“Don’t you know never to ask a girl that?” Daphne asked, having heard her parents joke about asking a woman her age countless times.

“I just...you don’t look any older than I am,” Harry replied, and Daphne studied him closely, wondering again whether or not he really did know who she was.

“My family’s...fallen on hard times, and I was forced to find work,” she replied neutrally.

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Harry murmured.

“It’s not like there aren’t people who have it worse,” Daphne shrugged.

“Oi, Daph, I don’t pay you to chat up the customers,” Karl called out, and Daphne scowled.

“She was just recommending desserts,” Harry said before she could. “So what would you suggest?”

“The other girls all swear by the cheesecake,” Daphne replied. “I’ve yet to try it myself.”

“Sounds good,” Harry smiled, and despite herself, Daphne smiled back.

“I guess he doesn’t know who I am,” she thought to herself, feeling that strange mixture of relief and anger creep back up. She knew it was pure vanity, but she also knew that she was beautiful, and the idea that a guy spending five years in the same school, the same year, and, in multiple cases, the same classes as her and never once noticing what she looked like was infuriating in a way that she knew didn’t reflect well on her, but she just didn’t care. *“Fuck, imagine if it was Pansy who caught him here.”*

That would never happen because Pansy Parkinson would have sooner dropped dead than allow herself to end up working, much less in a place like this, but it was a troubling thought. Did Potter have no security at all, or was there an invisible wizard or witch lingering around here, just waiting for her to make one wrong move? Suddenly paranoid, she swallowed thickly and did her best to look normal as she gave Harry’s dessert order.

“I was just tip gathering,” she muttered as she spotted Karl, who held up his hands in mock surrender.

“I get it, luv, I do, but your Prince Charming over there isn’t exactly a big spender, and I’d sooner move ‘im along if it’s all the same,” he replied, and Daphne nodded.

“I’m sure he’ll ask for his bill once I get him his cheesecake,” she said, thanking Tiffany as she handed her the plate.

She brought it along and set it by Harry, who looked like he was struggling not to drool at the sight.

“That looks amazing,” he replied. “Listen, I...I know we just met, but I was wondering if you might like to go out sometime.”

“What?” Daphne asked, stunned.

“You know, dinner or something,” Harry replied lamely, and Daphne struggled to keep her face neutral.

“That son of a bitch!” she thought to herself. *“He knows who I am and is planning to get me alone so he can blackmail me without risking a scene. I don’t know why he’s in Gryffindor when he’s such a Slytherin.”*

“If you don’t, that’s...” Harry went to say, his confidence slipping rapidly, and Daphne took a deep breath.

“No, I’d love to,” she replied. “My shift ends in a couple hours if you’d like to come back. I change into my uniform here, so I’ll be good to go quickly enough.”

“Wonderful,” Harry beamed. “Could I get the bill?”

“I’ll be right back,” Daphne replied, her mind racing as she went to get his bill.

“What’s up with you?” Darla asked.

“He asked me out,” Daphne whispered, and she smirked, looking over at him.

“And he doesn’t recognize you still?” Darla asked.

“I have no idea,” Daphne muttered. “I’ve never said two words to him before today, so either way, why would he want to court me so quickly?”

“Man, you really do come from a snobby bunch,” Darla muttered, earning a glare from her. “Look, Daphne, looking the way we do, the average man will require far fewer than two words to want to ask us out. He thinks you’re hot, and he acted on it. I have to say, he’s not exactly hard on the eyes; a little young for me, but...”

“I just don’t know what he wants from me,” Daphne muttered.

“Luv, we all want one thing,” Karl chuckled as he walked past them and opened up the bill printer to add another roll of paper.

“Karl, respectfully, bugger off,” Darla muttered. “She’s too young and innocent to hear talk like that.”

“It’s the young, innocent ones who most need to hear talk like that,” Karl argued. “Look, kid, I’ve overheard enough of your nattering today to know the gist of what’s going on in that ‘ead of yours, so let me give it to you straight like. Either your bloke really ‘adn’t noticed you before today and genuinely doesn’t know ‘oo you are, or ‘e’s only ever seen you in whatever stuffy uniform your rich cunt school forces you to wear, and seeing you like this ‘as changed ‘is tune. Either way, ‘e’s asked you out for the same reason as every bloke oo’s ever asked out a bird. Now, if we could all sod off with the EastEnders production ‘ere and get back to work, that’d be just grand.”

