

## Dorm Party

A/N: All characters have been aged up to be 18 or older. Takes place in an AU where Ron and Lavender and Harry and Ginny never dated.

Hermione sighed in annoyance as she watched Lavender and Parvati run around, getting ready for the slumber party they had planned. She was glad they were celebrating Katie's return to Hogwarts after her stay in St. Mungo's, but she just wished they'd do it more quietly.

As she thought that, Ginny, Demelza, and Romilda came into the room, laughing and chattering loudly. Hermione rolled her eyes and turned back to her book, only to wince a moment later when they tried to move the beds to make room and scraped the legs across the floor.

"Don't scratch the floor!" Parvati yelled. "McGonagall will kill us."

"Sorry," Demelza said.

With a swish and flick, she levitated the bed out of the way, clearing a large spot on the floor where they made a nest of pillows and blankets. Hermione was distracted from her reading – again - when Ginny jumped onto her bed.

"Come on, Hermione," she said. "Put the books away for one night and come have some fun."

"This is fun," Hermione said. "Besides, I have a test next week."

Rolling her eyes, Ginny plucked the book out of her hands and closed it with a snap.

"Ginny!" Hermione exclaimed.

“You can take one night off from studying to have some fun with your friends,” Ginny said.

Sighing, Hermione ran a hand through her hair.

“Fine,” she sighed, knowing they’d keep bothering her until she gave in anyways.

“Good,” Ginny beamed. “Now go put on your pajamas, grab a pillow, and come join us on the floor.”

“Can we at least push the beds together so we can sit on the mattresses?” Hermione asked. “The floor gets really cold at night.”

“That’s a good idea,” Ginny smiled.

Hopping off Hermione’s bed, she shared a quick word with Lavender and Katie. Excitedly, they whipped out their wands and moved all of the beds together in two rows of three. Hermione was jostled as her bed moved, her squawk of surprise causing the other girls to laugh. Shaking her head, she climbed off her bed, grabbed a pair of flannel pants and a tank top from her wardrobe, and went to the bathroom to get changed.

As she walked back into the dorm, there was a tap at the window. Katie rushed over with a grin and threw open the window, allowing a large, brown barn owl to swoop in. Untying the brown paper-wrapped package from its leg, the owl took off into the night while she enlarged the package and opened it.

“Look what I got,” Katie sang, holding up bottles of Butterbeer and Firewhiskey.

Hermione had to stamp down on the desire to confiscate the bottles and turn them into McGonagall. As a Prefect, it was her job to stop this sort of thing, but looking over at Katie and remembering that horrific incident with the cursed necklace, she just couldn’t bring herself to do it.

"I better not lose my badge over this," she muttered to herself.

A moment later, she forced a smile on her face when Katie handed her a Butterbeer.

"Where did you get this?" Parvati asked, popping the cork and taking a sip.

"Fred and George," Katie smiled. "I asked them to send it to me."

"Oh, sure, they do that for you," Ginny muttered. "If I asked, they'd just laugh."

"That's because I have blackmail," Katie smirked.

"What blackmail?" Ginny asked eagerly.

"Fred and George used to switch who was dating Angelina and who was dating Alicia," Katie said.

"That's horrible," Demelza said, wrinkling her nose.

"What the twins don't realize is that Angelina and Alicia already know," Katie smirked.

Even Hermione had to giggle at the thought of innocent Katie Bell getting one over on the twins. They talked for a few more minutes before Parvati broke out a deck of Exploding Snaps. The conversation quickly turned to a subject Hermione hated. Boys.

"Ron's been looking quite fit lately," Lavender said.

“Neville’s grew up nicely over the Summer, too,” Parvati added.

“I can’t believe Ginny broke up with Dean,” Romilda frowned.

“He’s a good guy,” Ginny shrugged. “He’s just not the guy for me.”

“What about you, Hermione?” Demelza asked. “Do you have your eye on anyone?”

“Not really,” Hermione replied. “I just want to concentrate on my studies.”

“Come on, Hermione,” Lavender whined. “There has to be someone you’re interested in.”

“Sorry,” Hermione shrugged. “I’m not.”

Rolling her eyes, she sat back and listened quietly as the discussion moved on around her. It didn’t take long for them to get around to talking about Harry. Romilda got especially excited about the subject, while Ginny was suspiciously quiet. Katie got quite talkative about him, and Hermione suspected that the alcohol was starting to go to her head.

“Harry’s a lot more fit than you’d think,” Katie said, giggling as her cheeks flushed. “I’ve seen him shirtless a lot, and his abs are ripped.”

Hermione squirmed, feeling a little uncomfortable hearing them talk about her best friend like that.

“I wanna know how big his wand is,” Romilda said suggestively.

Hermione rolled her eyes while the others laughed loudly. As they calmed, a sly look came over Katie’s face.

“You’d have to ask Demelza about that,” she smirked.

Demelza blushed heavily as everyone turned to her in shock.

“You’ve seen Harry’s broom?” Lavender asked.

“Did you get to ride it?” Parvati asked, causing more laughter.

“It was an accident!” Demelza yelled embarrassedly. “I forgot my soap, and I’m allergic to the one Katie uses, so I went to borrow some from the boy’s shower. I thought they’d left already. I wouldn’t have gone in there if I knew Harry was still in the shower.”

“Just to give you a better picture, Demelza was naked when she went in there, too,” Katie explained. “All Ginny and I heard was a loud squeak, and then Demelza came rushing back into the shower, blushing all the way down to her belly button. She refused to tell us what happened, but we figured it out when we went back to the locker room, and Harry was blushing just as much as she was.”

“How big was he?” Romilda asked eagerly.

“I don’t know if I should say,” Demelza hesitated. “Harry wasn’t... you know... at his best.”

“Please,” Lavender pleaded, fluttering her eyelashes and clasping her hands in front of her chest.

Hermione rolled her eyes while Demelza gave in and held her fingers a few inches apart. The other girls squealed loudly and giggled, grating her nerves.

“Do we really have to talk about this?” she asked.

“That’s bigger than Seamus when he’s hard,” Lavender snickered, completely ignoring Hermione.

“When did you see Seamus?” Katie asked.

“I gave him a handjob after the Ball,” Lavender admitted with a shrug.

“What’s the farthest you’ve gone with a guy?” Romilda asked.

“Ever?” Lavender asked, to which Romilda nodded. “I’ve given a few blowjobs.”

The girls giggle around Hermione before turning to Parvati expectantly.

“I’ve only snogged,” she replied.

“I gave Dean a handjob before we broke up,” Ginny admitted.

Demelza blushed as everyone turned to her.

“I haven’t done anything,” she muttered, hunching in on herself self-consciously.

“Neither have I,” Hermione said, offering some support to the younger witch.

“You didn’t do anything with Krum after the Ball?” Parvati asked incredulously.

Hermione rolled her eyes. Even two years after the Ball, rumors were still running wild.

“Viktor gave me a kiss on the cheek and wished me goodnight,” she told them. “That’s all that happened. I don’t know where some people get these wild theories from.”

“We need to get you two some experience,” Parvati giggled. “I can’t believe neither of you have even kissed a guy yet.”

“I’ll be right back,” Lavender said, jumping to her feet.

Curiously, she didn’t go to the bathroom like Hermione expected. She left the dorm entirely. With a furrowed brow, she turned back to the others and looked at them questioningly. The other girls shrugged their shoulders.

“Well, while we wait for Lavender to get back, how about we have a shot of Firewhiskey?” Katie asked.

Pulling the bottle out of the package sitting on the floor, she popped the cork and took a big swig. A grimace passed over her face as she swallowed, and a moment later, she tilted her head back and let out a breath full of bright orange flames with a *woosh*. Handing the bottle to Ginny, the redhead took an equally big swig before passing it on to Parvati. The girls passed it around in a circle until it got to Hermione.

