

Summary: When a spell goes wrong, Harry and Hermione find themselves mentally connected. The only problem is, they can't control what they do and do not hear. But it's not like either has anything to hide, right? Hogwarts starts at 15.

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Chapter 26: A Lesson in Defense

A/N: ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED IN THIS WORK ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

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Hermione shifted nervously in the rich brown leather chair. The prevailing silence between her and the two others in the room certainly didn't help with the small pit of anxiety gnawing at her stomach. The gentle ticking of a grandfather clock tucked away in the far corner was her only reprieve, occasionally accompanied by the sound of rustling paper.

In contrast to her current state, Tonks slumped in the chair beside her, seemingly bored. The auror bounced her knee in impatience as the woman whose office they sat within read on. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Minister Bones sat the stack of hastily scrawled notes down with a sigh.

"It is...an interesting premise, one that certainly deserves a closer look."

"But...?" Tonks said, leaning forward in her chair.

Amelia sighed once more. The older woman removed her monocle and began to wipe away some nonexistent smudge with practised ease. "Please know I do not mean any offence when I say this Miss Granger, but it is a flimsy hypothesis at best. I applaud the work you've done so far, truly- However, I fear there are too many variables the two of you aren't thinking of here."

Hermione sat up a bit straighter, more interested than offended. Though that was not to say her pride wasn't a little bruised at being told she'd missed something, accurate as it may be. She nodded, prompting the minister to continue.

“Though the Bane enchantment is a relatively well-known spell, the magic described by Mr. Flamel in this book to change it into a ritual- Well to put it bluntly, it’s impossible. Theoretically of course.” Amelia paused to sigh before leaning forward with her hands steeped. “However, Nicolas Flamel was quite well-known for achieving the impossible so I would be a fool to say it was outside his skillset to accomplish such a feat like this.”

“But you’re unsure if we can recreate his findings?” Hermione replied as she read between Amelia’s words.

However, the Minister shook her head to the brunette’s surprise.

“Quite the opposite. Flamel explained it quite well in this journal as you’ve so noted. The issue I see, however, is there is no clear description of what this ritual sees as malicious intent. It’s just as likely that someone slightly annoyed at the caster could set off the enchantment as much as an attacking force of Death Eaters.” Amelia explained. “Additionally, you brought up another point yourself, there’s no guarantee a team of aurors could respond in time IF the enchantment is triggered. One problem we always run into is that the second an attack commences, Anti-Apparition, Portkey Nullifiers, and even Floo Blocking wards somehow appear out of nowhere. Our best curse breakers have gone up against the wards and at best it takes us a few minutes to break through. By then the attack is over and any Death Eater’s long gone.”

The older witch leaned back with a sigh and looked over the notes spread across the desk. “It’s a grand idea Miss Granger, and I promise we’ll look into it, but unfortunately I can’t guarantee it would help us much. Knowing when the attacks are happening is only half the battle. We can’t do much if none of our aurors can *get* there.”

Silence reigned for a few moments as both Hermione and Tonks digested the older woman’s words. Hermione pursed her lips in thought, a feeling of failure settling in her gut that she most certainly didn’t. There had to be a way for this to work, but how? Like the minister said, an attack couldn’t be repelled if there was no one there *to* repel it, no matter how quickly the authorities were informed. You’d almost need something that could-

“Oh!” She gasped, surprising both Tonks and Amelia. “I’m such an idiot!”

“Uhh, mind sharing with the class ‘Mione?” Tonks asked with a confused expression.

Hermione instead reached forward and riffled through her notes atop the minister’s desk, finding the ancient tome soon enough and flipping to a new page. This one was similarly covered with a hasty scrawl of notations and equations, both from Nicholas Flamel and Hermione herself.

Daphne’s own practised handwriting was present as well, with the blonde having added her own additions to many of Hermione’s work.

