

Sex and Magic

Daphne Greengrass stood just outside the front door, listening to the children laugh and squeal playfully inside. Taking one last, deep breath, she raised her hand and rapped on the door three times. Half of her felt like turning around and running away, but the other half, the stubborn half she got from her mother, needed answers. Before her mind and body could reach a full consensus on what to do, a young woman with curly brown hair answered the door.

“Hello, Hermione,” Daphne said, managing a small, polite smile through her nervousness.

“Hello Daphne,” Hermione replied. “I take it you’re the one Kingsley sent?”

“Yes,” Daphne answered with a nod.

Hermione nodded back, hesitated for just a moment, and then opened the door fully and motioned her in.

“You’ll have to excuse the mess,” she told her.

Daphne stepped into the house and closed the door behind her. It was quite clean for having three young children, she thought. She could see two of the small redheads, ages two and three, sitting in the living room and playing with a bright green Pygmy Puff.

“Lily!” Hermione called out loudly.

“Coming, mum,” a young voice called back.

A few seconds later, a third small head appeared. This one, she knew, was six, but it wasn’t her age that was surprising. It was the curly, jet-black hair and bright green eyes that Daphne found

startling. She'd known she would be here, of course. But, as was often the case, knowing and seeing were two very different things.

Swallowing the lump in her throat, she did her best to look stoic as the young girl came walking over.

"Lily, I need you to watch your brother and sister for a little while, okay?" Hermione asked.

"Okay, mum," Lily replied brightly.

"Come get me if you need anything," she called after her as the girl ran into the living room. "And please try and stay out of trouble."

Not getting an answer, Hermione sighed, shook her head with a small, fond smile, and waved Daphne into the kitchen.

"Can I get you anything?" she asked while putting a pot of tea on the stove.

"Just tea or water will be fine, thank you," Daphne replied, taking a seat at the polished wood table.

As she reached into her pocket to pull out her notebook, Hermione raised her wand and cast what looked to be some sort of Silencing Charm on the entrance to the kitchen.

"I wasn't sure about this when Kingsley first asked me about leaving a record of what happened with the Ministry," Hermione began almost idly, as she took a seat across from her. "As I'm sure you know, we haven't had the best relationship over the years."

"What made you agree?" Daphne asked, as much out of curiosity as it was to keep the conversation going now that it had started.

“Several oaths that the records will remain sealed in the Ministry until they’re needed,” Hermione said with a small smirk. “That, and I felt like there’s so much about him the public will never know, it would be nice for someone to remember it, or read about it once Ron and I are gone.”

Daphne nodded, unsure how to respond. The pair went silent, but fortunately, the kettle whistled before things could get awkward. Waving her wand, the tea pot and cups floated over to the table and poured themselves.

“Anyway, let’s get started, shall we?” Hermione said. “So, in our first year-”

“Wait, I thought you were just going to tell me about what happened with You-Know-Who,” Daphne interrupted.

“I am,” Hermione said with a small, knowing grin. “There’s a lot Dumbledore kept from most of the school. Even the professors don’t know most of the truth. So, it all started in our first year, when Malfoy challenged Harry to a duel...”

Daphne sat and listened for hours as Hermione told her the story of the man she’d only watched from afar, and the wizard she hated above all others. As the quill scratched across the parchment, Daphne was drawn back into her own memories of their time at school, trying to connect the dots with what she remembered.

The memories that stood out most, however, were the many, many times her best friend, Tracey, had joked about her being in love with Harry Potter. Daphne had always hated that. Partly because it made her sound like a foolish little girl with a crush, but mostly because it was true. And now, she was forced to listen to the young woman she’d always been slightly jealous of, tell her about his life in great detail.

It was far more incredible than she ever expected. From Quirrell, to the Chamber of Secrets, to Sirius Black, the Triwizard Tournament and onwards, it all sounded like a fairy tale parents told their children to teach them morals. It hurt, to hear of all the times she could have helped him,

even the tiniest amount, by telling him her classmates were fools for thinking he was the heir of Slytherin, or that she believed him about not entering his name in the Goblet of Fire. The worst part though, was hearing about Harry and Hermione, alone, in a tent.

“We slept together quite a few times while we were alone,” Hermione told her. “There was just so much stress and fear we needed some sort of release. That was just a couple of months before the end of the war. I didn’t even realize I was pregnant with Lily until a few days after it ended.”

“Did you love him?” Daphne asked before she could stop herself.

“Of course,” Hermione said. “You have to understand, we weren’t just friends, we were family. There was so much he had to deal with, and I know there were a lot of times he knew he wasn’t going to make it, so the idea of starting any kind of romantic relationship was the last thing on his mind. Would we have gotten together after the war, if he’d survived? With Lily, almost certainly. Without her? Maybe, maybe not. We weren’t really thinking about that at the time. I can tell you, that no matter what happened, we loved each other, and Harry would have loved his daughter no matter what.”

Daphne swallowed thickly, doing her best to hide the jealousy she felt simmering inside of her as Hermione continued her story.

“That’s when Voldemort gave us the ultimatum,” Hermione continued heavily, her eyes shimmering. “None of us knew where he went while the battle was going on, we didn’t know what he’d learned until later. I knew something was wrong the second I saw him though. I could see it in his eyes.”

She sniffled as tears fell from her eyes. Daphne fought against the stinging in her own eyes as she took a moment to gather herself.

“I begged him not to go, but his mind was made up. I even told him I’d go with him,” Hermione said with a tearful laugh. “But he wouldn’t let me. He was so calm. He knew it was over, he

knew he wasn't coming back, and he accepted it. Harry hugged us, told us to take care of each other, and then he was gone."

