

Summary: Daphne Greengrass has always done what's expected of her. Make friends with the people she's expected to. Earn the grades she's expected to have. Etc, etc. Yet when her father announces her betrothal to Theodore Nott, she's finally had enough. Deciding that she simply will not enter a loveless marriage without having some fun first, she sets her eyes on the one person she knows her parents would never approve of: Harry Potter.

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Chapter 5: Death of a Peace of Mind

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"Mmm~ That feels nice..." Daphne murmured sleepily.

The soft caress between her legs sped up by the tiniest bit at her groggy, sleep-filled words. A small moan of pleasure escaped Daphne's lips, enough to rouse her further from her slumber and shift onto her back.

Now with easier access to her supple cunt, the hand between her legs made its move. The feeling of two thin digits parting her folds had Daphne's breaths coming out in short gasps. As they slowly spread her innermost walls apart, another digit joined the fray, this one thicker and pressing against her moistened clit with light pressure.

Another moan escaped her mouth, longer and heavy with lust as her body was subjected to such wonderful pleasures.

"Oh M-Morgana!" She gasped, finally opening her eyes to the dim darkness around her. "Faster H-Harry please!"

A gravelly chuckle emanated from beside her as a face leaned forward to nuzzle her neck. "So demanding. I don't think you're in a position to give order's princess." Harry teased, accentuating his words with a hook of his fingers against her G-Spot.

Daphne's body lurched from the sudden spike of intense pleasure. His fingers continued their lazy pace, rocking in and out of her soaked quim while his thumb teased her clit.

"H-Harry pl- oh fuckkkk!- Please! Faster!"

“Hmm.” He intoned in her ear, the heat of his breath washing over her neck and making her shiver with delight. “Why should I? I have you right where I want you.”

Another hook of his fingers and Daphne was once again spasming as she was brought so very close to the brink...but not enough to truly tumble over that oh-so-sweet edge. Her moans were akin to sobs now. A mix of her pleasure and anguish as Harry refused to heed her demands.

She tried to roll her hips in defiance, to pick up the pace herself, but every time she did Harry would halt his fingers completely, drawing a whine of disappointment from her lips.

“You’re a p-prat!” She admonished lightly smacking his shoulder as he continued his torturous endeavour.

Harry chuckled once more, shifting slightly to wrap an arm around her thin form until his hand clasped around one of her bare breasts. “Tell you what princess.” He began, the small pet name making her tremble in delight as it always did. “I’ll do what you ask on the condition that I get to do anything I desire to this sexy body of yours after. Deal?”

It was a no-brainer for Daphne really. Sure giving someone that level of control over her would have terrified Daphne barely three months ago, but not anymore. Not with Harry at least.

They’ve done their fair share of sexual exploration with each other over the past multitude of weeks. Well, Daphne more than Harry as the latter had more experiences with the pleasures of the flesh than her, but still, at this point, there was hardly anything that Daphne *wouldn’t* let Harry do to her. At least once anyway.

“D-Deal!” She found herself gasping without even a second thought. Moments after the word left her lips, Daphne’s world exploded with pleasure.

In an instant, Harry’s fingers inside her changed tempo. From a lazy rock to a full-blown hammer inside her cunt. No longer was his thumb rubbing against her clit, but now the pad of his palm was roughly grinding against the small bundle of nerves as his fingers practically vibrated inside her sloppy wet pussy. Daphne cried out, legs thrashing and clamping down around his jerking

hand while her nerves were set alight with pleasure. In mere moments he had her climax already at the cusp, ready to fling over over the edge and drown her in a world of passion. Daphne came with a loud scream that echoed off the stone walls of her secret study room. The spasm of her hips was out of her control entirely. She could feel the large gush of juices that flowed from her cunt and soaked the sheets below. Her mind and body both were overstimulated with a wave of pleasure, locking her joints and muscles, until finally, she loosened. The vestiges of her orgasm ebbed away and slowly her burning lungs eased as she gulped down a few needed breaths.

Then the world shifted.

With a yelp of surprise, Daphne was suddenly tossed onto her back atop one of the many piles of cushions that scattered the room. The pile she landed on was high enough that her legs and bum were held aloft in the air while her head and shoulders were squashed against a thin blanket below. Before she could make to push herself up, a weight settled atop her thighs before, quite suddenly and *forcibly*, her cunt was speared apart by something long and thick. “HNG!” She grunted, her back arching and eyes wide with surprise as Harry slammed into her pussy with little warning.