“You’re all heart,” Darla snarked, making him laugh as he walked off. “He’s probably not wrong, though.”

“I need to find out for sure whether or not he knows who I am and, if so, see what he’s thinking of doing about that,” Daphne thought to herself, already having decided to take Harry up on his offer.

“You’d be so proud of me, Padfoot,” Harry thought to himself as he waited outside the Hooters a little later on.

He didn’t know what had possessed him to ask Daphne out...okay, he knew exactly what had, but he was still surprised by his own nerve. Even more surprising, though, was the fact that she said yes. After what had gone on between him and Cho the previous year, he’d all but concluded that he was utterly hopeless with girls, and he’d stumbled through his request for a date, but nonetheless, she’d said yes, much to both his joy and trepidation.

“There shouldn’t be any potential mortal consequences this time, but one of these days I have got to actually come up with a plan before I go into something,” Harry thought to himself, well aware of the fact that he almost never had a plan for anything.

“Harry,” Daphne called out, and Harry’s jaw nearly dropped when he saw her.

He’d thought her Hooters uniform was incredible enough, but her actual clothes made her look even better. The short black skirt showed off her incredible, creamy legs, while her purple tube top clung to her like a second skin, demonstrating, much as the uniform had, that she wasn’t wearing a bra. Her large, full breasts strained against the material, and in the cool evening air, her nipples hardened slightly, poking into it deliciously. He felt his pants grow tight and forced himself to look up, smiling as he caught her eye.

“You look incredible,” he breathed as she drew close, furrowing her brow at the sight of the bit of straw wrapper in her hair. “You have something here.”

“What are...” Daphne went to ask, only to freeze as she felt a shock at his touch.

“It was in your hair,” Harry murmured, showing off the bit of white paper, and she blushed as she stared up at him.

“Thanks,” Daphne whispered. “So, where were you planning to take me? I’m fine with anything so long as it’s in the city.”

“Well, I hate to disappoint, but I’m not jetting you off to Paris,” Harry quipped, and she stared at him strangely. “Er, yeah, in the city. I already ate, as you know, but we can find a place nearby, I’m sure. Is there any food you avoid?”

“I’m not terribly picky,” Daphne replied. “Not the biggest fan of beans, I’m afraid. Bad experiences.”

“Same,” Harry replied, remembering a couple of the worst Bertie Bott experiences he’d had.

Daphne eyed him curiously, as though looking for something, and then shrugged, gesturing for him to lead the way.

“So what made you start working at Hooters?” Harry asked.

“My father cut me off, and I needed work,” Daphne replied. “A friend of my sister’s used to work there and let me know the address so I went in and applied.”

“I’m sorry,” Harry replied. “I know you mentioned your family struggling recently, but I just meant why there, specifically?”

“One job’s as good as another,” Daphne shrugged. “The work isn’t difficult, the pay isn’t bad, and most customers tip well. Thanks again, by the way.”

“You were really good,” Harry murmured, and Daphne looked at him like she didn’t quite believe that. “Do you get a lot of assholes like that group at the table over from mine?”

“It happens,” she murmured. “I usually just ignore their pitiful attempts at flirting until they take the hint and stop.”

“No one’s ever made you...I mean, none of them have ever scared you, right?” Harry asked, feeling suddenly protective, and Daphne just laughed.

“Please,” she scoffed. “I could carve them to ribbons.”

“Huh?” Harry asked, his eyes going wide as the response, and she froze.

“I mean, our cook, Derek, could carve them to ribbons,” Daphne replied, subconsciously brushing her fingers against the invisible wand holster on her right wrist. “He’s an ex-soldier or something like that.”

“I see,” Harry nodded.

“Do you mind if I ask about the scar?” Daphne asked suddenly, and he tensed up. “If you don’t want to talk about it, that’s fine.”

“No, it’s...when I was a baby, my parents and I were attacked by a lunatic,” Harry replied. “He gave me this, and they managed to stop him, but they...didn’t survive.”

“I’m so sorry,” Daphne said honestly, ghosting her fingers over his bicep and trying not to look surprised at how strong he felt.

