

The Best of a Bad Situation

Chapter 1 – Hermione Help!

“Hermione, open up! Are you there? I need your help!”

Harry Potter was not having a good day. It was the first weekend back at school, and already he'd been bogged down with homework, was informed his Quidditch ban couldn't be reversed by anyone other than Minister Fudge, his Firebolt had gone missing from the dungeons, and now one of Ron's prank ideas had gone horribly wrong, and his whole dorm room smelled like dungbombs.

To make matters worse, because parents of students had wanted to pull their kids from school now that they knew Voldemort was indeed back like Harry had claimed the previous year, Dumbledore had been forced to put in place strict extra precautions to ensure the students' safety. No longer were students allowed out of their common rooms after 8 pm, they had to be in their dorm rooms by 9:00, and all the portraits and doors were sealed shut until morning to make sure the more rambunctious students couldn't break the rules.

According to Harry's watch, it was already 8:30, which meant that he had less than half an hour to find Hermione, explain to her the situation, see if she knew of a spell to counter the God-awful smell, and race back to his dorm room before he got locked out for the night, so he could attempt the spell himself.

How this had become his responsibility, Harry hadn't a clue. It was Ron's stupid dungbombs after all that had malfunctioned, and it had had been his idea to set them off within the confines of Dean's four poster bed. Shouldn't Ron have had to hunt down Hermione? Still, the argument that Harry should find her (because she'd been upset at Ron for copying her notes days ago) had seemed convincing at the time, and Harry didn't give it much thought as he just wanted to get away from the foul smell.

Which is how Harry found himself outside the Gryffindor girls' sixth year dorm room, banging with his first.

“Hermione, open up! I really need to talk to you, quick!”

“Hold on,” Harry heard a muffled voice through the thick door, “we're not dressed properly.

It was another minute before the door finally opened, and Lavender was the one to greet him.

“Can I help you, Harry? You're not supposed to be here you know.”

Not having the patience to deal with the ditzy girl right now, Harry pushed his way past her, and found Hermione sitting on her bed in a dressing robe, flipping through a book.

“Hermione, thank Merlin I found you! Ron's set off a ton of dungbombs in our dorm, and it smells bloody awful. But because of the new spells sealing the windows shut, we can't air the room out. Do you know of anything that can get the job done?”

Putting the book down, Hermione glared up at him. “Well hello to you too, Harry. Yes, please come in; make yourself at home. Shove Lavender out of the way while you're at it. You're not supposed to be up here. This is a girl's dorm. How'd you make it up the stairs anyway? They're supposed to turn into a sled when a boy walks on them.”

Not being able to help himself, Harry smiled and said, “I apparated to your doorstep. I never even set foot on your stairs. Now please, can you help?”

“It's not possible to apparate inside of Hogwarts and you know that Harry,” Hermione tsked, “even if you did know how to apparate. Never mind; what's the problem again?”

Keeping his eye on his watch, Harry again explained the problem, this time being extra polite to all three girls. Lavender and Parvati were both on Parvati's bed, talking in quiet giggles. They too were in their dressing gowns, and Harry figured they all must have thrown them on when he had knocked on the door. Harry was still dressed in a pair of jeans and a tee-shirt, with slipper on his feet. He hadn't gotten dressed for bed yet, because he'd been in such a hurry to find Hermione.

"I don't know, Harry. I think I remember reading about an air-freshening charm somewhere in one of my books, but I don't remember which one. Can you wait while I look?"

Noticing that he still had 17 minutes until the doors would lock, Harry said he did, although he asked her to hurry. Hermione's personal bookcase was legendary at Hogwarts, and after seeing it in person, Harry wasn't hopeful she'd find the right book on time.

While Hermione was paging through a blue colored text, Harry turned his attention to Parvati and Lavender, not wanting to disturb his studious friend.

"So what are you three doing tonight? I didn't see any of you in the common room earlier, and you're already dressed for bed. Isn't it a bit early for sleep?"

"We're not going to sleep, silly," Parvati informed him. "It's girls night! We do this every year, first Friday night we're back. We do each other's hair, paint each other's nails, talk about boys; you know. After a whole summer away, there's tons of juicy gossip to trade."

Harry was surprised, and turned his head. "Hermione, I never figured you for the gossiping type. I didn't know you did this kind of stuff?"

Parvati and Lavender giggled to each other, and Hermione looked up from the book on her lap and smiled. "There's a lot about me you don't know Harry Potter. You and Ron are guys, and there's some stuff I just can't tell you. Jealous?" She teased.