“This! Remember the project Daphne and I were working on over the summer? The one we asked you to relay our notes of to your mother? Well, she wrote us back agreeing with our premise. We were able to design a portable wardstone that can key oneself into a set of wards and potentially allow you to bypass them completely. It would never work with wards around magically powerful locations, such as Hogwarts or the Ministry, but from what Healer Tonks found, something like this could be used to bypass less powerful temporary wards.” Hermione paused to take a breath before continuing. “We haven’t had time to create a prototype yet, and in reality, Daphne and I designed this to allow for a quick escape if one of us were ever caught in the middle of a Death Eater attack but there may be a way to redesign it to allow someone in rather than out...” She trailed off, running a quick set of Arithmancy equations through her head before nodding. “Yes, I’m sure we could make it work.”

Amelia’s gaze remained locked on her for an uncomfortable amount of time. Hermione fought the urge to shift uncomfortably under the older woman’s intimidating stare. Thankfully, it seemed whatever the woman found what she had been searching for and she gave a small noise of acknowledgement.

“Very well. I would ask for a bit of time to look a bit deeper into your work, but if what you’ve brought me is indeed viable...then you will have saved many lives Miss Granger.” Amelia said with a small upturn of her lips. “I’ll be in touch soon. If everything checks out then you and Miss

Greengrass will have the resources you need to see this project through to its completion. If that is all...?"

Hermione nodded quickly, not wishing to waste any more of the woman's time.

"Good then. Auror Tonks escort you back to Hogwarts. Oh, and do give my love to Susan, will you? Tell her to write her aunt as well. Just because I'm the bloody minister doesn't mean I don't have time to read my own niece's letters." The older witch huffed.

The pair took that as their queue to leave. Tonks helped her gather her things, what she was not leaving behind for Amelia to study at least, and the duo quickly stepped out of the Minister's office and into the greater administrative area of the Ministry. The door had barely closed behind them before Hermione was suddenly scooped up into a large hug as Tonks squealed happily in her ear.

"Atta girl!" The metamorph cheered. "I've said it before and I'll say it again: You're fucking brilliant Granger!"

Hermione blushed at the praise but allowed herself a small smile of celebration. It wasn't a complete win, not yet at least, but it was progress.

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"You've been holding back."

Harry looked up from his half-completed Transfiguration homework with a look of confusion.

"Sorry?"

Daphne rolled her eyes and huffed. "I said you've been holding back. In class, in your training with Susan- even yesterday against Tonks! You and I both know she shouldn't have been able to beat you that easily. I've seen your other duels Harry. Back at Grimmauld you and Tonks were on par with one another in terms of skill. Hell, even Tonks was sure you'd surpass her by the time we came back to Hogwarts, and yet it's as if the opposite has happened. Yesterday you were making mistakes I know Susan and Tonks have longed since drilled out of you, mistakes you'd never make, not even in a practice duel. So either you hit your head really bloody hard

and forgot the past three months of training...or you're holding back. Care to guess which one I'm putting my money on?"

Harry bit his lip in thought, trying not to outwardly display his nervousness. It was no use though. Even with the best poker face in the world, Daphne was quite literally inside his head. He could feel the tendrils of her mind probing his thoughts, not in a demanding way, but still sternly as if she were psychically chiding him. With a tired sigh, Harry packed away his work with a wave of his hand.

"Fine. You're right, I have been holding back." He admitted.

Daphne huffed in exasperation. Without a word, the blonde flopped down onto his lap and looked at him expectantly.

"Care to explain why?" She asked with a raised brow.

"Would you believe me if I said I don't really know?" Harry said with a humourless laugh. At Daphne's unimpressed look, he shook his head and slumped back into his chair. "I guess it's just a feeling really. I've been growing stronger, but not just in skill. My magic...it feels like its almost *overflowing*. At times when I'm casting a spell it's like I have to concentrate more on *hindering* the flow of magic I put into it than the actual casting. It's just-" He paused, breathing out anxiously. "-I'm worried one day soon I won't be able to control it. That one day, I'll slip up during class or training or even just sitting here with you! If I hurt one of you..." He trailed off, grimacing from the sheer thought of accidentally hurting any of the women he loved.

The feeling of Daphne's mind wrapping around him soothingly was joined by her hand softly cupping his cheek.

"You're worrying over maybes and what-ifs." Daphne spoke gently. "Maybe you could lose control. Maybe Dumbledore eats a bad sherbert lemon one day and blows up the Ministry of Magic. Who knows and who cares? What matters is right here and right now. You're doing yourself no favours by holding back, and quite frankly I simply won't allow a boyfriend of mine to do any less than his absolute best, got it?"

