

It was taking every ounce of her focus just to keep herself under control. Consequently, she hadn't heard more than half the words that left her mother's mouth in the last half hour, "And for colors, I was thinking black, silver and green." It was her wedding and she'd added almost nothing to the conversation, though in all fairness, she had a good excuse. *Even if my mother has no bloody idea. Thank Merlin.*

Harry was sitting beside her, his hand innocently on her thigh. In the weeks since that first contentious encounter, those little affectionate touches had become commonplace. He'd put her in her place, and she'd come to find out that he was exactly the sort of man that he presented himself to be. *With a few... wonderful exceptions.*

He didn't sound angry at the choice, more fondly exasperated. "Come on, Annabel, not everybody there is going to be a Slytherin nor will they be Gryffindors, so I wouldn't expect you to go right to crimson either. Perhaps something more neutral? Purple would still go quite nicely with silver and black, wouldn't it, dear?" He was looking at her as his thumb brushed against her skirt.

Daphne had to stop herself from biting her lower lip just looking at him as she did her level best to keep her voice even, "Sounds lovely." He was so calm when she was teetering on the edge of pushing him down on the ground and mounting him right there. *Mother be damned.*

"Any preference on a shade?" Her mother asked, oblivious to her daughter's growing need.

"Whatever you think best." He threw a charming smile her mother's way, and the woman ducked her head, pleased by the response. Daphne barely noticed, too caught up looking at his face. It wasn't the first time in her life that she stared, far from it, but she'd never done it quite so blatantly before. Unlike many of her housemates from school, she was a proper Slytherin and knew the importance of subtlety. But now that she didn't have to hide her interest in him, she could do it as often as she wanted. *And Cor, if I don't mind taking advantage of it.*

If her mother was paying close attention, she would've noticed as her husband-to-be slipped his hand discreetly into his pocket and took hold of something within. Daphne knew it was a small, rune-engraved stone. The effect was immediate, though only she was fully aware of it.

Daphne's piercing blue eyes widened only minutely as the vibrations against her throbbing clit nearly doubled. Her mother knew absolutely nothing because the magical little toy, which was hooked into her snug hole with an extra little bit that was tormenting her clit, was silenced. The only indication of the change was the little squeak that escaped involuntarily.

"Did you say something, sweetheart?" Her mother looked up from what she was doing. Daphne was forced to look away from Harry, but not before she caught that slight upturn of his lips at her expense. *I'm going to kiss that smug expression right off your stupid, handsome face when we're done here.*

"Nothing," Despite the pleasurable assault that was happening to her sex, she managed to keep her voice steady. She was one of the brightest witches of her age, and that might have been the most incredible feat of her life.

It earned her a quirked eyebrow in return, but no further comment, "Alright, now what about the cake? Daphne tells me you like treacle, I was thinking there might be some way to incorporate that."

Harry looked touched that she'd noticed that detail about him. *Please, as though every girl in the school didn't know about your love for treacle tart.* Still, not nearly as many had confided that fact to their mothers when they told them about the boy they fancied. There was a reason, why unlike her father, her mother was ecstatic for her when the name arrived telling them who she was going to marry.

Daphne tried not to blush at his attention, even as he replied to her mother, "That would be perfect, thank you. But the cake isn't just for me, it should be something that Daphne likes as well."

When he first arrived at their manor after the announcement, her mother rightfully expected Daphne to be enthusiastic, considering the number of times she'd told her of her interest in the young man by her side. So, she'd been more surprised than anyone by the frosty reception Daphne gave him. *Totally, worth it.*

Fueled by a mixture of pride and self-doubt, Daphne had been less than welcoming to her betrothed. And been subsequently put in her place in the best way possible. Just the memory of it had her rubbing her thighs together, which wasn't the wisest thing considering it only added to the already constant stimulation going on.

But that was why her mother grinned, she couldn't be happier with how they were getting along, and she was unable to hide her own enjoyment as she looked between them, "Oh, well, Daphne loves something with a bit of crunch, perhaps a praline to go along with it."

At Harry's furrowed brow, Daphne explained, "They're caramelized nuts."

