

## Chapter 4

*“Open.”* Harry hissed.

The ruby eyed snakes covered the circular door hissed as they moved, unlocking the inner door to the Chamber of Secrets, letting it swing open slowly and silently.

“Do you think you could teach me to speak Parelntongue?” Daphne asked from beside him as they waited for the door to finish opening.

“Sorry, but I don’t think so.” He told her with an apologetic smile. “I don’t even really know *how* to speak it. It sounds like English to me, but when I think about talking to a snake it just comes out as Parceltongue. I didn’t even know I was speaking a different language until that stupid dueling tournament in second year.”

“I always wondered why you decided to speak Parceltongue in front of most of the school with the whole Slytherin’s Heir thing going on. To be honest, I thought you did it just because you another brain-dead Gryffindor.” She said with a playful smirk.

Harry chuckled and gave her hand an affectionate squeeze.

Once the door was fully open, they walked into the main chamber, Harry’s wand lighting the way. They walked across the small strip of floor, with pools of water on either side, their steps echoing loudly in the cavernous room. As they passed the pools, and the chamber widened out, the torches on the walls suddenly flared to life, filling the room with light. The room was large and circular, with a high ceiling. The shadows on the statue of Slytherin’s face danced in the torchlight, giving the appearance that it was watching their every move. Daphne gasped and latched onto his arm tightly, staring ahead with wide eyes.

*“That’s* the Basilisk you fought.” She asked incredulously.

Across the floor near the statue was the enormous remains of Slytherin's beast. Nothing remained of its acid green skin, leaving only the bare skeleton behind. It looked even bigger than he remembered, easily sixty feet long, with the top of the ribs coming up to his chin. The fangs in its open mouth were curved and the length of his forearm. As shiver ran down his spine as he remembered his desperate fight to slay the terrible monster.

"Yeah." He said simply.

Walking deeper into the chamber, Daphne went over to the Basilisk and looked at it closely, a wonderous expression on her face.

"I can't believe you managed to kill this thing." She said in an awed voice.

Harry snorted. "Neither can I."

After Daphne had her fill of examining the remains of Slytherin's fabled beast, they began looking along the walls for any sign of a hidden door. Daphne was convinced that there must be more to the Chamber of Secrets than just a giant snake. As they looked, Harry decided it was time to ask her a question that had been on his mind for the last three days. He licked his dry lips and wiped his sweaty palms on his robes.

"Hey, Daphne?" He called.

"Yeah?" She asked, not taking her eyes from the wall in front of her as she ran her hands along the rough stone surface.

Harry took a moment to gather his courage before speaking again. "Would you, um, would you go to the Yule Ball with me?" He asked nervously.

Daphne stopped what she was doing and turned to look at him, a smirk on her lips. "Well, it's about time you asked." She said.

Harry blinked at her. "Er, so, it that a, yes?" He asked hopefully.

Daphne rolled her eyes, but she smiled affectionately at him. "Of course, it's a yes. Did you really think I would say no?"

Harry smiled widely at her, shrugging his shoulders and running a hand through his hair in embarrassment. "Well, I wasn't sure if you would want to do something so public. Will it cause you problems for you if we go together?" He asked in concern.

She sighed and gave him a sharp look. "I can take care of myself, Harry. I'm going to go with whoever I want, and if anyone has a problem with that, they can go fuck themselves, go it?" She told him sternly, poking him in the chest with her finger.

"Alright, alright." He said, holding his hands up in surrender. "I just wanted to make sure."

"Good." She said with a smirk.

Daphne grabbed his tie near the neck and pulled him down, kissing him aggressively for a moment before pulling back.

"Now, let's get back to work. The sooner we finish searching this place, the sooner we can go do something a bit more fun." She said suggestively.

A large grin was etched onto Harry's face as they spent the next twenty minutes searching, splitting up to cover ground more quickly. Starting at opposite ends, they worked their way around until they met in the middle, where the statue of Salazar Slytherin was.

"Harry, come look!" Daphne yelled excitedly.

Running over to the other side of the statue, Harry found Daphne looking at a section of wall just to the right of where the statue began, pointing at something hidden in the shadows. Raising his wand and looking closely, he could see a small serpent etched into the stone right next to her finger.

“Do you think it could be a door hidden here?” She asked quickly.

“Well, only one way to find out.” He told her. “Stand back, just in case.”

Daphne took a couple of steps back and to the side, her lit wand aimed at the wall, her eyes sparkling in anticipation. Seeing that she was a safe distance away, he took a deep breath and focused on the snake, trying to imagine it as a moving, living creature.

“*Open.*” He hissed.