The surprise didn’t stop there, however. Barely two thrusts into her cunt and Harry was moving her again. Daphne yelped once more as her upper body was forcibly yanked up by her neck. Using one of his hands to hook behind her head, Harry essentially had her folded in half while he fucked her like his own personal toy. She couldn't move even if she wanted to. She was effectively pinned while Harry ravaged her poor little cunt to his heart's content. It was quite nice truth be told.

Unable to move, Daphne was content to simply let her head hang limp as she moaned and squeaked from the pounding her pussy was taking at the moment. Already the underside of her thighs stung from the force of his hips slamming against them. His other hand that wasn’t holding her up was busy too, alternative between slapping and pinching her tits to roughly

flicking her swollen clit. Already her second and third orgasm had passed by at blazing speed, leaving her a gasping mess in Harry's arms. The squelching wetness of her cunt being pounded was the only thing that threatened to drown out her moans. The slickened folds of her cunt created all manner of lewd and adulterated noises.

Suddenly, just as her fourth orgasm began to peak and her head fully rolled back in abject pleasure, the door to their private chamber whooshed open, admitting a somewhat frazzled Tracy.

"Daphne you need to- Oh my!" Tracey gasped, shock falling over her friend's face as she beheld the scene before her.

"T-Tracey! Out!" Daphne cried out in horror, trying desperately to hold back her moans of pleasure as Harry's cock continued to hammer into her. However, it seemed the fates didn't have any plans to end her humiliation sooner. The door opened once more, this time admitting a familiar buxom redhead behind Tracey.

"What's all the shouting about- Oh! Jeez didn't know you could bend like that Greengrass. Looking good by the way Harry!" Susan jeered, closing the door behind her quickly.

At the sound of his friend's voice, Harry finally stirred from whatever lust-induced trance he'd been in and halted his motions. Daphne sighed in relief, quickly pushing her shocked boyfriend away and collecting one of the many blankets scattered throughout to cover herself.

"Awe! And it was just getting good!" Susan chuckled.

"Susan- I- What are you two doing here?" Harry asked, more than a bit bewildered as he quickly collected his own blanket to cover himself.

"And why didn't you bloody knock?!" Daphne added with a note of annoyance. She was just about to cum again when the two girls barged in, so yeah she's a little miffed.

At her words, Tracey bowed her head a little with a guilt look. "Sorry- ah- was in a bit of a rush to get here. I never even considered that the two of you would be-"

“Fucking like rabbits.” Susan finished for her girlfriend. The redhead smirked at the two of them before plopping down on the very cushion pil they’d just been fucking atop of. “Very hot by the way. I’d say keep going but sadly we’re here for a different reason. We’ll let you two get dressed first.” Turning, Susan pulled her girlfriend down beside her.

Daphne raised a brow at the two girls sitting primly before them. “Are you two not going to get out while we dress then?”

“Nope!” Susan said with a slight ‘pop!’ at the end.

Sighing, Daphne turned towards Harry with an exasperated look. In turn her boyfriend merely shrugged in a ‘what can you do?’ gesture before standing, letting the blanket fall free and fully baring himself to the two other girls in the room.

Thankfully, Tracey had the decency to turn away from the sight of her best friend’s nude boyfriend, though Daphne did catch her taking a quick peek at the package hanging between Harry’s leg. Susan on the other hand looked wholeheartedly, grey eyes eagerly raking up and down Harry’s body without an inch of shame as he dressed..

“That’s my boyfriend you’re ogling Bones.” Daphne chastised as she too stood.

Susan chuckled and raised her hands in defeat, turning her gaze towards Daphne instead.

“Tracey doesn’t mind if I just look. It’s quite the sight though I must say.” The redhead said, eyes staring pointedly at Daphne’s chest. Beside her Tracey just sighed and shook her head while Daphne made quick work of collecting the rest of her clothes. Soon enough they were dressed and sitting across from the other couple.

“So what’s this about?” Harry asked. “You two seemed like you had something important to tell us.”

The two girls looked to one another, a silent conversation seeming to pass between them before Susan turned towards them. “Tracey found something on your bed this morning.”

At Susan’s words, the brunette pulled free a dark grey sealed letter from within her robes and passed it over to Daphne.

"It's...from your dad."

