

Indecent Proposal

Chapter 9

Daphne Greengrass set her shopping bags down just inside the doors of the manor. She kicked them aside with the heel of her boot, already annoyed by the weight of them and the memory of how much she'd just spent. The House Elves would deal with it and take them up to her room. She peeled off her leather gloves, dropped them on the pile, and stalked into the house with her head held high and her hips swaying.

The halls were quiet in that uneasy way that always made her suspicious. There should have been some sound. Maybe a distant clatter in the kitchen, the low hum of Astoria's endless, brain-dead pop music, or at least the sound of Harry bitching about how much gold she is spending, but the house was silent. Daphne paused, rested her hands on the curve of her hips, and listened. Upstairs, there was a faint, high-pitched noise, but the sound was too muffled to make out what it was.

She walked up the main staircase with the elegance of a catwalk model. Halfway up, she heard it more clearly. It was the unmistakable creak of a mattress. The creaking quickened and slowed in an irregular rhythm. Then she heard Astoria's breathy, needy voice. Daphne rolled her eyes and huffed in irritation.

She crossed the landing with quick, determined steps. The moaning was coming from Astoria's room. Daphne recognized the sound immediately. Astoria was gasping and giggling with the attention-hungry desperation of a party girl who never took accountability for her actions. Daphne gritted her teeth and listened to Astoria moan like a whore. This went on for more than a minute, and each moan was louder than the last. She reached out and pushed the door open with her fingertips, bracing herself for the sight inside.

The first thing that hit her was the smell. It was a musky blend of perfume, sweat, and the thick, heady scent of wet pussy. Next to hit her were the sounds. She heard the dull slap of flesh, the mattress springs working overtime, and the loud, wet squelch of an eager pussy being fucked. It was like a zoo in here.

On the bed, Astoria lay on her back, folded nearly in half. Her thighs were pinned up and over Harry's broad shoulders. She was naked except for the silver nipple studs and a single, diamond-studded anklet. Both were glittering in the bright noon light that spilled through the tall window. Her legs were spread so far apart that the soles of her feet nearly touched the headboard, and her hair was a messy tangle around her face. Her eyes skipped over Astoria and landed on Harry's form. The muscles in his back and arms flexed as he fucked her with a slow, ruthless tempo.

Harry didn't look up when Daphne entered. He was too busy getting his cock wet. His cock was as thick as Daphne's forearm, and it moved in and out of Astoria's body as he explored every

inch of her slutty hole. Each time he drew back, his cock was smeared with a glossy coating of Astoria's juices, and each time he pushed in, Astoria made a little O with her lips and squeezed his arms tighter. Daphne's stomach lurched.

Astoria's eyes snapped open. She saw Daphne, recognized the cold, cutting look, and smiled wickedly. Her voice dropped a full octave. "Welcome home, Daph. Care to join?" she said, her voice husky and shaking with each thrust. Harry's hips never stopped, and Astoria's toes curled against his bare back.

Daphne flicked her gaze over Astoria, then over Harry's thrusting ass before moving back to Astoria. "How did I know that the moment I left this house, you'd be legs-up for the first warm body that came knocking?" Her words had an edge like broken glass. "You must be so proud."

Astoria grinned even wider. "Don't be jealous, Daph. I have needs too." She yelped as Harry, who hadn't said a word yet, picked up his pace. His head was down, and sweat beaded on his neck as he focused on pounding her sweet pussy. Astoria's whole body jostled with the impact, and she bit her lip to keep from screaming.

Daphne stepped into the room and took up a position by the dresser. "You're so damn annoying, Astoria." She folded her arms, squeezing her tits together, and glared at her.

Harry finally glanced up with a lazy smile. "Good morning, Daphne." His voice was casual, like he was greeting her at breakfast. "You're back early."

Daphne pretended to ignore his cock driving in and out of Astoria's sloppy, wet pussy, but her face flushed pink at the sight. "Evidently not early enough," she shot back.

Astoria, desperate now, grabbed a fistful of Harry's hair and pulled him down for a kiss. Their mouths smashed together, and her moan was muffled by his tongue. Harry pulled back, leaving her breathless, and drove himself deeper, rocking the bed so hard it creaked under their weight.

Daphne watched with irritation as Harry's hands slid down to Astoria's ass, lifting it off the sheets and using it for leverage. Her body folded up even tighter, and her knees were nearly to her ears. Every time Harry pushed in, Astoria's back arched, and her chest heaved. The studs in her nipples caught the light and gleamed, drawing Daphne's eyes to her jiggling tits.