“It was a long time ago,” Harry replied, and Daphne went still, sniffing the air.

“What in the world is that?” she asked.

“Probably that Indian takeaway place there,” Harry replied. “You want to check it out?”

“It smells fantastic,” Daphne nodded, following him along.

“I take it you’re not particularly familiar with Indian food,” Harry said, and she nodded. “Well, from my very limited experience, butter chicken is fantastic, and vindaloo is something to give someone you don’t like so you can watch them eat it.”

The one time the Dursleys had tried Indian food had been genuinely hilarious, and while it got him locked in his cupboard for a whole day, he never could bring himself to regret laughing at the sight of Vernon going beet-red and begging for water.

“Butter chicken?” Daphne asked. “I’d have thought that was French by the name.”

“Not sure why it’s called that, to be honest,” Harry murmured. “If I remember correctly, it was in some kind of creamy tomato sauce, though I suppose the sauce may contain a good bit of butter.”

“It would be a strange name otherwise,” Daphne said, and they went inside, quickly ordering their meals and heading out to eat them in a nearby park they’d passed on the way there.

“Is something wrong?” Harry asked as he sat down on the bench next to her, furrowing his brow at how quickly her mood seemed to change after they stepped inside the restaurant.

“I’m fine,” Daphne muttered, opening her styrofoam container and setting it on her lap as she removed the plastic fork from its packaging. “I was a little surprised by how the employees were dressed.”

“Well, I wouldn’t expect them to dress in more traditional clothes from India just because of the type of restaurant,” Harry murmured.

“I thought everyone dressed like the Hooters employees,” Daphne thought to herself, utterly furious. “I am going to kill Astoria!”

It wasn't her sister's fault, she knew, and if she'd deigned to look inside even one other establishment, she may well have learned sooner that that place was unique, but it was easier to rage to her than accept that the misconception had been entirely due to her own stupidity.

“Mmm, this is a lot like how I remember,” Harry murmured as he dug into his own meal.

“I'm amazed you bothered ordering,” Daphne said. “You ate a full meal at Hooters.”

“I'm a growing boy,” Harry replied, and despite her mood, Daphne chuckled at that as she dug into her meal. “Oh, wow.”

“Right?” Harry asked.

The two of them ate in silence, enjoying the warm summer night and the food. There had been limited seating indoors, and they could have stayed, but Harry suggested that they get it to go and eat in this park, and as she sat next to him, she found herself glad that she'd said yes.

“I think I can say pretty definitively at this point that he doesn't know who I am,” she thought to herself as she dug into her food eagerly. “As much as that irks my pride, it does simplify things quite a bit. His lack of reaction to me asking about the scar and that simplified answer he likely gives everyone he can't tell about the Dark Lord when they ask about his scar is proof enough of the fact he doesn't think I'm a witch, and while telling him I could have sliced those muggle fools apart if they'd touched me was stupid, his bafflement at it also points to that. I'll just make it clear at the end of this that it was nice, but I'm not looking to date anyone, and hopefully that will be the end of it.”

She couldn't exactly date Harry Potter, after all, even if he were surprisingly good company and more handsome than she'd realized. Her family would be maintaining neutrality in this conflict, as they had the last time, keeping their hands as clean as they could while maintaining the connections they'd need in case the Dark Lord won this time around. Associating at all with the powerful wizard's most hated enemy would be detrimental to the well-being of her entire family, and she couldn't allow that. She'd simply end things there and go on with her life, pretending that she had no idea what he was talking about if he finally recognized her back in Hogwarts and said something.

“I could deny it in any case, but if he himself doesn't fully believe it, it will be easy to make him think I was just someone who looked like me,” she thought to herself.

“I need to learn to make this myself,” Harry said, covering his mouth to avoid demonstrating that he still had food in it, and Daphne froze, barely paying attention and swearing that she heard him say something about getting his elf to make it.

“There...there's no way he'd be stupid enough to mention house elves in front of someone he thought was a simple muggle,” she thought to herself, her blood going cold in her veins at the supposed proof that Potter really knew who she was and was thus messing with her.

The thought left her furious, and for a moment she was tempted to flick her wand into her hand and threaten him, but she knew that wouldn't work. After everything that happened last year, with the

ministry and the Prophet demonizing him only for him to be proven right in the end, Potter was untouchable, as far as the authorities were concerned, and he'd know that.

