

In the pagan traditions of ancient Britain and Ireland, snakes served as a symbol of the druids. They were the wise and learned among the Celts, and some of the earliest magical practitioners on the isles.

Thousands of years later, at an imposing castle in Scotland, the snake had become the symbol of the cunning and ambitious. Now, Tracey Davis and Daphne Greengrass didn't have the slightest problem with that, they were quite proud of it in fact. But both young women tried to be wise as well, just as the ancient druids.

That's why they found the conversations going on around them moronic at best and infuriating at worst. They were in Hogwarts' Great Hall, the day after the first, and likely only, gathering of the Dueling Club. Very little was being discussed of the atrocious instruction or the unsporting conduct of Draco Malfoy. No, the only chatter they could hear was about the fact that Harry Potter was a parseltongue.

"I tell you, he's dark!" Anthony Goldstein was trying to talk quietly to the others at his table, but it still carried easily over to Daphne and Tracey, "There's not a wizard alive who can speak to snakes that's anything different. You-Know-Who probably wanted to kill him as baby to get rid of any competition." Shockingly there were murmurs of agreement coming from everyone around the boy. Tracey rolled her eyes, and Daphne snickered.

Funnily enough, this was one of the few times where either of the girls actually agreed with Malfoy, "Potter's about as dark as the sodding sun." He said from further down the Slytherin table. Of course, he followed it up with something ridiculous, "He's nothing special whatsoever. The Dark Lord certainly wasn't afraid of him."

Tracey pulled on Daphne's sleeve and nodded toward the door. Neither girl was really full, but they wanted to be free of the inane chattering. They left the Great Hall side by side. The halls were relatively quiet as they made their way to an unused classroom they often used to study, as they rounded the corner. Daphne started giggling, "I swear there's not a bit of sense between them."

"You're telling me," Tracey shook her head, "I was in the library yesterday after it all happened, and I heard Abbott and McMillan saying the same thing as Goldstein."

"Ridiculous, it's like none of them have ever even met him." Granted, Daphne and Tracey barely knew Harry, but they'd seen enough to know that he wasn't dark, "His closest friends are a Weasley and a Muggleborn, you would think that'd count for something."

They opened the door to their study space, and dropped their bags, Daphne gracefully dropped herself into a couch they'd managed to transfigure just a few weeks prior. The spellwork had taken ages to get right, but it was worth it for the extra comfort, "I can't help but think that the boys are just jealous. And the girls are shortsighted."

Tracey furrowed her brow and plopped down next to her, "I... don't follow."

"Your mind is usually dirtier than mine. I was sure you would have thought of it." Daphne looked pleased with herself, "Didn't you hear Potter up there on the platform. His tongue was literally vibrating with every word he spoke in parseltongue. Most boys would kill for the ability, at least the one's willing to spend some time between a witch's legs to begin with."

“Have you been thinking about what that would feel like on your clit, Daph?” Tracey grinned at her friend suggestively. Daphne could be a bit prudish given her upbringing, but she had fantasies the same as anyone else.

“Yep,” She replied confidently, surprising Tracey, “I’ve always thought Potter was handsome even if he needs someone to get him a new wardrobe. I can just imagine those eyes looking up from between my thighs as his tongue wriggles and slithers in the most impossible ways.” Daphne rubbed her nylon clad legs together at the thought.

Tracey gave a small smile, closing her eyes and picturing that same thing in her mind. *I wonder just how long that tongue is? Merlin, I would love to find out for myself.* Both girls fancied the Gryffindor Golden Boy but had never done anything about it given his animosity for Slytherin. However, they had a unique opportunity. When she opened her eyes, she had the beginnings of plan in her mind, “You know, there was one other thing I heard in the library yesterday.”

“Oh?” Daphne couldn’t imagine it was anymore nasty badmouthing regarding Harry or she wouldn’t be bringing it up.

“Granger and Weasley thought they were being quiet, but I was just on the other side of a bookshelf and managed to listen in.” Tracey leaned in close to Daphne, pushing her chest against her arm, “They said that Harry’s been hearing voices in the walls, voices that only he can hear. Even they’re afraid he might be going a bit mad. And that got me thinking.”

“That this creature terrorizing the school supposedly belonged to Slytherin himself, the most famous parselmouth in history. And Harry is hearing voices and just happens to be one too.” Daphne could see her friend’s line of thinking.

“Exactly.”

“And there’s only one snake that’s both magical and absolutely terrifying in both size and lethality. One snake that I can think of that Salazar would have thought could protect the school.”

“And all of Hagrid’s roosters were killed before the first attack.”

