

“Right there...” Daphne groaned low in her throat. Her fingers were tangled in brunette locks. Having Tracey between her thighs always felt good, but as she crested the edge it was like gentle waves against the shore rather than massive swells that she’d experienced with Harry. *And I bloody miss it.*

Neither Daphne nor Tracey had spoken to the Gryffindor golden boy since the last time that they spent a night together. When they’d told him about the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets. *Because he just had to go and play hero again instead of getting help!* She was incensed when she found out about his stupidity and still hadn’t come close to forgiving him. Not that her anger did anything to really dampen her desire for him.

Tracey’s cheek rested on her thigh as she looked up at her, “You’re doing it again.”

“No, I’m not.” Daphne didn’t need to look down to know that there was a cheeky smile on her friend’s face. While Tracey had been just as angry as her when they learned about his annoyingly Gryffindor decision, she’d been much quicker to forgive. *Not that it’s anything new.*

“Yes... you... are...” She sang the words, taunting her with them, “You’re thinking about him again. I know the look... I see it every once in a while, in the mirror.”

“He’s an idiot!”

“He’s a Gryffindor.” Tracey said as though that made it alright, “And you wouldn’t be so upset about it still if you didn’t actually care about him.” That was probably a fair assessment considering they’d already started the next year and she was still ignoring him. The only thing that gave her any solace was the fact he seemed to miss them too, if the times she caught him looking at them were anything to go by.

“You must be joking?!” Daphne knew there was some truth to it, but she wasn’t going to admit it, not even to Tracey, “Since you’ve forgiven him already, you must care about him?”

“Yep, at least a bit.” Tracey didn’t have Daphne’s same stubbornness, or her reluctance to opening up. *Probably because she didn’t grow up around pureblood politics.*

“So, why haven’t you said anything to him then?”

Now it was her friend who looked offended, “I’d never do that to you. We started all of this together, and if it ends, we end it together.” She pinched the inside of her thigh and made her jump, “Not that I’d be anymore happy about it than you are.”

Chewing her bottom lip, Daphne could feel what resolve she had on the matter crumbling, “And what are we supposed to say? We don’t exactly have anything to help him solve this time to entice him.”

“Like I told you after the first time, I don’t think we need to **give** him anything. And after the last time, it’s not as though he wouldn’t be getting something out of it either.” As Tracey stood, she pulled Daphne’s knickers back up her thighs, “But something tells me that won’t be good enough for you.”

“Absolutely not.” Her golden blonde ponytail whipped around her head as she shook her head. It was one thing to admit that she like him to herself, that she enjoyed when she caught him looking at her or Tracey when he thought they wouldn’t notice, it was an entirely different thing to tell him that. *Especially after largely ignoring him for over six months.*

Tracey buttoned up her blouse quickly, and gave her an assured little nod, "Well... I guess that only leaves us one option then."

"You going to tell me what it is?"

"We capture Sirius Black." It was the new term's latest bit of ridiculousness. *Of course, it involves Harry again.*

All she could think to do was snort in disbelief, "Right... because that'll be such an easy thing to do here in the castle."

With an eyebrow quirked, Tracey couldn't help but remind her, "You do realize we helped find the Chamber of Secrets last year... after it was hidden for over a thousand years."

"Alright, fair point," Daphne had to concede it was a rather impressive feat on their part, "But Sirius Black isn't a place, he's a person, and he could be anywhere. There's no guarantee he's anywhere near Hogwarts, they only think he might be because of Harry."

Tracey hummed her agreement, "But let's say that he is, and we happen to be the ones who help catch him... You know it would give us a good reason to speak to Harry again."

"True, suppose it's better than nothing. Not exactly as easy to plan for, or investigate as the Chamber, though." In fact, it would all come down to sheer dumb luck. The sort that Harry benefitted from more than once during his time at Hogwarts.

Though, they weren't going to get what they were expecting either.

Two weeks later, they were back in their self-styled study room, though this time, they actually were doing some studying rather than some of the more fun activities they would get up to. Daphne was just finishing her Charms essay while Tracey did a final edit on her Potions assignment.

"This makes sense, doesn't it?" Sliding the parchment over, Tracey pointed to the explanation in question.

"Yes, you just might to add something about the part that mandrake root plays in the transitional phase between counter-clockwise and clockwise stirring." As she pushed the paper back toward her friend, she heard something in their little corner of privacy. The scurrying of something small, "Did you hear that?"