"I could follow him home and tip the Dark Lord off to where he is," she thought to herself only to immediately discard that idea as well.

That would be throwing her family's neutrality in the trash as surely as openly dating Potter would be and not only was she reluctant to have him killed, even with her mounting anger at him, but there was no guarantee that it would even work. The Dark Lord had proven himself a bungler, not that anyone with a brain would speak those words aloud, and if she sent him after Potter and he failed to kill him, she'd only be putting a target on her back. She needed to silence him, to find a way to convince him to keep his mouth shut about seeing her in that place, and that meant finding out a few things.

"What do you want from me?" Daphne asked suddenly, and Harry froze, looking at her in confusion.

"I'm sorry?" he asked.

"You went to the trouble of asking me out, of playing this game of yours; to what end?" Daphne demanded.

"I'm sorry, did I say something?" Harry asked, more convinced than ever that he was simply never going to understand girls. "If I said or did something to offend you, I'm sorry, but I'm also really confused."

Daphne narrowed her eyes, increasingly annoyed at him.

"Damn it, Potter, will you just drop this stupid act?!" she exclaimed, and his demeanor changed in an instant as he grew tense and wary.

"I didn't tell you my last name," Harry said, standing up and taking a step back. "Who are you?"

"Oh, Merlin, you really didn't know," Daphne breathed, horror creeping up within her as she realized that she screwed herself over for nothing. "I'm Daphne Greengrass."

"Who?" Harry asked, and Daphne saw red, jumping to her feet and glaring venomously at him.

"I'm in your year, you asshole!" she screamed.

Harry took another step back, surprised by how genuinely offended she sounded, and he said, "A Slytherin then?"

"Merlin's balls, you really only notice Draco, huh?" Daphne asked. "One might think you were in love with him."

"Ew," Harry grimaced. "Why the hell did you agree to go out with me, anyway? Should I expect Voldemort to jump out any moment now?"

"Potter, if I were in league with him, you'd already been ambushed," Daphne muttered. "How do you not have any security anyway?"

“Wondering that myself right now,” Harry admitted, unaware that as they spoke, Mundungus Fletcher was passed out drunk under an invisibility cloak in the Dursleys’ backyard.

“I agreed to go out with you because I wanted to see for myself if you knew who I was,” Daphne muttered. “If you thought I was a muggle girl, why in the world did you mention elves?”

“I didn’t,” Harry said, confused.

“Yes, you did,” Daphne argued. “I heard you say something about getting your elf to learn how to make butter chicken.”

“No, I said I had to learn how to do it myself,” Harry replied, and she nearly cringed out of her skull as she realized her mistake.

“For fuck’s sake,” Daphne muttered, and he sighed.

“Why was it so important to figure out for sure if I knew who you were?” Harry asked.

“Potter, no one can ever learn that I’m working at a place like Hooters,” Daphne breathed. “I’d be a pariah.”

“Why there anyway?” Harry asked. “I get the whole ‘being cut off’ thing, but...”

“It was the first place I found, and I thought all muggle establishments had to be like it,” Daphne replied. As he looked like he was struggling not to laugh, she exclaimed, “Shut up!”

“Oh, God, I’m sorry, but that’s hilarious,” Harry laughed, dodging out of the way as she swiped at him. “Seeker reflexes, remember.”

“Keep laughing and I’ll show you my best impression of a beater,” Daphne hissed and he gulped, stepping back until his balls were outside her kicking range. *“I need to think of something to shut him up.”*

No sooner did that thought pop into her head than she remembered a few things Darla had told her just before she left when she’d taken it upon herself to give her tips on how to handle things with a guy.

“Daphne, listen, I...” Harry went to say.

“Agree to keep your mouth shut, and I’ll wank you,” Daphne said, and he froze.

“What?” Harry asked.

“You heard me,” Daphne muttered, staring down at the ground and feeling like her face was on fire.

“That’s not necessary.” The words were on the tip of Harry’s tongue, but as his blood fled rapidly south, he found himself struggling to get them out. Like any boy who’d never had anyone touch his cock but him, he was desperately eager to change that, and here was easily the most beautiful girl he’d ever seen offering to give him a handjob for something he was going to do anyway.

