

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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Railway Conversations

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The Hogwarts Express shone bright and crimson in the early morning light. Students and parents alike milled around the platform saying their last-minute goodbyes to one another before the train departed. It was a sight familiar to Harry, though the contingent of aurors skulking around the edges of the platform was not.

He wasn't the only one who noticed the maroon-robed individuals throughout the platform. All around, parents cast wary gazes towards the aurors. There was no hiding why they were there. Everyone knew well enough the threat that loomed in the shadows. Voldemort's return was like a sword poised over everyone's neck, threatening to fall. Those who remembered the last war knew the aurors were more of a deterrent than any real protection, though perhaps that sentiment was enough for some.

"I suppose Amy's taking her new job seriously then." Sirius muttered.

Harry had to agree. Amelia winning the office of Minister was perhaps the best outcome. According to Dumbledore, it had been a close race between her and Scrimgeour, the latter having made many friends over the years as Head Auror. Luckily not as many as Amelia, especially not the Boy Who Lived himself.

"Well then she's already leagues better than Fudge. That fool never took anything

seriously.” Daphne snorted from his side. “There’s my parents, I’ll see you three on the train!”

They waved goodbye to the blonde and watched as she ran over to greet a trio of individuals. Harry nodded to the tall man who stood arm in arm with Daphne’s mother. He nodded back in turn with an impassive expression.

Cyrus Greengrass hadn’t exactly approved of their relationship with Daphne at first, but after some time he at least seemed to have come to a mild acceptance. It helped that if Harry and Daphne did marry, their children would carry the Greengrass name instead of Potter. Continuing the family line was of utmost importance to stuffy pureblood lords after all.

Hermione and Susan both waved to the small brunette holding the Greengrass matron’s hand. She waved back with a mischievous smile and turned to whisper something to Daphne. Whatever she said made the blonde laugh loudly across the platform before playfully swatting the younger girl’s arm.

They left the Greengrasses to their goodbyes and travelled further down the platform. On the way, they passed a plethora of familiar faces. Harry and Hermione stopped briefly to speak with the Weasleys, and on Harry’s part, received a rather bone-crushing hug from Mrs. Weasley.

He spoke briefly with Ron, the red-haired boy rambling excitedly about his relationship with Lavender Brown while his mother tried desperately to herd her clutch onto the train. Eventually, the final all-aboard whistle sounded signalling their impending departure.

“We better get going, you’ll be alright?” Harry asked, turning towards Sirius.

Sirius in turn scoffed and mussed his hair. “Don’t worry pup, I’m a big boy! I can look after myself.”

Harry gave him a disbelieving look prompting Sirius to roll his eyes good-naturedly. He pulled his godson into a tight hug before pulling back and peering at him reassuringly.

“I’ll be fine, promise? I’m a free man after all, plus I’ve got Moony hanging around to make sure I don’t get into too much trouble. You- on the other hand- focus on staying safe and keeping your girlfriends happy alright?” Sirius paused to take a breath. “Look, with everything going on right now, I know you’ll want to do anything you can to help, but the best way for you to do that is to stay safe. Listen to Tonks alright? If she says run you run, if she says hide you hide, and in the event she’d not around to help then you get the hell out of there and find the nearest apparition point got it?”

“Sirius-”

“No Harry, on this I won’t argue. I don’t give a damn about Dumbledore’s plans or some stupid bloody sense of nobility you’ve got in that head of yours. You’re far too important to me and a whole lot of other people to risk your life so blatantly. I hope it won’t come to it pup, I really do, but if all hell breaks loose again this year then you focus on keeping yourself and those girls of yours safe first.”

Harry swallowed thickly and nodded. Sirius smiled and gave his shoulder a reassuring squeeze.

“Good, now have fun. Cause some mayhem. And by Merlin, take those girls on a proper date!”

With that, Sirius pushed him towards the train and said his goodbyes to Susan and Hermione before stepping away to the apparition point.

“Am I the only one who finds it a bit weird when he acts so... well... serious?” Susan muttered as they watched him depart.