Throwing her head back, she took more of a mouthful than she intended. Hermione grimaced from the sharp burn of the high alcohol content and swallowed in two big gulps. A large gout of orange and red flames escaped her lips before she started coughing hard, her eyes watering. Laughing, Ginny leaned over and patted her upper back roughly.

“Was that your first time drinking Firewhiskey?” Katie asked.

“No,” Hermione replied hoarsely. “I had some in third year when you won the Quidditch Cup. I just didn’t remember it being so strong. Is that a different brand?”

“No,” Katie giggled. “Fred and George watered that stuff down to make it last longer. That and they didn’t want to get in too much trouble with McGonagall for getting third years pissed. Want some more?”

“No, thank you,” Hermione said, pushing the bottle away.

Katie laughed as Hermione tried to soothe her throat with a sip of Butterbeer. The door to the dorm opened, and Lavender returned with an excited grin on her face.

“Where did you go?” Parvati asked.

“To find a boy,” Lavender grinned as Hermione glared at her suspiciously.

“What do you mean ‘find a boy?’” she asked.

“Well, truth or dare is a lot more fun with a boy,” Lavender said, swinging her long, curly blonde hair over her shoulder. “Besides, we need to get you two your first kiss.”

Demelza blushed while Hermione glared angrily. Did Lavender really think she was just going to kiss some boy she picked at random so she could check it off some sort of list?

“Who did you find?” Parvati asked before Hermione could respond.

“You’ll see,” Lavender smirked.

“Boys can’t get into the girls’ dorm,” Hermione reminded Lavender and herself. “It’ll set off the alarm.”

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Flying around the side of Gryffindor Tower, Harry peeked in the window of the sixth year girls' dorm. He furrowed his brow when he noticed the beds pushed together and the girls sitting on the mattresses in a circle. Even more oddly, it wasn't just Lavender, Hermione, and Parvati. Ginny, Romilda, Demelza and Katie were there as well. Shrugging to himself, he tapped on the window.

Lavender shot Hermione a smug smirk before making her way over to the window and pushing it open. Flying in, he landed lightly on the floor and sighed in relief when the alarm didn't go off. It had only been a small worry, but a worry nonetheless.

"Harry?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"Hey," Harry waved and smiled. "So, what's the problem? Lavender said you needed some help."

"And we're so glad you're here," Lavender beamed, hugging his arm between her breasts while Hermione glared at her for some reason. "We really need your help. You see, we're having a bit of a slumber party to welcome Katie back to Hogwarts, and we wanted to play a game of truth or dare."

"O-kay," Harry said, allowing himself to be led over to the bed.

Kicking off his shoes, he climbed onto the bed. With a smile, Katie handed him a Butterbeer, and he couldn't help but notice her distinct lack of a bra under her thin t-shirt. In fact, none of the girls was wearing a bra, he realized. That was especially clear with Ginny, Demelza, and Hermione, whose nipples were poking against the fabric of their tops. While Demelza probably had the smallest breasts compared to the other girls, she certainly had the longest, hardest nipples. Lavender climbed onto the bed after him, her large, perky breasts swaying and bouncing alluringly under her shirt. Taking a sip from his Butterbeer, he watched Parvati take an empty bottle and tap it with her wand, causing it to float a few inches above the mattress.

"I'm not going to get caught in here, am I?" Harry asked, only half joking. "I'd rather not have detention for the rest of the year."

The girls giggled, with the rather predictable exception of Hermione, and Katie bumped his shoulder.

"When has the threat of detention ever stopped you before?" she asked, smiling prettily.

Harry tilted his head back and forth in thought and then smiled with a shrug.

"Good point," he said, taking a sip of Butterbeer as the girls laughed again.

Taking out her wand, Katie shot a basic Locking Charm at the door.

"There," she said. "That should give you a few seconds to get out if McGonagall shows up for some reason."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Hermione huffed.

Taking out her wand, she sent a series of complex and powerful charms at the door, none of which Harry recognized. Setting her wand back down on the bed, she turned back and blushed to find the girls staring at her in surprise while he smiled at her knowingly.

"What?" she asked.

"You're helping us?" Parvati asked in surprise. "I half expected you to go running to Professor McGonagall."

"Well, it's not like I *want* to see Harry get into trouble... again," Hermione said, giving him a look.

“Don’t look at me. This wasn’t my idea,” Harry said, raising his hands placatingly.

Clucking her tongue, Hermione rolled her eyes while Katie handed him a bottle of Firewhiskey. Taking a gulp, he blew out flames and handed it back. Before she could take it, however, Romilda reached out and snatched it from her hand. Keeping her eyes on Harry, she ran her tongue around the rim before taking a sip. Feeling slightly uncomfortable, he turned back to look at Parvati.

“So, who wants to go first?” she asked.

“I will,” Lavender said excitedly.

“Wait, what are the rules?” Harry asked.

Lavender and Parvati froze, staring at him in shock.

“You’ve never heard of truth or dare?” Lavender asked incredulously.

Blushing lightly and cursing the Dursleys in his mind, Harry shook his head.

“It’s simple,” Katie said. “Someone spins the bottle, and whoever it lands on has to pick truth or dare. Truth means you have to answer any question honestly. A dare is... well, a dare. Once you’re done, you get to spin the bottle, and it starts all over again. If you don’t answer or refuse the dare, you have to take a shot of Firewhiskey.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded.

Smiling, Lavender grabbed the floating bottle and gave it a spin. They all watched as it gradually slowed more and more before coming to rest with the neck pointing at Parvati.

“Truth or dare?” Lavender asked, grinning.

“Dare,” Parvati said without hesitation.

“I dare you to flash your tits,” Lavender told her.

Harry’s eyebrows shot up while Parvati blushed and laughed. He was nearly convinced it was some kind of joke before she grabbed the bottom of her shirt and drew it up to her chin. He only got a glimpse of her grapefruit-sized, pointed breasts and dark nipples before they were covered up again to the sound of girlish laughter.

“I’m so getting you back for that,” Parvati promised, grabbing the bottle.

Lavender gave her a smirk while Parvati spun the bottle. This time, it landed on Ginny, who threw the Indian witch a challenging look.

“Dare,” she declared.

Parvati hummed in thought, tapping her finger on her chin. Leaning over, Lavender whispered in her ear.

“I dare you to sit in Harry’s lap and let him play with your boobs until your turn is over,” Parvati said.

“Really?” Hermione asked while Harry blinked in surprise. “Isn’t this going a bit too far?”

“It’s fine, Hermione,” Ginny said, crawling over to Harry and sitting between his legs. “No one’s being forced to do anything they don’t want to do. It’s just a bit of fun. Relax. Stop acting like a Prefect and just enjoy yourself for once.”

Grabbing Harry's hand, Ginny looked over her shoulder and quirked her lips in a smile as she moved them under her loose t-shirt and up to her chest. He swallowed nervously as he cupped her breasts, his excitement swelling in his pajamas. Her breasts felt larger than he expected them to. While still small, the soft globes more than filled his palms, stiff nipples rubbing against his palms. Ginny moved her hands away from his, leaving him to gently and tentatively grope her breasts while she spun the bottle. A giggle rippled through the room when it landed on Hermione.

"Truth," she said.

Ginny thought for a long moment. She wiggled in Harry's lap, her bum rubbing against his erection. At first, he thought it was unintentional, but when she did it a second time, he knew it wasn't. Fighting down a blush, he got back at her by lightly squeezing one of her nipples. In response, Ginny leaned back against his chest and ground her bum hard against his straining length.

"What guy at Hogwarts do you fantasize about most?" she asked suddenly.

Hermione's cheeks flushed, and she licked her lips. Twice, she opened her mouth to speak, only to close it with a snap before she could utter a word. Eventually, she gave up and reached for the bottle of Firewhiskey.

"Oh, come on, Hermione," Lavender whined.

Taking a swig, she grimaced from the taste and blew out a breath of flames. Her neck and cheeks remained flushed as she passed the bottle back to Katie, and it made Harry wonder how much she'd had to drink.