The wall rumbled and dust plumed into the air as the stone wall began to move, swinging inward slowly to reveal a dark, narrow tunnel. Moving forward cautiously, Harry shined his wand light into the tunnel, but still couldn't see the end. He flicked his wand and the light floated from the tip and into the tunnel, illuminating the rough stone walls and low ceiling. His pulse began to race just thinking about walking into that dark, dank tunnel with no end in sight. Although, he had to admit, he was very curious about what was in there. Hermione would kill him if she found out about this, he thought to himself with a sigh. He turned and looked back at Daphne.

“You coming, or do you want to wait here?” He asked.

“I'm coming.” She said determinedly. “Besides, you might need someone who thinks like a Slytherin. You can't get through everything by charging into it head first like a Gryffindor.”

They smiled at each other and Harry turned to enter the tunnel, the light from his wand floating a few feet in front of them.

“You know, the Sorting Hat almost put me in Slytherin.” He told her, hoping to distract them both from their fears as they walked deeper into the tunnel, moving cautiously.

“Really?” She asked in genuine surprise. “What made it decide to put you in Gryffindor?”

“I asked it to.” He admitted. “The first time I met Malfoy in Diagon Alley, he insulted my mother, although he didn’t know who I was at the time. Then, when I met him at Hogwarts, he insulted the first friends I ever made, so, I really didn’t want to be in the same house as him.”

“Of course, he did, stupid prick. I wish we had gotten you instead of Malfoy.” She said.

Harry smiled back at her over his shoulder. “That wasn’t the only reason, to be honest. Hagrid told me Voldemort used to be a Slytherin, and I didn’t want to be connected to him either. Plus, my parents were both in Gryffindor, so I guess I, I don’t know, I felt closer to them, being in Gryffindor.”

Harry felt Daphne’s hand grab his and give it a comforting squeeze. “I can understand that.” She said.

Harry squeezed her hand back and smiled at her again, before turning back to focus on the tunnel in front of him. They continued to walk for another couple of minutes in silence until something appeared in the distance. As they got closer, he could make out a wooden door up ahead. On the door was a painted green snake, coiled up and staring at them with bright, shining rubies for eyes.

“There’s a door up ahead.” He told her.

Reaching the door, Harry waved his wand in front of it, muttering the incantations for the two detection spells he knew. They were only basic spells, but they would be enough to tell him if the door was cursed or if there were any traps. He found nothing. Cautiously, he reached out and turned the door knob. Surprisingly, it turned easily and the door swung inward, the hinges

squeaking lightly. Looking inside, he could see a desk facing the door, a few books, papers, and an ink pot on its surface. Behind the desk sat a tall, full bookshelf, all perfectly preserved.

Wand at the ready, he stepped into the room and looked around. To the right, there was a large, four-poster bed, perfectly made and ready to be slept in. On the left, he saw two tables. The table on the right held a cauldron, cutting board, and several other potions making instruments. Behind it sat a shelf containing dozens of small drawers, presumably filled with various potions ingredients. The table on the left a variety of strange magical instruments like the ones in Dumbledore's office. Although, these remained silent, whereas the one in the headmaster's office whirred, clattered, and clicked as they let loose puffs of colored smoke. Daphne entered the room behind him, looking around as he had.

"Check for curses before you touch anything." He warned her.

Daphne nodded absentmindedly as she looked around the room in wonder. They drifted off in different directions, casting detection spells as they went. Neither of them found anything cursed, or any traps, although Daphne did find a poisoned dagger on one of the tables. After looking around for a few minutes, Harry took the empty bag off his back and set it on the floor.

"Grab anything that looks important and put it in here." He told her.

"What? Can we do that? Doesn't this belong to Hogwarts?" She asked in surprise.

"It's fine." He assured her with a smile. "Dumbledore told me to bring anything interesting to him. Technically, there's a law that any room or building that has been considered 'lost' for more than five-hundred years is considered an archaeological discovery when it's found again. So, even though this is part of Hogwarts, legally I own anything we find down here. But I'm giving everything to Hogwarts anyways, unless there's something you want to keep."

"You told Professor Dumbledore we were coming down here?" She asked.

"I had to. He warded the entrance after I found it in second year." He answered.

They were quiet for the next few minutes as they began grabbing books and papers that looked interesting. The most interesting thing Harry found was a book sitting on the desk in front of the chair with a note that read, *For my heir*. Grabbing it, he carefully placed it in his bag, making a mental note to ask Dumbledore about it.

“Harry?” Daphne called out as she walked over with an arm full of books.

“Hmm?” He hummed in question, looking through the books on the bookshelf.