Hermione hummed in agreement before pulling the redhead towards the Express. Harry followed diligently and it wasn't long before they found an acceptable compartment towards the back.

Harry sent Daphne a mental ping to let her know where they were before helping the other girls settle into the compartment. With a dull '*CHA-THUNK!*' the train suddenly lurched forward and the platform outside began to fade into the distance.

Daphne joined them a moment later, the blonde calling out a quick farewell to the younger brunette they saw her with on the platform.

“Is Astoria alright?” Susan asked as the blonde settled into her seat.

Daphne huffed out a laugh. “The little menace wanted to know how I trained you all so well. She's under the impression that I have you all, as the muggles say, whipped.”

Harry and Susan snorted while Hermione rolled her eyes. “I don't suppose you corrected that assumption?”

“Why?” Daphne smirked. “I think I do, in fact, have the three of you very much wrapped around my finger.” She nudged Harry with her foot. “You especially Potter.”

“What?!” Harry sputtered. “I am not wrapped around your finger!”

Daphne smirked and leaned forward. Her ample cleavage threatened to spill free from her poorly buttoned blouse. Harry's eyes immediately locked on to the vast valley of flesh and all further arguments died on his lips.

Daphne clicked her tongue with a grin and sat back up. "See? Flash my tits at you and you shut right up. Whipped."

Harry grumbled under his breath and crossed his arms. Looking out the window he watched as the London skyline began to slowly give way to the rolling hills of the British countryside.

"On more serious topics, did any of you notice the way some of the Slytherins were acting with the aurors around?" Susan asked.

Harry had. A few of the older Slytherin boys had been intentionally keeping their heads down. To be fair they weren't the only students acting more than a bit wary around the magical police. Teenagers and young adults tended to be suspicious of any type of law enforcement, though the handful of Slytherins Harry saw were trying a bit too hard to remain inconspicuous. To make matters worse, Malfoy had been one of them.

The blonde ponce was usually trying his hardest to be seen, whether to flash his wealth or in simple smug superiority. Yet on the platform, he had been quiet, reserved. The Malfoy scion was keeping his head down around the aurors, and that fact alone made Harry's suspicion rise.

"I don't like how they were acting." He said. "Like they all had something to hide. It's not the best look, especially now with Tom on the loose."

Hermione nodded. "They were all children of notable Death Eater families too. Nott, Pucey, Yaxley, and even Malfoy." She took a breath. "On paper it makes sense. Many of them had family members or other associates arrested during the raids a few months ago. It wouldn't be unusual for them to be more than a bit wary around aurors after something like that but..." She trailed off.

"But it's never that simple." Susan sighed. "I guess we'll just have to keep an eye on them, you especially, Daph." She said, looking pointedly at the blonde. "You're the closest to them out of all of us. I wouldn't be surprised if they tried something."

"Let them." The blonde bit out while she rubbed her wand almost lovingly. "I'd so love a chance to knock those gits down a peg or two."

"I love the enthusiasm love but it'd be best not to underestimate them." Susan replied. "Let's just start with placing a few wards around your bed, Astoria's too for that matter."

Daphne nodded. "I've been doing that for years, but yeah I'll show 'Stori the spells I use."

"What about Tonks? Should we let her know so she can spread the word to her team?" Harry asked.

"Probably best." Daphne shrugged. "I doubt she'd appreciate us hiding any suspicions from her. Giving her and the other aurors a heads-up would definitely help if those prats make a wrong move."

Susan sighed and slumped against Harry's shoulder with her pillowy breasts pushed against his arm. His mind immediately conjured up memories of those same breasts

bouncing wildly while she rode him the night before.

'Down boy.' The redhead giggled into his mind. "Can't we just have a quiet year after everything that happened last term?"

Harry huffed out a laugh and patted the girl's leg. "Now you know how I've felt since first year love. Safe to assume this year will be just as dangerous as the last. Fred and George even started a betting pool for when the new Defense professor will try and kill me."

Susan groaned again and buried her head further into his shoulder. Hermione reached over to give their girlfriend's thigh a quick squeeze. "If it helps, you do get used to it." The bookworm supplied.