Turning in his lap, Ginny gave him a smile and a wink before moving back to her seat. Harry had to sit with one knee raised to conceal his erection. Meanwhile, Hermione spun the bottle, and it landed on Demelza.

“Um, dare?” the tiny brunette said nervously.

Before Hermione could speak, Lavender leaned over and whispered furiously in her ear.

“Oh, fine,” Hermione huffed. “I dare you to kiss Harry for five seconds.”

Blushing heavily, Demelza crawled over to him and sat on her knees nervously, her bottom lip caught between her teeth cutely. Harry gave her a reassuring smile as he cupped her cheek and leaned forward. Their lips touched lightly at first, and surprisingly, it was Demelza who deepened it, mashing her lips against his. As the girls counted to five around them, he ran his tongue along her lips and pulled back. Harry smiled at the flushed, dazed look on her face while the girls clapped and cheered around them.

Moving back to her spot, Demelza spun the bottle. This time, it landed on Katie.

“I dare you to kiss Harry,” Demelza said, not even bothering to ask what she wanted.

Smiling, Katie turned to Harry and gave him a shrug. Scooting a little closer, he wrapped his arm around her waist and leaned close. Katie met him much more confidently than Demelza had. Threading her fingers through his hair, they started snogging heavily, tongues exploring each other’s mouths. It was a long moment before they finally parted breathlessly. They smiled brightly at each other before Harry pulled her in for a tight hug.

“It’s good to have you back,” he whispered.

Smiling, Katie squeezed him hard, then pecked him on the lips when she pulled back. Grabbing the bottle, she gave it a spin. Romilda got excited when it began to slow, then frowned when it passed her and landed on Lavender.

“Dare,” she said, giggling.

"I dare you to... take off your shirt for the rest of your turn," Katie said.

Parvati laughed loudly as Lavender blushed. Ginny, Demelza, and Romilda egged her on.

"Take it off! Take it off!" they chanted.

Though she was blushing heavily, Lavender grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head in one swift motion. Her large, perky breasts bounced and jiggled with the movements of her body. Harry was amazed that they could be so big yet sag so little. Her areolas were about the size of Galleons and pink, with small red nipples in the center. He was snapped out of his awestruck staring when the girls cheered and laughed. Sharing a glance with Hermione, and even she was giggling, though from the redness of her cheeks, he was certain the alcohol was starting to get to her.

When Harry looked back at Lavender, she smiled at him and deliberately shook her breasts before breaking into giggles. After she calmed down, she spun the bottle, which landed on Hermione.

"Do a dare, Hermione," Katie called.

"Dare! Dare! Dare!" the girls chanted.

"Alright!" Hermione yelled, a smile tugging at her lips. "Dare. But nothing bad."

"I dare you to kiss Harry for ten seconds," Lavender said.

Harry forced himself to look away from Lavender's amazing breasts and turn to Hermione. She bit her lip as she looked at him nervously. He gave her a reassuring smile and tried to hide the slight hurt he felt when she reached for the bottle of Firewhiskey.

“Oh no,” Katie said, pulling the bottle away. “You’re not getting out of this one.”

“I can’t kiss him in front of everyone,” Hermione said blushing.

Grinning, Lavender jumped off of the beds, her large breasts bouncing all over the place as she rushed over to the closet wardrobe and threw open the doors. Pushing the clothes to the sides, she pulled her wand out of her waistband and gave it a wave and a wiggle. Using a surprisingly complicated spell, she enlarged the inside until it was about the size of a small broom cupboard.

“Where did you learn to do that?” Hermione asked.

“I use Expansion charms all the time when I go shopping,” Lavender said. “Now, come on, get in.”

“You want us to go in there?” Hermione asked incredulously.

“Well, you didn’t want to kiss him in front of us, so here you go,” Lavender said.

Harry looked at Hermione, waiting to see how she would react. With a sigh, she climbed off of the bed and walked over to the wardrobe. He followed her over when they were suddenly pushed inside by Lavender and Parvati, and the doors were slammed shut with a laugh. Neither Harry nor Hermione could see a thing, and in the tight space, they bumped into each other a few times until they got situated. He had to keep his hips back to keep his straining erection from pressing against her thigh.

“Are you okay with this?” Harry asked softly.

“I’m fine,” Hermione said, her breathing oddly heavy. “Let’s just get this over with.”

Nodding, even though she couldn't see him, he leaned forward. Unfortunately, in the darkness, they both tilted their heads in the same direction, causing their noses to bump together. Laughing quietly, they both tilted their heads to the other side and laughed again.

"Here," Harry said, cupping her cheeks.

Leaning forward, he held her head still and tilted his head to the side. He kissed her softly at first, but Hermione, surprisingly, pressed herself against him and kissed him harder. Her thigh ground against his erection, causing him to groan into her mouth. Harry left one hand on her back while the other trailed down to her bum without any conscious thought. Hermione moaned, clutching at his shoulders as their tongues met.

Neither of them noticed when the wardrobe doors were opened. It wasn't until they heard clapping and cheers that they finally broke apart. Flushed and breathless, Hermione took one look at her dormmates standing around the wardrobe and hid her face in his chest. Chuckling, Harry rubbed her back and kissed the top of her head.

"Way to go, Hermione!" Katie cheered.

"See, I told you she wasn't gay," Parvati said to Romilda.

Hermione looked up in surprise.

"You thought I was gay?" she asked.

Romilda shrugged unapologetically, "Well, it's not like you've ever shown an interest in boys before. You had Krum as your date to the Yule Ball, and you're best friends with the most eligible bachelor in England, but you've never tried to do anything with either of them. It would've made sense."

Rolling her eyes, Hermione leaned up and gave Harry a deep but brief kiss before stepping out of the wardrobe. As she did, Demelza gasped, her eyes going wide at the sight of his erection tenting the front of his flannel pajama pants.

“Well, I guess Harry liked that kiss,” Katie smirked, causing Hermione to blush fiercely.

“I think part of that is because Lav’s tits are flopping all over the place,” Parvati added.

“My tits don’t flop,” Lavender yelled. “Do they, Harry?”

She stood in front of him and bounced on the balls of her feet, the motion carrying to her large, impossibly perky breasts.

“Definitely not floppy,” Harry said, his eyes following her pale, perfect globes.

The girls laughed as they climbed back onto the beds. After grabbing fresh Butterbeers, Hermione spun the bottle.

“Oh, come on!” Romilda yelled when it stopped just short of her and landed on Ginny.

“Dare,” Ginny said.

“Um,” Hermione hummed thoughtfully. “I don’t know... flash Harry.”

The girls cheered, both at the dare and the fact Hermione was finally relaxing and getting into the spirit of the game. Smiling, Ginny caught Harry’s eye and pulled up her shirt. Rather than stopping at her chin, she pulled it completely over her head and tossed it on the bed, displaying her small breasts. They were roughly the same size as Parvati’s, though more rounded than pointed. Her nipples were also different. They were thicker than Parvati’s and dark red instead of brown.

"I didn't say you had to take your shirt off," Hermione said.

Ginny shrugged, her perky breasts jiggling slightly, "It's more fun this way. Besides, I don't hear Harry complaining."

"And you never will," Harry said, raising his Butterbeer with a wink. "Feel free to go topless anytime you want."

"I'm sure Ron would love that," she smirked.

Quickly, she gave the bottle a spin. Romilda huffed when it landed on the other side of her, pointing at Lavender.

"I don't think that bottle likes us very much," Harry said, smiling at Romilda. "It hasn't landed on me either."

"Dare," Lavender said.

"I dare you to take Harry into the wardrobe and let him do anything he wants to you for one minute," Ginny said, smirking challengingly.

Lavender's mouth fell open as the other girls laughed at her. Teasingly, Katie held up the half-empty bottle of Firewhiskey and shook it. Turning her nose up at it, she climbed off the bed and walked over to the wardrobe, looking over her shoulder at Harry expectantly. Sharing a look with the other girls, he shrugged and followed her.