“That’s the only deal I’m offering, so take it or leave it,” Daphne muttered.

“I’ll keep my mouth shut,” Harry said, and the blonde nodded, looking relieved.

“Good,” she replied. “Now, come.”

The two of them tossed out the containers their meals had come in, and Harry followed Daphne along, realizing after a moment that there was a very pertinent question he’d failed to ask her.

“Where are we going?” he asked.

“The pretty, entirely too friendly brunette back there, Darla, told me where she keeps the spare key to her flat the other day,” Daphne explained.

“You said you’d only been working there for a few weeks,” Harry said, confused.

“I made the mistake of hinting how far away I live, and she grew worried that I was going to end up stranded one of these days,” Daphne replied. “Can’t exactly tell her about the night bus, can I? She’s too nice for her own good and seems to see me like a little sister.”

“And she won’t mind you taking me over for...that?” Harry asked.

“She offered to let me stay the night if I ever needed to,” Daphne replied. “What’s five minutes compared to that?”

Harry took that comment in stride and continued to follow her along, cocking an eyebrow when she stopped outside a place pretty close to the Hooters.

“Her commute must be awesome,” he said, and she snorted almost silently.

“That’s another reason why she made her offer,” Daphne replied, walking up the steps and feeling around for a crack in the mortar between two bricks near the front door. “She’s filling in for our coworker, Cassie, tonight and has a double shift, so she’ll be out for a while yet.”

She found it pretty quickly, and, as Darla had said, there was a key tucked so deeply into it that it was almost impossible to notice. Quickly pulling it out, she opened the door and stepped inside, looking behind her as Potter followed. She turned the lights on and locked the door behind her before taking a look around.

“Find the restroom,” she all but commanded.

“Why there?” Harry asked.

“Because I’m not running the risk of making a mess in a harder room to clean,” Daphne said like it was the most obvious thing in the world. “I might have my wand on me, but that doesn’t mean I can cast spells without the ministry making trouble.”

“Where on Earth could you keep your wand?” Harry asked, looking her curvaceous form up and down. “It’s not like you have pockets.”

“First off, this is a makeskin pouch,” Daphne replied, pointing to the tiny pouch at her side, “and second, it’s in my holster where it belongs. Where’s yours?”

“Right pocket,” Harry replied, patting his pants, and she rolled her eyes.

“Where it could easily break if you fell and which you’d have to reach your hand into if you needed to draw it suddenly,” Daphne scoffed. “How in the world are you still alive?”

“I wonder that myself sometimes,” Harry muttered, reaching for his pocket, “but it’s not as though it would take me that...”

He froze as he saw her wand pointed between his eyes, having been summoned into her hand with a flick of her wrist.

“We’re not here to give you the dueling lessons you so clearly need,” Daphne muttered, putting her wand back in the invisible holster as Harry flushed red in embarrassment. “The restroom’s in here, so get in and drop your trousers.”

“I should just say no,” Harry thought to himself even as he walked toward her.

If he and Cho had gotten this far, he probably would have, but he was a teenage boy who had never had his cock touched before and who was quite possibly living on borrowed time. That made the idea even more tempting than it would have been otherwise, and as he crossed into the room and saw Daphne turn around and start tapping her foot, he reached for his belt and unbuckled it.

Despite herself, the blonde felt her heart rate spike as Harry started undoing his fly. Annoyed as she was by the entire situation, this would still be her first time seeing a boy undressed and she was more than a little excited by that. She was openly attracted to Harry at this point, and had she not screwed up and blurted out his last name, she might very well have been willing to keep seeing him, at least through the summer, completely anonymous. Avoiding him at Hogwarts might have been challenging, but if Slytherin robes truly were like invisibility cloaks to him, perhaps it would have been fine. She’d messed that up, though, and that was that, and...”

“What the hell?” she asked as his pants hit the floor and a cock at least twice the size she was expecting popped out.

“What?” Harry asked, confused.

“That’s...are they supposed to be that big?” Daphne asked, and he snorted.

“I mean, I’ve been this big for a little while now,” Harry replied. “Is it really that weird?”