Daphne couldn’t keep the grin from her face, “So Slytherin’s monster is almost definitely a Basilisk. And if he’s hearing it in the walls, it’s probably moving through the pipes.”

“And I’m sure Harry would love to know that information.” Tracey folded her arms, incredibly pleased with herself. She found it hard to believe that Dumbledore hadn’t arrived at the same conclusion but, that was a completely different problem.

“So, you want to extort him... into...”

“Eating us out with that serpentine tongue of his?” Tracey finished for her friend bluntly. The comment brought a blush to Daphne’s cheeks, even if she had been the one to put the idea into Tracey’s head.

She shook her head, “No, I don’t want to extort him. I want to make a fair trade. One that will give him the answers he’s looking for and will sate our curiosity. It’s a win-win as far as I’m concerned.”

“You think he’d agree to it?” Daphne couldn’t decide if it was a good idea, but did find it to be a mightily tempting suggestion.

"I think so... and if he doesn't, we tell him anyway." Tracey watched as Daphne's eyes glossed over, her mind going somewhere completely different.

A wistful little smile came to her lips as she looked Tracey right in the eye, "Alright, let's do it."

Two days later, Daphne leaned against the desk in their favorite unused classroom turning a lock of her golden-blond hair between her fingers. It was one of her only nervous habits, and she couldn't stop herself as the seconds ticked by. Tracey was pacing and worrying the nail of her left index finger. Her anxiousness far more obvious to any outside observer.

They were waiting for Harry Potter. Earlier that day, while in Potions, Tracey managed to slip Harry a piece of parchment with a time, location, a request to come alone and a promise of something he wanted. There was no way that either of the girls could know for sure that he would come but they were both hoping his Gryffindor bravery, mixed with his desire to solve what was going on with the Chamber would be enough to get him there.

It was after dinner, only a few hours to curfew, and both girls were looking out the window intently every few minutes as the sun fell ever closer to the horizon.

Daphne jumped as there was a knock on the door. *Merlin and Morgana, he's actually here.* She'd half-expected him to ignore the message as some sort of trap. Now that the moment had arrived, she wasn't sure if that would've been better.

There was another knock at the door and Tracey took a deep breath. She went and opened it, only to be met with the business end of Harry's wand. She went cross-eyed looking at it and could only think to raise her hands to show she didn't mean him any harm, "It's fine, Potter. I meant what I wrote in the letter. This isn't some trick to embarrass or hurt you." She opened the door wide for him so that he could see inside. He met her eye, and she gave him a reassuring smile.

That did enough to ease some of his tension, as he at least lowered his wand though he kept it in his hand. He entered the room making sure that he could always see both girls. Tracey was impressed. *Smart, even if it comes off as a bit paranoid. But, he probably has better reason than most to be cautious.*

Finally, after a few moments of awkward silence in which the three were simply looking at each other, he put his wand away, "Alright, what did you want to tell me?"

"Not so fast," Tracey said, moving to stand beside Daphne, "I said we'd be willing to tell you something, but we need something from you first?"

"Of course," Harry shook his head, both mildly amused and very exasperated, "you're Slytherins. There's no way this could have been simple."

"We could have just told you in the hall if it was going to be simple, Harry." The casual use of his first name caught him off guard. *I wonder if he's ever heard any Slytherin call him Harry before.* He glanced between the girls again looking both of them up and down, and she noticed those captivating eyes of his stop and appreciate their obvious assets. *Good at least he's interested.*

Harry ran a hand through his unruly, black hair and Daphne wished it was her doing it for him instead. Tracey had a very similar thought, as she bit down on her lower lip, "Alright, fine. What do you want?"

Tracey glanced at Daphne, struggling to actually get the words out. Her ever-supportive friend simply nudged her in the shoulder, nodding her head, "Fine! We want you to eat us out!" She didn't mean to yell, and felt all the blood rushing to her face in embarrassment. Daphne smacked her shoulder as she tried not to laugh.

Harry's eyes bugged out of his head in utter astonishment. Of all the things he thought they might want from him, that wasn't it, "Uh... I've... what? Why?"

Daphne saved Tracey any further embarrassment and explained, "Because ever since I heard you speaking to that snake, all I can think about is what it would feel like on my clit. And it's had me almost constantly wet." Tracey nodded her head quickly in agreement.

"You're serious?"

"Absolutely." He went quiet, and Daphne could swear she could feel her heart beating in her throat. Tracey started worrying at her nail again, as they waited for his response. Both girls had already resolved themselves that they'd tell him about the Basilisk regardless of his decision, but now that they were here, they desperately wanted him to say yes.