"Time starts when the door closes," Ginny said, holding her wand.

Harry and Lavender stepped inside. The doors weren't even fully closed when she grabbed the back of his head and kissed him heatedly. His hands immediately sought out her full, plump breasts, kneading them gently. They felt amazing in his hands, her soft, smooth flesh spilling out between his fingers. Moaning into his mouth, Lavender pushed her chest into his hands and reached for his waistband. Suddenly, her hand plunged into his boxers, and she wrapped her small hand around his length.

They snogged passionately while he groped her breasts, and she stroked his erection. Lavender alternated between stroking his shaft and trailing her fingernails up and down his length. Her nipples hardened against his palms, small, delicate nubs rubbing against his skin. When she ground her heel against his base, Harry bucked his hips forward with a desperate groan. That was the moment the door opened, loud cheers and whistles coming from the girls.

Pulling back with a saucy smile, Lavender trailed her nails along his shaft as she pulled her hands out of his pants. Giving him a quick, searing kiss, she left the wardrobe, his hands slowly falling from her breasts.

"How big is it?" Romilda asked eagerly.

Harry blushed as Lavender held her fingers a good distance apart, and the girls, even Hermione, giggled girlishly and glanced back at the tent in his pants.

"Is he bigger than Dean?" Parvati asked Ginny as they crawled back onto the bed.

"Much," Ginny said definitively.

Harry, though a little embarrassed, felt his pride swell. The girls chattered for a little while longer before Lavender spun the bottle. Finally, it landed on Romilda, who bounced on the mattress excitedly.

"Dare," she said, swinging her dark hair over her shoulder.

“I dare you to take off your shirt and give Harry a blowjob for one minute,” Lavender said.

The girls laughed and cheered. Meanwhile, Romilda didn't hesitate in the slightest to take off her shirt, revealing her full, round breasts – only slightly smaller than Lavender's – and crawled over to Harry with a smirk. He swallowed nervously when she grabbed his waistband and pulled it down, freeing his rigid length. His erection leapt free, bobbing eagerly in front of her face. The girls cheered and shifted around for a better view.

Romilda looked up at Harry with a smoky gaze and kissed the head softly. Laying down on her stomach between his legs, she propped her upper body up on her elbows, one hand wrapping around his shaft. Stroking him twice, she held him vertically and licked him from base to tip. As she reached the head, she opened her mouth and wrapped them around him before descending a couple of inches. Harry tilted his head back and groaned from the feeling of her tongue swirling around his sensitive glans.

Moaning, she kept her eyes on his as she bobbed up and down. Running his fingers through her hair, Harry leaned back on his elbows and luxuriated in the amazing sensation.

“How far down can you go?” Lavender asked.

Romilda shrugged her shoulders and hummed around him, drawing a groan from his lips. Scooting forward so her face was directly over his pelvis, she plunged her mouth onto his length. She made it nearly two-thirds of the way down his shaft before she gagged harshly and was forced to pull back, eyes watering. Coughing, she cleared her throat and tried again. This time, she made it just a little further and held him there, his tip pressed against the entrance of her throat. Harry couldn't help but buck his hips at the feeling.

“Time's up,” Ginny called.

Harry groaned disappointedly as Romilda pulled off of him, leaving his length soaked in her saliva.

“I bet I could do better than that,” Lavender said, reaching out to stroke his shaft. “you don’t mind if I try, do you, Harry?”

“Er, no, not at all,” Harry said, prompting giggles from the girls.

Smiling, Lavender bent down and wrapped her full, pink lips around him. He throbbed in her mouth as she sucked hard and bobbed up and down, dragging her lips along her skin. Suddenly, she plunged downwards, swallowing inch after inch with ease. It wasn’t until she got to within an inch of the base that she stopped and gagged loudly. Despite the tears gathering in her eyes and her choking, she held herself in place, keeping him buried in her tight, convulsing throat.

“Fuck!” Harry grunted, barely stopping himself from bucking his hips.

Lavender held herself down for an impressively long time before pulling back sharply and sucking in a deep breath, a smug smile on her lips.

“Slut,” Parvati said, nudging her shoulder.

“How do you do that?” Romilda asked.

“You have to relax your throat,” Lavender said. “I practice with a Muggle dildo.”

Harry throbbed excitedly at the thought, causing the girls to laugh.

“Can we get back to the game?” Hermione asked, looking a little uncomfortable.

“It’s kind of mean leaving Harry like this, isn’t it?” Katie asked, reaching out to wrap her hand around him, stroking him lightly.

“You can get him off if you want to,” Lavender shrugged.

Smiling, Katie took a big swig from the Firewhiskey bottle before pulling her shirt over her head. Her breasts, maybe a cup size smaller than Lavender’s, stood straight out from her chest. They jutted out like two cone-shaped mounds of flesh capped with light pink, puffy areolas and small nipples hidden in the middle. They bounced alluringly as she shifted to her bum and pulled off her pants and panties, completely revealing her athletic body.

Instead of crawling between his legs, she straddled them and pressed her hairless mound against his throbbing length. Surprised, Harry grabbed her hips and held her in place.

“Katie, are you sure about this?” he asked, worried she might’ve had too much to drink.

She smiled softly and leaned down to kiss him on the lips.

“I’ve wanted to do this for years,” she whispered.

Kissing him hard, she ground her damp folds along his length, drawing a groan from his lips. Suddenly, she sat up and, before Harry could react, lined him up with her entrance and speared herself on his length. He gasped at the feeling of her tight, silky smooth depths wrapping around his shaft. Bottoming out, Katie stiffened and sat still as a statue, eyes closed and mouth open.

“Om my god, are you okay?” Hermione asked worriedly.

Katie held up a finger and let out a trembling breath. Harry stayed perfectly still, caressing her thighs soothing as she slowly relaxed.

“Probably should’ve done that a bit slower,” she joked.

“Are you hurt?” Demelza asked.

“No,” Katie said, rolling her hips tentatively. “I just went too fast. It hurt for a minute, but I’m fine now.”

Lifting herself up a couple of inches, she eased herself down and moaned softly.

“Oh, that feels so good,” she moaned.

Leaning over Harry, she kissed him while his hands moved to her breasts. Katie rolled her hips rhythmically, riding him at a slow, steady pace.

“I should’ve done this two years ago,” she whispered.

“How does it feel?” Lavender asked curiously.

“Amazing,” Katie said, pushing herself back up with her hands braced on his chest.

Closing her eyes, she really started bouncing up and down on him. The mattress squeaked under him as she drove herself down onto his length. Remembering Sirius’s advice, Harry cupped one bouncing breast with one hand while moving the other down to her mound. Pressing his thumb down just above her clit, he wiggled it back and forth, drawing a harsh groan from Katie’s lips.

“Oh, fuck!” she gasped.

Katie began bouncing even harder, lifting herself up to the tip of his length before plunging back down. Harry used the rebound from the mattress to thrust, sending her back up his length, where the whole process started again. It was an amazing sensation, and given everything Harry had already experienced, it didn’t take him long to feel his climax approaching. Moving his

thumb down, he pressed his thumb directly against her clit. Katie threw her head back and cried out, her depths tightening and fluttering around his length. Knowing that she'd reached her peak, Harry didn't bother trying to hold back any longer. With a grunt, he thrust up and erupted in her depths.

Katie gasped and fell forward, collapsing on his chest. He wrapped his arms around her as they rode out their climaxes.

"Merlin!" Demelza gasped. "I can't believe you actually did that."

"I can't believe they had sex on Hermione's bed," Lavender said.

"What!?" Hermione gasped. "Wait, that is my bed! Harry!"

Harry couldn't help it. He laughed with the others while Katie giggled on his chest. Lifting her head, she kissed him passionately and climbed off of him.

"That's a lot of cum," Parvati said, watching it leak from Katie's folds.

"Can I get a towel?" Katie asked.