"Your dad?" Harry asked with a furrowed brow. "What could he want?"

"I... don't know." Daphne said as she took the letter with no small amount of hesitation. "He hasn't written to me in weeks. Not since- Well...you know..."

"Since he found out about you and me." Harry supplied for her, a scowl affixed to his face as his voice hardened to stone. "Yeah I remember."

A week or two after they made their relationship public Daphne had received a letter very similar to the one she held now. In it, her father discussed in just about every way he could how disappointed he was in her, how she had failed as a daughter and as a Greengrass and even one or two threats to either remove her from the Greengrass family or to replace her in the contract with Stori- not that he ever would. Astoria's blood curse had long stayed his hand from ever involving her in dealings like this. Not because he was sympathetic towards his youngest daughter, but because her blood curse 'damaged her value' for many potential deals he had in mind.

It was all very typical for her father and a reason why Daphne had no qualms discarding the letter without so much as a second thought, yet when Harry had read it he...took offence.

It took her and Hermione both to convince him not to chase down her father and curse him to oblivion. Even then, his anger hadn't cooled for weeks after that. To Harry, whose own parents loved him so much that they sacrificed their very lives so that he may live, a father threatening his daughter like that was unforgivable.

"What does it say?" Harry asked, his voice still icily cool.

Daphne shook her head and quickly tore the letter open. Inside was a weighty document folded neatly. Brow furrowed in confusion, Daphne unfolded the first document, the wax seal of her father's signet ring meeting her eyes first before she took in the rest of what the thick parchment beheld.

It- It was-

Daphne couldn't help it. The laugh that bubbled up from her throat came out sharp and disbelieving. Beside her Harry glanced down at the parchment with confusion, his eyes quickly scanning the page before he pulled back with an even greater expression of pure bewilderment. "Is he fucking serious?!" He asked.

"What? Is he serious about what?" Tracey also asked with a tone of impatience.

Daphne shook her head in disbelief, turning the thick parchment around to show the large golden etched words emblazoned across the top.

Petition of Matrimonial Obligation

House Greengrass v. Houses Potter & Black

"House Greengrass, hereby noted as the petitioner, seeks compensation for the loss of business and personal revenue facilitated by the actions of Heir to Houses Potter & Black, hereby known as the defendant. In this petition, House Greengrass requests certain items be considered and evaluated as partial to the petitioner's claims- He's fucking suing Harry?!"

Tracey cried with disbelief.

Susan made a sound in the back of her throat and leaned closer, eyeing the language of the contract with a keen eye. "No I don't think suing is the right word. More like he's trying to legally force Harry to assume responsibility for the failed marriage contract with House Nott."

"So...what? He's blaming me for mucking it up and wants me to pay reparations?" Harry asked.

Susan shrugged and leaned back. "I don't think so. I dunno, I'm not a solicitor but it looks like he's trying to cut his losses with the Notts and force the marriage contract onto the two of you.

Makes sense from his point of view at least. Despite how you dress Harry, you're the heir to two of the wealthiest houses in all of bloody England. If Cyrus can't get what he wants from the Notts then you're a pretty good Plan B. Especially since you're already fucking his daughter."

"I...Daph'?" Harry asked, turning to her. "What do you make of this?"

Daphne had kept silent while Susan explained the document, so lost in her own thoughts that she barely heard when Harry called her name. Snapping from her reverie she turned and looked back to the document with a frown.

“There’s something else going on here.” She said, wheels still turning rapidly in her head. “Gold wasn’t the only thing he wanted from the Notts. My father is a greedy man, yes, but he’s also cunning. Through the Notts, he was guaranteeing House Greegrass’s protection from the Dark Lord. This-” She said throwing the petition between into the middle of their small circle. “-does the exact opposite. My father is up to something. Something we’re not seeing.”

“What do you suggest then?” Harry asked lowly, his eyes glancing back at the document far more warily now.

Daphne bit her lip in thought, mind working through each scenario. Her father was a fool, but he was by no means cowardly. This wasn’t just some ploy to force her to bow to his whims. He had full intentions to go through with this scheme, but what the scheme was they would need to find out.

“I say its about time I brought you home to meet the family dearest.” Daphne said with a small smirk. “After all-” She held up the document once more. “-we’re to be married soon by the looks of it.”