Wiping her eyes, Hermione took a sip of her tea, the cup rattling as she set it down with her shaking hands.

"I'm sure you know what happened next," she continued. "Harry faced Voldemort, their wands connected, and when the curse hit Voldemort, they both fell. It wasn't until later, in the headmaster's office, that we saw Snape's memories. Between the Horcrux in his scar and the blood ritual during the tournament, Harry and Voldemort were linked. When one of them died, so would the other. 'Neither can live with the other survives'."

The Horcrux. Soul magic. Daphne's mind began to race even as Hermione continued talking about what happened next. As an unspeakable, she studied many different kinds of magic, including soul magic. Something about what Hermione said struck a chord in her, jogging a memory just out of reach.

"Is there anything else you needed to know?" Hermione asked, jolting Daphne out of her thoughts.

She took a moment to look over her notes carefully before shaking her head.

"Not that I can think of," she said. "I really appreciate you telling me all of this."

"You're welcome," Hermione said. "Do you mind if I ask you a question?"

"Me?" Daphne asked. "I don't know what I can tell you, but sure. Go ahead."

"Why didn't you ever tell him?" Hermione asked.

Daphne froze in place and opened her mouth to deny everything, as she had done since her first year of Hogwarts, but Hermione interrupted her before she could.

“I saw the way you looked at him,” she said. “There were always a lot of girls that fancied Harry, but you were one of the few that looked at him differently. Why didn’t you ever tell him?”

Daphne thought about denying it, but even if Hermione didn’t call her on it, she wouldn’t believe it. Besides, was there really even a point to denying it anymore, she asked herself.

“Honestly, I think I was intimidated,” Daphne finally admitted, for the first time in her life. “My house – Malfoy especially – would have given me hell for being friends with him, let alone dating him. Then there was the fact that he was always in the spotlight, and I’ve always tried my best to stay in the background. And of course, there was you.”

“Me?” Hermione asked in surprise.

“Everyone was convinced you and Harry would end up together,” Daphne explained, smiling ruefully now that she knew better. “A lot of girls didn’t approach him because they thought they didn’t have a chance.”

Hermione sighed and shook her head.

“Before our time on the run, Harry and I were never anything more than friends,” she said. “After that, well, I guess we’ll never know.”

Daphne nodded, reflecting on her own mistakes and misconceptions for a long moment. Without anything else to say, she stood and gathered her things.

“Thank you for your time,” she said with a small smile. “I should get this back to the archives.”

Nodding, Hermione stood and canceled her Silencing Charm as they walked towards the door. As they passed the living room, they both glanced over to find Lily covered in grime, with half a dozen dust bunnies crawling over her body as she giggled.

“Lily! Where did you get those?” Hermione asked in exasperation.

“I wanted to see what was under the couch,” she said.

Sighing, Hermione patted down the girl’s clothes and knelt in front of her.

“Too curious for your own good, just like your father,” Hermione said, shaking her head fondly. “What am I going to do with you?”

Daphne looked away and slipped out the front door quietly, once again swallowing the lump in her throat.

A month later, Daphne finally found what had sparked that memory during her conversation with Hermione. In a two-hundred-year-old copy of the banned book, *Sex and Magic*, about halfway through, was a section on soul magic. Within the yellowed pages, she discovered a ritual used to remove soul bonds from sex slaves.

The hair raising on her arms, Daphne looked around to make sure no one else was nearby. Discretely, she tore the page out of the book and left.

Just a few minutes later, she was standing back outside the Weasley home, knocking on the door. At just after eight in the evening, the sky was dark as she waited impatiently for someone to answer the door. Hermione opened the door and looked at her with a raised brow. Before she could speak, Daphne held up the folded piece of parchment in front of her.

“I know how to save Harry,”

“You’re sure this will work?” Hermione asked as she paced the room after Daphne had explained the plan to her and Ron.

“The time travel? Yes,” Daphne said. “The ritual, theoretically, should work.”

“Theoretically?” Ron repeated.

“No one’s ever tried it on a Horcrux.” Daphne explained. “No one’s ever been crazy or stupid enough to make a living one before Harry. The Arithmancy works out, but we won’t know for sure until we try it.”

“And if it doesn’t work?” he asked, watching his wife continue to pace silently.

“It won’t hurt him, if that’s your concern,” Daphne told him. “If it doesn’t work, then the ritual does nothing.”

“I still don’t understand this,” Hermione said suddenly. “If we go back, what happens to this time?”

“It disappears,” Daphne said quietly. “It’s like literally turning back the clock, but only one person remembers everything. By going back so far back the future will be too uncertain to even exist.”

“Can’t we just use a regular time turner?” Hermione asked.

“We could, but then we wouldn’t be able to change anything,” Daphne pointed out. “The paradox of changing something that far back would tear the universe apart.”

“Yeah, let’s try not to do that.” Ron said.

“I’ll go,” Hermione said determinedly.

Ron’s head shot up, and it looked like he wanted to protest, but stopped himself at the last second. Daphne shook her head.

“You can’t,” she said quietly.

“The hell I can’t!” Hermione barked loudly.

“I’m... not powerful enough to do the spell,” Daphne admitted, even though it pained her to do so. “Why do you think I came here instead of just doing it myself? This spell is insanely complicated, and it needs an incredible amount of power. We’re literally erasing time here, a single misstep and the world ends.”

“Then we can send Ron back,” Hermione said, to which her husband looked a bit alarmed.

“He can’t do the sex ritual with Harry,” Daphne told her.