"Fine, yes, I'll do it." He looked uncertain and a bit shy as he conceded, "I can't make any promises that I'll be any good though. I... don't exactly have any experience."

"Well..." Neither of them had considered that he'd be bad, "Even if you're horrible at it, we'll tell you what we know. And it'll be a good bit of practice for you."

Whatever apprehension he had entering the room had clearly left him as he smiled at them bright, happy at reaching an agreement. Daphne thought it would be better if he smiled more. *Most people probably think the same of me though.*

"Okay, so... how do we start?" He asked.

Tracey and Daphne exchanged a look and came to a silent agreement. While Daphne had put the whole idea in Tracey's head, the plan had come entirely from the brunette girl. So, Tracey would go second, hopefully benefitting from the little bit of experience he gained with her friend.

Daphne pushed herself up on the desk. She knew the couch would probably be more comfortable, but something felt right about having the firm wood underneath her. Spreading her legs, she flipped up her black skirt to reveal the full extent of her graceful legs, they were clad in knee length socks. Beneath her black skirt was her skimpiest pair of silk knickers. No boy had ever seen them before. They were only in her wardrobe to make her feel sexy. They were a vibrant emerald-green with a little white bow just above her slit.

Harry's eyes darkened when he saw them, and she could feel wet heat pool in her quim at the look. He walked toward her slowly, taking in every inch of her that was on display and kneeled between her legs. He pressed two fingers against her mound, and she could feel her moisture seep into the delicate material.

Beside her, Tracey leaned in close and rested her head against her shoulder. She didn't want to miss a second of what was coming and meant to have a good view for herself. Daphne's attention snapped

back down to Harry between her thighs as he pulled the soaked fabric from her womanhood, and his hot breath ghosted across her needy hole.

Sucking in a breath, she forced down a whimper as he hesitantly stroked her with his index and middle finger. What she wasn't expecting was to watch he took those two fingers and brought it to his lips, tasting her. She knew that he was going to be taking it right from the source in just a moment, but she found the action incredibly sexy.

"Oh... yes." She breathed out quietly.

"Does it feel good, Daph?" Tracey teased, smiling against her neck as she took her hand started rubbing small circles into it.

Daphne didn't dignify her friend with answer because Harry took her breathy exultation as a signal to continue. He moved close, his nose pressing against her mound just above her slit. He moved lower as his tongue flicked out of his mouth and licked her from the bottom of her slit all the way up to the hood of her clit in one languorous stroke. She couldn't help but think it looked almost abnormally long, even serpentine even as the action sent a shot of pleasure right down her spine.

The teasing little jerk actually moaned at her taste, the vibration against her engorged lips made her start to pant. She believed him when he said he didn't have any experience, but she was loving what he was doing so far.

"That's... so good, Harry. Please... keep going." She reached to the buttons of her blouse and pulled them apart in one swift motion, one of them broke and fell to the floor but she didn't care. She filled her hand with one of her bra-clad breasts as she started to hump upward into Harry's prodding tongue.

Panting as the pleasure became her world, she lost track of time as Harry's tongue delved deep into her tight tunnel. The flexible appendage flicked and scraped against every sensitive bit of flesh it could find, and he seemed to be mapping the parts of her that got the greatest reaction. *He hasn't even started speaking parseltongue yet, and I'm already on the edge.*

Movement to her right drew her attention. Tracey still held her hand, but her free hand was moving in slow circles beneath her skirt. The sight of Harry between her best friend's legs was too much to take without some stimulation.

Daphne brought her own free hand up to her lips and sucked on her fingers. Wet with her own saliva, she reached down to just above where Harry was doing his best to devour her little pink tunnel and found that delightful little bundle of nerves that she knew could send her whole body shaking in pleasure.

Rubbing in small circles, she threw her head back as a guttural moan escaped her body, looking down she was caught by the sight of Harry's gorgeous emerald eyes looking up at her from where he continued lavishing attention on her pussy.

Freeing her hand from Tracey's she reached down and pulled on his thick, black hair pulling him toward where her fingers were still working on her throbbing clit, "Harry, I want you to put those soft lips... right here. ...then I want you to suck that little nub into your mouth." He was an incredibly attentive student

and fell to her command before she even finished, “And then... then... oh fuck... I want you... to start speaking parseltongue.” She finally managed to push through the pleasure and finish her thought.

Daphne looked down and was disappointed to see the top of his head. She wanted to see those beautiful eyes, “Look at me, Harry. Look... me in the eye... when you make me cum.”

Those emerald-green orbs snapped up to meet hers and she shook as she drew ever closer to her peak. Though, she was surprised by one thing.