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Two days later Harry received his very own letter, this one from the ministry itself detailing the acceptance of House Greengrass’s petition and a notification of a pending pretrial date to be selected. A week after that, they had fully formulated their plan and later, with permission from Dumbledore, were making their way off school grounds and apparating to the Greengrass family home.

“Should I know why ‘Stori was sneaking glances at me all during breakfast this morning?” Harry asked as they rode up the long path to her childhood home in one of the family’s personal

carriages. An arse her father may be, but he still stood by protocol and had a carriage drawn and waiting for them at the apparition point.

Daphne shrugged, her maroon dress shimmering softly in the moonlight that slipped in through the carriage windows. "She's probably wondering if we're going to leave here tonight with our father still alive. You do have a reputation love."

"Well she doesn't have to worry." Harry scoffed. "As long as your father plays nice he'll be fine."

Daphne chuckled and patted her boyfriend's hand. "That's sweet of you, but trust me when I say Astoria was by no means worried for our father. She's probably hoping you DO kill him tonight."

"Your family is highly dysfunctional. You know this right?"

Before she could answer, the carriage suddenly lurched to a stop. Outside the windows, Daphne could easily make out the familiar marbled pillars of her family manor, its gilded silver sconces lit aflame and casting a marvellous light all across the gleaming outside stone. Atop the stairs leading up to the main entrance, a familiar tall darkened figure stood, his face an impassive mask that she knew all too well.

"Let's go meet the reason for that then shall we?" Daphne said lowly.

Stepping out of the carriage and into the cool outside air, Daphne allowed herself a moment to collect herself, taking a small steeling breath before her face to slip into an unreadable guise.

Like father, like daughter after all.

She made a point to pull herself close to Harry's offered arm. A childish dig at her father, but a calculated one. Let him think her unprepared. A foolish girl thinking pressing herself against Harry like a lovesick girl was a true act of defiance. It would only serve to blind him to her true motives. Force him to underestimate her like he always has.

"Daughter." Her father greeted with a false smile, yet his voice was as cold as a glacier. "I'm pleased to see you again. Come let me take a look at you."

Daphne said nothing as she stepped forward allowing her father to study her with his pale blue eyes that chilled her blood wherever they gazed. She did not allow her discomfort to show, not

even when he raised his hand to softly cup her cheek, his blonde goatee curling with his mummer's smile- creating a visage of whole insincerity as he spoke. "You're as beautiful as your mother, may her soul find peace."

The first jab on his part. Bringing her mother up never failed to make Daphne's heart clench and set her emotions off in a calamity, but not now. She wouldn't allow them to. Instead, she smiled graciously, bowing her head to her father's gaze.

"Thank you father. May I introduce my date, Harry Potter, Heir to the Houses of Potter and Black."

At this her father's mask slipped the tiniest of fractions, but enough for Daphne to catch the ever-so-slight sneer at Harry's name as he turned to face him.

"Of course. An honor to meet you Mr. Potter." Cyrus said. Another dig towards them, this time breaking protocol at Harry's expense by not acknowledging his titles. This one was expected however and they'd planned accordingly.

Harry stepped forward, hands clasped behind his back and refusing to offer one for a handshake as was custom for a guest. "Likewise Mr. Greengrass. It's wonderful to know that you already see our houses close enough to dispense with titles and accept me as a true friend. I have a feeling that this night will be truly productive and beneficial for us both if things continue with this trend."

Her father's grimace this time was not so easily hidden but they likewise ignored it. Feigning his slip up as a chuckle her father nodded and gestured towards the door. "Of course. Please let us get out of this dreadful chill. Dinner is almost ready."

Daphne allowed herself a moment to take in the familiar halls of her childhood home as they were led inside. While she had very few fond memories of her time within these walls, especially after her mother passed from the same blood curse that now affected Astoria, there were a few she still held close to her heart. The piano in the ballroom where she and 'Stori learned to play under her mother's gentle guidance. The family portrait room where they used to drive their old

house-elf Tinzy mad by drawing ridiculous moustaches on the paintings of many of their pompous ancestors- more than a few who would screech with horror when their limited forms did not allow them to escape the reach of two devious girls.

More and more memories came to her mind, more than she even knew she had here. Finally they arrived at the formal dining room. The long table was already set with gleaming silver cutlery and beautiful white rose floral arrangements. Her mother's favourite and yet another trap set to catch Daphne off guard.