From the furrowed brow, the answer was obvious, "No..." But there it was again, louder and more anxious, almost like it was responding to her question, "Wait... I heard it that time."

"Must be a rat." Just the thought of it made her skin crawl. She didn't like the vermin in the slightest. It baffled her that any of her fellow students chose rats as their pet. Not that they weren't few and far between compared to the other options. *The only person I know of in our year that has one is Ron Weasley.*

Tracey didn't like the idea of that anymore than she did, "Ew... ew... ew... let's just get it out of here." While Daphne agreed, she was curious how it managed to get in, in the first place. The heavy door barely had a gap big enough to fit a sickle beneath it and it wasn't as though there were any cracks in the walls. *Perhaps a hidden passage that we don't know about.*

They heard the scurrying again, and then scratching. And it wasn't hard to figure out exactly where the rat was at that point, "Looks like it's just as eager to get out as we are to be rid of it."

Hurrying over to the door, Daphne didn't have a second thought about opening it. The rat skittered toward the opening, but what none of them were expecting was for a ruddy, great kneazle, or at least half-kneazle, to pounce on it and throw it right back into the room. *It's almost like it was waiting.* And given kneazles were a highly intelligent breed of magical beast, it wouldn't surprise her if that was exactly what it was doing.

For some reason, Daphne found herself closing the door as both girls watched the kneazle maul the rat. As they kept their distance, Tracey whispered to Daphne, "Do you think we should... stop it?"

She hadn't a clue in all honesty, "Maybe." It was rare that two students' pets would fight in such a manner. And if things kept going as they were, someone would be sorely disappointed. The rat was tossed against a wall by the kneazle and pounced upon, all the great weight of the magical feline bearing down on its smaller body. It was only then that Daphne got a good look at the rat. It was an old, sickly-looking thing. *It must be Weasley's. I remember seeing it in a transfiguration lesson last year.*

Then something happened that neither of the girls would have suspected in their wildest dreams. The rat transformed into a very short man, with thin, colorless hair, and a bald spot on the top of his head. He had the shrunken appearance of a once plump man who'd lost a great deal of weight very quickly. His face still held some of that rat-like appearance, particularly his watery eyes and slightly pointed ears.

Panting, beaten, and bleeding, he managed to grab hold of the kneazle and throw it off him. It thudded against the stone wall nearby, but only hissed in response. He turned beady, pleading eyes toward the pair, "Please... hel..."

Before he could even get the next word out, Daphne's wand was in her hand, "*Stupefy.*" He stilled as the kneazle stalked back toward him. It grabbed around the back of his weathered shirt and tried dragging him toward the door. It was a testament to the beast's impressive size that it was actually managing it, if very slowly.

"Was that not Weasley's rat?" Her friend had deduced the same thing.

"I believe so, yes."

"Merlin, the look on his face when he finds out will be priceless." They both couldn't help but giggle at that.

"Yes... amusing as that might be, what are we going to do now?" There was clearly more going on here than either of them could even begin to understand, and it was hard to know the right course of action.

"Well... I might respect Professor Snape, but I don't trust him."

It was the same thought that Daphne had, "And there's no way we're going to Dumbledore." After the way he'd handled things in the previous years, there was no way she trusted him to do the right thing now.

“Which means no McGonagall either, because that’s the first place that she’ll go.” Tapping her foot as she thought, she came to a decision, “Flitwick then... his office is nearest, and I trust him to at least try and do the right thing.”

“One of us should stay here.”

“Go,” Daphne told her, “I don’t mind staying behind.” With that the brunette headed out, long before the kneazle even got the man halfway. Realizing that it simply wouldn’t work, the clever feline stopped and hurried over to Daphne. It had a squashed face, and a rather grumpy disposition, but intelligent eyes.

For a long second, it felt like she was being judged. Whatever decision it made about her must have been a good one because it moved toward her legs and nuzzled against them before settling and staring at the unconscious man.

The wait was short, no more than ten minutes, but agonizing before the door opened and Tracey came in with Professor Flitwick in tow, “Evening, professor.”

“Hello, Miss Greengrass,” he returned her greeting, “so what’s all this about...” He didn’t need to be told because he was already looking around the room, “Merlin... that’s...” he clearly recognized the man, and was gobsmacked by his appearance, “that’s...”

“Yes, professor?” Their curiosity was piqued.

“Peter Pettigrew.” The girls shared a look of utter disbelief.

Daphne broke the deafening silence that followed his identification, “That shouldn’t be possible.”

“No... no, it most certainly shouldn’t be.” He looked between the pair of them, “I must go and inform, the head...”