I wonder if he can do it or if he actually needs a snake. The attention being paid to her nub felt amazing, but it didn't feel like anything particularly unique. It was intent and lovely but nothing she would consider... serpentine. However, she only needed to wait because it became immediately apparent when he figured out how to fulfill her request.

His tongue started flicking and vibrating against her responsive bundle of nerves in an entirely inhuman way. “Fucking Merlin, that's... fuck.” The hand in his hair was tight enough that she could hear him whimper, while Tracey was struggling for circulation in her fingers.

“FUCK! Yes!” She didn't care if any professor or prefect heard them, she'd take a month's detention if it meant she could just keep Harry's perfect mouth fixed between her legs.

Words finally escaped her as she felt her peak hit. Her pouty lips were open in a silent scream as she released Harry's hair and dug her fingers into the hard wood of the desk beneath her. But her slim thighs kept him in place even as they quivered with her climax. Though based on the way he kept lashing at her sensitive flesh, he had no intention of leaving. It was the most incredible orgasm of her young life, and she was feeling sensations she'd never felt in her life.

The most unique moment of the experience came as a spray of her juices escaped her spasming tunnel and splashed against Harry's face and dripped down his chin. She was glad that she was already flush from her orgasm because she knew that would have set her face ablaze.

She fell back against the desk with a heavy thud, all the strength leaving her body with that incredible orgasm. She felt him push away from her slit but didn't have the ability at that moment to look at him. There were stars in her eyes, and all the lights seemed dim and impossibly bright at the same time. *How do I get him to do that for me again?*

For her part, Tracey was ignoring the acute pain in her hand from the death grip of Daphne's orgasm. It was easy enough with the adrenaline and other endorphins pumping through her veins. Normally, she would've checked on her friend and made sure that she was okay after what was clearly a rapturous climax. But no, she had a singular goal in mind. *I want what she just had.*

Harry had a well-earned grin on his face. It quickly fell away when she pushed against his chest with one of her leather pumps. He was caught off guard by the sudden motion and found himself sprawled out on his back, “Hey...” His protest died on his lips as Tracey pushed her black skirt and knickers down her thighs, leaving her lower body bare down to the knee.

Her pussy mound was plump with a neatly trimmed patch of course hair just above her dripping hole. A strand of her slippery juices was attached to her thigh, and it was only the most obvious example of just how turn on she already was.

Briefly bringing himself on his elbows, he was quickly pushed back onto his back again. Tracey sat on his chest with her feet just above his shoulders. He had an incredible view as her juices stained his jumper and he thought he could see her vivid pink slit throbbing with need.

Running her hands through his hair gently, she was looking down at him with undisguised passion, "I'm going to ride your face, Harry. Just uh... give my knee a squeeze if you need me to get off." He appreciated that she didn't want to suffocate him even when she was astoundingly horny.

Tracey shifted so that her knees were on either side of his head and he was looking straight up into her sex, she dropped down until her lower lips met his mouth. A whimper left her at the touch, "Oh..." Harry couldn't help but notice that the two girls tasted different. Neither was unpleasant, but Daphne's juices reminded him of strawberries and cream, while Tracey brought to mind autumn spices.

Not wanting to disappoint the brunette beauty on top of him, he did his best to bring her the same sort of pleasure that he'd seemingly managed with Daphne.

Humping down against his handsome face, Tracey couldn't stop the instinctual movement of her hips as his tongue brought her brand new pleasures. She had a bit more experience than her best friend, but it amounted to little more than a good snog and bit of heavy petting. This was an entirely new and wonderful experience for her. *Now I just to figure out a way to have him doing this everyday... maybe even all day. But I'm pretty sure people would ask questions if Harry Potter suddenly disappeared.*

His tongue wriggled and prodded against her needy pussy with ever-increasing confidence. He'd been tentative at first with Daphne but his success there gave him an idea of where to start with Tracey. The gorgeous snake loved every second of his oral assault, "Fuck... yes... Harry. Thank bloody Merlin... you agreed."

Leaning back, she held herself up with her hands against his thighs. However, her right hand touched something else as well. Running down his left thigh, almost half-way to his knee was a girthy cylinder of flesh that had her gushing a bit of creamy cum into his waiting mouth. *Daphne and I are going to buy him a whole new wardrobe because fuck these baggy trousers.*

The accidental contact with his bloated length made Harry moan and the vibrations did wonderful things to her pussy. *Between the serpent tongue and that massive trouser snake, this boy should have been in fucking Slytherin.* She recognized it was quite a cheesy pun, but her lust addled mind didn't care one wit.