"No," Harry answered, "just intrigued. Kind of makes a guy wonder. Girls having a pajama party and swapping boy stories is the kind of cheap scene guys dream about." As Lavender and Parvati continued to giggle, Hermione blushed and turned back to her book. Score one for Harry! Hermione wasn't the only one who could tease.

Just then the door burst open, and a red-haired blur shot through the open doorway straight to Parvati's bed.

"I got it! Are we ready? I've been looking forward to tonight the whole week." Harry almost didn't recognize Ginny Weasley until after she stopped talking. Unlike the others, she wasn't expecting a guy in the room, and was only wearing a nightshirt. A very thin, short nightshirt. Harry swallowed hard at the thought.

"Ginny, we can't start yet; we have some uninvited company just now." Lavender pointed over Ginny's shoulder towards Hermione's bed, and the girl's brown eyes shot open like saucers once she saw Harry.

"Eeep," she shrieked. Not having a dressing gown to throw on, and not being able to grab the blanket Lavender and Parvati's were hiding behind their back, Ginny had to settle with uncomfortably displaying her nightclothes to Harry.

"Harry, what are you doing here? You could get in trouble."

"Nice to see you to, Gin. And what lovely parts of you I see indeed." This time even Hermione joined in with the others' laughing, as Ginny's whole body turned the famous Weasley red. "Sorry to surprise you, but your idiot brother set off an entire pack of dungbombs in the dorm. I came to ask Hermione if she knew how to get rid of the smell."

Looking at his watch again, Harry saw that he still had 13 minutes, and Hermione hadn't come any closer to finding the right text. He sure hoped she found it soon.

"What are you doing here?" Harry directed to Ginny. "This isn't your dorm room."

"We're initiating her tonight, Harry," Parvati explained. "Her roommates are boring, and she's always complaining she never has fun with them. So we invited her to girl's night; to have some fun. So, you got the stuff Ginny? You didn't get caught?"

"What stuff?" Harry asked.

"This stuff," Ginny answered. Then for the first time, Harry noticed the full bottle of alcohol she held in her hands. Harry didn't know a lot about booze (that was Seamus), but he did recognize the word "vodka," and that that was a muggle liquor, not a wizard one.

"She snuck out right before 8:00 to meet her brothers, who brought her some booze from town in a secret passage," Lavender said. "We're going to get drunk!"

Ginny and Parvati laughed at the girl's eagerness, and after another look at his watch, Harry saw he only had 8 minutes left.

"Hermione, I really need to be getting back. I wouldn't want to interrupt you lady's night, after all. Any luck yet?"

"Almost Harry," she said. "It's got to be in one of these last books." Looking at her bedspread, Harry saw there were at least ten volumes left unopened. It was going to be close.

Harry talked a bit more with the other girls, and Ginny warmed up to Harry being in the room. At least, she seemed to, because she stopped trying to hide herself. Her nightshirt wasn't all that revealing, considering what he knew muggle girls to often wear. It might be thin and only knee-length, but it wasn't sheer or sleeveless, as it could very well of been. Harry had caught Dudley watching some questionable movies late at night once, and in them the girls had worn very little to bed.

"So should we start now, or wait for Harry to leave?" Parvati asked. "Come on Ginny, tell us all about kissing Michael. Is he a good snog?"

Lavender laughed so hard her eyes started to water at the extreme embarrassment Ginny was showing. She muttered a quiet "Shut up!" in her defense, but the weak delivery ruined the comeback.

"Oh leave Ginny alone, Parvati," Hermione said from her bed. "You're just curious because Michael Corner is like the one boy in Hogwarts you haven't snogged yourself. I'd be more embarrassed about snogging Malfoy if I were you."

"Ewww," Harry revolted. "You kissed Malfoy? What were you thinking?"

"Well," Parvati said, trying to defend herself, "he's become very sexy this past year. It was a disappointment though; like kissing a wet blanket. He just wanted to grope me, and when I wouldn't let him, and had to ask him to stop biting my lip, he got upset and left."

"He bit your lip too?" Lavender asked. "Merlin, I thought it was only me. It was like he hadn't eaten dinner or something!"

"You too?" Harry was amazed, and slightly disgusted, that they had both kissed Malfoy of all people. Harry rather thought he'd prefer to snog Filch.

“Of course Harry,” Lavender giggled. As if to emphasize her point, she threw her arms around Parvati’s neck, and nuzzled close to her cheek. “Don’t you know by now that me and Parvati do *everything* together?”

Harry gulped, as the girls got real close. “Everything?” He asked. He knew they were just playing with him, but it still made his blood boil.