Not bloody likely. Cutting him off before he had a chance to finish, she insisted rather than merely suggested, “You must go and contact, Madam Bones. This is a matter that requires the aurors and she is the head of the DMLE.”

For a moment, the Charms professor simply looked at her, weighing her words, “Yes, I think you’re right.” Tracey sighed in relief, and Daphne had to physically stop herself from doing the same, “If you two will stay here and watch him, I’ll be back shortly.”

They both remained silent as he hurried from the room. Once he was gone, Tracey turned to her, “Daphne?”

“Yes?”

“Did we just... do it again?”

She couldn’t hold back the smile even if she tried, “I think so.”

The last two weeks had been a whirlwind from the moment the first of a flurry of special addition *Daily Prophets* arrived in the Great Hall. He didn’t think he’d ever forget the headline or the ones that followed.

Peter Pettigrew Found Alive! Brought in for Questioning at the DMLE!

Trial to Begin November 28th! Black Surrenders Himself for Questioning!

Supposedly, there had been some pushback from Fudge's office initially, but when it was painted as though he were righting a wrong of the previous administration, he was happy to allow things to proceed. And within days, they got the next special additions.

Sirius Black Exonerated! Given a Full Pardon! Pettigrew to Face Life in Azkaban!

Hogwarts Students, Daphne Greengrass and Tracey Davis, to be Awarded Order of Merlin, Third Class!

The last headline he'd been thinking about a great deal since it arrived the previous morning. He wasn't too proud to admit that he fancied both girls. For an affection starved orphan, it was hard not to after the things they'd done together. But since everything with the Chamber went sideways, they'd barely spoken a word to him. *Well, that's going to change. I need to thank them.*

Because what he'd just heard was the best news of his life, "You're serious?"

"Well, yes that is my name." The man across from him smiled as though it was a joke that he'd told hundreds, maybe even thousands, of times before, "But yes, I really mean it. Starting next summer, I'll be your guardian. You'll be staying with me."

"Now really, Sirius, we've talked about this." Dumbledore interjected. They were in the headmaster's office, though he was largely irrelevant to the conversation that was taking place.

"You've said your piece, Albus." It was clear that Sirius didn't regard the headmaster quite as highly as many others, "You have no say in this anymore, you're no longer his magical guardian. Harry won't spend another day with Petunia or that whale of a husband she's married to. He'll stay with me, just as his mother and father intended when they made me his godfather."

Harry's eyes darted over to Dumbledore. He looked ready to protest, but when he caught Harry's eye, he deflated and sat back in his chair, "Very well, Sirius. It's your decision to make."

"Of course, that's only if you want?" It was understandable that he'd be uncertain. Sirius had spent years tormented by dementors, and he looked it, for the most part anyway. His hair and beard were neatly trimmed, and he wore a nice set of robes, but it couldn't hide the emaciation underneath. His cheeks were gaunt, his body frail. He was a man who needed time to recover, and that wasn't as easy if he had Harry to worry about too.

"Sounds brilliant." He beamed at his godfather. There was an obvious affection for him in Sirius's eyes that he'd never seen even a glimpse of in the Dursleys'. That alone was enough to convince him it was the right decision.

The tears that threatened to spill at his agreement only assured him further. Subtly wiping at them, Sirius stood, "You don't know how happy I am to hear that. Came here just to tell you. But I'm afraid, I must be off." He coughed to hide the tightness in his voice, "There are still some things that I need to settle at the Ministry, some final signatures that need to be given. But I'll see you soon and write to you again even sooner." He'd sent the first the same day he was declared a free man and sent a new one everyday since, filled with more small tidbits about his parents than he'd heard in three years in the magical world.

Pushing out of the chair, Harry wrapped Sirius in a hug. It was one of the rare times in his life that he'd ever initiated one of them, but he was just overwhelmed, "I'm looking forward to it." For a brief second, Sirius was surprised but he returned it and squeezed him with a surprising strength before they finally pulled apart.

Sirius gave him a watery smile, "I'm going to do everything I can to make it up to you. I promise." He glanced in the headmaster's direction, "Albus." With that he headed toward the door, and down the spiral staircase.

Being of a mind to follow him, Harry headed that way, but didn't get there before Dumbledore spoke, "Harry, while I understand the appeal of what Sirius has to offer, I beg that you consider the ramifications of such a decision."