Demelza climbed off the bed and trotted into the bathroom, returning a moment later with a towel and handing it to Katie. While she wiped herself clean, Romilda crawled between his legs and started licking his softened shaft.

"Romilda!" Parvati gasped laughingly. "You're worse than Lav!"

Romilda shrugged and took him completely in her mouth, sucking him clean and bathing him with her tongue. Harry groaned, the thought of her tasting Katie on him causing him to harden

rapidly. In moments he grew so big that she had to pull back or risk choking again. When she sucked on his sensitive head, Harry hissed and moved his hips back.

“Sorry,” Harry said when she pouted at him. “It’s sensitive.”

“Let’s go back to the game while poor Harry recovers a bit,” Lavender suggested.

As they moved to sit in a circle, Katie pulled Harry’s shirt over his head and leaned against his side. Smiling, he wrapped an arm around her and kissed the top of her head. Romilda spun the bottle, and it landed on Hermione.

“Um, dare,” she said hesitantly.

“I dare you to take off your shirt,” Romilda smirked.

Biting her lip, Hermione glanced over at the bottle of Firewhiskey. Before she could reach for it, Harry pulled it out of her reach.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to,” he told her. “But I think you’ve had enough to drink for tonight.”

The girls egged her on until she sighed and looked at Harry pleading.

“Just promise me you won’t tell anyone about this,” she said. “Especially Ron.”

“Of course not,” Harry assured her.

Taking a deep breath, she gripped the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head. Surprisingly, her breasts were even larger than Ginny’s. Harry guessed that her tight shirt made them look

smaller than they actually were. They were full and round, capped with bright red areolas and hard, crinkled nipples. As the other girls clapped and cheered, she blushed hard and covered her face. It took a long moment before she dropped her arms and spun the bottle. It landed on Harry.

“Finally,” he smiled. “Dare.”

Hermione frowned thoughtfully before smiling slyly.

“I dare you to tell me who you fantasize about most,” Hermione said.

“Hermione, don’t make me answer that,” Harry begged.

In response, she gestured to the bottle in his hand unsympathetically. Sighing, he just decided to answer. He didn’t want to get too drunk to have more fun.

“Fine,” he sighed. “It’s probably a tie between you and Katie.”

“Me?” Hermione gasped in surprise while Katie beamed and kissed his cheek.

“Of course, he would fantasize about you,” Ginny said, rolling her eyes. “You’re together all the time.”

“Well, yes. But I never thought that he would...,” Hermione trailed off with a thoughtful look.

Hoping he hadn’t upset her, Harry spun the bottle. It landed on Parvati, who smiled expectantly.

“Dare,” she said.

"I dare you to get naked," Harry said.

The girls laughed and cheered while Parvati started stripping out of her clothes. She had a thin figure, beautiful bronze-colored skin, and a modest bust. Sitting back down, she spun the bottle, which landed on Demelza.

"Um, dare," she said nervously.

Parvati pursed her lips and thought for a moment before responding.

"I dare you to make out with Harry for thirty seconds and let him take off any clothing he wants to," she said.

Katie giggled and kissed Harry on the cheek before scooting out of the way. Demelza crawled over to him and waited shyly. Since she was shorter and lighter than any of the other girls, it was easy for him to lift her up and pull her into his lap. Smiling, he kissed her on the lips. Knowing that she was nervous and not wanting to push her too far, he continued kissing her for a while and let her relax before grabbing the hem of her shirt. Slowly, he pulled it up and over her head, breaking the kiss.

Demelza shyly covered her chest, a vulnerable look on her face. Rather than ask her to move her arm, he laid her on her back and hovered over her. Harry started kissing her neck, gradually making his way down over her collarbone to her chest. Moaning softly, she tentatively moved her arms out of the way.

He could understand her nervousness. Demelza, by far, had the smallest breasts in the room. They were just small, round bumps on her chest with very long, prominent nipples. Taking one between his lips, he lavished her breasts with attention. Demelza threaded her fingers through his hair and moaned, pulling him into her chest. Taking one of her long, stiff nipples between his teeth, Harry bit down lightly and gave it a tug. She gasped and squirmed under him, making him wonder just how sensitive her nipples were.

"Time's up," Parvati called.

Moving back up to Demelza's lips, he kissed her passionately and pulled back with a smile. The tiny brunette beamed as she moved back to her spot in the circle, no longer shy about revealing her breasts. Spinning the bottle, it landed on Harry.

"Dare," he said with a smile.

"I dare you to..." she trailed off thoughtfully before finishing her sentence, "give Hermione an orgasm."

Harry stared at her in surprise, Hermione's mouth fell open, and the other girls broke into a fit of laughter and cheers. Recovering, he looked over at Hermione and realized he really wanted to do this dare. Before she could refuse, he crawled over to her.

"Harry?" she asked nervously.

Instead of answering, he kissed her on the lips while pushing her onto her back. It took several seconds before she started kissing him back. He continued kissing her until they both became breathless. Catching his breath quickly, Harry kissed his way down her chest. As he reached her breasts, he paused to cup them, kissing and sucking at her swollen nipples. Hermione moaned softly, her fingers threading in his hair and her nails scraping his scalp lightly.

Leaving her breasts, he kissed his way down to her waist. He glanced up at her as he grabbed the waistband of her pants and panties. Biting her lip, Hermione raised her hips, allowing him to pull them down her legs. It was a surprise to find her mound completely bald. For some reason, he expected her to not take the time to do something like that. Shaking himself mentally, he kissed the inside of her thigh, slowly making his way up to her taut folds.

Harry could already smell her excitement and see it beading on her lips. Again, he was surprised. He hadn't expected her to be so excited. Realizing she wanted this as much as he did, all of his hesitation fell away. Hermione gasped when he dove forward, running his tongue

between her folds. The taste of her arousal filled his mouth as he teased her slit. He moved up and over her clit, deliberately ignoring it despite her bucking hips, and moved back down on the other side. He did that twice more before finally running his tongue over her excited nub.

With a loud gasp, Hermione bucked her hips and moaned unrestrained. Panting, she rolled and bucked her hips against his face while he focused on her clit. Harry lashed it with his tongue, took it between his lips, and sucked lightly. Her hands fisted tightly in his hair as her back arched. His erection throbbed with every wanton moan and gasp that left her lips. It was amazing to see her lose herself.

Suddenly, she arched her back and went stiff before a shiver ran from her head to her toes, a trembling moan escaping her lips. A gush of arousal against his chin told him she'd reached her peak. Harry continued lavishing her clit, his tongue flicking over it frantically, keeping her on the crest of her climax for several long seconds.

Finally, it became too much for her, and she went from tugging his hair to pushing him away. Rolling onto her side, Hermione curled into a ball, shaking and twitching as she came down from her climax. Harry barely had time to feel smug before he was pushed onto his back. Lavender gave him a steamy, lustful look as she pulled down his pants, freeing his throbbing length. At some point, she'd already lost her own, leaving her completely naked. Gripping his shaft, she straddled his waist and sank down on his length slowly.

"Fuck!" Harry groaned, closing his eyes as her tight walls slid down over his shaft.

"It's so big," Lavender moaned. "You're so much bigger than any of my toys."

"Does it feel good?" Parvati asked.

"Yes!" Lavender hissed as she reached the base. "So good."

She began riding him, her large breasts bouncing wildly. When she leaned over him, Harry placed one hand on her hip and the other cupped her breast. Lavender kissed him hard, but she

had trouble finding a rhythm. It felt awkward, and the way she rolled her hips bent his shaft in an uncomfortable way. Planting his arm on the bed, he rolled her over onto her back. She arched her back and moaned as he slid even deeper, his pelvis mashed against her clit.

Harry began thrusting in and out of her, supporting his weight on his arms. With every moan that left her lips, he moved faster and thrust harder. Lavender arched her back and moaned, her breasts bouncing in rhythm with their movements. Arousal leaked from her folds, causing a loud slap every time their bodies collided.