“Do you think I could keep this?” She asked pleadingly, holding up a black, leather-bound book with no outside markings. “It’s an Arithmancy book, hand written by Slytherin about how to create and alter spells.”

“Sure.” He said, smiling at the excited look on her face.

Daphne beamed at him, clutching the book tightly to her chest as she leaned in to kiss him briefly. After another few minutes of looking, they had gathered everything that seemed worth taking. Casting a feather-light charm on his bag, he slung it over his shoulder. Daphne carried her book with her, holding it protectively to her chest. Harry had to hold back a laugh at the Hermione-like way she was acting. Retracing their steps through the narrow tunnel, they were quickly back in the main chamber. As they reentered the chamber, a brief burst of Phoenix song greeted them. They looked up to see Fawkes leaving his perch on top of Slytherin’s head to fly down and land on Harry’s shoulder.

“Hey, Fawkes. I don’t suppose you’re here to give us a ride back, are you?” Harry asked, reaching up to stroke his bright red feathers.

Fawkes sang, and Harry felt his spirits soaring, reinvigorating him. Looking at Daphne, he saw her staring at the magnificent bird on his shoulder in wonder.

“Fawkes, this is Daphne. Daphne, this is Fawkes the Phoenix.” He said in introduction.

Fawkes chirped in greeting, and Daphne reached out slowly with one hand as if in a trance. Her fingers stroked his plumage gently, and Fawkes closed his eyes, leaning in to her hand. Harry smiled as he watched the look of child-like wonder on her face as she gently ran her fingers through his soft feathers. Stretching out his wings, Fawkes took to the air and hovered in front of them, wiggling his tail feathers. Wrapping his arm around Daphne's waist, he pulled her close to him and reached up to grab hold of Fawkes. Suddenly, flames erupted around them and they were forced to close their eyes from the bright light.

When he reopened them a moment later, Harry found himself standing in the Headmaster's office, facing Dumbledore's desk as he sat, looking up at their spectacular arrival as if it were an everyday occurrence. Harry wished all magical travel could be like that, it didn't even feel like they had moved at all.

"Ah, Harry, Ms. Greengrass." Dumbledore greeted them as he set down his quill. "I trust your expedition went well?"

Harry guided a stunned Daphne over to the chairs in front of the desk and helped her to sit before he took the other chair for himself, Fawkes landing on his shoulder once he was settled.

"It went fine, Professor. We even found a room that seemed to be Slytherin's private study. We grabbed anything that looked important or rare." He said, holding up his bag.

His bag lifted into the air and floated over to the desk, landing in front of Dumbledore. He opened it and looked inside, pulling out a couple of the books to examine them.

"Excellent." Dumbledore said, waving his wand and causing the rest of the books to fly out of the bag and stack neatly on his desk. "I trust you didn't run into any problem?"

"No, sir." Harry answered. "It took a while to find, well, Daphne found it, but we didn't run into any traps or curses."



“Good.” He replied, pulling one of the books from the stack and examining it closely. “I expected as much, but one can never be too careful. Tell me, did it appear as if Tom had found that room as well?”

“No. It didn’t look like anyone else had been there.” He answered.

“Tom?” Daphne asked, speaking for the first time.

“Voldemort’s real name.” Harry told her. “His real name is Tom Marvolo Riddle, he was a student here about fifty years ago.”

“Indeed.” Dumbledore said. “We are most fortunate Tom never discovered the room you found today. Who knows what secrets of magic he may have learned down there? Some of the books here contain magics that even I have never heard of. What is that book there, Ms. Greengrass?”

Looking over, he saw Daphne was still clutching her Arithmancy book tightly to her chest. “It’s a book on Arithmancy, I told her she could keep it.” Harry answered for her.

“May I see it for a moment?” Dumbledore asked, holding his hand out for the book.

Daphne reluctantly handed the book over and Professor Dumbledore flipped through the pages slowly. After a long moment, he closed the book and waved his wand over it, then tapped his wand on a blank piece of parchment that was laying on the desk. The parchment grew and morphed into an exact copy of the book lying next to it. Grabbing the original, Dumbledore handed it back to Daphne with a smile, his eyes twinkling.

“Here you are, Ms. Greengrass. I’ve always believed that all good adventures should come with a souvenir.” He told her.

Harry scoffed. “Wish I could give some of mine back.” He said, rubbing his arm where the Basilisk fang had pierced him.

Dumbledore chuckled and picked up the book he had been examining, holding it out for Harry to take.

“Then, perhaps, you will enjoy this one a bit more.” He offered.

