

“Nev... I’m gonna be completely honest with you here. I don’t know what happens with a woman’s downstairs bits and I don’t ever *want* to know,” Harry told him bluntly, making a face. “I— you know about like, preparation and everything, right. What about lube? Do straight people use lube?” Neville looked like he might die if Harry continued that line of questioning, so he changed track. “Surely there’s someone with more knowledge than me you could ask about this. Hell, I’ll even let you borrow the mirror to talk to Sirius, if you want. He’s slept with people with vaginas before.” Not all of them had been women, Sirius was very clear on that, but from the stories Remus had told him about Sirius’ wild youth, Harry was fairly certain his godfather would have more useful advice on the subject.

Neville shook his head vehemently. “I am absolutely not close enough with your godfather to even *think* about that.”

Harry frowned in thought. “What about Susan?” His taller friend stared at him. “You two are close, right? Since her and Amelia have been living with you and all. And I’m like, ninety-five percent sure her and Theo have done it.” He shrugged. “She can probably help you out. Hell, definitely more than I will.” Not only was it discussing sex with only one penis involved, something he had zero experience of, but it was *Neville and Ginny*, his best friend and his little sister, and he honestly might be scarred for life if he had to get too in depth on the details there.

“What if she laughs at me?”

“It’s Susan,” Harry pointed out flatly. “She won’t laugh at you.” She’d probably be delighted to impart some knowledge, and embarrass the hell out of Neville in the process. “It’s that or just ask Ginny herself.”

“I can’t do that!” Harry was about to set in on the whole ‘if you can’t talk about it you have no business doing it’ speech, but then Neville continued, “I don’t want her thinking it’s like, her responsibility to make it not hurt. She may not know any more than I do! I just... I want it to be good, for her.”

Harry’s heart melted, just a little bit. “Then you’re already ten steps ahead of most blokes, the way I’ve heard Lavender and Parvati talk about it,” he said wryly. “And look on the bright side — Ginny’s head over heels for you, mate. Even if you’re crap at it, I’m sure she’d give you another go— hey!” He dodged the Jelly-Legs jinx Neville shot at him.

He glared, and Neville glared back, and the next thing they knew both boys were laughing, leaning into each other from the force of it.

Harry was glad, truly, that Neville felt comfortable enough to come to him about those things.

But if he ended up having a similar conversation with Ginny, he wouldn’t need Dumbledore to kill him off — the force of his blush would manage that just fine.

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As always, thanks to Parvati and Lavender, the rumours about Dumbledore using compulsion charms were flying around the school before the end of the week. And Dumbledore was