Harry rolled his eyes good-naturedly and nodded, wrapping his arms tightly around Daphne's frame. The blonde sank into his embrace with a smile, content to enjoy the small moment of quiet that was rare in their lives.

...Which of course why the tender moment was doomed not to last from the very beginning.

A loud series of knocks clanged loudly throughout the room. He and Daphne both jumped slightly in surprise, with the latter scowling in annoyance at the door to their living area.

"It's fucking half an hour till curfew, who the bloody hell is banging on our door so late..." She grumbled as she stood and stomped her way to the door.

She wrenched it open without a second thought, yet Harry watched as all her anger seemingly came to a standstill by who was on the other side.

"Hi! I fucked up! Hide me?"

Harry snorted at the familiar voice and watched as Daphne stepped to the side without question.

Sure enough, Tracey Davis dashed into the room not a moment later, looking far more flustered than he'd ever seen her before.

"Oh thank Morgana's Giant Tits!" The brunette exclaimed as soon as Daphne shut the door behind her. "He almost had me cornered!"

"Who?" Harry asked.

Tracey whirled around to face him, a look of disgust settled over her normally mischievous features.

"Cormac McLaggen! That troglodyte of a human being asked me out on a date to Hogsmeade last week and I told him to fuck off! I thought he'd take the hint, but apparently the oaf didn't realize I'd rather shag McGonnagal than go out with him!" She explained. "He's been trying to get me alone all week- probably thinks I'm playing hard to get or some shite. I've avoided him for the most part, but today I was stuck in detention for transfiguring one of the auror's robes into an extra-small speedo."

Harry paused, his brow furrowing with confusion. "A speedo? What?"

Tracey shrugged. "I caught him staring at my arse. The creep deserved it."

"Back to the point-" Daphne butted in. "-Why didn't you just tell McLaggen to fuck off again?"

Tracey snorted and flopped down onto the sofa adjacent to where Harry sat. "Puh-Lease.

McLaggen is the type of bloke to think 'consent' is just a suggestion. If I shot him down again he'd just try harder until he eventually does something stupid enough that would make me have to curse his balls off." Tracey grimaced in disgust. "And I'm trying not to get another detention so soon after the first one thank you very much."

"Awe look at you turning over a new leaf." Daphne teased. "I'm so proud."

"Yeah yeah, up yours too Greengrass." Tracey snorted. "Anyway, mind if I stay here tonight? Doubt he knows where I disappeared too but I'd rather not chance bumping into him again on my way down to our dorm."

Daphne looked at him questioningly which he responded to with a small shrug of indifference.

"Fine with me. Not like the other three bedrooms upstairs are used anyway." Harry replied.

Instead of accepting his words, however, both Slytherins shared an unreadable look before Daphne turned back to him with a smirk.

"I don't think they'll be used tonight either love..."

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"Sooo where are the other members of you two's little orgy group?" Tracey asked as she watched the two lovers undress before her.

Daphne giggled and swatted Harry's hand away from where it pinched her bare arse before replying.

"Susan alternates between her dorm with Hannah and here every few nights, while Hermione had something to take care of at the ministry. It ran late so she's spending the night at Tonks' place in London." The blonde explained. She tugged off the last piece of clothing, her bra joining the pile where Tracey's own clothes lay before turning and crawling up onto the bed with Tracey.

“Do you four regularly spend the nights at a Professor’s flat?” the short-haired witch giggled as Daphne’s hands ghosted over her ribs.

“Only the ones we’re shagging.” Daphne breathed.

The two girls’ faces were inches apart. Gooseflesh appeared wherever their bare skin touched. Tracey could feel her own pointed nipples being completely squashed by the heft of her friend’s tits. She was also acutely aware of the hand slithering its way down to the junction between her legs. Unconsciously her thighs spread themselves even wider, her breath catching in her throat as Daphne’s hand crept closer to her quim.

“You lucky bitc- GYAH!” Tracey squealed as her cunt was suddenly assaulted, not by Daphne’s fingers, but by something far more dexterous and *wet*.