"Please sit." Her father said, gesturing to the two seats already set. As soon as they did, the crystal goblets neatly sat by their plates filled with a deep red liquid. Daphne wasted no time in lifting her glass and inhaling the aroma within. She hummed to herself. Father had actually pulled one of the more expensive vintages from the cellar for this evening. It seems even he wouldn't stoop so low as to serve them piss-poor wine.

"Your letter was most unexpected I must say, daughter." Her father said as he took his own seat at the head of the table.

"Oh?" Daphne intoned with a single raise of a manicured brow. "I would think a letter from your daughter who you sent a copy of court papers to would be most expected."

Her father took a sip from his wine and leaned back. "I was simply keeping you informed of events pertaining to your future my dear, as any good father must. It was not some hidden attack as I can see you so clearly misunderstood it to be." He chuckled.

A lie. An obvious one at that. From the ever-so-small smug smile splayed on his lips, it was clear to see that he wasn't even trying to hide the fact that he was lying.

"Of course father." Daphne smiled. "Though I do hope you understand mine and Harry's confusion when the letter arrived. After all, resorting to court proceedings is a very extreme measure to take for a simple marriage contract."

Beside her, Harry took her hand beneath the table in a comforting gesture. It was needed too, as even with her level of control she could barely conceal her anger over her father's blatant lie about being a 'good father'.

"Perhaps to some, yes." Cyrus nodded, his fingers idly tapping the side of his glass in thought.

"But we are in unprecedented times. A fact that I believe your date is acutely aware of." Her father's eyes flicked towards Harry. "Alliances broken now carry far more serious...

consequences." He finished after a pause, his eyes flicking back towards Harry once more.

"And yet you would risk losing another such potential alliance in order to recompense the one already lost?" Harry asked, surprising her father and her both.

Her father's eyes narrowed just slightly as he locked gazes with Harry. Ice blue met brilliant emerald green in a small standoff of defiance as the two stared back at one another, neither flinching. It lasted but moments and in the end, Harry's experience staring down the deep red eyes of a maniacal dark lord won out as her father looked away first.

"I'm afraid I do not understand." Her father chuckled, the sound dripping with venom.

Harry though took it in stride, reaching forward to sip from his own wine glass with an easy-going expression on his face. "Simple really. What Daphne said about the injunction you filed against my houses is true. It's a very extreme step for anyone to take, especially over a marriage contract. You could have sought me out, contacted me by letter or spoken with my magical guardian and discussed another potential marriage alliance between our houses instead. True, the terms would differ from the original, but it's certainly no secret that the Potter and Black family holdings offer far...far more than the likes of House Nott could ever dream of matching." He paused to look at Daphne, the gentleness in his green eyes made her heart coo with affection as she squeezed his hand with a soft smile. "And I certainly would've given you anything you sought for Daphne's hand because that alone is priceless." Turning his gaze back to her father, his emerald eyes hardened once more, jaw set into a stonelike frown. "Yet you didn't I wonder why that is?"

Before her father could answer, he was saved by the sudden appearance of cooked meats and steaming vegetables on their plates.

“Ah, it seems dinner is ready then. Let us continue our discussion of business after we eat.” Her father said with a smile. “Please enjoy!”

Dinner passed for a while in somewhat stilted silence. Daphne in truth ate very little and drank even less. It wouldn't do to face off against her father intoxicated after all. Harry followed her lead, only taking the occasional sip from his wine and eating even less.

Occasionally she would glance her father's way, searching for some sort of tell or slip-up that would clue them into his plans. Frustratingly enough, he never gave anything away, merely eating with a practised grace.

Finally, when the plates were cleared and they were led from the dining room, the real talks finally began.

“Did Daphne ever share with you the story of how her mother and I met Harry?” Her father asked as he poured himself a glass of deep brown bourbon. Sat within the man's office, Daphne gave her father a sharp look, only Harry's hand on hers stopping her from saying anything.

“She has not, though from what she tells me her mother was a truly wonderful woman.” Harry replied, giving her hand a comforting squeeze.

Turning back to them, Cyrus set two more glasses of bourbon before them before sitting in his leather wing-backed chair.