"Ah," He squeezed her thigh, "sounds delicious."

Her mother looked down, making more notes and unintentionally giving Harry another perfect opportunity to continue her wonderful torment. Those tantalizing vibrations lessened for just a moment, before they spiked back up harder than ever before, then back down, then back up. She reached over and slapped her hand down against his thigh, digging her nails into the muscle there.

Her eyes were pleading as she panted needily. She didn't know what exactly she was pleading for, if she were honest, for it to stop or for it to continue. The decision was made for her as it pulsed seven more times before her mother looked back up. The moment her eyes were on them it decreased to a dull thrum, barely noticeable if not for the fact that she just reached her peak. Daphne couldn't help it, shivering as she went through a little orgasm.

"Are you alright, sweetheart? You look a bit flush."

"Fine," her voice cracked on the word, but she managed to gloss right over it and her mother didn't seem to notice, "Just the heat, mother." She glanced in Harry's direction furtively and found that he wasn't giving a thing away. *I wouldn't have thought it possible for a bloody Gryffindor!*

It was the middle of summer, and they were sitting on an outdoor terrace where the sun was beating down on them. So, it would've been understandable if not for the various charms keeping the heat at bay. Her mother raised one skeptical eyebrow, "If you say so." She looked between the two of them, "Now, Harry, I was hoping to take you through the grounds, so you know where the ceremony will take place."

“Lead the way.” He stood and offered Daphne his hand. Knowing that her legs were a little shaky, she took it gladly as the thrumming against her pussy mercifully stopped. Annabel led the way as they made their way down from the manor onto the grounds. They weren’t called Greengrass for nothing, generations of her family had a bit of a knack for horticulture and consequently, the grounds were exquisite.

Her mother pointed out little oddities that’d been there for centuries and Harry showed an impressive amount of interest in it all, considering she doubted he cared all that much. *He never was much of a green-thumb, that was Longbottom from our year.* As they walked the grounds, his hand never left her hip unless it was to pinch her bum.

Finally, they reached the end of this little tour, “And here’s where the ceremony will take place.” There was a beautiful gazebo set against the line of the woods just off their property. There were carefully groomed flower beds on each side that led down to it. It’d been one of her favorite places to come and relax since she was a little girl, and she always knew that, so long as she found the right man, it was the place that she wanted to get married someday. For some reason, it all just caught up with her then and she found herself crying.

She tried to wipe it away before anyone noticed, but she was too slow. Quietly, and with a gentleness that made her beam, he pulled her closer by the hip. He didn’t even need to ask anything for her to know he was concerned. She shook her head, blonde locks dancing around her face, “I’m just happy.”

Squeezing her arm, he gave her the sweetest smile, “So am I.” Her heart pounded just a little bit faster at his look.

Her mother couldn’t look more pleased if she tried, “I take it you’ll be happy to have the ceremony here, then?”

Harry looked away from her and to her mother, “It’s perfect.”

“Fantastic,” she looked down at her notes, and gave a satisfied nod of her head, “I think that’s everything for today.”

“Thank you, Annabel. You’ve been wonderful.” Daphne couldn’t agree more. *I don’t want imagine this whirlwind process without my mother.*

“It’s my pleasure.” With that she walked by them, and back up toward the house, but not before turning back with a sly, knowing look in her eye, “I know dinner shouldn’t be for a few hours yet, plenty of time for Daphne to show you around the rest of the grounds.”

Harry looked at her and gave her smile that went right to her core. There was a naughty promise in it that made her flush again, “I’d like that.”

Daphne couldn’t help but wonder if her mother knew exactly what sort of thing they might get up to. While she shared nearly everything with her over the years, the details of her newfound sex life seemed a step too far. Ignoring that, for the moment at least, Daphne focused on her betrothed, “It’d be my pleasure.”

The look in his captivating emerald eyes told her that, yes, it most certainly would be. Feeling impatient, but a bit playful especially after all the teasing she’d suffered, she knew just the place to take him.

Grabbing his hand, he followed behind her with a chuckle as she pulled him toward the eastern side of the manor, "Someone's in a hurry."