“What is it?” Harry asked, looking at the cover to see the note reading ‘*For my heir.*’

“It appears to be a sort of autobiography that Salazar Slytherin left for his heir, along with a few other pieces of knowledge and advice.” Dumbledore answered. “I think it would be fitting if you were the one to have it, though I'd appreciate it if you would let me know if you find anything interesting.”

“Of course, professor.” He replied, not really looking forward to reading about the Founder crazy enough to leave a Basilisk inside a school full of innocent children.

“If that is all, I'm sure you two have much more enjoyable things to do other than sit in this dusty old office. And, unfortunately, I still have a lot of paperwork to go over for the Tournament.” He said with a tired sigh.

Harry and Daphne took the dismissal for what it was and stood.

“Have a good day, Harry, Ms. Greengrass, and thank you for the books, I'm sure Madam Pince will be most delighted to receive them.” Dumbledore told them.

Bidding him farewell, they pair left the office and started making their way through the halls.

“Do you want to go to the Room tonight?” Harry asked once they were clear of the headmaster's office.

“Sure, let me go put this book away and get a change of clothes, and I’ll meet you there.” Daphne said, kissing him on the cheek as they parted ways.

Daphne quickly made her way to the Slytherin common room, but was stopped before she could make it to the dorm room.

“Hey, Greengrass. How was your date with Potter?” Malfoy asked loudly from where he sat, lounging on a couch.

“What are you talking about, Malfoy?” She asked, not giving anything away until she could figure out exactly what he knew.

“Your friend, Davis, was just telling all of us about your little date with Potter. We were just curious about how it went.” He said with his usual smirk.

“That’s not what happened.” Tracey called out to her as she bounded down the stairs that led to the dorms.

Daphne looked at Tracey with a raised eyebrow as she rushed over to her, looking for an explanation.

“Sorry, Daphne.” She said quietly once she reached her, looking apologetic. “Astoria was looking for you. I told her you were meeting Harry, I didn’t know Pansy was hiding around the corner, listening in. Of course, the first think she did was run back to Malfoy and blab about it.”

Daphne sighed and pinched her nose in frustration.

“I’m really sorry.” Tracey said earnestly.

“It’s not your fault.” Daphne said. “It was bound to happen eventually.”

“So, what did you two do, Greengrass?” Malfoy called out loudly. “Did he take you for tea with the mudbloods?”

The students that had gathered around Malfoy as laughed cruelly. Daphne thought they looked like brainless idiots who only followed the loudest voice. She wondered how any of them had managed to make it into a house that was supposed to be for the cunning and ambitious.

“Or, did he show you whatever new beast that oaf has in his hut?” He asked to more laughter.

Daphne felt her anger boil over, tired of Malfoy’s constant insults and childish behavior.

“It went quite well, actually.” She said with a smirk, looking over at him.

Everyone grew quiet as they listened to her, Malfoy’s brow furrowing as he stared at her.

“He took me to the Chamber of Secrets.” She told him, watching in vindictive pleasure as his eyes narrowed angrily. “I saw the giant basilisk that he killed. We found Slytherins hidden office down there, and I even got to keep this book.”

Daphne held it up for him to see, his eyes following it closely.

“It’s a book on Arithmancy, hand written by Salazar Slytherin.” She said, watching as his cheeks went pink in jealousy. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have more important things to do than listen to whatever pathetic insults you’ve spent all morning coming up with.”

Turning on her heel, Daphne marched over to the stairs and went up to her dorm room, Tracey right behind her, snickering.

Almost an hour later, a freshly showered Daphne walked into the Room of Requirement. Harry looked up from where he sat on the bed, reading his Defense Against the Dark Arts text book, and smiled at her. Seeing her agitated look, however, quickly had him frowning.

“Everything okay?” He asked.

“Malfoy found out we were together earlier today.” She said, setting her bag down and sitting on the bed next to him. “So, of course, he had to make an ass of himself.”

“Ah.” Harry said wrapping an arm around her. “Do you want me to sic the twins on him?”

“Send someone else to do the dirty work? How Slytherin of you.” She said teasingly.

“Yes, and it’s all your fault.” He told her.

Daphne placed her hand on his chest and pushed until he was laying down. Swinging her legs over his stomach, she straddled his waist, leaning over him so that her face was inches from his.

“I like it when you get all devious.” She said in a husky voice, and then leaned down to kiss him on the lips, briefly.

“It’s not exactly the plan of a criminal mastermind, you know.” He said, smiling.

“Hmm.” She hummed in agreement. “Baby steps.”

Harry hadn’t noticed her wand in her hand until she waved it and their clothes leapt from both of their bodies, leaving them both naked.

“Someone’s in a hurry.” Harry joked, reaching up grab her dangling breasts.