“That she was.” Her father nodded, a small smile ghosting against his lips. The first true one she'd seen from him all night. “We met at Hogwarts like most. I was two years above her at the time, putting off my studies like any adventurous young man while she was always fascinated with learning. We bumped into each other in the library. I had just snuck out of one of Binns many boorish lectures while she was studying for a charms project.” His smile deepened, eyes becoming more unfocused as he became lost in memories. “I bumped her table in my haste to avoid being caught. Ink splattered all over her parchment and Isabelle- Magic help me, Isabelle

was wroth with fury. She stood, eyes burning with righteous anger and slapped me!” Her father laughed loudly, the sound surprising both her and Harry at the unexpected nature of it. “Never even said a word! She simply slapped me and walked out, hands covered in ink and an angry scowl on her face. I didn’t know it then, but in that moment I fell in love with her.”

Her father’s chuckles died down until that same wistful smile was the only thing that remained. For a few moments, he said nothing, savouring the memories in his head before finally, with a shake of his head he turned back to them.

“Do you know why I tell you this? It is because I want the two of you to understand that I know what it is like when matters of the heart are involved. Think however lowly you wish of me daughter, but I loved your mother, truly. And I’ll never allow anyone to say otherwise.” Cyrus said, looking Daphne deep in her eyes. “You asked me earlier, Harry, why I did not come to you and extend the offer of betrothal to you first. My answer, because I could not risk it. When the two of you...began your courtship, the Notts were furious. They wanted me to punish Daphne, trade her for Astoria, or worse yet give both my daughters to them. I denied them at every turn of course. There was never any term in the contract that forbade Daphne from seeking companionship with others until such time as the wedding after all, so they had no real grievances to seek reparations for. In truth, I believe if you were anyone else, young man, they would have eventually let the matter die out, yet you are of course no ordinary wizard.”

Her father took a breath, swallowing the remaining bourbon in his glass in one go with a small grimace. “Let us not mince words, yes? Your vendetta with the Dark Lord ensured the complete sundering of the contract. No dark family with ties to the Dark Lord would tolerate it, and the Notts certainly have ties to him.”

“Then why make a deal with them in the first place?” Harry asked impassively, his hand still firmly entwined with hers as they sat opposite her father. “Why make a deal involving either of your daughters at all?”

Her father studied him for a moment. "Why indeed." He said. "Why? Because there will soon become a time when deals can no longer be made and only the alliances you have are all that matters."

Harry chuckled and leaned forward, taking the glass before him and drawing a healthy sip from the crystal edge. "You mean when the war starts and Voldemort moves to subjugate the entirety of Magical Britain." Harry sighed and levelled her father with an unimpressed stare. "Take it from someone who's faced him over half a dozen times now. Voldemort does not care what alliances you make. He does not care if you're muggle-born, half-blood, or ever pureblood. He doesn't even care if you're one of the many others who don his mark and kill in his name. At the end of the day, Voldemort only cares for himself and he'll destroy any who he deems a threat."

"You say his name without fear yet you speak like he is some wild animal." Her father replied, his own face going rocky and stoic. "Which is it then? Do you fear him or defy him?"

Harry laughed once more. "Both really. You'd be a fool not to fear Voldemort at least a little bit. He is a truly powerful wizard. Completely mad and fueled by dark intentions, but a powerful wizard indeed. He's not a wild animal either. Voldemort simply feels nothing for anyone but himself. So he kills, and terrorizes, and destroys anything in his path for power. How long before he turns that same power on those who helped him get it? How long before everyone is the enemy, no matter their family name or blood status?" Harry swallowed thickly and glared her father's way. "I defy him because I have to. That decision was made for me a long time ago and if I want my loved ones and I to live I have to fight to make it happen. All of us in this room fear him, even you. But there's only one of us who's chosen to lie to themselves about why we should fear him."

"And that is?"

Harry smirked and took another sip from his glass.

"You think we should fear him because of what he *could* do. I fear what he *will* do." He cocked his head to the side. "Which of us do you think knows his true intentions better? You, another

pureblood lord ready to cower before him. Or me, the only person on this planet who can truthfully say the Dark Lord fears back.”

“You certainly have...given me much to think about.” Her father murmured, his brow set into a hard line. “The betrothal though, if you believe my decision so foolish, then why are you here offering the very same? True the Greengrass family could certainly benefit greatly from the wealth of your houses, and I have no doubt some form of protection against the coming war can be arranged, but is the offer not a hypocrisy at its core?”

Harry said nothing at first, leaning forward against her father’s dark oak desk with a raised brow. “Who says I’m offering that at all?”

“You...are not?” Her father glanced towards her, but Daphne gave him nothing, only a shrug as she smirked back his way.