"You don't make a habit of telling me everything, sir. So, I can't rightly know what the ramifications are, can I?" Harry was still incredibly frustrated with Dumbledore over the Chamber. *I told him where it was, and for weeks he did nothing only to be cast out of the school and leaving me behind to clean up his mess!*

It was a challenge of sorts, for Dumbledore to be more transparent, one he was rather confident that the old wizard wouldn't take. From the way he bounced his finger on the desk, a scowl on his lips, without the usual twinkle in his eye, he wagered that he was right, "Now, will that be all, sir?"

"Yes, Harry, I think it will." Opening the door, he hurried down the stairs down to the second-floor corridor. At the bottom, he found himself smiling and letting out a brief joyous bit of laughter. It just bubbled up out of him when he realized that he was truly free of them. *I'll never have to see Number Four again!*

There were two people to thank for it. Reaching into his bag, he pulled something quite new to him that he only recently learned was, at least in part, made by his father and godfather.

"I solemnly swear that I'm up to no good." The map revealed itself and it didn't take long for him to find them. He had a feeling it was where they'd be.

Hurrying to the enchanted staircase, he waited impatiently for it to arrive before he hurried his way up to the sixth floor and an out of the way room that he had very fond memories of. They were ones that he returned to often when he was alone, and in his dreams as well.

Though he wanted to apologize and explain things after the Chamber, he didn't think they'd want to hear it. So, this was the first time he'd had a good enough reason to return. Walking up to the door, he knocked on it hard. He could hear movement from the other side and Tracey opened it only a fraction, clearly concerned who it might be.

The second that she recognized him, she pulled it open, "Hi, Harry."

"Hi, Tracey." He wrapped her up in a hug, fully aware that was the second time in the same day that he was initiating one and pulled her off her feet as he said into her neck, "Thank you... so much."

Whether she squeezed him back because she actually knew what he meant or simply because she'd actually missed him too, he didn't care. She giggled as she replied, "You're welcome." He gave a brief kiss against the side of her neck, and he was pleased to feel her shiver at the touch.

“Eh... hmm.” A cough drew his attention to the seated blonde in the room, “It wasn’t just Tracey, you know...”

Placing the brunette back down, he made his way over to the blonde. She squealed in a way that he was sure would shock the rest of the school when he pulled her out of the chair and gave her a hug equal to the one he’d given Tracey. He kissed against the crook of her neck, and got a similar reaction before he told her, “Thank you, too... so much.” He pulled away slightly and spoke loudly enough that Tracey could hear too, “Really, neither of you understand what you’ve done for me.”

For a brief moment, she tried to look cross at being so rudely handled, but it fell away without much resistance. Her fingers tickled at the nape of his neck, “Well... you’re welcome.”

He laughed, low and honest, as he placed her back on her feet, “So... did you mean to help me again?”

The girls shared a look, before Daphne admitted, “Yes, though not in the way that we ended up helping you.”

That only made him smile wider, “Well, you’re clever, but I doubt even you two realized that Pettigrew faked his own murder and pinned it on Sirius.”

“No,” Tracey agreed, “that was just a bit of random chance and good luck, honestly.”

“Sounds like I rubbed off on you a bit then.” While no one would question his bravery, there was no denying that he’d be dead if not for a bit of good luck here and there.

“Prefer you’d be rubbing in me...” It was said under her breath, but he could still hear Tracey’s lewd suggestion.

Daphne’s eyes snapped over to her friend, silently communicating for her to stick a sock in it, “Maybe a little bit, it’s as good an explanation as any.”

Rubbing his hand along Daphne’s arm, he asked, “So... does that mean you forgive me for the whole Chamber incident then?” He was already certain they had because otherwise, they’d never have given helping him a second thought. *They are still Slytherins.*

“I think... it means we’re ready to forgive you.” Daphne turned so that she was facing him, staring up with her bright blue eyes. Her hands moved up along his abs to his chest, and she rested them there.

“I’ve wanted to explain...”

“And we’d like to hear it...” Tracey told him as she came around the table to stand behind him. She squeezed his bum and pushed up onto her toes to whisper, “But we were thinking you could get our forgiveness with actions rather than words.”

“I should be able to do that.” He couldn’t hide the excitement in his voice. *I’ve missed this far too much to even try pretending.*

As Daphne’s digits started undoing the buttons of his shirt, Tracey reached around to undo his belt and start sliding his trousers down his legs. The blonde smiled up at him, “Good because we were kinda counting on it, Harry.”

The two girls worked together to divest him of his clothes, so in no time he was in nothing but his pants. His rapidly growing manhood straining against the thin material, leaving an obvious bulge that both girls ran their dainty hands along.