“Then he can tell me about it when he arrives, and I’ll do it,” Hermione said.

“Do you really think you’d believe him?” Daphne asked skeptically.

“She has a point,” Ron pointed out as Hermione opened her mouth to argue. “It sounds like something the twins would put me up to.”

Hermione snapped her mouth shut, but Daphne could still see her mind racing as she tried to find another way.

“Hermione,” Daphne called gently, getting her attention. “I know you want to help him, but there’s only one way for this to work. You’re the only one that can do the spell, and I’m the only one that can do the ritual with Harry. Please, trust me.”

Hermione struggled mentally for a long moment, before eventually her shoulders sagged.

“Fine,” she said, crossing her arms.

“Hermione, are you sure about this?” Ron asked, then continued before she could reply. “You know this means that Lily, Rose, and Hugo might never be born.”

“I know!” Hermione yelled in anguish. “I know what it means, but this is Harry we’re talking about. Not to mention all the other lives she might be able to save. Cedric, Sirius, Fred, Tonks, Remus, this could save all of them. We have to try.”

As tears fell from her eyes, Ron stood up and hugged her tightly. Turning to Daphne he looked at her and nodded.

“We’ll do it.”

The next three days they spent planning and getting ready. While Hermione was practicing the spell to send Daphne’s soul back in time to her younger body, Daphne was watching the memories Hermione and Ron thought were most important in a Pensieve.

Some of it was hard to watch, but in the end, it only made Daphne more determined to succeed.

Finally, they were ready. Daphne took a shuddering breath as she dropped her cloak to the ground in the Weasleys’ backyard, leaving her completely nude. Before she could even begin to have second thoughts, Hermione raised her wand and began chanting in the light of the full

moon. The tip of her wand glowed, moving in a hypnotic dance for several minutes as the power around them built.

The hair on Daphne's arms stood on end as the magic gathered and swirled around her in a light blue glow. Hermione's arm shook, sweat beading on her forehead as she struggled to control the monumental magics she was evoking. As they neared the end, she stopped and took a deep breath.

"You can do it, Hermione," Ron said encouragingly.

But Daphne could see the defeat in Hermione's eyes as they welled with tears. It was too much for her to control. The spell wouldn't work.

Just as her arm began to dip, the blue glow of her wand fading, a misty hand appeared around her wrist. Hermione gasped as the hand became an arm, then a torso, and finally a person standing with his chest against her back and his hand supporting hers. She didn't need Daphne or Ron to tell her who it was.

"Harry," she breathed.

"You don't need to do this," Harry whispered, his voice coming as if traveling on the breeze.

"I want to, but I can't," Hermione said, her voice thick with emotion. "I'm not strong enough."

"Oh, Hermione," Harry chuckled. "You've always been strong enough. That's not what's holding you back."

"I-" Hermione started, her voice cracking as she broke off.

"It's okay to be afraid," Harry whispered.

Hermione closed her eyes and the tears she'd been holding back broke free.

"I love you, Harry," Hermione said softly.

"I love you too," Harry said.

Daphne's heart broke as she saw how much they truly cared for each other, and it hurt even more knowing that Hermione couldn't finish the spell. Suddenly, Harry looked at her with a piercing gaze, and gave her a crooked smile, as if he could read her mind. She shivered at the way his eyes quickly raked over her naked body before returning to her face.

"Take good care of him," Hermione whispered as she opened her eyes. "*Reverte in Tarram!*"

The wind picked up, spinning around Daphne as she gasped at the magic flooding her body. Harry whispered something to Hermione that was lost on the wind, before letting go and floating forward.

"You're going to be fine," Harry told her with a smile.

Around them, the swirling blue magic became a tornado as the world outside slowed to a stop. His arms wrapped around her, and she was shocked to find her body transparent and glowing like his. Looking down, only then did Daphne realize they were far over the yard, where her body still stood.

"I'll see you soon," Harry said.

Reaching up, he stroked her cheek gently, and Daphne closed her eyes at the touch.

When she opened them, she found herself lying on the floor in a sleeping bag. Jerking up, it took her a moment to realize she was back in the Great Hall of Hogwarts on the night Sirius Black broke into the school, just as she'd wanted.

Whipping her head around, she looked desperately for Harry. It took a while, but she finally spotted him lying on his back and staring up at the ceiling, lost in thought as their classmates slept around them.

She'd done it. Now, she just had to get close to him.

One thing Daphne certainly hadn't missed about Hogwarts was the way boys stared at her. At seventeen, she was one of the curviest girls in the school, and they'd certainly noticed. She'd only been back for half a day and already she was sick of Malfoy leering at her tits.

At lunch, she watched the trio closely, waiting for a chance to get Harry and Hermione alone. Even Ron had admitted that, at the time, he hadn't been the most mature and would only get in the way. The problem was, neither of his friends looked like they would ever leave his side. After the attack by Sirius and given what they knew at the time, it made sense, but it didn't make it any less frustrating.

Finally, after Transfiguration, Daphne got her opportunity. Ron left to go get a book from his dorm while Harry and Hermione went to the library. Making an excuse about going to the bathroom to Tracey, she followed them down the hall until they were mostly alone before finally approaching them.

"Harry, Hermione," Daphne called out as she rushed to catch up with them.

They stopped in the middle of the hall and turned to look at her curiously. Harry even put his hand in his cloak, likely grabbing his wand, and looked around cautiously. Knowing his history with Snape and Malfoy better now, she couldn't blame him for his cautiousness.

“We need to talk, urgently,” Daphne said, figuring it was best to be straight and honest with them.