“Oh, Morgana,” Lavender gasped.

Arching her back, she came hard, her depths clamping around his shaft. Harry nearly peaked on the spot but managed to hold back. As she trembled and shook under him, he felt a tap on his shoulder. Sitting up to look back, Ginny smirked at him and kissed him on the lips before crawling over to and on top of Lavender, her full, pale bum sticking out at him. Looking over her shoulder, she shook it back and forth temptingly.

Smiling, Harry eased out of Lavender, causing her to groan. As he lined himself up with Ginny, she surprised him by bending down to snog Lavender. The blonde grunted in shock but quickly gave in and kissed back enthusiastically. Shaking his head, he pushed forward, easing himself into the thin redhead.

“Fu-uck!” she cried. “It’s like a Beater’s bat.”

“Do you want me to stop?” Harry asked worriedly.

“Don’t you dare,” Ginny glared, moaning when Lavender sucked on her nipples. “Don’t you dare stop until you cum in me.”

Throbbing excitedly, Harry sank into her depths. After giving her a moment to adjust, he started thrusting gently.

“Harder,” Ginny said, throwing herself back onto his length.

Tightening his grip on her hips, Harry pulled almost all the way out before slamming back in. Ginny threw her head back and moaned while Lavender pinched and pulled at her swollen nipples.

“Somebody likes it rough,” she joked.

“Yes!” Ginny hissed, her pale cheeks rippling against Harry’s thighs. “Pull my hair and fuck the shit out of me!”

Laughing incredulously, Harry did as she asked. He gathered her hair in a ponytail and used it like a handle to thrust hard and fast. Ginny’s tight depths fluttered around his length as she moaned wantonly. Watching her bum jiggle, Harry brought his hand down, spanking it lightly. She showed no reaction, so he did it again, harder.

“More,” Ginny groaned. “Make me your bitch.”

“Merlin, that’s hot,” Parvati said, kneeling behind Harry and hugging his back.

Smacking her ass hard, he raised one leg and thrust as hard and fast as he could. Ginny howled as she tipped over the edge, but Harry didn’t slow down. He was determined to reach his climax, just like she asked. Ginny beat her hand on the mattress and clawed at the sheets as she cried again. A tremble ran through her body right before a stream of arousal gushed around his length. The sight was so exciting that Harry buried himself as deep as possible and erupted inside of her.

As soon as his hand let go of her hair, her upper body collapsed on top of Lavender with a groan. Giggling, Lavender stroked her back while Harry finished emptying himself in her spasming depths. When he slipped out of her and collapsed on his bum, Katie handed him a Butterbeer with a smile. He took it gratefully.

That ended the game to truth or dare for the night. They spent some more time talking and ended up falling asleep in a pile of mostly naked bodies. Thankfully, Hermione was smart enough to set an alarm so he could get back to his dorm before anyone else woke up. When he did wake, it was to the feel of Romilda giving him a blow job. After he climaxed and enjoyed the sight of the girls gathering their clothes, he dressed and grabbed his room.

“Can we do this again next weekend?” Demelza asked.

“Sounds good to me,” Lavender smiled.

Everyone else agreed and turned to Hermione questioningly.

“Fine,” she sighed.

Smiling, Harry gave her a hug and opened the window.

“See you next week.”

## Chapter 2

Harry sighed as he watched Hermione rush out of Charms class before he could even try to talk to her. Ever since the dorm party the girls threw the night before, she'd been avoiding him at all costs. He hoped she just needed a little time to come to terms with what had happened, but in the back of his mind, he worried she was upset. The problem was that he had no idea what she might actually be upset about, and so he had no idea how to fix it.

Lost in thought as he made his way to the Great Hall, he didn't realize someone was following him until they grabbed him roughly by the arm and yanked him into a broom cupboard. In a panic, he stumbled to get his feet under him and drew his wand.

“Lumos,” whispered a familiar voice.

Squinting his eyes at the sudden bright light, Harry relaxed when he looked at the smiling face of Ginny Weasley.

“Bloody hell,” he said, letting out a breath. “You scared the crap out of me.”

“You know, when I pulled you in here, that wasn’t the wand I was hoping to have pressed against me,” Ginny smirked.

Glancing down, Harry realized he still had the tip of his wand pressed directly between her breasts. Muttering an apology, he pocketed his wand.

“So, I take it Hermione isn’t taking things well?” Ginny asked.

“No,” Harry sighed. “And to make things worse, I don’t even know what she’s really upset about. She didn’t seem to have a problem with it last night, but today...”

“I think she’s just struggling with the fact she was basically involved in a reverse gangbang, and she liked it,” Ginny said.

Harry blinked and shook his head. The words ‘Hermione and ‘gangbang’ were not something he thought he’d ever hear together like that.

“So, what should I do?” he asked.

“We’ll, you’ve really got two choices,” Ginny replied. “You can give her space and let her come around in her own time, which could take days or even weeks.”

Groaning in frustration, Harry slid his hands under his glasses and rubbed his face. He really didn't want to go weeks with his best friend avoiding him constantly.

"And the other option," he asked, expecting it to be something he wouldn't like either.

"Look, I'll be honest with you," Ginny said. "I talked to Lavender and Parvati this morning, and we want to have another party with you this weekend, but Hermione's a problem. If she isn't involved, she's a lot more likely to try and stop us, or she might even go to McGonagall. So, we think the best solution is for you to seduce her."

"What?" Harry exclaimed. "Ginny, I don't know how to seduce someone."

"Really? Because you did a pretty good job last night," she pointed out. "None of us expected her to let things go as far as they did. And there's no way she would have if it was anyone other than you. She might not want to admit it, but Hermione's in love with you. She'll do anything for you. All you have to do is ask."

"So, what, you want me to just ask her to come to another party?" Harry asked incredulously. "She won't even talk to me right now."

"No. Like I said, you need to seduce her," Ginny said. "Right, here's what you need to do. Lavender will leave the window unlocked when she goes to bed tonight. When everyone's asleep, you fly into the dorm and sneak into her bed. Confront her, ask her why she's avoiding you. When she tells you, comfort her and tell her how much you enjoyed everything you did together. She's probably worried you think she's a slut now or something ridiculous. Once she's calm, kiss her. Go as far as she's willing to let you."

"And what if she just goes back to avoiding me the next day?" Harry asked.

"Then you go back the next night," Ginny shrugged. "And you tell her you're going to keep coming back until she stops."

“You really think that will work?” he asked nervously.

“Trust me,” Ginny smirked. “Hermione’s good at hiding it, but she’s gagging for your cock. And she’s not the only one.”

Trailing her fingers down his chest, she dropped to her knees and unbuckled his belt. Harry swallowed thickly, his length hardening as she pulled him out into the open. Ginny gave him a salacious grin before stuffing his entire semi-hard shaft into her mouth. He rapidly hardened as she sucked, her tongue bathing every inch of him. Grabbing his hips, she gagged when his size grew to be too much for her but steadfastly remained in place. Harry throbbed excitedly as she stared up at him, her eyes becoming teary and bloodshot. Thick strands of saliva dripped from her lips and down onto her white blouse as she continued choking herself on his rigid length.

“Fuck, Ginny,” Harry hissed, his hands reaching out to rest on her head.

Moaning around him, she pulled back to the tip and sucked in a deep breath before jamming him back into her mouth. Again, she gagged loudly when his head hit the back of her throat. A thick glob of saliva fell from her lips onto her blouse. The white fabric turned transparent as it soaked in, revealing her hard, pink nipple underneath. Ginny’s chest heaved as she choked loudly before pulling back quickly. Her hand stroked him lightly but quickly as she smirked.

“As much as I like sucking your cock, I really need you to fuck me,” Ginny said.

Giving his shaft a long lick, she climbed to her feet and spun around. Setting her wand down on a shelf stacked with cleaning supplies, she reached and lifted the bottom of her skirt, tucking it securely into the waistband. Harry could resist reaching out and cupping her small, bubbly cheeks, groping the firm globes roughly. Ginny moaned, pressing her hands against the wall as she wiggled her hips impatiently.