“Fuck... I missed that.” Daphne rasped low and needy in her throat.

Kissing against his back, Tracey amended that to, “**We...** missed you.” It was said with an affection that he didn’t really expect. He knew how he’d grown to feel about the two Slytherins, it didn’t mean he expected them to feel the same way. As far as he knew, this was nothing more than them needing to sate their desires.

That was something to think about later as, by some unspoken agreement, they guided him over to the far side of the room. In all his enthusiasm, he hadn’t looked around the room and he was surprised when he felt a soft mattress press against the back of his knees before he was pushed down.

Tracey laid on the bed with him, her lovely body molding against his as she kissed her way up his chest. Her blonde friend went to her knees at the foot of the bed, hooked her fingers beneath the waistband of his pants, and pulled them from his legs with the help of his lifted hips. His cock smacked down heavily against his abs.

Darting down to collect the wet mark of precum the impact left, Tracey moaned at the taste before working her way back up. His erection was held up straight and then engulfed in that wonderful warmth that he’d been dreaming about for months. Daphne swirled her tongue around his cockhead before she started slowly descending his length.

Every vein and ridge that ran beneath her plump lips felt exquisite until he heard her gag as she reached her limit. She quickly glided back up only to poke the back of her throat again a second later. He was offered a welcome distraction as Tracey removed her skirt and threw her legs on either side of his head facing toward her friend. She was wearing a simple white pair of knickers that she pulled to the side to reveal her lovely, little slit, “**I need** to feel your tongue, please Harry?”

There was no way he could deny such an honest and ridiculously sexy plea. Hooking his arms over her thighs, he gripped her arse cheeks and pulled her down to his mouth. His tongue parted her taut petals, and he tasted her delicious juices. He was like a man possessed swiping and darting his tongue within her and making her whimper in pleasure.

But he knew what she really wanted... what she really needed. And so, it was only seconds later that his tongue started vibrating inhumanly inside of her snug tunnel. She gasped loud and wanton, collapsing across his torso as the electric pleasure rushed through her body. The brunette joined her friend in lavishing attention on his member. Kissing wetly against the base of his cock and swollen bollocks as he coaxed one blissful peak from her body that fell right into another.

Digging her nails into his thigh, he was sure that she nearly broke the skin as she let out a guttural scream as he pushed her to a truly titanic climax. Her walls rippled around his tongue, almost vibrating just like him, as she covered his lips and chin in her delicious juices. Her bum cheeks twitched and flexed in his hands as she humped down against him erratically.

Tracey tried to keep kissing against his shaft, but it ended being more of a lust-drunk licking, as that’s all she could manage with her tongue lolled out of her head. Eventually, it all became too much, and she

pulled her legs free of his grip and managed to turn herself over so that he couldn't persist in that sweet torture.

Her face, her chest, her whole body was flushed in pleasure and there was a glazed look of utter bliss in her eyes. On the other hand, Daphne was diligently working him toward his own peak. He became acutely aware of it as she took him in both hands and started jerking him rapidly. *Slick! Slick! Slick!* As she brought her tongue to his frenulum and wiggled against that oversensitive spot with an obvious determination, he knew he wouldn't be able to hang on for long.

His hips bounced off the bed as the first rope erupted from his tip. It shot into the air a good meter or more before it came cascading back down to land across his abs. Daphne didn't let any more of it go to waste, latching onto his throbbing dome as another rope escaped. It filled her mouth, and was quickly followed by another but she greedily swallowed until he was finished. With one final kiss to his tip, she let him go.

One slender finger gathered the cum from his torso. Tracey gave him a wicked smirk as she filled her mouth with it. Daphne stood from between his knees and laid herself down across his body. Pulling him in for a long passionate kiss, they got lost in each other for a few sweet seconds before they parted, "I really did miss this, you know? More than I think you realize."

Harry could feel his heartbeat faster and it had nothing to do with the sex, brilliant as it was, "No... trust me. I really do."

The smile she gave him was bright and genuine, one that he was sure only a few people had been lucky enough to see before, "That's good... but, that doesn't mean I don't need something from you."

Harry rolled his eyes good-naturedly, "You Slytherins and parseltongue." There was a smack to his chest and a poke to his side from the girls for his cheek, but it only made him laugh, "What? It's not as though I'm complaining."

As she pushed herself up so that her moist, bare slit was directly over his mouth she just smirked down at him, "You better not... and we better be the only Slytherins getting this treatment."