Astoria tilted her head back and fixed Daphne with a look of pure, reckless delight. "You're so tense, Daph. I bet you're wet from just watching us." Her words dissolved into a squeal as Harry pounded her harder, his balls slapping against her ass with each stroke. The air was thick with the wet, sticky sound of their fucking.

Daphne's voice trembled, but she did her best to hold steady. "Maybe I'm just disgusted that you're fucking your way through my boyfriend."

Harry looked at her again, this time raising an eyebrow. "He's not your boyfriend, Daph. He's your employer." Astoria said with a soft laugh, and Daphne wanted to slap her face.

Daphne lost her grip on her sarcasm. "You're an insufferable slut, Astoria. If you wanted to spend your days getting railed, you should have become a Knockturn Alley whore." She huffed and spun on her heel, storming for the door.

Behind her, Astoria's breathing grew ragged. She cried out, and her hands twisted in the bedsheets as Harry fucked her through the building orgasm. Daphne didn't need to look to know that Astoria was cumming, and that her body was convulsing. Her shriek of pleasure told her everything she needed to know. She slammed the bedroom door behind her, but the sound did nothing to cut off the chorus of moans that followed.

Astoria's legs kicked out wildly, knocking one of the decorative pillows off the bed. Her toes curled, and her whole body seized up as Harry ground her into the mattress. He slowed his pace, then slammed into her with a single, final thrust that made the entire four-poster shudder. Astoria screamed, then collapsed limply onto the sheets.

Harry withdrew, panting while his cock dripped with a mess of Astoria's cream. He ran a hand through his hair and glanced at the door. "She's going to be furious with you," he said, more amused than worried.

Astoria rolled onto her side and wiped sweat off her brow. "She'll get over it. She always does." She smiled at Harry, her eyes glassy and her face pink and shining. "Maybe next time you can fuck her while I watch."

Harry shook his head, but he didn't say no. He reached over, grabbed Astoria by the chin, and kissed her again. She giggled against his lips, then pulled back and stretched, letting her entire body sprawl out on the sheets.

Daphne, meanwhile, stomped down the stairs, each step radiating her fury through the wood and stone. She didn't even notice the House Elves cowering as she passed. She made for the kitchen, yanked the fridge open, and stared inside, fuming.

Upstairs, Astoria purred, "God, that was amazing." She looked down at her glistening thighs and licked her lips. Harry reached over and tweaked one of her pierced nipples. She squeaked and grinned at him, arching her back to make her perky tits look even better. Harry bent down and sucked one of her pierced nipples into his mouth, making Astoria moan.

A minute later, the faint sound of Daphne's heels echoed up from below. Astoria cackled and called out, "Come back, Daph! I'll share!"

Daphne slammed the kitchen door, and the entire house practically shook.

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Daphne sprawled across the wide mattress with her knees cocked, her hair fanned out on a pillow, and a thick copy of Witch Weekly balanced on her stomach. She wasn't reading it. The pages twitched under her fingertips, but her eyes were stuck on an unread paragraph, unseeing and annoyed. She turned a page every thirty seconds without even thinking. She wore a short white silk slip that exposed the majority of her shapely thighs. Her legs looked impossibly smooth, and her skin was pale and flawless. One foot dangled off the side of the bed, pedicured and perfect as always.

A shadow fell across the sliver under the door. Harry didn't knock. He nudged the door open with his shoulder and leaned into the frame. "That was one hell of a show you put on," he said in a soft and easy voice.

Daphne's eyes flicked up, then instantly went back down. "You can't possibly be proud of yourself," she replied, not bothering to hide the contempt. Her voice was icy enough to fog glass. She turned another page so hard it nearly ripped.

Harry crossed to the bed. She could feel his eyes on her, but she ignored it. He let the silence fester until she looked up at him again. He grinned. "I'm not the one who had a full-scale meltdown because Astoria was getting dicked good and proper," he replied.

Daphne pursed her lips and flipped another page. "If you're looking to be congratulated, you're in the wrong bedroom."

"Who said anything about congratulations?" Harry said. He sat at the foot of the bed, careful not to touch her. He had a way of taking up more space than he actually occupied, and even from a few feet away, his presence filled the room. She could smell his aftershave. It smelled woody and expensive.