“About what?” Hermione asked curiously.

“About saving Harry’s life,” Daphne said.

Walking a few feet down the hall, she pushed open the door to an abandoned classroom and waved them inside. Harry and Hermione shared a look, silently communicating before Hermione nodded and they both turned to follow her inside. Daphne closed the door behind them, then layered it with Locking and Silencing Charms.

“Right, this is going to sound crazy, but it’s the truth,” she started nervously. “Harry, there’s a piece of You-Know-Who’s soul trapped in your scar. It’s why you feel pain when he’s close to you. I’ve come back in time to help you remove it.”

“You came back in time?” Hermione asked doubtfully.

“Coming from someone who’s been using a Time Turner to get to all her classes this year, I thought you’d be at least a little accepting of the idea,” Daphne said, smirking as Hermione’s eyes went wide.

“How do you know about that?” she asked sharply, her hand unconsciously going to her chest where the Time Turner lay under her shirt.

“You told me, about ten years from now,” Daphne said.

“What’s a Time Turner?” Harry asked, looking at Hermione.

Shifting guiltily, she looked between the two of them, then sighed in resignation and pulled the tiny hourglass shaped object out from under her shirt.

“It’s a magical device that lets me travel back in time up to twelve hours,” Hermione told him. “Professor McGonagall got it for me so I could take all my classes.”

“I knew there was something going on,” Harry said triumphantly, then furrowed his brow. “But why didn’t you tell me?”

“Professor McGonagall said that if anyone found out she’d have to take it away,” Hermione said, biting her bottom lip.

“We’re getting off track,” Daphne interjected before Harry could reply. “I know a ritual to remove the soul fragment in your scar. We should try and get it done as soon as possible, preferably tonight.”

“Hang on a second,” Hermione said. “I’m still not sure if I believe this. I mean, it’s possible you just saw me use the Time Turner after class. How do we really know you’re from the future?”

“You want more proof?” Daphne asked, holding back a smile. “Before I left, you told me several personal things to help convince you. My favorite was when you admitted that Harry was the first real person that wasn’t a celebrity that you thought about while masturbating.”

Daphne struggled not to laugh as Hermione’s jaw dropped and her face turned bright red. Harry looked back and forth between them, his mouth slowly falling open and a blush creeping up his neck when Hermione didn’t deny it.

“I can keep going if you like,” Daphne offered.

“No!” Hermione squeaked, then cleared her throat. “No, I believe you. But why-”

Cutting herself off suddenly, Hermione paled as she looked at Harry and then back at Daphne. Subtly, Daphne nodded minutely.

“So, he kills me?” Harry asked.

Daphne hated just how calm and casual he asked the question, but she could see the fear in his eyes. Hermione reached out and took his hand in hers.

“It doesn’t matter,” Daphne said. “Whatever happened last time won’t happen this time. I know a lot more, and I’ll tell you, but we need to get that soul fragment out of you first.”

Hermione nodded, but Harry still looked doubtful.

“You’re still not convinced?” Daphne asked him with a small smile, then spoke again before he could answer. “It’s alright. I don’t blame you. Do you have the Marauders’ Map?”

Harry’s eyebrows shot up and he shared a look with Hermione before nodding and pulling it out of his pocket.

“May I?” she asked, holding out her hand.

Harry handed it to her, and Daphne opened it before pressing the tip of her wand to the parchment.

“I solemnly swear I’m up to no good,” Daphne said.

She watched with a satisfied smile as lines began to appear, quickly forming a map. It truly was an impressive bit of Enchanting, she thought. Scanning the map, it didn’t take her long to find Gryffindor Tower. Handing the map back to Harry, she pointed out the name *Ronald Weasley*, right next to *Peter Pettigrew*.

“Oh my god,” Hermione gasped.

“I thought he was dead,” Harry said.

“It was a setup,” Daphne told them. “Sirius Black is innocent. Peter Pettigrew was your parents’ Secret Keeper. When Sirius found out what happened, he went after him. Peter blew up the street, killing those Muggles, and then cut off his own finger before escaping.”

“But that doesn’t make any sense,” Hermione said. “Surely someone would have seen him.”

“Not if he didn’t look human,” Daphne said, then looked at Harry. “Your father, Sirius Black, Peter Pettigrew, and Remus Lupin were all friends at school.”

“Professor Lupin?” Harry asked incredulously.

“Yes,” Daphne answered. “Remus Lupin is a Werewolf. When they were at school, your dad and his friends all became Animagi to keep him company on the full moon. Your dad was a stag, Sirius was a big black dog, and Peter was a rat.”

“Scabbers,” Hermione gasped.

“What?” Harry asked.

“Scabbers is Peter Pettigrew, isn’t he?” Hermione asked.

“Exactly,” Daphne said, honestly impressed she’d gotten it that quickly. “So, here’s what we’ll do. You go get Pettigrew and take him to Dumbledore. Tell him that you saw his name on the map. Don’t mention anything about me at all. When you’re done, and you know that I’m telling

the truth, meet me on the seventh-floor corridor near the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy, alright?"

Four hours later, Daphne sat outside the Room of Requirement, standing at the sound of approaching footsteps. Relief ran through her when she saw Hermione, then worry, when she realized she was alone.

"Where's Harry?" she asked.

"He'll be here in a little while," Hermione said. "Listening to Peter Pettigrew confess to selling out his parents was really hard on him, so I told him to go flying and calm down."

"And you wanted to talk to me alone," Daphne added knowingly.

"Yes," Hermione admitted unrepentantly.