Knowing they were short on time, Harry grabbed her black panties and pulled them down to her feet, where she stepped out of them quickly. Bending at the waist, Ginny looked over her shoulder with a sparkle in her eyes and shook her bum back and forth. He throbbed at the of her pink, glistening lips peeking out from between her pale white thighs.

“Fuck me. Hard,” Ginny panted lightly.

Resting one hand on her shoulder, Harry lined himself up with the other and sank into her tight, hot depths. They moaned in unison as his hips rested against her bum, his full length buried in her steaming, slippery core. After taking a moment to savor the feeling, Harry began sawing his hips back and forth in long, powerful strokes.

“Ooh, fuck, yes!” Ginny hissed, throwing her hips back into his thrusts. “Harder! Pound me! Make me Harry Potter’s bitch!”

Harry growled at her words, his shaft pulsing inside of her. As he started thrusting harder and faster, he watched her long ponytail swishing back and forth in front of his face. Knowing Ginny liked it a bit rough, he caught it, gripping it like a handle, and tugged her head back just as he slammed his hips forward.

“Fuck!” Ginny cried, her depths fluttering wildly around him.

Her face and neck turned bright red as her mouth hung open, eyes staring unseeingly at the wall in front of her. A gush of arousal drenched his length while a trembling moan left her lips. The reaction spurred Harry on to raise his hand and bring it down with a loud clap on her bare cheek.

“Is this what you want?” Harry asked, spanking her again when she only moaned. “You like this, you little slut?”

“Your... slut,” Ginny panted as she came down from her climax.

Harry smiled, touched and excited by her response. He knew that she’d fancied him for years, and the thought of her leaving herself open to him whenever and however he wanted made his pulse race with excitement. It also showed how much she trusted him... or how kinky she was, depending on how you looked at it. Harry preferred to think it was the former.

“My slut,” Harry said, pressing her flat against the rough stone wall and tugging her head back to kiss her neck. “I like the sound of that.”

“Oh, Merlin, Harry,” Ginny whimpered. “Your cock... it feels so good. Shit... I’m cumming again!”

Harry continued his hard, steady pace as she shook and trembled, droplets of excitement dripping from his shaft to the floor.

“Damn, you cum easy,” he groaned, pummeling her clutching depths.

“You’re hitting my... G-spot,” Ginny panted.

Harry didn’t know if that was a good thing or not, so he slowed his thrust to a crawl and looked at her cautiously. Her eyes darted to the side and narrowed as she glared at him.

“Don’t you dare fucking stop,” Ginny growled.

Chuckling, Harry slammed into her, forcing a pleased groan from her lips.

“Don’t stop!” Ginny gasped. “Merlin, don’t ever stop. I’ll do anything you want. I’ll help you fuck any girl you want. Just don’t stop fucking me!”

Harry growled, slamming into her furiously as he felt his climax nearing. Ginny screamed, a spray of hot arousal drenching his shaft as she came again from his savage thrusts. Burying himself as deeply as possible, he erupted in her depths. Letting go of her hair, he wrapped his arms around Ginny and held her tightly, his hips bucking instinctively as he emptied himself inside of her. The redhead hummed contentedly, turning her head to kiss him on the cheek.

“So good,” Ginny mumbled.

Harry pulled out of her with a chuckle and took a step back. Ginny stumbled on weak legs, prompting him to wrap his arms around her and hold her up until she could stand on her own. After getting dressed and cleaning themselves up, she wrapped her arms around him and kissed him deeply.

“Are you going to see Hermione tonight?” she asked as they stepped out into the hall.

“I’m not sure yet,” Harry replied. “Do you really think it will work? I really don’t want to make things worse between us.”

“You won’t,” Ginny said. “I can’t guarantee how she’ll react, but I know she wants you. She just doesn’t want to admit it.”

“I’ll think about it,” Harry said.

~

Harry did think about it. It was all that was on his mind for the rest of the day. Hermione still avoided him, but he caught her looking at him during classes. When he caught her eye, she looked away quickly and went back to ignoring him. When she ran straight up to her dorm after dinner, Harry made his decision.

A little after midnight, when he was certain his dormmates were asleep, he crept out of bed and grabbed his broom. As silently as he could, he slipped out of the window and closed it behind him. Flying around to the other side of the tower, shivering in the cold December air, he found the window to Hermione’s dorm and swooped over.

“Alohamora,” Harry whispered.

The window unlatched itself and swung inwards, allowing him inside. Landing lightly, Harry propped his broom in the corner and closed the window behind him. He wasn't actually sure which bed was Hermione's – the beds had all been moved around the last time he was here – but, fortunately, the trunks at the ends of their beds had their names on them. Her bed was closest to the door on the right-hand side of the room.

Taking a deep breath, Harry slipped off his shoes and quietly opened her curtains. Hermione lay curled up on her side, facing away from him, her chest rising and falling evenly in her sleep. Carefully climbing onto the bed so as to not wake her quite yet, he closed the curtains and rolled over to look at her. Taking out his wand, he cast a quick Privacy Charm before setting it down on the nightstand next to hers and then shook her shoulder.

"Hermione," Harry whispered.

Hermione rolled over onto her back, blinking her eyes and scrunching her brow cutely as she looked at him.

"Harry!" she gasped softly. "What are you doing here? Did something happen?"

"You tell me," Harry said. "You're the one that's been avoiding me all day."

Biting her lip, Hermione looked down.

"Can't this wait until morning?" she asked in a barely audible whisper.

"No, it can't," Harry said. "What's wrong, Hermione?"

"You know what I did last night," she whined.

"So?" Harry asked. "Everyone was involved. I thought you enjoyed it."

"I did. It's just..." Hermione paused and glanced up at him before looking down again and started picking at the sheets. "You're not... disappointed, are you?"

"What?" Harry asked, surprised. "Why on earth would I be disappointed?"

"I'm not as... curvy as Lavender or as adventurous as Ginny or as pretty as Romilda," Hermione listed off with a sigh. "And – and I don't want you to think I'm some kind of slut that would do that with anyone."

"Of course, I don't," Harry said, rubbing her arm soothingly and leaning to the side so their faces were closer together. "Hermione, whether you want to believe it or not, you're beautiful. I loved everything we did, and I'd love to do it again if you're willing to."

"Are you sure this isn't just about the others?" Hermione asked, lifting her face and studying him intently. "I won't get in the way if you want to play more games with them. Merlin knows you deserve it after everything you've been through."

"I'd prefer it if you were there too," Harry said, stroking her cheek.

"Are you sure?" Hermione asked again, this time more nervously.

"Who am I in bed with, Hermione?" Harry asked. "Who did I spend all day trying to talk to? Who did I break fifty school rules to come and see?"

Hermione bit her lip, her eyes tearing up before she suddenly threw herself at him. Harry grunted as she squeezed him tightly. With a chuckle, he wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head.

"What does this mean... for us?" Hermione whispered, her face buried in his chest.

"I don't know," Harry admitted. "I like it, though. I felt like we were closer than ever last night, and I really, *really* want to kiss you again."

Pulling back slightly, Hermione chewed her bottom lip as she looked at him nervously. Brushing her hair behind her ear, Harry slowly leaned forward and softly pressed his lips to hers. Gradually, the kiss deepened until they were snogging heavily. Harry's hand caressed her hip and bum while Hermione's moved slowly over his chest.

Sitting up, he took off his shirt before reaching for the bottom of hers. Hermione sat up and let him pull it off of her, exposing her beautiful breasts and toned stomach. A thoughtful look crossed her face before she suddenly took off her pants as well, leaving her completely naked. Harry couldn't help but raise an eyebrow in surprise.

"I – I don't want my first time to be in front of everyone," she said softly.