“You assume I’m here to negotiate some sort of betrothal agreement. I’m doing nothing of the such.” Harry replied. “No, what I’m offering is this. You drop the matter of betrothals and marriages completely for both Daphne and Astoria. The dowries you’d pay for such contracts would instead be given to both girls individually for their own use. In turn, I’d be willing to sign a very generous stock exchange and brokerage deal between House Black and the Greengrass family businesses, as well as a guaranteed sum of double the dowries for each girl paid directly to House Greengrass as a...bonus of sorts.” Harry’s smile faded until his face was morphed into an intense glare. “You wouldn’t be attaching your house to either side of this war and giving your daughters back the right to live their lives how they please. You’ll have the means to protect yourself and your house while I’ll personally ensure the safety of both Daphne and Astoria.”

Her father hummed, his hands steepled together beneath his chin in a look of quiet contemplation. “It is...a very generous offer to be sure.” He said slowly. “And what of the future of House Greengrass. My arrangements with the Notts ensured a child conceived between the union would bear the name Greengrass.”

“Perhaps you should be asking your daughters that instead.” Daphne pipped up with a glare. “I’d have always been willing to bear a child with the Greengrass name and would do it willingly if you’d just let me choose for myself father! I’m proud of our family! Of my name! It’s always been you who has shamed me so!”

“Daphne-” Her father began warningly.

“No! This whole thing ever started because you never let me voice my opinions, so I WILL voice them now!” She shouted. “Harry is giving you everything you want and yet you’re still so adamant to take my choice away! Why?! Is it so bad that I have a say in my life, as you and mother did in yours?! For once in your life just trust that I can make my own decisions! That I can and will do what I can to better our house!”

“And look at what excellent decisions you’ve made so far!” Her father roared, standing quickly with his hands slammed against the desk. “In less than three months your decisions have put a target on all of our backs Daphne! What, you believe because he is suicidal enough to fight against the Dark Lord, you’ve made the right choice?!” He spat, gesturing towards Harry. “Or that because we do not have some pitiful piece of paper claiming a betrothal between you his enemies will not come for us at every turn?! Do not be so foolish!”

“And yet having one tying me to the Notts will protect us?!” She shouted back. “You heard what Harry said, Voldemort does not care about the purebloods or their alliances. If he sees any of us as a threat he’ll kill us regardless! Do you think that’s the solution?! Keeping our heads down enough and praying we’re not seen as too much trouble than we’re worth?!”

“Enough!” Her father roared, pulling free his wand. Daphne tensed, waiting for a spell to come tearing forth from her father’s wand. He wouldn’t kill her or hurt her overly so, but it wouldn’t feel nice either. Yet before his wand could so much as spark with the built-up energy it was suddenly banished from his hand... as was the rest of his body.

Daphne winced as her father was flung back by an unseen force, slamming into one of the many hard bookshelves behind with a painful *‘thump!’*.

He did not fall. Instead, her father groaned under the weight of the force as he was pinned against the wooden shelves. Daphne watched as Harry stood, a look of abject fury on his face as he marched towards her father.

“So that’s what all this was about.” He hissed. “Not about protection, or money, or even some tactic plan of Slytherin cunning. You did all of this because you simply can’t handle not being the one in control.”

“Wh- What are you d-doing to me?!” Her father shouted, his body straining hard against the unseen force yet barely moving an inch.

“I told you Voldemort feared me. Did you really think there wasn’t a reason for that?” Harry scoffed. Like a flash, his hand was suddenly around her father’s neck, wrapping ever tighter as Harry glared venomously towards him. “I could’ve killed you with ease the second you drew your wand. I should’ve killed you actually. Perhaps I’ll correct that mistake.” Just as her father’s face turned a truly worrying shade of purple, Harry suddenly backed away, releasing his grasp with a dark chuckle. “But then I’d be just like Voldemort, wouldn’t I? Nevertheless, it’s obvious to me what sort of man you truly are. Spout whatever story about your wife you wish. Lie about caring for your daughters and preserving your family. In the end, you’re just a raging petulant man who can’t handle when someone makes a better move than him.”

Harry turned, pausing a moment to take his glass and down the contents before, with a wave of his hand, her father fell to the floor with a groan.