“Tch- so impatient...” Daphne muttered atop her. The blonde was looking over her shoulder with a wry grin. Tracey followed her friend’s gaze where she could just barely make out a mop of raven black hair buried between her legs just as her pussy was attacked once more by that same slithery appendage.

“Fuck!” She cried screwing her eyes shut as her pussy clenched in pleasure. Atop her, Daphne giggled and leaned in close. The feeling of her friend’s hot breath washing over her would’ve sent shivers down her spine if weren’t for the tongue currently buried between her precious folds. Still Tracey couldn’t help but bit her lip in excitement as the feeling of Daphne’s breath drew closer to her exposed neck.

A pair of soft, pouty lips latched onto her pulsepoint. The erogenic sensation forced a small gasp from Tracey’s lips, one that morphed into a full blown wail as Harry’s tongue found her clit and began to attack it with gusto.

“Ohhhh FUCK! MORE!” Tracey screamed. Her nails dug into Daphne’s flesh causing her friend to hiss in pain while Tracey thrashed and bucked her hips.

Harry was relentless. No matter how much Tracey convulsed or jerked, his hold on her thighs remained firm as too did his devilish tongue against her soaked cunt. Tracey raked her nails

through Daphne's blonde locks and panted with a heady breath. Her friend was proving to be just as tortuous as her lover. From her neck to her breasts, Tracey was peppered with soft kisses, suckles, and light nips of teeth against her sensitive flesh. Tracey could hardly handle it. Between Harry devouring her pussy and Daphne's teasing kisses, the brunette wasn't sure if she could manage much more.

Her limit was met barely moments later. Daphne had moved on from her tits and was now snogging the dear life out of her. Tracey moaned against her friend's lips. It the only thing she could do whilst her body was brought closer and closer to the sweet blissful edge. It was when Harry pushed two fingers inside her sopping wet cunt did she finally reach her peak. Stars exploded behind her vision as she screamed into Daphne's mouth. Tracey grabbed on tightly to the other girl's bubbly arsecheeks, squeezing the soft flesh for dear life as every nerve in her body was assaulted all at once.

"Fuck!" She gasped. "Y-You could've told me y-your boyfriend could eat pussy like that Daph'!" Daphne giggled and sat up, straddling Tracey's waist. "I taught him well."

Two hands appeared from behind the blonde and came to palm her round heavy breasts. "What can I say? You're an incredible teacher love." Harry murmured into her ear. Daphne mewled in surprise, arching her arse back instinctively to grind against her boyfriend's cock as Harry kneaded her tits.

Tracey watched the small exchange in rapt attention, her own hands trailing up Daphne's ribs before snapping forward to wrap around the blonde's neck. With a surprise yelped, the blonde witch was pulled back down atop Tracey's chest. The brunette giggled and shot a wink up at the man kneeling above them.

"Why don't you show me what else she's taught you?" Tracey giggled. Reaching down she gripped her friend's arse cheeks once more and spread them apart, revealing the dark pink insides of the blonde's pussy. Daphne moaned and allowed the light molesting, even going so far as to arch her back even more to show off more of her dripping womanhood.

Harry's eyes darkened with an animalistic hunger as he took in the sight of his girlfriend's exposed cunt, spread apart by her very own best friend's hands. Tracey watched as he took hold of Daphne's hips. She knew the moment his cock pierced her friend's folds. The blonde's features changed almost instantly, going from a lazy aroused smile to an open-mouth silent scream of ecstasy. She could feel as Daphne's entire body tensed, hands clawing at the sheets and spine merely cracking from how far her back arched. If Tracey herself hadn't experienced Harry's cock splitting her apart before she'd think her friend was exaggerating just how *amazing* it felt. Each inch filled you in ways you never imagined. Even for someone like Daphne, who had *plenty* of experience taking Harry's cock, it was nearly impossible to handle.

Soon the room was filled with the rhythmic slapping of flesh against flesh as Harry fucked her friend on top of her. Tracey loved every second of it- from Daphne's gentle cries, Harry's groans of pleasure, and even the *scent* of their arousal filling the air around them. She was in heaven and she couldn't help but share that sentiment with her friend as her insides were stretched apart.