“Just thought I'd speed things up.” She told him.

Leaning forward, Daphne kissed him hard, her tongue slipping into his mouth as she ground her pussy down on his rapidly hardening cock. With his thumb and forefinger, Harry pinched her nipples, making her moan against his lips. Reaching between her legs, she grabbed his rigid shaft and placed the swollen head of his cock at her entrance. Slowly, inch by inch, she slid her hot, wet pussy down his length. Letting go of her breasts, Harry grabbed her firm, round ass and pulled her down onto him, pushing his hips up to sink every last millimeter of his cock into her. Breaking away from his lips, Daphne sat up on his waist.

“I've been waiting all week for this.” She said, grinding her hips down onto him.

Pushing her hands against his chest, she bounced up and down on his cock. Moving slowly at first, she quickly started to pick up speed, moving half way up his shaft and then dropping back down on to him, spearing herself on his cock. Sitting up, Harry opened his mouth clamped it on to the tip of her breast, sucking and flicking his tongue over the stiff nipple. Daphne moaned grabbed a handful of hair at the back of his head, pulling him hard into her breast as she continued to work her hips up and down. Letting go of her nipple, Harry moved his mouth all over her breasts, nipping and sucking at the soft, pale skin and leaving red love bites behind.

With a shove, Daphne pushed him onto his back. Her hips slapped loudly against his thighs as she rode him harder, and he felt a sharp pain as her nails dug into his chest. The bed creaked underneath them as she jumped up and down on his cock, her large breasts bouncing wildly with the movement. Daphne let out a high-pitched whine every time she bottomed out on his cock, her movements becoming jerky as her walls fluttered around his length.

“Fuck!” Daphne yelled.

Her body writhed wildly on top of his as she came. Collapsing forward onto his chest, she grunted and moaned as the pleasure overwhelmed her. Wrapping his arms around her, Harry held her tightly as she shivered and ground her hips down onto his throbbing cock. Finally, she stilled, resting her weight on him as she panted, trying to catch her breath. Harry ran his fingers up and down her back as she calmed, placing kisses on her neck and shoulders.

Lifting her hips up, Daphne pulled herself off of his cock and pushed up on her arms, looking down at Harry as she hovered over him.

“You know, I think I should do something special for you for giving me that book today.” She said with a smirk, leaning down to kiss him on the lips.

Sitting up straight, she turned around so that she was kneeling over his waist, facing away from him. Reaching around behind her, she grabbed his damp cock, stroking it lightly as she lined him up with her tight, puckered hole. Harry watched in amazement as she leaned forward and pushed her ass back, her asshole stretching wide around the swollen head of his cock until it disappeared inside. Daphne hissed in discomfort and pulled off of him quickly. With her wand, she conjured some lube on his cock and spread it around with her hand.

Lining him up with her puckered hole again, she pushed back hard until the head of his cock forced its way inside of her. Harry groaned at the tight heat that surrounded the tip of his cock as Daphne began to rock her hips back and forth, watching her tight little asshole stretch around his girth as she forced more and more of his fat cock into her ass. Harry grabbed the cheeks of her ass and held them apart to get a better view, watching in stunned fascination as she managed to take the entire length of his cock.

With her ass resting on his thighs, Daphne paused as she panted heavily. Harry closed his eyes and enjoyed how incredibly tight and hot her ass felt around his cock, her walls hugging his length. Moaning, Daphne moved forward until only the head of his cock remained and then shoved backwards, her tight hole swallowing his entire cock again. As she continued to work her hips back and forth, Harry let go of one cheek and then brought it down with a loud *slap*.

“Imagine what the rest of the school would think if they saw the Princess of Slytherin fucking her own ass on the Gryffindor Golden Boy's cock.” Harry said, smacking her ass again.

Daphne moaned loudly as she threw her ass back harder and faster. Harry could feel his climax rapidly approaching as he grabbed her hips and helped her pick up the pace. The feel of her tight, hot walls, and watching her wrinkled hole stretch wide around his cock pushed him over the edge quickly.

“Shit!” Harry yelled.

His cock swelled and jerked as he reached his peak, jets of hot cum shooting into her asshole. Daphne gasped and shook as she had a small orgasm of her own at the feeling of Harry’s cum filling her. He grabbed her by the hips and held her tightly against him, his hips spasming as he shot deep inside. After a few euphoric moments, his orgasm ended and collapsed onto his back, eyes closed as he savored the moment. As he laid there recovering, Daphne pulled herself off of his cock and crawled over to lay down next to him, her head resting in the crook of his shoulder.

“You know,” Daphne said, breathing just as heavily as he was. “that felt a lot better than I thought it would.”