*You would be too!* Waiting for them was a perfectly kept hedge maze. One that she knew inside and out, and thankfully nothing like the one he'd entered in their fourth year. When they reached the entrance of it, she could see he there was a bit of hesitation in him, "Don't worry, I promise there's no sphinxes or blast-ended skrewts, or portkeys waiting for you in there." She could see he still wasn't fully convinced, and she could understand why. *Traumatic experiences like that tend to linger even when you try your best.*

But this place had nothing but good memories for her, and she wanted to share that with him. *And make the best one yet, too.* So, she grabbed hold of his collar and pulled him down into a searing kiss, one that was driven by hours of want. When she pulled away, his eyes were dark, and she was half-tempted to give up on her little game from the sheer sexiness of that look. *No, where would the fun in that be?*

Instead, she moved to his ear and whispered low and husky, "This time the only thing that'll be waiting for you in there... is me." With that she pulled away from him and shot into the maze. Hundreds, maybe even thousands, of times, she'd made her way through those towering hedges. She knew it like the back of her hand, she could tell you every twist and turn like it was nothing. So, it wasn't hard for her to lose him.

While she wanted him to chase her, she was also eager to be caught. After a few minutes of racing around, she stopped herself against one of the inner walls and waited. As she found out a few seconds later, Harry didn't have any intention of finding her conventionally. Instead, the pesky little thing stretching her pussy, that she'd ignored if not completely forgotten about, spiked.

Ever so slowly, it climbed. She succeeded in holding the moan... at first. Biting her bottom lip so hard she thought it might bleed, she found herself clutching at the hem of her dress as it reached a frequency that seemed impossibly. It was all too much, "Unh..." She tried to shut herself up by biting down on her hand, but the damage had already been done.

A few seconds later, she could hear footsteps before he turned the corner in front of her. Just the sight of him there, his handsome face with a slightly cocky smirk on his lips made it hard not to cum, but she held it in. He walked horribly slow, and those vibrations fluctuated up and down, until he was standing right in front of her.

"Oh... please..." She was desperate for that peak, but she didn't want this one to be because of the toy alone. Without saying a word, he leaned in and kissed against her slender neck as his hands went to the strap of her shirt. He pulled it down to reveal a diamond-hard little nipple to the warm summer air. He pinched the sensitive nub between his fingers and twisted.

That was enough to set her off. Her legs trembled and she had a hard time standing. Harry wrapped an arm around her waist to keep her upright as she moaned and twitched through that wonderful peak. Her hand dug into his arm to steady herself as he kept nipping at her neck. It was fantastic, and as she came down from that high, she couldn't believe her luck. *Never thought I'd be happy about something the Ministry did, but here we are.*

As she rested her head against his chest, she felt his hand drift down to her skirt. He bunched it up so he could get at her pussy. The vibrations stopped suddenly as he took hold of that wonderful toy, and pulled it free of her tight twat. There was a lewd little pop that made her push her head more deeply into his chest in embarrassment.

There was a sheen of her cum on it as he brought it up into the sunlight. In that same moment, she felt him press against her thigh, hot and hard through his trousers. There was a swell of pride in her chest that she could do that to him. That she could make him so horny. *He certainly does it to me.*

“Merlin, you absolutely covered it,” He pulled back and moved the toy toward her lips. Without being told, she parted her pouty lips and sucked her own juices from it. The growl that came from low in his chest went right to her core, “Fuck... you’re my perfect little snake slut.”

“Yes... yes...sir... all yours.” Normally, she was a perfectly reserved pureblood heiress, but Harry made her feel free in all the best ways. She wanted to be his. *I suppose it’s a good thing that we’re getting married then.*

“That’s right, all mine. My wife.” He gave her the sexiest smile before turning her around. She gasped as he pushed her against the hedge and was surprised to find that it didn’t sting. In fact, it was cushioned. *How thoughtful.* Even their first time, he hadn’t hurt her when she’d done everything in her power to rile him up. Daphne still enjoyed being a bit bratty at times, if only because it always seemed to end up in her having a fantastic time.