Harry blinked in surprise. For the first time, he was really starting to believe what Ginny had told him earlier. Maybe Hermione really did want him as badly as she thought. Holding her gaze, he took off his pants and tossed them to the side. Staring at his erection and biting her lip, she reached out for him as soon as he laid back down on his side, facing her. Her fingers wrapped around him, holding him lightly while her thumb caressed his skin.

"Wow," Hermione breathed.

Smiling, Harry cupped her cheek and leaned in for a kiss. As their lips moved and their tongues entwined, her hand continued to explore his length. Sliding his hand down her arm, he cupped her breast and teased her nipple. With a moan, Hermione stroked him a bit quicker before pulling back breathlessly.

"How do you, um, want me?" she asked nervously.

Harry slid his hand down her thigh and pulled it up so it was resting on his hip. Pulling her close and reaching around, he grabbed his length and placed it at her entrance before pausing.

“Ready?” he asked, throbbing in anticipation.

Biting her lip nervously, Hermione nodded, her hands gripping his shoulders. As he pushed forward, his thick shaft stretching open her taut folds, her eyes widened, and she gasped sharply.

“Oh! It’s... big,” she panted.

Pausing with his head trapped in her snug folds, Harry caressed her cheek and gave her a moment to adjust. She looked nervous, but he could feel her excitement dripping down his shaft.

“Tell me if you want me to slow down or stop, okay?” he asked.

Nodding, Hermione licked her lips and looked down between their bodies, her cheeks flushing prettily as she stared at the point where they were connected.

“There’s so much left,” she mumbled.

Harry didn’t think he was supposed to hear that, so he ignored it with a smile and eased his hips forward. At an agonizingly slow pace, inch after inch of his length sank into her impossibly tight depths. Hermione felt much tighter than Katie, Lavender, or even Ginny. He could feel his shaft stretching her open, touching places that nothing had ever touched before. After several painfully slow moments, he finally bottomed out in her vice-like depths. Hermione’s face remained pressed against his chest as she panted, but Harry wanted to see the look on her face. When he curled his fingers under her chin and lifted it, he was surprised and worried to see tears in her eyes.

“Hermione?” Harry asked in concern.

She shook her head and took a deep, shuddering breath.

“I’m fine,” she said with a teary smile. “I’m happy. This is exactly like I always dreamed it would be. It’s... perfect.”

Smiling, Harry wiped away a tear with his thumb and kissed her softly. As they parted, Hermione beamed and hugged him tightly, her head resting just below his nose.

“I love you, Harry,” she whispered softly.

“I love you, too,” Harry said, holding her tight and savoring the moment.

When she looked up again, he kissed her briefly before resting his forehead against hers. Staring into her eyes, he pulled his hips back just an inch before pushing forward in a slow, deliberate thrust. Eyes widening, she gasped, her hands gripping his shoulders tightly. On his second thrust, her eyes fluttered closed with a pleased moan.

“Oh, Harry,” she sighed breathily.

Harry stared at the rapturous look on her face in wonder as he shifted his hips slowly, more grinding into her than actually thrusting. That was alright, though; her tightness more than made up for it. Sliding his hand down her thigh, he cupped her small, firm bum and pulled her onto him, grinding his pelvis against her clit. Hermione responded with a long, sensuous moan, her warm, chocolate-brown eyes staring soulfully into his. Biting her lip, she whimpered, and Harry could feel every twitch, flutter, and spasm of her inner walls.

Just by feeling her reactions on his length, he was able to figure out exactly how hard to thrust and at what angle. Harry loved watching the way her breath hitched and her eyes widened before rolling into the back of her head. Hermione’s body suddenly stiffened, her walls

clenching down on him so tightly he was unable to move. Mouth hanging open, she made no sound at first, then a deep guttural wail worked its way out of her throat.

The sight of Hermione completely losing herself was so erotic Harry exploded instantly. Hermione let out a trembling moan as he filled her, her legs shaking uncontrollably. Holding her tight, he kissed and sucked at her neck as they each rode out their climaxes. By the time they were done, both of them were panting breathlessly, the sweat slowly cooling their bodies. After catching his breath, Harry slowly eased out of Hermione, her tight folds snapping closed behind him.

“Was that as good as your dreams?” Harry asked teasingly.

“Better,” Hermione said, snuggling into his chest tiredly. “Will you stay?”

“As long as you want me to,” Harry said, kissing the top of her head.

Rolling over, Hermione set an alarm with her wand. Before she could turn back to face him, Harry wrapped an arm around her, his hand clutching her breast, and pulled her back against his chest. Sighing contentedly, she laced her fingers through his and closed her eyes. Her orgasm must have taken a lot out of her because she fell asleep almost instantly. Smiling, Harry pulled the blankets over them and closed his eyes. He enjoyed the feel of her body against his for a long time before finally drifting off to sleep.

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Hermione woke slowly the next morning when her wand began buzzing and almost screamed when she felt someone’s arms wrapped around her chest and a hard, throbbing erection against her bum. Just as she sucked in a breath, her memories of the night before came back to her, stifling her scream, but her heart kept racing. Slowly, a smile stretched across her face, and she rolled over to face Harry. He looked so calm and peaceful when he was asleep I actually made her heart ache.

Every morning, he was up and dressed before she was. And though he never mentioned it, she knew it was because of his nightmares. With everything that had happened in his life, she could on imagine how his mind tortured him while he slept.

Watching his face, she bit her lip and tried to sear the memory into her mind. Despite what he had told her and how much love and passion she'd felt from him last night, a small voice in the back of her mind worried this might not happen again. It was the insecure part of her that worried he'd find someone with bigger tits, a better ass, and a prettier face and forget all about her. Intellectually, she knew he wouldn't. Hermione knew Harry had meant everything he said. But that didn't stop her mind from raising lifelong fears of abandonment.

Since it was a Tuesday, and they didn't have any classes until after lunch, she decided to let him sleep a while longer. Kissing him softly on the lips, she slipped out of his arms and threw on a robe before making her way to the bathroom. When she returned, Lavender was sitting up, waiting for her with a smile on her face.

"So, how was it?" she asked brightly.

Hermione froze and glanced over to her bed, trying to remember if she'd put up a Silencing Charm.

"I heard him come in," Lavender grinned. "Now, come on. How was it?"

"It was amazing," Hermione said, trying and failing to suppress a smile.

Lavender giggled and bounced on her mattress, her perky breasts following the movement.

"It sounded like it," she smirked. "I've never heard you scream like that before."

"You heard?" Hermione asked with a blush, glancing at Parvati's bed.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Lavender told her. “Harry put up a Silencing Charm. I just extended it a bit to include my bed, too.”

Hermione opened her mouth to speak, closed it with a snap, and shook her head. Leave it to Lavender to perform a complicated piece of magic just for a bit of gossip.

“So, do you mind if we still play with him on the weekends?” Lavender asked hopefully.

Hermione shrugged, surprised by the lack of jealousy she felt. She’d have to examine that thought later.

“That’s not really up to me,” she said.

Lavender scoffed and rolled her eyes.

“Of course it is,” she said. “Hermione, that boy loves you. He might like playing with the rest of us, and I’m pretty sure he cares about Katie a lot – probably Ginny, too – but if you asked him to stop, he would.”

Hermione bit her lip as she looked back over at her bed.

He really does deserve to have some fun, she thought before turning back to her roommate with a shrug.

“I don’t mind,” she said.

Grinning brightly, Lavender jumped up from her bed and hugged Hermione tightly. She blushed as she felt the other girl’s breasts press against her chest.

“Thank you,” Lavender said gratefully.

Kissing Hermione on the cheek, she pranced into the bathroom and started the shower. Shaking her head and filled with confusing emotions, Hermione made her way back over to her bed. Taking off her robe, she climbed back on the mattress, smiling when Harry’s arms wrapped around her. Burying her face in his chest, she sighed contentedly, all of her worries washed away by his gentle breathing. In moments, she fell back into a peaceful sleep.