“Of the two of us, only you have seen a penis before today,” Daphne muttered. “We girls catch each other dressing from time to time in the dorms; have you ever had the opportunity to compare...”

“Daphne, we all try to see as little of each other as humanly possible,” Harry replied, “and even if we caught sight of one of us full on in the buff, he’d be soft. It’s not like we just wank in the middle of the dorm room.”

“Fair enough,” Daphne murmured, staring down at his shaft and swallowing thickly. “It’s so big.”

She reached out and cautiously wrapped a hand around him, making him gasp.

“My fingers don’t even touch,” Daphne breathed as she tried to close her hand around him.

“That feels so fucking good,” Harry groaned, and she smirked despite herself.

“Truly?” Daphne asked. “It’s just my hand.”

“Feels so much better than mine,” Harry grunted.

“How often do you do this to yourself?” Daphne asked as she started gently stroking his cock, just moving the skin of it back and forth.

“Not...oh, fuck...as often as you might think,” Harry replied, grabbing the sink and the basin of the toilet for support as she stroked him. “Can’t do it at the D...my relatives’ place, and I’ve never felt entirely comfortable doing it at Hogwarts either.”

“I’ll note you didn’t say you can’t do it there,” Daphne said, and he chuckled.

“I’m in a castle surrounded by pretty girls,” Harry said in his defense.

“So many that you fail to notice some,” Daphne muttered, and he winced.

“I’d have noticed you if you were in any other house, but I’m so used to the likes of Malfoy being complete arseholes that I long ago figured it was best to just steer clear of the lot of you,” Harry replied. “It wasn’t personal.”

“Draco can be rather trying even for us,” Daphne muttered. “I can’t honestly blame you. How long does this take, on average?”

“Depends,” Harry replied. “Good as that feels, it’s not so good dry as it is...”

“I’m not sucking your cock, Potter,” Daphne said flatly, and he groaned at the image.

“I’m not saying that,” Harry replied, and she just scoffed before looking back down at his cock.

“This is actually fascinating,” she thought to herself as she continued to stroke him slowly, getting a feel for his shaft.

It was hard, incredibly so, but there was a surprising softness to it as well, and the warmth and weight of it in her hand were very unique. The little gasps and groans Harry was letting out made heat bloom low in her belly, and she had to actively suppress a moan when she rubbed her thighs together and felt just how wet she’d become.

“This can’t be turning me on,” she thought to herself, blushing at the realization that she was actually enjoying wanking the dark-haired boy off. *“Stupid Potter and his stupidly big penis and dumb green eyes like polished emeralds. If the uncouth lout hadn’t decided to speak with his mouth full, I wouldn’t even be here.”*

A little voice in the back of her head questioned if that was true, and her breath hitched as she felt her slick insides clench at the thought.

“Daphne?” Harry asked.

“Why is this taking so long?” Daphne muttered as her wrist started to get sore.

Harry honestly didn't know how to answer that. On the one hand, this was the greatest thing he'd ever felt in his life, but on the other, between the guilt he felt at having agreed to this in the first place and how Daphne was jerking him, it felt like he could take surprisingly long to get off.

"Dunno," Harry replied, and she scowled.

"Am I that bad at it?" Daphne thought to herself. Always one to pride herself on general competence, she found the idea infuriating and racked her brain trying to think of ways to make it better.

"You swear you're not going to breathe a word of anything you've seen me do since we started speaking to each other to anyone, right?" she asked, grazing the backs of her nails along his shaft warningly.

"I swear!" Harry gasped, and she smirked at his reaction.

"Well, I don't want to be here all night; my parents will ask questions if I'm gone too long, so..." Daphne went to say.

"You really don't..." Harry went to interrupt her when she dropped to her knees in front of him, and he went silent. "Daphne?"

"I want to go home, and I'm not sending you home hard," Daphne muttered. "Warn me before you spill."

"I must be dreaming," Harry breathed as he watched the hottest girl he'd ever seen lean in close until her face was mere inches from his rock-hard cock.

She sniffed as subtly as she could, silently approving of how clean and pleasant he smelled, and figuring this was the simplest way to send him along with some assurance that he'd keep quiet, she opened her mouth.