"Do we even know who the new Defense professor is? Last I heard, Fudge was trying to push to have some lackey take up the position this year." Daphne commented.

Harry shrugged as did Hermione. They had heard the same from Dumbledore, but thankfully, it seemed that effort was halted when everything went down with Fudge trying to silently execute Crouch Jr. Since then, they'd heard no mention of their new DADA teacher. Whoever it was, Harry certainly didn't trust him. Call it a precaution if you will, but like he told Susan, Defense professors didn't exactly have the best track record with him.

Regardless, he at least hoped whoever it was would be at least somewhat confident. He wasn't a particularly studious person, but he still wanted to at least do decent on his OWLs.

Any further conversation was cut off as a knock sounded on their compartment door. Hermione stood to open it, her wand already at the ready as was Harry's. Thankfully, it wasn't Malfoy or any of his cronies as Harry had thought. Instead, a familiar girl with pixie-cut brown hair stood on the opposite side.

"There you all are! Blimey, I must've checked every compartment on this half of the train! Could've given me a heads up Daph!"

Daphne smirked at the witch. "I would've thought you'd taken the hint and bugger off Tracey. We can't have an orgy if you're here after all." She laughed.

The pixie-haired girl snorted and shouldered past Hermione. "Says who?" She asked while plopping down next to the blonde. "You don't see me stopping you all now, do you? I might even be tempted to join if you ask nicely." She sent a wink over in Harry's direction with that before turning to the other two girls.

"Bones- Granger- how's this evil bitch been treating you? Blink three times if she has you under the imperious."

Hermione rolled her eyes and sat down next to the brunette. "It's nice to see you too Tracey."

Susan gave the girl a similar greeting as she sat up from Harry's shoulder. They each devolved into a round of small talk about everyone's summers. For the most part, it was Tracey who spoke, as the four of them had more often than not been in each other's company over the summer break.

Harry, for his part, listened on and off while observing the new girl in interest. Tracey

Davis was someone he could never quite get a handle on. As Daphne's childhood best friend, they had seen a lot of each other last year. Harry would even dare to say that the pixie-haired girl had become a somewhat close friend during that time. Yet still he never could get a good grasp on her personality.

For the most part, she was just as bubbly and crass as Tonks. She was never afraid to flirt with Harry or the other girls egregiously, even going so far as to send pictures of her in skimpy lingerie for his birthday. It'd be easy to assume Daphne would get annoyed at her best friend's lewd attitude towards her partners, yet the blonde seemed to not only be fine with it but actively encouraged her friend on more than one occasion.

That being said, Tracey seemed to shift where her boundaries lay. One day she was flirty and suggestive with everyone in their group, and the next she was cool and reserved. She was never unfriendly to him or the others, more so a bit distanced, only to come back the next day with more energy and a penchant for crass jokes. Needless to say, the brunette kept him on his toes.

"...And then I told him 'If you think I'm letting you anywhere near my knickers then you're as thick as a Hippogriff tamer covered in Flobberworms!'"

"What did he say to that?" Susan asked with a laugh.

Tracey snorted. "Stupid git actually thought that was a compliment. I swear if Crabbe were any dumber he'd probably forget how to breathe! Luckily a quick stinging hex to his nadders drove the point home."

"Impressive, must've been hard to hit such a small target." Daphne mused with a smirk.

Tracey and Susan laughed in response while Hermione furrowed her brow. "Wait what do you mean?"

Daphne interrupted her girlfriend by mentally explaining through their connection. Hermione face immediately screwed up in disgust, which only served to make the other three girls laugh harder.

"Oh shoot!" Susan suddenly exclaimed as she glanced out the window. "Hermione we promised Hannah to help her finish Snape's summer assignment! If we don't leave now we won't have enough time to change before we reach Hogsmeade!"

Hermione was instantly on her feet. "Oh dear! I forgot about that! So sorry loves, we need to dash!" She leaned down to place a quick peck on both Daphne's and Harry's cheeks.

"Awe no love for me?" Tracey faux whined. Hermione merely rolled her eyes and pecked the pixie-haired girl on the cheek as well. Tracey apparently hadn't expected this move as her face instantly flushed red, surprising for a girl with her attitude.