She shifted her legs and angled her body away from him. The silk slip rode up her thighs, and her smooth, hairless mound pressed against the fabric, creating the faintest shadow of a camel toe. She saw him glance, and her mouth curled into a cruel smile. "You're disgusting," she muttered.

"I just know what I like," Harry replied with a teasing smile. He reached for her foot that was dangling over the edge. Daphne tried to pull it away, but his hand closed gently around her ankle. She let him, but only because she wanted to see where he was going with this.

He started to knead her foot with his thumbs. She felt the calluses on his hands, which were a side effect of his Quidditch days and, more recently, whatever it was he actually did now. The pressure was perfect, and she could have melted into the mattress if she allowed herself the luxury. Instead, she shot him a withering glare. "This isn't going to work," she said. "You can't massage your way out of being a complete idiot."

Harry shrugged and kept working on her foot. He pressed his thumb into her arch and rolled it in little circles. Daphne gritted her teeth. She was not going to moan. She refused to give him the satisfaction.

“Relax,” Harry said in a smooth voice. “You’ll pop a vessel if you keep clenching like that.”

Daphne snapped the magazine shut and tossed it onto the nightstand. She tried to yank her foot back, but Harry held on, drawing her heel into his lap. His hands were big and warm, and he was slowly working his way up her calf. Her cheeks instantly flushed pink.

He moved higher, massaging her calf with both hands. “You really do have incredible legs,” he said, not even trying to be subtle.

She crossed her arms under her breasts and glared at the ceiling. “Did Astoria tell you to say that so I would stop being mad at her?”

“Nope. She’s too busy napping off the best orgasm of her life,” Harry said. “You, on the other hand, could use a little stress relief.” He dug his fingers into the meat of her calf muscle, working her tender flesh. Daphne bit her lower lip, and her face suddenly felt hot.

“You’re a pig,” she said in a shaky voice.

“I’ve never pretended to be otherwise,” Harry replied. He bent her leg at the knee and pressed a thumb to the soft, ticklish spot behind it. Daphne sucked in a breath and almost accidentally kicked him in the face, but he was quick. He let out a wicked, knowing grin. “Sensitive?”

She yanked her leg away and pulled her other foot under her, sitting cross-legged on the bed. The slip bunched up so far that her panties were visible. They were black lace with a little silk bow at the top. Harry’s eyes lingered there, and she slapped his arm. “Eyes up here, you absolute cretin.”

Harry met her gaze with a lazy smile. “You’re beautiful when you’re angry.”

Daphne rolled her eyes and snorted. “If you came up here to grovel, you’re not doing a very good job.”

He laughed. “Groveling isn’t my thing.” He leaned forward, placed his hands on her knees, and stared her down. “You want to know what my thing is?”

“Surprise me,” she said, her words dripping with sarcasm.

Harry slid his hand up her bare thigh, starting at her knee and moving toward the hem of her slip. She didn’t move. He paused just below the hem, caressed her bare skin, and waited. When

she didn't slap him away, he kept going. He ran a slow, featherlight path along the inside of her thigh, drawing tiny circles as he went.

Daphne tried to stay still. She set her jaw and stared into the distance, ignoring the warm, dizzying pleasure that radiated from his hand to the rest of her body. She would not give him the satisfaction of hearing her moan. Absolutely not.

"You know, if you're going to seduce me, at least try not to act like such a prat," she said, her voice steadier than she felt.

Harry's fingers reached the edge of her panties. He could feel the heat from her pussy, and he pressed his hand gently against the mound. The fabric was hot and a little damp. He raised an eyebrow. "You really want me to stop?" he asked teasingly.

She glared at him. "I want you to go to hell."

He grinned wider. "That's not a no."

He teased the bow at the top of her panties, pulling it so the waistband pulled away from her skin. He then slid his hand over her pussy, letting his fingers stroke the crease between her lips through the fabric. He felt the shiver move up her body, and he saw the way her nipples stood out against the silk of her slip.

Daphne let out a strangled noise, like she was about to curse him out, but the words died on her lips. Harry leaned in, close enough to smell her shampoo, and said, "You don't have to pretend. It's just us."

She squeezed her thighs together, trapping his hand. "Just because you're the only person in this house with a cock doesn't mean you can fuck us whenever you want," she snapped.

Harry shrugged. "You girls have never denied me before," he reminded her. He pressed the heel of his palm against her clit and slowly rubbed circles over it, and Daphne bucked her hips without meaning to. Her traitorous body rebelled against her.

"Asshole," she muttered, even as she opened her legs a little.