"This would be the one detail that would make the story completely unbelievable even if he did blab," she thought to herself. *"Daphne Greengrass working in a crude muggle restaurant is one thing, but sucking his cock? No one would buy it, and he'd make himself look like a pathetic fantasist."*

That was what she told herself as she leaned in further and placed the head of his oversized cock on her tongue, ignoring the way that his desperate moan made her inner walls flutter.

"Oh, fuck," Harry groaned, his hands going straight to her head.

She glared at him, gently grasping his balls warningly, only to shiver as she felt him throb on her tongue in response. His hips jerked involuntarily, and a few inches of his shaft slipped inside her mouth, wherein she learned that she didn't have a gag reflex.

"This is odd," she thought to herself as he reached the back of her throat and she had no unpleasant reaction at all. *"Granted, I think I only heard half of Darla's explanation, mortified as I was, but I know she said I could gag if I wasn't careful. He tastes perfectly fine too, if a little salty, so his hygiene must be better than the average man's."*

“Shit, Daphne, that’s so fucking good,” Harry groaned, utterly lost in the warm, wet heaven of her mouth. “I’m not going to last long.”

“*Good,*” Daphne thought to herself, feeling pleased in ways she didn’t want to think about at the thought that he was enjoying her efforts. Caving in her cheeks around him, she started bobbing her head up and down, thinking to herself, “*The sooner he finishes, the sooner we can go. That’s the only reason I’m doing this. If it all tastes this neutral and pleasant, maybe I should just swallow it; it’s not like I can spell away the mess he’ll make otherwise.*”

Harry staggered back, pressing himself against the wall, and she followed after him, annoyed at the sudden movement. As she did so, she unwittingly made the bulbous head of his cock hit the back of her throat and, instinctively, swallowed him further into her maw. His reaction was immediate as her nose hit his wiry pubic hair, and he groaned her name like a desperate prayer, cumming harder than he ever had in his life. She felt him throb and spasm against her tongue and swallowed again and again, keeping him lodged so deeply that she didn’t taste him much at all until he pulled back at the last second and spurted the last bit into her mouth.

“*Salty,*” she thought to herself, pulling back and wiping her mouth as, the moment he slipped from her lips, a drop of it dripped down along her chin.

“I told you to warn me,” Daphne hissed, and Harry, panting for breath and looking utterly wrecked, just winced sheepishly.

“Sorry,” he breathed. “Merlin, Daphne, that was insane.”

“At least you didn’t get any on my clothes,” Daphne muttered, looking in the mirror as she washed her hands. “I hope you realize no one would believe you if you told them about this, even after last year.”

“I won’t, I swear,” Harry breathed, looking her up and down and feeling his cock twitch at the sight of her gorgeous form. “Um, Daphne…”

“If you think you’re getting anything more from me…” Daphne went to say.

“I know, I just…would you like me to…return the favor?” Harry asked, and she just blinked at him in confusion.

“Return the…look, Potter, I need to get out of here, so get dressed so I can lock up behind you,” Daphne muttered, and he nodded, shrugging as he reached down and pulled his pants back up.

Stuffing his half-hard cock back into them took a little effort, but as soon as he did, she turned around and led him out, ushering him past her and then locking the door.

“I really won’t tell anyone about today,” Harry said as she returned the key to its hiding spot. “I wouldn’t do that to you, even if I really don’t understand why you seem to think it would be the end of the world.”

“You really don’t understand Slytherin, do you?” Daphne asked rhetorically. “How are you getting home?”

“The Night Bus,” Harry replied, and she glared at him.

“Let me take it first,” Daphne said. “I can’t be seen with you, given everything.”

“I suppose that would also ruin your reputation with the other Slytherins,” Harry drawled, and she whipped around to glare at him.

“It could get me and my entire family killed,” Daphne hissed. “Out here, away from our people, I don’t have to fear as much, but in places where we might be spotted by those who matter...”

“I understand,” Harry nodded, stopping and hanging back as she approached the street. “Good night, Daphne.”

She just grunted at that and drew her wand, making sure that he was sufficiently obscured by shadow before holding it out to summon the Night Bus and boarding it. Harry watched her go, his eyes locked onto her incredible legs, and wondered if he shouldn’t eat at Hooters again, all while, miles and miles away, a certain Dark Lord panted for breath, wondering what in the world the soul-searing pain he’d felt a few minutes earlier was.