Sighing, Daphne opened the door to the Room of Requirement and motioned her inside. With a thought, the door closed behind her and became transparent from the inside, allowing her to watch the hallway outside.

"Dumbledore doesn't know anything about me, does he?" Daphne asked nervously.

"No," Hermione said. "I think we should tell him though, he's-"

"No," Daphne interrupted firmly.

"Why not?" Hermione huffed. "What do you know that you're not telling me? And what happened to Harry?"

“There’s a lot I know that I haven’t told you, but that’s because I haven’t had the time.” Daphne told her. “I’ll tell you everything once we get that thing out of Harry’s head.”

“Why is that so important?” Hermione asked. “I don’t like the thought of it being there, but it’s been there for years. It won’t hurt leave it for a little longer so you can explain everything, will it?”

“It’s a direct link to You-Know-Who’s mind,” Daphne told her, causing Hermione to pale. “I don’t know if he can use that link without a body, but I’m not willing to take the chance. If he finds out what I tell you and Harry, all the knowledge I have is worthless.”

“Oh,” Hermione said before falling silent for a long moment. “What happened? Something must have gone terribly wrong for you to travel back in time like this.”

Daphne sighed as she thought about what to say. She had planned to tell them everything after the ritual was completed but giving her some information, and getting Hermione on her side, might help later with Harry.

“It was pretty bad,” Daphne told her. “You-Know-Who took over, Dumbledore left you only a trail of breadcrumbs to follow, and everyone willing to fight was just waiting for Harry to make a move. Muggleborns were rounded up and fed to the Dementors in mock trials for stealing magic from Purebloods. It was horrible, for a while. You pulled it off though. You, Harry, and Ron.

“Thee last fight took place here, ‘the Battle of Hogwarts’, they called it. A lot of classmates lost their lives, including Fred Weasley, Lavender Brown, Katie Bell, The Creevey brothers, and friends you don’t even know yet. Harry won, but because he was linked with You-Know-Who, the curse took both their lives.”

Daphne paused as Hermione gasped and tears welled in her eyes. Biting her lip thoughtfully, she debated on how much to say.

“You had a daughter together,” Daphne said eventually, causing Hermione’s eyes to go wide. “It was an accident. You were on the run alone, trapped in a tent. Ron ran away for a bit, but he came back. Harry never knew. He died before you even knew you were pregnant. You never regretted it though. A couple of years later, you married Ron and had two more kids.”

“Why-” Hermione broke off, her voice cracking. “Why didn’t I come back? Why did we send you?”

“I was the one that discovered the ritual,” Daphne told her. “You wanted to come, but you were the only one powerful enough to perform the time travel spell we used.”

Hermione nodded as she looked off into the distance.

“Were we happy together?” Hermione asked, her question barely audible.

“You and Ron?” Daphne asked for clarification, to which she got a nod. “Honestly, I don’t know. I never really saw you two together that much. You looked happy.”

“It’s hard to imagine,” Hermione said, wiping the last of her tears away. “We argue so much, sometimes it feels like Harry’s the only reason we’re friends.”

Daphne returned Hermione’s smile, even as her insides twisted and turned. A part of her, a large, selfish part, had wanted to keep Hermione in the dark so she could keep Harry to herself, but her conscience wouldn’t allow it. How could she love someone she’d hardly spoken to, she asked herself.

She’d thought that maybe it was just the idea of it that appealed to her. But seeing him again had brought back all of the feelings she’d spent years trying to bury. The worst part was, she still wasn’t sure how Hermione felt about him. Sure, Daphne knew that Hermione loved him, but she didn’t know if it was romantic or not. Still, she couldn’t bring herself to ask for fear of the answer.

“So, did you and Harry ever...?” Hermione asked.

Daphne smiled ruefully. Bloody Gryffindors, she thought.

“No,” Daphne admitted. “I wanted to, but I could never work up the courage to tell him.”

“And that’s why you came back,” Hermione said knowingly.

Daphne nodded just as she spotted something moving just outside the door. It was Harry, looking up and down the hall for them. Taking a deep breath, she straightened her robes and walked over to the door. Harry gave a start when what had appeared to be a wall suddenly opened.

“Whoa,” he said, blinking at her.

“Come on in,” Daphne said, smiling at his reaction.

Harry walked in and looked around the room curiously.

“Are you doing alright?” she asked, genuinely concerned.

“I’m fine,” Harry said, then turned to her, his bright eyes and crooked smile causing her stomach to fill with butterflies. “Thanks for telling us about Pettigrew. Dumbledore got Fudge to revoke the Kiss on sight order for Sirius. They’re going to put an article in the paper telling him it’s safe to come out of hiding. Did you know he’s my Godfather?”

“I did,” Daphne said with a smile. “I’m glad I could help. Hermione told me you two got along great.”

Harry looked over at Hermione, confused, until he realized she meant future Hermione.

“Oh, right,” he said, shaking his head. “Time travel’s confusing, I don’t know how you two keep things straight.”

“You get used to it,” Daphne said, licking her lips nervously. “Are you ready to get started?”

“Sure,” Harry said with a shrug. “What do I need to do?”

Hermione came over to listen curiously as Daphne stamped down on her nerves.

“We’ll be using an old ritual designed to free sex slaves,” Daphne said. “In the fourteenth century, a coven of witches tried to gain power by Enchanting powerful men through potions and spells and convincing them to use a Soul Bonding ritual with them. They were caught, and this ritual was developed to free the men they enslaved. This should sever the connect You-Know-Who’s soul has to your body and force it out of you.”

“Should?” Hermione asked.