Before he dove into her mouthwatering honeypot, he assured her, "You're the only girls getting this treatment, full stop."

Her pleased smile turned into a breathy whimper as he buried his tongue into her sex. Her moans were music as she filled her fingers with his dark hair and pulled him tight against her. He didn't need any prompting though, he was happy to ravage her pristine pussy without it.

His tongue danced along her sex as she started rocking her hips into him. He looked up from between her legs to the swell of her impressive breasts, she was pinching a rock-hard nipple between two fingers with her other hand.

And then he did it, the little trick that no one else in the castle could hope to reproduce. Daphne jolted and stilled, holding him even tighter against her as he did impossible things with his tongue. She breathed deep and quickly, her body flushing a rosy-red as she whimpered out her first peak. It was as he went to pinch her clit that peeked out so temptingly from its hood that he felt movement from their other partner.

His length rested rigid against his hip again, and Tracey took it in her hand, pointing it straight up. He expected for her to suck him or jerk him, but instead he felt a constricting warmth that topped any of the other pleasure that he'd felt. It was hot and tight, but velvet soft as it slowly dropped down his shaft. He felt a barrier break and there was a pained groan that drew Daphne's attention.

The words were muffled and stilted as he kept up with his ministrations, but she somehow managed to get the words out even as she twitched in climax, "Gods... Tracey... is... is he inside of you?"

"Yes..." Her nails scratched along his abs as she dropped further, inch after inch disappearing into her body, "It hurts sooo good. He's... he's stretching me out so... so.... oh!" She couldn't finish the thought as her pert bottom came to rest against his hanging bollocks. Her cunt clutched to every vein of his cock like a glove. It was exquisite.

"Oh... fuck!" Daphne's pussy gushed around his prodding tongue, "That's so fucking hot..."

Lapping at her juices, he couldn't agree more. Hesitantly, Tracey started giving little bounces as she tested her limits. From the breathy moans, she seemed to be enjoying it. Daphne's delicious cream filled his mouth as she came a second and then a third time in quick succession. He swiped up every drop that he coaxed from her sexy body as she twitched through each peak.

Unlike Tracey, she didn't fall to the side worn out for the moment. When she moved away, her eyes were wild, ready for more but more than that, fixated on where they were joined. She leaned in and nipped at his earlobe almost painfully, her voice was pure sin as she pleaded with him, "Fuck her... please. Turn her over and just... ravage her."

Grabbing Tracey's hips, her eyes snapped open, and she squealed as he turned them over. Her legs were stretched out on either side, her pussy lips hugging greedily around his girth. He watched as they distended slightly as he pulled away, unwilling to let him go. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as he snapped his hips forward to fill her again, "Oh... bloody... that felt amazing! Do it again!"

Daphne pressed herself against her friend's side, kissing against her neck and grinding her sex against her hip as she whispered words of encouragement into her ear. Her slender fingers ghosted along her skin until she reached Tracey's clit, and she pinched it hard as Harry kept pumping into the brunette. It could have been minutes, or it could have been hours, all he knew was that it was heavenly. And there was only so much either of them could take.

"Oh... fuck... fuck... fuck... yes!" Her whole body went rigid, and she held onto Daphne for dear life as she came undone around his cock.

That tight, rippling heat was too much for him to bear. He just didn't have the experience and so he teetered over the edge right along with her. His fingers dug into the soft skin of her hips hard enough that it was sure to bruise as he held himself deep inside her. His cock throbbed and pulsed as he filled her with cum. There was a moment of fear, that he was doing the wrong thing, but Daphne and Tracey both reached down to pull him closer as he just kept cumming.

When he was finally spent, his cock slipped free of her heat. Daphne gathered some of his seed on her finger as it dripped from her friend's used hole and brought it to her mouth, "That was... amazing."

Harry gave a tired laugh, sweat falling from his brow as he recovered, "I'm sure if you wanted..."

“She can’t.” Tracey told him gently, “She’s a pureblood from a prestigious family. If she’s not a virgin for the man she someday marries, it’ll be a problem.”

“Oh...” He looked at the blonde, and she was clearly embarrassed. Rubbing her thigh, he just assured her, “I understand... don’t worry.”

She gave a shy smile, “I’m just glad I was here for this. If I can’t do it myself, might as well live vicariously through my best friend.”

Chuckling at that, Harry leaned down to kiss each of them on the cheek, “So... am I forgiven now?”

They shared a look, before saying in unison, “Yes.”