Susan and Hermione left quickly after that, the latter muttering about giving a certain Hufflepuff a good talking to about finishing assignments on time while they left.

The remaining three sat in silence for a few moments, letting the sudden exit of the two girls settle.

"So Trace-" Daphne began after a beat. "Any other guys try to get into your knickers this summer besides Crabbe? Or better yet, were any successful?"

Tracey snorted and waved her friend off. "Yeah right. There's very few I'd consider good

enough to take me for a tumble between the sheets.” Harry didn’t miss the way her eyes flicked over to him for the briefest of moments. “Though if you’re offering Daph, I wouldn’t say no. You know I have a thing for blondes after all.”

“So you’ve told me... multiple times.” Daphne said pointedly. “I seem to also recall you telling me about your inclination towards green eyes as well. Or is that only when they’re attached to my boyfriend?”

“Eh- he’s too pretty for me.” Tracey dismissed. “Sides, I don’t think he’d be able to handle TWO Slytherin babes.”

“I think he might surprise you. He did keep us *and* a Veela satisfied all summer long. Poor Fleur Delacour might be ruined for other men after the amount of times Harry fucked her into a screaming mess.”

‘Where are you going with this love?’ Harry probed in her mind.

Daphne however gently batted him away. ‘Just some light teasing... for now.’

Harry internally shivered at the purr in her voice and tried to ignore the growing arousal coursing through him.

“Oh? Now that’s interesting!” Tracey smirked as she turned towards Harry. “You managed to tame the French flower! Colour me impressed Potter! However, I still wonder if your skill really does live up to the stories or if you’re just another bloke with a big cock and no clue how to use it...”

“I assure you I know what I’m doing Davis.” He said with a roll of his eyes. “You really think Daphne would waste her time on some two-pump chump?”

“Hmm perhaps not. Although maybe she’s just sticking around ‘cause of Granger and Bones.”

Harry felt his annoyance flare a bit at the brunette’s comment. It wasn’t that he wasn’t used to Tracey’s small barbs every now and again. He was more so annoyed that a small part of him wondered if she was correct.

That small part was quickly silenced as Daphne mentally nudged him with soothing reassurance. He slowly felt his irritation ebb away as her presence enveloped him with a thick layer of love, as if she were telling him ‘I’m not going anywhere you dolt.’ Harry flashed her a small smile, one the blonde returned before she once more addressed her best friend.

“C’mon Trace, don’t be a bitch. You know our relationship isn’t like that, and frankly, Harry doesn’t have to prove anything to you.” Daphne said with exasperation.

“Awe you know I’m just teasing Daph! ‘Sides- I don’t see you offering up a demonstration to back those raunchy stories of yours. You say he’s a fantastic shag, I say put your galleons where your mouth is babes.” Tracey drawled with a challenging look.

Harry mentally winced at the brunette’s words. There was nothing that fired Daphne up more than a challenge. As her best friend, that was certainly a fact that Tracey knew well.

“Harry?” Daphne called without looking away from her best friend's smirking face.

“Yes love?”

“Lock the door.”

Harry did so with a wave of his hand, the compartment door locking with a soft ‘click’. No sooner had it happened than Daphne suddenly launched herself across the cabin and between his legs.

“You want a show? I’ll give you a fucking show.” Daphne half-growled, half-purred as she yanked his belt loose.

From behind her, Tracey giggled triumphantly and watched with rapt attention as her best friend pulled down his trousers with force. “Merlin Daph! Slow down, his cock isn’t going anywhe-”

Her words were cut off as Daphne finally yanked his pants down, with his boxers following right along, causing his cock to spring out for all to see. Tracey sucked in a sharp breath at the sight of his rigid length, her eyes roaming up and down the lengthy pole in awe.

Daphne threw a smirk back at her best friend while she grabbed Harry by his base and began to leisurely stroke his cock. “Would you slow down if you had *this* beautiful beast in front of you?”

“G-good point.” Tracey swallowed.