Though that wasn’t the approach she was taking today. The sound of his belt-buckle coming undone made her shiver in anticipation. He didn’t even push his trousers to the ground before he pulled his rock-hard cock out. *Slap.* There was a wet spot on her skirt as he let his meaty length smack against her bum cheek. His slit was dripping with precum he wanted her so bad.

As he flipped up her skirt, she knew the moment that he found her little surprise. His cock throbbed against her now bare cheek, and he heard him take a sharp inhale of breath. He knew full well about the toy that now laid discarded on the cobblestones of the hedge maze, it’d been his idea, after all. What he didn’t know about was the plug that was currently stretching her puckered hole.

The plug wasn’t anything ridiculous, barely over an inch in diameter and only about three inches long. Not that he could see that. But what he could see was that the base of it was shaped like a golden lion that just happened to look just like the one depicted in the Gryffindor crest. It also just happened to have green eyes. It was there for one very specific purpose.

“What’s this, princess?” His thumb drifted down to it, and he pressed it in just a little bit deeper.

Daphne’s eyes rolled to the back of her head at the feeling, but she managed to tell him, “It’s going to be your wedding present from me...” She was training her incredibly tight little sphincter so that she’d be able to take his mammoth cock there. Considering he’d already taken one virginity, not that she was complaining, it was the perfect thing in her opinion. *I want him to have all of me and I can’t think of a better time than our wedding night.*

He took a handful of her peachy bum, and groaned low in his throat, “You’re amazing...”

Wiggling her bum against his cock, she giggled out, "I know!" He showed her just how much he thought so as he took hold of his shaft and placed his swollen cockhead against her juicy pussy lips. In one fluid motion, he sank into her welcoming tunnel. Once he had her pulled all the way to his groin, he started bouncing her back and forth on his cock.

"Fuck... yes... so fucking good!" She tried to be quiet, but it was hard when she was getting filled so perfectly. He was big and she had a snug little cunt, so it was always a tight fit. One that they both enjoyed to the fullest every time they fucked, but this was ridiculous. The plug in her bum made her just that little bit tighter so every sensation was turned up.

Then his fingers found their way to the plug again and she saw stars. He started pulling on it so that the flanged end stretched her asshole before pressing it back in. It was making it so that it was pressing rhythmically on the top of his own cock as he plowed into her.

It was far too much for her to take. She screamed loud enough that some birds nearby flew out of the hedge. She started babbling incoherently as her already wonderfully tight tunnel clamped down hard and her tiny bum twitched and flexed. It would've been enough to pop the plug free if it weren't for Harry keeping it in place.

Somehow, her wonderful husband-to-be managed to fuck her through that first orgasm, making it all the better by reaching between her thighs to flick at her oversensitive nub.

Of course, that just sent her cascading through to another peak. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, and she did everything in her power to help him along, throwing her hips back against him. She met every one of his thrusts with one her own, trying to make sure he felt the same exquisite pleasure that she was, "Come on, Harry..." her voice was raspy and blissed out to her own ears, "Cum for your little snake!"

"Fuck..." Much to her disappointment, he pulled free of her still twitching cunny. It was short-lived though as he turned her back around. She happily dropped down and took his crown between her lips, but not before his first rope escaped and drew a line along her beautiful face.

Slick with her juices, she glided both hands along his length as she tried to coax as much cum as she could from his spurting cock. His hand fisted in her golden-blond locks as she did everything in her power to suck him dry. Even when he'd properly filled her belly and had nothing left but weak little pulses left, she kept at it.

It was only when he pulled her off that she gave up. Panting she looked up at him with her pretty blue eyes, and gave him a satisfied smile, "I don't know if I'm going to need dinner now. I think I spoiled it with my favorite treat." With that she leaned into take one last swipe at his cock-slit.

The attention to his sensitive glans made him shiver, "Careful, or we won't make it to dinner at all."

"I can think of worse things," she told him with a naughty little wink. As it happens, they made it to dinner, and it was lovely. But in her humble opinion, her treat, and the dessert that followed, was far better.