"Yes Daph~ Fuck, you take that big cock so fucking good! I've dreamt about watching you be fucked like this for years! Having your naked body laid over me while it happens is sooo much better though~" She giggled into the blonde's ear.

Daphne could only moan in response as Harry began to pick up the pace behind her. The power of his strokes had even Tracey gasping as the two witch's bodies were jostled up and down atop the bed.

"Oh fuck! Morgana he's an animal, isn't he? How do you manage it? Getting your pussy *abused* like this almost every da- HNG!"

Tracey was cut off as her precious hole was suddenly stretched apart by something thick and hard. This time, the wet sound's of intense fucking came from her own pussy as Harry relentlessly pounded into her. Daphne giggled above her, taking the chance to bury her tongue deep within Tracey's agape mouth.

“Mmm~” Daphne hummed, pulling back from the brunette’s lips with a single string of saliva still connecting their tongues. “By letting him shag my sluttiest friends.” She teased. “Now tell me Trace’...did you dream about this also? Me sitting above you while your pussy was destroyed by a monster sized cock?” Daphne smirked viciously, her eyes taking on a mischievous gleam. “Or perhaps you envisioned me somewhere else hmm? A bit higher I think...”

The blonde trailed off and sat up. Before Tracey could even try to form a question between her guttural grunts of pleasure, Daphne was shifting, moving up the petite witch’s torso until her dripping plump pussy lips were poised dangerously close above Tracey’s head.

Tracey wasn’t even given a moment to comprehend the sight as a particularly hard thrust from Harry had her screaming out in surprise climax. Her pleasure filled scream was cut off early as Daphne took that as her change to squish her pussy against the brunette’s mouth. Tracey’s entire world was filled with Daphne’s sex. From her heavy scent to her tangy taste, all Tracey could think about then was her best friend’s pussy. As if acting by instinct alone, Tracey felt as her tongue pushed out, probing the hairless folds as if her mouth was desperate to taste more of her bestfriend’s cunt.

Soon enough it wasn’t just probing. As her sudden climax led into a more powerful second one courtesy of Harry’s cock, Tracey buried her face deeper into Daphne’s snatch. It was as if tasting more of the blonde’s tangy juices was the only thing that could save her from being completely overwhelmed by the girthy rod of meat splitting her insides apart with every thrust. Above her, Daphne’s own breaths grew more and more shaky. The blonde was now actively grinding her hips atop Tracey’s face. Pussy juices coated her cheeks and yet not once did Tracey halt her tongue.

“Yessss~” Daphne hissed. “Oh fuck yes! T-Tracey- FUCK!”

A gush of juices splashed against Tracey’s chin as Daphne came above her. Tracey’s own orgasm was still going strong and the two girls both moaned and shivered as their bodies were wracked with pleasure.

So caught up in their orgasmic bliss, neither girl noticed as Harry's own breaths became ragged and his thrusts became jerky and ragged. There only warning was when the raven haired man let out a throaty groan and he pulled back. Tracey felt as heavy ropes of warm liquid splashed against her thighs, stomach and breasts. Some even landed across her pussy, mixing with her overflow of juices that now soaked into the mattress below.

Bit by bit, their combined orgasms began to ebb away. Daphne moved first rolling off of Tracey's face to collapse against her friends side. The blonde's skin glistened with sweat and her pale flesh was peppered with purple love bites. It would be a funny sight if Tracey didn't know she looked exactly the same- if not worse with the veay load of cum now drying on her skin.

The brunette hummed to herself, her eyes dropping in exhaustion as the post coital weariness seeped into her bones.

Yet sleep would not find her yet, or anytime soon for that matter, as she was roughly pulled from her drowsiness by a weight settling on her chest. She barely had time to open her eyes in surprise before Harry's cock was suddenly pushed into her mouth. The brunette gasped as the taste of her own pussy met her tongue.

"Mmm, now that is hot!" Daphne chimed in from beside her. "Remeber what I told you on the train love, just relax your throat and don't panic too much!"

Tracey had just enough time to flip her friend off before Harry thrust forward, burying his cock deep within her throat.

She was so going to get Daphne back for this.

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Author's Note

Not much plot here, but that'll be taken care of next chapter! For now, enjoy this little scene that I've been hinting at for a few chapters now!

Thanks for reading!