Daphne smirked once more before turning back to the thick cock in her hands. She leaned forward, giving the tip a few tentative licks. Harry groaned audibly as she whirled her tongue around his sensitive glans. Daphne took a breath in through her nose, and without warning, plunged her mouth down upon his cock in one fell swoop.

Her mouth was hot and wet around him. Harry had to fight the urge to thrust his hips upwards and force his cock even deeper into the blonde's gullet. Thankfully, Daphne knew him well, and within seconds she was rapidly bobbing her head back and forth along his length. Her tongue lashed against the underside of his shaft, sending shocks of pleasure up the base of his cock with every lick. It was enough to have Harry hissing loudly in pleasure to match Daphne's loud wet slurps.

So lost was he in the pleasure of his girlfriend's mouth around his cock, Harry didn't notice as Tracey suddenly moved from her seat and settled on her knees right next to Daphne. The short-haired witch watched with rapt attention as if she were almost studying the way her best friend was throating his cock.

"Damn Daph-" Tracey breathed. "Were you always this good at sucking cock?"

Daphne hummed and pulled off his cock with an audible 'pop!'. "I don't know, Harry is my first and only. What do you think love?" She asked, looking up at him with hooded eyes. "Am I a natural at sucking your cock?" She brought the tip of his member to her lips and popped the head into her mouth, sucking harshly on his sensitive glans.

"Definitely!" Harry gasped. "Merlin you're fantastic!"

Daphne smirked around his shaft and took him deeper into her mouth. He hit the back of her throat, forcing a wet gag from her lips yet she didn't pull back. She held herself, holding him deep in her trembling throat as she rocked her head back and forth. Harry groaned deep and breathily. The pleasure pulsing through his cock was driving him crazy.

"How do you take it so deep without choking?" Tracey asked in slight awe.

Daphne pulled off his cock with a long drawn-out suck. Harry groaned in disappointment as the feeling of her hot mouth abandoned his length.

“You just have to relax your throat really. Takes a few tries, but the key is not to panic.” She paused for a moment and bit her lip in silent thought. Seeming to make up her mind, Daphne looked to her friend and raised a brow. “Wanna give it a try?”

“I- well- Are you sure?” Tracey stammered. The brunette looked to her friend, worry evident on her face, yet Daphne only smiled reassuringly and nodded.

Tracey looked up at him, seeking the same permission. With a mental nudge from Daphne, Harry nodded. That seemed to be all the brunette needed, as she slowly leaned forward to wrap her lips around the head of his cock. She took him slowly, bobbing her head back and forth, only taking in the first few inches in the beginning. Harry’s moans of pleasure spurred her on, and soon enough she was sinking even further down his cock.

When she reached the halfway point down his length, the brunette came to a sudden stop. Her body lurched as the spongy tip of his cock poked the back of her throat. Tracey steeled herself, taking a breath pushed herself further allowing his cock head to slip into her tight gullet. The sensation was too much for the brunette however, and with a shuddering wet gag, she flung herself off his cock, coughing to the side to alleviate the pain in her throat.

“Merlin!” She breathed. “That was too much!”

Daphne giggled at her friend's exclamation. “Like I said- takes a couple of tries.” She emphasized her point by leaning forward and completely swallowing Harry’s cock down

to the hilt. Her throat bulged from the sheer thickness of his length, yet the blonde showed no discomfort on her face. Finally, after a few heated seconds, she pulled back with a gasp and a demure smile on her face. "See? Just takes practice."

Tracey grumbled a few curses under her breath and took his cock back from her friend with a glare. She engulfed him in her mouth once more, this time only taking him about halfway while using her hand to pump the other half in time with her mouth.

Her sloppy wet sucks filled the cabin. The girl made a show of moaning around his length while pointedly eyeing the blonde next to her. Daphne merely stared back with a lazy smirk and a raised brow as if to say 'That's it?'

Harry heard the pixie-haired girl growl around his cock before pulling back till just his tip remained trapped between her lips. The brunette brought her other hand up and gripped his length tightly on top of the other. As one, she began to bob her head wildly, thrashing her tongue against his sensitive cock head while using both her hands to jerk him off at a rapid pace.