Daphne recovered from her own orgasm on the desk and watched as her best friend essentially abused the mouth of the Boy-Who-Lived. Though based on the noises he was making, he was loving every second of it. In her wildest imagination, she never expected things to go this well.

Rubbing her hand roughly against the outline of his cock through his trousers, Tracey was pulling delicious, sinful sounds from the Gryffindor between her thighs. She thought it was pretty fucking impressive that he continued tonguing her needy quim, and if anything it only made him work harder to bring her off, "You like that... you like me rubbing that massive fucking cock. From the way it's... pulsing in your trousers.... I think you're close."

In all fairness to Harry, this was easily the most sensual moment of his entire life by a wide margin. So, it was no surprise, as she purposefully rubbed at his rigid knob, he couldn't hold out for long. His legs straightened as his muscles tensed. He didn't hear the whimper that left his throat as the pleasure

quickly became enough to make him briefly cease his oral ministrations. He painted the inside of his trouser leg with his white cum, some of it seeping through the material as it left an abundant stain. Tracey could feel him pulse through his trousers, and with each recoil of his length she humped harder against his face.

Even through his orgasm, she was chasing her own peak. So, she didn't let the brief stillness of his tongue stop her as she rubbed her engorged lips against his motionless mouth. She was taking every ounce of pleasurable friction she could.

When he recovered from his own orgasm, she pulled his attention back to the task at hand by grabbing his hair and pulling him hard against her needy pussy, "Come... on, Harry. Return... the favor." She was panting with need just a hairsbreadth away from her peak.

In her opinion, he'd always had the most beautiful and captivating eyes of any boy at Hogwarts. But to have them looking up from between her thighs, dark with wanton desire was easily the sexiest thing she'd ever seen.

He dug his fingers into the meat of her bum, pulling her down so that she was as tight against him as possible. That's when she felt it as his tongue pushed insanely deep into her dripping tunnel. *Most boys' cocks aren't that long let alone their tongues.* Luckily for her, she'd broken her own hymen years before during a bit of self-exploration so there was nothing to obstruct his path.

"Uhhhhh... Fucking... Holy... yes..." she couldn't finish any thought as his tongue started vibrating and thrashing against her hole. Her peak. that'd been building since she was diddling herself watching Daphne, reached a mind-blowing crescendo. She hunched over, abs contracting and back arching almost painfully. Her hips spasmed against his mouth hard as she started leaking thick, creamy rivulets of her juices that he greedily licked up. Her world went black for... she couldn't say how long.

When she returned to herself, she felt pain in her knee, and she realized it was from Harry's digging nails. Shakily, she managed to push herself off him, "Sorry, didn't mean to. Just blacked out for a second... It was too good." Her eyes were glassy and she sprawled out on her back as she tried to recover.

He didn't look offended, the cheeky little bastard was actually smiling with her juices still covering his face, "I didn't want to throw you off me, would have been a poor way to end things. But I did need to breath at some point."

A laugh from Daphne drew both of their attention. She looked in pristine condition, just as she did any time she walked the halls of Hogwarts. Anyone who saw her would be none the wiser to what they'd just done.

Tracey smiled shyly at Harry as he helped her up. Given what they'd just done, she thought she'd be past any embarrassment, but she didn't expect him to be so caring. Tracey retrieved her skirt and knickers and put them back on, while Harry tried to subtly clean the mess he'd made on his own leg.

Neither girl was going to tease him over it after having the best orgasms of their lives. Tracey went and leaned against the desk, beside her friend just as they started the night, "It's a Basilisk, Harry. The monster in the Chamber is a Basilisk. That's why only you can hear it. It's in the pipes on the other side of the wall."

His mouth fell open in surprise, but he snapped it shut quickly, "You're sure?"

"Positive," Daphne confirmed, "we're both rather clever and all the clues are there."

He gave them both a dazzling smile, one that neither girl had ever had the pleasure of seeing on his face before. "Brilliant, absolutely bloody brilliant. I'll have to tell Dumbledore."

Both girls expected that and Tracey told him, "You should. Hopefully the Headmaster will be able to do something about it."

He dashed for the door, eager to see an end to all the horrible things going on around the school. But then he pulled up short and turned back to them, "You wouldn't happen to know where the entrance to the Chamber is, would you?" Both girls shook their head, and he deflated slightly.

An idea came to him though, "If you manage to work it out, I'd be happy to get that information from you."

Neither girl could stop the naughty smiles that came to their faces. *If that isn't incentive enough to find it, I don't know what is.* Tracey and Daphne considered themselves clever, certainly clever enough to solve a thousand-year-old mystery... at least with the right motivation.