“It’s never been tried on this type of connection before,” Daphne told her. “The Arithmancy checks out, but we won’t know for certain until we try. Even if it doesn’t work, nothing bad will happen, and we can tweak the ritual if we need to.”

“What’s involved in the ritual? Do you have to make a sacrifice?” Hermione asked.

Harry looked startled at the word sacrifice, and Daphne glared at her.

“There’s no sacrifice,” she assured him. “To put it bluntly, we’ll be using Sex Magic, sometimes called a Tantric Ritual.”

“How does that work?” Hermione asked, even as she and Harry blushed deeply.

“The ritual stores the magic our bodies produce during sex, then releases it all at once to sever the connection between souls inside a person or object,” Daphne said, mentally wincing at how clinical she sounded.

“Are you sure about this?” Harry asked, his face bright red. “It’s not that I don’t want to – I mean I don’t want you to do something you don’t want to.”

Harry pushed his glasses up to his forehead and rubbed his face, missing Daphne’s smile.

“I wouldn’t have come all this way if I didn’t want to, Harry,” she told him.

“Well,” he said, glancing at Hermione nervously. “If you’re sure...”

Surprisingly, Hermione smiled at him and squeezed his hand reassuringly. Again, it made Daphne wonder how she felt about Harry. Was Hermione just being supportive because she wanted her to help Harry, or did the thought of them having sex not bother her? The constant uncertainty was really starting to become infuriating.

Turning her focus to the ritual, Daphne asked the room for a small mattress on the floor. When it appeared, she walked around it as salt poured from the tip of her wand, creating the ritual circle. Then, she asked the room for the candles she would need. Seven white, to represent the horcruxes, one black, for You-Know-Who, and one red, for Harry. The red candle floated above the circle on the east side, the black on the west, and the white candles floated in a slightly wider circle, all evenly spaced.

Taking a deep breath, Daphne shucked off her cloak and began to strip out of her clothes. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught Harry eyeing her body as she stripped down to her bra and panties. Hiding a smile, she popped the clasp on her bra, stepped out of her panties, and turned to face him.

Daphne had always been proud of her body, and it sent a thrill through her to have Harry staring at her. For the first time in a long time, she wanted a man to stare at her. Harry though, ever the gentleman, looked away when she turned to face him. Smiling, she walked towards him, putting an extra sway in her hips. Interestingly, Hermione was watching her closely, and not purely for academics.

“Are you going to stay?” Daphne asked her.

Harry blushed again and looked over at Hermione as if he’d forgotten she was there, even though she was still holding his hand. Biting her lip, Hermione glanced at Harry before turning back to Daphne.

“Do you mind?” she asked nervously.

Daphne raised an eyebrow, then shrugged her shoulders, causing Harry eyes to dart to her large, perky breasts as they jiggled at the movement.

“If you want,” she said before turning to Harry. “You’re going to need to strip. I have to put some runes on you.”

Daphne fought a smirk as she watched his Adam’s apple bob. Hermione let go of his hand and took a step back out of the way. Nervously, Harry reached up and pulled off his tie. While Harry undressed, Daphne asked the room for a thin paint brush and a bottle of ink. Picking them up off the floor, she dipped the brush into the ink and began to paint a rune on her chest, right above her left breast.

“Do you want help?” Hermione asked.

Looking at her curiously, Daphne shrugged again. It was a bit difficult to paint accurately on yourself, she thought.

“Sure. Can you paint the runes for Mann, Gebo, and Berkana, from left to right?” she asked.

Hermione nodded as she took the brush and began painting Daphne. She shivered from the tickling sensation of the brush and looked up to check on Harry. Unconsciously, she licked her lips, seeing him with his shirt off and working on his pants. It took her a moment to realize he was using Hermione writing on her as an excuse to look at her chest.

“So, why do you need to remove your clothes when doing rituals?” Hermione asked with genuine curiosity.

“The ritual takes all excess magic from within the circle,” Daphne said. “Most clothes made in the magical world were made using some kind of magic. Having them inside the circle can cause them to unravel, or even disintegrate.”

Looking down, Daphne caught Hermione staring at her breast even though she was done with the runes. That’s interesting, she thought with a smirk. Looking back up, she caught Harry just as he stepped out of his boxers. Her nipples hardened as she caught sight of his long, straight cock bouncing free to stand at attention in front of him.

Self-consciously, Harry tried to cover himself with his hands, but failed miserably and gave up.

“If you’re done, can you paint Thurisaz over Harry’s scar, and then Mannaz and Algiz over his heart?” Daphne asked Hermione, curious to how she would react.

Hermione looked up at her, their eyes meeting for a long moment before she nodded.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped when she turned around.

Harry shifted nervously and moved his hands to cover himself.

“Don’t,” Hermione said quickly, “I - I mean it’s fine. I was just surprised.”

Slowly walking forward, Hermione met Harry’s gaze for a moment before gently reaching up to paint the rune on his scar. When she was done, she moved over to paint his chest and her hip brushed against his standing erection.

“Sorry,” Harry said, pulling his hips back.

“It’s fine,” Hermione said in a strangled voice.

Daphne, despite her nervousness, smiled at how cute they were. Seeing their reactions to each other, she at least knew for certain they were attracted to each other. That would have bothered her more, if she hadn’t seen Hermione’s reaction to her as well. It was becoming more and more clear just how difficult it would be to compete for Harry’s attention against her, but maybe she didn’t have to, Daphne thought.

“Harry, you need to come closer,” Hermione said, despite the fact she was almost finished with the runes.

“Er, I don’t want to, um, poke you, again,” Harry said nervously.