Harry gasped in pleasure and nearly began to buck his hips in time with her strokes. The Slytherin girl wasn't as good as Daphne to be sure, but dear god did it still feel fantastic. Her wet mouth wrapped around his cock head was like a tight vacuum of pleasure that only increased by the almost desperate pace of her hands.

"Oh stop trying to show off Trace and budge over!" Daphne finally grumbled as she pushed her best friend to the side.

The blonde descended lower, past her friend, and latched immediately onto Harry's bloated sack. Daphne immediately popped one of his swollen balls into her mouth,

lavishing it with her tongue before deftly switching to the other side. Harry was surprised when Tracey pulled off his cock suddenly and sank lower to join her friend lapping at his balls. The two girls matched each other's tempo, lewdly sucking and moaning as they slowly worked their mouths from his sack and up his cock.

They met each other at the tip, the lips wrapped around both sides of cock joining together in a perverse half-kiss half-blowjob. Harry moaned as their twin tongues writhed against his sensitive glans before Daphne suddenly moved to take him fully into her mouth.

Tracey wasn't deterred by the blonde's actions. Instead, she sank lower once more and began to lather his shaft with sloppy licks of her tongue. Her hands moved as well, not to grasp his shaft like before, but instead to reach out and grip Daphne's bountiful breasts through her shirt.

His girlfriend moaned heatedly around his cock, taking him even deeper while she reached forward and pushed the brunette's legs apart. Her hand travelled up her friend's skirt in a hasty desperation, seeking out the hot core she knew was there. The blonde found it without issue of course. Tracey's pussy was already wet for her and practically weeped at her touch. Daphne sucked greedily on her boyfriend's cock and pushed her fingers inside the drenched pussy lips before her.

Tracey gasped at the intrusion, her mouth halting its ministrations around Harry's shaft only briefly before the girl moaned in delight and renewed her oral ministrations with gusto.

It wasn't long before the girl's muffled moans reached a similar volume to Harry's.

Daphne's fingers were a menace to the brunette's cunt, constantly raking in and out of her hot tunnel while the blonde's thumb massaged her clit. By the time Harry's cock began to pulse against her tongue, Tracey's orgasm was nearly upon her.

Harry's loud groan signalled his climax. Two girls worshipping his cock with their mouths proved too much for him and with a shuddering grunt he released himself into Daphne's awaiting mouth. The girl swallowed the first few ropes of his cum eagerly. Afterwards, she pulled back and allowed her friend to take her place. Tracey, whose face was screwed up in terrible pleasure while her best friend toyed with her cunt, nearly slammed her mouth completely down to the base of his cock. Only the limits of her throat stopped it from happening,

Tracey squeaked as the first droplets of cum hit her tongue, not in disgust but in delight as her own climax suddenly ripped through her at the taste. Her pussy clenched hard around Daphne's fingers. The brunette rolled her hips against her friend's hand as her orgasm raged within. With each clench of her pussy, Tracey also sucked hard on Harry's cock, milking every last drop of seed she could from his balls.

Their orgasms had only just started to abate when the compartment door suddenly swung open.

"We're back!" Susan called. "Why was the door- Oh!"

Hermione stepped around the stunned redhead quickly and slammed the door shut once more. She looked to the three of them with a look of amusement.

"So what did we miss?" Hermione asked innocently.

Tracey was the only one to respond with a muffled whimper.

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Author's Note

First chapter of arc one down! Lot's of discussion this go around and a new character was introduced! I always love writing Tracey so I'm excited to have her in more chapters later down the line. She most likely won't join the official group, but will definitely show up here and there.

Also, an explanation for the whole shared orgasm thing for those who were confused:

Had a few people comment about my varied use of the shared orgasm feature. It was explained before, but depending on how strong their occlumency shield are tuned at that moment the others won't always feel the orgasm.

That's the in-universe explanation anyway. The real world one is that sometimes the other girl's sharing an orgasm that happens with Harry or the others doesn't always fit the best for the story.

Besides, as kinky as it sounds, having random sudden orgasm while your in class or hanging out with friends could potentially get somewhat old quick lol