He slipped his hand inside her panties, and his fingers glided over smooth, hairless skin. The lips of her pussy were soft and already wet, and her clit throbbed under his thumb. He dipped his fingers between her folds and teased the entrance, then circled back to rub her clit with his damp fingertips.

Daphne whimpered pathetically. It wasn't a sound she wanted to make. She reached down to slap his hand away, but instead her fingers wrapped around his wrist, holding him in place. Harry watched her face. He loved the way her anger melted into lust, and how her cheeks

flushed and her eyelids fluttered. She was no longer pretending that she didn't want it. She was lost in it, and Harry chuckled.

"Fuck you," she hissed, but she bucked her hips against his hand, smearing it with her juices.

Harry laughed softly. "I thought you wanted me to go to hell."

"I do, but I'll allow you to fuck me before your trip," Daphne replied, her voice thick and lustful. She stared him down, daring him to do his worst.

He slid two fingers inside her, curling them so the tips pressed against the sweet spot inside. Her pussy clenched around him, greedy for more. His thumb never stopped circling her clit. He set a steady rhythm, sliding in and out with slow and deep thrusts. Harry then started to finger fuck her faster as her hips rocked to meet him.

Daphne tried to hold onto her composure, but it was gone. She dug her nails into his forearm and started panting, her breath shallow and shaky. "You absolute bastard," she gasped.

Harry moved closer, his mouth right next to her ear. "Stop acting like you don't love it," he told her, and sucked on her earlobe.

She shuddered as her pussy sucked on his fingers. She arched her back, and the silk slip rode high, exposing her entire lower half. Her panties had slipped aside, and he saw every detail of her perfect pussy. He saw her smooth mound, the wet pink slit, and the way her clit glistened as he stroked it. He bent his head and kissed her neck, biting just enough to leave a mark.

Daphne moaned, twisted, and her heels dug into the mattress. She tried to sound annoyed, but the sounds coming out of her mouth were pure, helpless pleasure.

"You're the worst," she said, but then she bit her lip to stifle a cry of pleasure. She came hard, and her pussy clenched and milked his fingers. Her whole body shook with the force of her orgasm. Harry kept going, working her through it, and loving the way she fell apart in his hands.

When she finally stopped spasming, she went limp and exhaled hard. Her hair was a mess, her face flushed, and her slip was tangled around her waist. She glared at him, but it was weaker now. "You're not even that good," she lied.

Harry laughed and withdrew his hand. He looked at his fingers, glistening with her wetness. Daphne watched, mesmerized and disgusted by his perverse behavior. Harry pulled off his shorts, leaving his body completely naked. He slid up the bed, straddled her hips, and pinned her wrists above her head. She squirmed, but it was all for show. Harry kissed her deeply, and her mouth opened to him instantly.

He broke the kiss and looked down at her. "See? That wasn't so bad," he said, grinning.

Daphne rolled her eyes. "Don't get cocky."

He pressed his hips against hers. She could feel his massive cock resting against her belly and delicate mound. "That ship has sailed," he said.

He let go of her wrists and slid his hands down her body, peeling the slip off over her head. She arched her back to help him, her breasts heaving and her nipples rock hard. Harry tossed the slip aside and kissed his way down her chest, taking a nipple between his teeth and rolling it with his tongue. Daphne moaned and clawed at his back.

He kept moving down her stomach, kissing every inch. He hooked his thumbs in her panties and pulled them off, leaving her completely bare. He spread her legs and settled between them, staring at her pussy for a long moment before lowering his mouth to it.

He started slow, licking her clit in long, flat strokes. He could taste her musky flavor, and he groaned against her flesh. Daphne grabbed his hair and pulled him in harder against her bare pussy. "Don't you dare stop," she ordered.

He sucked her clit between his lips and massaged it with his tongue. He slid two fingers back inside her and curled them, hitting her g-spot every time. Daphne came almost instantly, and her thighs clamped around his head while her heels dug into his back. She cried out loudly and held him tight to her quivering body until she finished cumming.

When it was over, she collapsed back and let go of his hair. Harry climbed up and kissed her, and she tasted herself on his lips. She let out a shaky breath and smiled with satisfaction.

"I still hate you," she said, but she pulled him down for another kiss anyway.

Harry chuckled into her mouth. "Liar," he said, and she let out a bright and genuine laugh for the first time all day.

Harry lay between her spread legs and continued to kiss her. The air was heavy with the smell of sex, and Daphne couldn't even remember what she'd been angry about.