“It’s fine, Harry.” Hermione said in an exasperated tone. “I need to make sure I don’t make a mistake.”

Swallowing thickly, Daphne watched Harry shuffle forward. Hermione deliberately shifted her hips to brush against his cock as he straightened his spine, causing him to suck in a sharp breath. Cheeky bitch, Daphne thought with a smirk.

Ostensibly to check her work, Hermione shifted further to the side. Harry shivered and closed his eyes as her hip rubbed along his length.

“That looks good,” Daphne said with a smile as she startled Hermione.

“R-right,” Hermione said, finally stepping away from Harry and turn back to look at her. “Is there anything else I can do to help?”

“There is, but you’ll need to strip down as well,” Daphne said.

It was a complete lie. There wasn’t anything else Hermione could do, and certainly nothing that required her to strip naked. Daphne was just curious to see how far the other girl was willing to go.

Hermione set the ink and brush on the floor as she bit her lip in hesitation.

“You don’t have to, of course,” Daphne said, “We can finish the ritual without your help.”

“No, I’ll help,” Hermione said.

Reaching up, the brunette began stripping quickly with almost mechanical movements. Harry looked back and forth between them, his eyes wide. Daphne smiled at his expression and walked closer.

Taking a deep breath, Hermione unclipped her bra and dropped it to the floor. She and Harry both looked down at her perky breasts and light pink nipples. They weren’t as big as Daphne’s, but she had to admit Hermione was a beautiful witch. With shaking hands, she pushed her panties to the floor and stepped out, not noticing that Harry was checking out her bum as she bent over.

Daphne picked the brushed and ink well up off the floor and held out the well to Harry.

“Can you hold this?” she asked.

“Huh? Oh, sure,” Harry said, snapping out of his daze.

With her hand now free, Daphne grabbed Hermione’s hip, her fingers splayed along her tight, round bum, and pulled her closer. She heard her inhale sharply and smirked as she began drawing the runes needed for a cleansing ritual across her chest. A couple of times while drawing, Daphne moved her hand in a way to intentionally run her knuckles across Hermione’s stiff nipples.

It was far from the first time she’d touched another witch, and the idea of sharing Harry was starting to look more and more appealing. After all, Harry would need a Lady Black if he wanted that house to continue after Sirius.

With a plan set in mind, Daphne decided it was time to move things along. When she was done painting the Runes on Hermione, the brush and ink vanished with a thought as she stepped over to Harry.

“You alright?” she asked quietly.

“I’m fine,” Harry said. “I’m just a little nervous. I’ve never, um-”

“That’s okay,” Daphne assured him with a smile. “Just try and relax.”

Wrapping her arms around his shoulder and trapping his cock between their bodies, Daphne pressed her breasts against his hard chest as she kissed him gently. Harry stiffened at first, but after a few seconds, relaxed and kissed her back. She felt almost high at finally kissing the guy she’d always wanted. Moaning lowly into his mouth, she rolled her hips, grinding the throbbing erection between them.

Feeling how excited he was – and given the situation, she couldn’t blame him – she knew he wouldn’t last long enough to complete the ritual. That was alright though, Daphne thought with a grin as she pulled back from his lips.

“I think we need to take the edge off before we get started,” she said, taking half a step back and turning slightly to face Hermione while reaching down to wrap her fingers around Harry’s shaft. “Do you want to help with this?”

Staring at her hand on Harry’s cock, Hermione nodded nervously and stepped closer. Grinning, Daphne turned back to Harry and dropped to her knees on the padded floor. She gave Hermione’s hand a light tug, and the brunette obediently knelt down next to her. Her hand still on his length, Daphne stroked him lightly a few times before leaning forward and kissing his tip.

Harry gasped as she stuck out her tongue and licked all around the head. He panted lightly, his fingers curling and uncurling in anticipation as she leaned forward slowly. Daphne kept her eyes on his as she wrapped her lips around him, savoring the awed, burning gaze of his intense green eyes. Holding his throbbing glans in her mouth, she sucked lightly and pulled back a centimeter at a time. By the time her lips slid off of his tip, his legs were trembling.

Smiling at him, Daphne turned to Hermione and angled his cock towards her. With her free hand, she wrapped her arm around her waist and pulled her close. Staring at the red, swollen glans, Hermione slowly leaned forward. Just before her lips touched it, she paused to look up at Harry, who was staring at her intently. As she leaned forward to finally take him into her mouth, Daphne trailed her fingertips down over the smooth skin of her round hip and over her muscular ass.

“Bloody hell,” Harry panted as Hermione dragged her lips back over his throbbing tip.

“Try sucking lightly as you pull back,” Daphne suggested when Hermione reached the tip.

Moving forward again, she took Harry back into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing slightly as she pulled back. Harry sucked in a sharp breath, his hips flexing as he tried to follow her lips as she pulled away from him.

“Are you close, Harry?” Daphne asked.

“Yeah,” he said, his cock harder than any she’d ever seen.

Shuffling to the side slightly, Daphne moved to one side of his head while sliding her hand up Hermione’s back to her head and guiding her to the other. Pulling Hermione towards her, they met in the middle, each of their lips wrapping around one side of his shaft. As their lips touched, their tongues swirled around his length, and each other. Reaching up, Daphne stroked Harry around the base.

When he groaned, and she felt him pulse in her grip, Daphne slid her and Hermione’s mouths up to the tip. Their lips sealed around Harry’s tip just as he came. Daphne felt it coat her tongue and then pushed it into Hermione’s mouth.

“Fuck,” Harry grunted.