“Here’s my new offer. Sign this-” He said holding forth a sheaf of blank parchment “- declaring Daphne the new Lady and Head of House Greengrass and Astoria’s guardian, then go. Take whatever gold you wish and leave Britain, far from your daughters’ lives. If you don’t then sue me all you like, sign as many contracts with as many Death Eaters as you wish, but like you said very soon none of that is going to matter, and I promise you whether by mine or Voldemort’s hand, your bones will be rotting beneath the ground by the war’s end. I’ll ensure it.”

Her father looked to the parchment, then to her, and then Harry as he clutched his aching neck. With a grimace Cyrus yanked the parchment from Harry's hand, writing down the order before signing and sealing it with his signet ring. As soon as he did, the ring fell from his hand and rolled across the floor, landing just a foot away from where Daphne sat. Hesitantly she reached down, grasping the small ring with her fingers before pulling it into her palm. As soon as she did, the ring suddenly jumped once more, bouncing in the air before sliding easily onto her pinky. There was a small golden flash as the ring accepted her. At this Harry nodded, a smile tugging at the corner of his lips before he turned back to her father. "Excellent. Now get out."

"I- What?!" Her father cried.

"Get. Out. This is the Greengrass Manor after all. As Lady Greengrass, that means it's now her manor. So get the fuck out."

Her father looked to her, his usually prim and proper hair now a wild mess as too were his clothes torn and wrinkled. He looked at her hopefully, causing Daphne to only smile.

"You heard him father. Please do leave the premises before I have the wards remove you for me." She said cheerfully.

Her father stared at her shocked for a moment, only standing when Harry moved towards him threateningly. Without a word, Cyrus Greengrass levelled his daughter with one last glare before stomping out of the room, leaving the manor behind and with it his daughters for good...

...It was only when he reached Gringotts did he realised he really should have transferred the family gold into his personal account before signing anything. The goblins, after all, weren't going to let some cranky wizard into the Greengrass Family vault! Nosiree, that'd surely piss off the new Lady Greengrass and they were not about to risk her business!

Back at the manor, long after Cyrus had left and all his possessions either thrown out or outright burned, Daphne was currently busy properly 'thanking' her boyfriend for her new title and wealth.

"Fuck you're eager tonight." Harry gasped.

Below, Daphne only hummed as she took him deeper into her mouth. Her head moved furiously, bobbing back and forth along his length while she used her hand to pump what she could not fit into her gullet. Pulling back with a long slurp, Daphne pushed herself down as far as she could go, taking much of her boyfriend's thick cock down her throat, yet frustratingly enough, failing to swallow down the last handful of inches. She gasped as she was forced to pull away, using her hand to stroke him rapidly while she regained her breath.

"You nearly killed my dad and practically threw him out on his arse in less than a few minutes. That was really *hot*." She giggled. "I do believe we need to broach the subject of betrothals again thought." She said, brushing his engorged tips against her lips as she kissed and licked the sensitive glans of his cock.

"Oh?" Harry said with a moan. "Fuck- Why is that?"

"Hmm, well seeing as I'm now a lady, it's only proper that I have a husband. After all, I will one day need heirs." She paused to take him back in her mouth, sucking hard on his tip while a hard hand massaged his rock-hard shaft.

"Anyone you have in mind?" Harry said cheekily, causing her to roll her eyes and suck even harder on his sensitive cock head.

Smiling at the small gasp that p[roduced, Daphne pulled back once more. "Hmm, one or two I suppose. I hear Theodore is still a bit broken up about our original contract. Perhaps I should meet with him aga- EEP!" She squeaked as she was suddenly hoisted to her feet and bent over the hard wooden surface of her (previously father's) desk. Without warning her dress was roughly yanked to the side and something thick and hard pressed against her entrance.

"Shall I stop?" Harry whispered with mirth.

Daphne bit her lip, those oh-so-familiar words already forming on her lips.

They never said it. The three words so many couples were so eager to say, not sober at least. Neither could remember her words from the night at the bonfire, and in the end, it really didn't

matter if they did or not. After all, they'd been saying I love you for far longer than either of them realize. Since the very beginning really.

"Don't tell me you've lost your nerve already Potter." She murmured back.

"As you wish Greengrass."

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Author's Note

Well, this finale was...something else. It became far more than I expected that's for sure and I'm quite happy with how it ended as well. I hope you all enjoyed this little ficlet as much as I did and be sure to keep an eye out for perhaps a bonus chapter or two ;)

Thanks for reading!