Daphne smiled around his shaft as he continued to fill their mouths. When he was finally done, she let the tip slide away and kissed Hermione fully. The brunette moaned as they kissed, their bodies moving closer until they were pressed together. Sliding her hand up, Daphne cupped one of Hermione’s breasts and rolled the nipple between her fingers. She moaned into her mouth right before Daphne pulled back with a grin.

It took a moment for Hermione to open her eyes, her cheeks flushed as she panted lightly. Reaching out, Daphne ran her thumb along the corner of Hermione’s lips and wiped up a large dollop of cum that had leaked out. Showing it to her, she smirked before sucking it clean, causing the flush to extend all the way down her neck.

Seeing motion out of the corner of her eye, Daphne smiled as she saw Harry already beginning to rehard. Standing up, she held out her hand and then helped Hermione to her feet when she took it.

“Feel better?” Daphne asked Harry.

“Uh, yeah,” Harry said, looking a bit dazed.

Reaching up, she stroked his cheek and smiled at him.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get used to it,” she told him with a smile. “Come on, let’s get started on that ritual.”

Grabbing his hand, Daphne led him over to the mattress, careful to step over the circle she had created earlier.

“Er, what should I do?” Harry asked nervously.

“Just lie down, and let me take care of everything,” Daphne said.

Nodding, Harry lay down on the mattress. Once he was settled, she straddled his waist and ground his length into her damp folds. Hermione moved close to the circle and sat down cross-legged to watch. Daphne moaned as she felt Harry harden, his cock splitting her lips and grinding against her clit. As soon as he was completely hard, she raised herself up and placed his head at her entrance.

Descending, she hissed and stopped as she felt him stretching her open.

“Shit,” Daphne said.

“What’s wrong?” Hermione asked.

“Nothing,” Daphne said with a sigh. “I just forgot that coming back to this body, I’d be a virgin again.”

Hermione opened her mouth in an O shape while Harry looked up at her in concern.

“You don’t have to-”

“I want to,” Daphne interrupted him gently.

Moving more slowly, she rolled her hips and bounced up and down on his length, gradually taking him deeper and deeper. As the pain began to fade, the pleasure built. Despite being much bigger, it already felt better than the first man she’d been with who’d just jammed it in. When her weight settled on his thighs, Daphne smiled at him and wanted to reward him for his patience.

Grabbing Harry’s hands, she brought them up to her chest and placed them on her breasts. Daphne moaned as he squeezed them gently, her hard nipples rubbing lightly against his rough palms. Raising her hips, she lifted herself up nearly half his length before slowly dropping back down.

“Yes,” Daphne hissed.

The ritual circle and the runes on their chests glowed blue while the rune on his forehead shone a dark red. It’s working, she thought, they just needed more power.

“Your cock feels so good,” Daphne moaned sultrily as she gripped his shoulders and bounced on him again and again.

His cock swelled inside of her, and she moaned at the feeling. There is no way in hell I’m giving this up, Daphne thought. Glancing over at Hermione, she was pleasantly surprised to find her openly playing with herself as she watched.

Smirking, Daphne bent down, kissed Harry heatedly on the lips and then worked her way down his jaw until her lips were next to his ear.

“Look at Hermione,” she whispered.

Daphne kissed his neck as he turned his head and smirked when she felt him throb inside of her. Sitting back up, she started riding him hard, rolling her hips and grinding her clit against his pelvis.

With one hand on her hip, Harry cupped her breast with the other and started bucking up into her.

“Oh fuck, yes,” Daphne hissed.

Harry’s cock filled her tight folds over and over, hitting depths she’d never even known to exist before. After years without so much as a boyfriend, Daphne knew she wouldn’t last long, and from the look on his face, Harry wouldn’t either.

“Are you close?” she asked.

Harry nodded, the rune on his forehead glowing brightly. Knowing the ritual was nearly finished, Daphne dropped down on Harry and rested her chest on his.

“Roll us over,” she told him.

Harry did and pressed his cock as deep into her as he could, drawing a deep moan from her throat and causing her eyes to roll into the back of her head.

“Fuck me. Don’t hold back,” Daphne said.

Harry drew his hips back until he was nearly out of her, and then snapped forwards. Daphne gasped and threw her head back as her body lurched under his powerful thrusts. Again and

again, he slammed his length into her depths. Gradually, his pace grew faster, as well as his breathing, until he was thrusting faster than he could breathe. Her nails dug into his shoulders as her climax grew closer.

“Daphne,” Harry groaned in warning.

She felt his cock swell massively inside of her. With one last thrust, he burst inside of her and tipped her over the edge. Daphne cried out in climax and closed her eyes as the ritual circle flared to life. When it died a moment later, she opened her eyes and gasped. Even as Harry continued to fill her, a black smoke leaked out of his scar.

Smirking, Daphne lifted her hand over his back and gave the faceless cloud the finger as she writhed on Harry’s cock. As their orgasms came to an end, the magic of the circle collapsed, and the candles fell to the ground with a muted clatter.

“Did it work?” Hermione asked.

“Mh hmm,” Daphne hummed contentedly.

After a couple of minutes of rest and savoring the moment, Daphne kissed Harry and rolled him off of her. Grinning, she turned to Hermione.

“So, you ready to do that cleansing ritual?” she asked.

Looking over at Harry, Hermione bit her lip thoughtfully. Harry just looked between the two of them, looking completely lost. Daphne raised an eyebrow and reached down to stroke Harry’s cock. In seconds, he was hard again. Staring at his glistening length, Hermione licked her lips.

“Yeah, I’m ready,” she said.