Ginny caught onto the idea, and started to stroke Parvati’s arms through her dressing gown in a not-so-innocent way. “Everything, Harry. They’ve just begun to teach me too.”

Harry felt like pulling at his collar, but was saved by Hermione. Another look at his watch told him he had less than six minutes to get back inside his dorm room for the night, or he’d be sleeping on the common room couch.

“Here you go Harry,” she said, brandishing three large books. “I didn’t have time to find the spell, but I’m positive it’s in one of these three. You’ll have to look around for it, but it should only take another few minutes. It’s not a hard spell though, from what I remember, so you shouldn’t have any problem casting it. Just give me the books back in the morning.”

“Thanks Hermione, you’re a life saver.” Harry was so thankfully, he gave her a large hug and a kiss on the cheek before taking the books from her hands, and heading for the door. “You all have fun with your ladies night, and all that. If you take any pictures, I have dibs on first seeing them.”

“You wish!” Ginny threw a pillow at Harry as the others laughed, and he caught it and flung it back to her.

It was only a few short steps to the door, and soon Harry had the knob in his hands, about to exit. The only problem though, was that the door wouldn’t open.

“Ahhh, girls?” Harry’s voice was a few notes high as he called over his shoulder to them. “Do you have some sort of lock on your door that I don’t know about?”

Parvati and Lavender sucked in huge breaths as Hermione answered, “No, just the standard one. Why?”

“Because the door isn’t opening!” Harry had been so worried about getting back into his own room before the curfew, that he completely forgot about the possibility of being locked in with the girls. Looking at his watch again, he was confused as he saw he still had over four minutes left.

Hermione had looked at her own watch by then, and didn’t look pleased. “Harry! It’s 9:03! You’re too late, it’s already past curfew! I thought you were keeping an eye on the time?”

“I was!” Harry yelled back. He was going to get in so much trouble for this. “Your watch must be wrong, because mine still says that I’ve got time left. This thing is supposed to be accurate for ages. I just bought it this summer!”

“What?” Harry didn’t know what Hermione was so shocked about, but marched over to Harry, and practically yanked his arm off while examining his watch. All this time the other three girls were watching with rapt attention, as the show was almost better than muggle telly.

“Harry, you dolt! This is a digital watch.”

“So?” Harry asked. “It was one of the best kind the store had. It cost a hundred pounds! What does that matter?”

“Because you idiot, it’s run off a battery! Electricity doesn’t work at Hogwarts; magic interferes with it’s signal. This watch is running slow, and has probably been losing a minute a day ever since school started. Don’t you know if you have to wear a muggle watch, you need a winding one?”

“Well how was I supposed to know that?” Harry was angry now. Not only because he was locked in for the night, but because his expensive watch was virtually useless at school.

“Don’t play coy, Harry,” Lavender smiled. “You probably planned all this on to happen. A lot of guys would love to trade spaces with you, you know? Trapped for the night with four scantily clad-girls.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Harry said. Although he could surely see the benefits, he was cranky and tired from such a rough week, and wanted nothing more at the moment to climb into his dungbomb-free smelling bed and fall into a blissfully ignorant sleep. He could try to explain how crumby he felt to the girls, but only Hermione and Ginny might believe him. And egged on by the others, most likely not.

“So what do we do know?” Hermione asked. “The wards are unbreakable, and won’t open until morning. We could always send an owl to Professor McGonagall to come open them, but I don’t think she’d be pleased to find Harry here.”

“He’ll just have to stay then,” Ginny said. “I’ve been waiting for tonight for too long to get in trouble now. Especially since McGonagall will find the vodka if she shows up. He’ll just have to be one of the girls tonight. We can even call him Harriet! I trust him enough not to do anything indecent with us.”

“Unless we want him to,” Parvati muttered.

“Parvati,” Harry admitted while blushing, “I totally heard that.”

“You were supposed to,” she smiled saucily.

“I don’t know about this,” Hermione was thinking. “It’s not that I don’t trust you Harry. But if Ginny and the girls are going to carry on, things could get out of control. You know how they get, and that’s not even taking into consideration the alcohol.”

“Well, I don’t know what to do,” Harry admitted. “I just want to fall asleep. Maybe I could sleep in the bathroom or something, and give you all privacy.”

“You can’t sleep on the cold stone floor in there, silly. No, we’ll give you Hermione’s bed, and the rest of us will bunk up.”

“Don’t I get a say in that?” Hermione asked.

“Don’t worry Hermione,” Parvati teased. “We don’t bite.”

Ginny couldn’t help but snap her teeth at Lavender, and added on, “...much.”

“Well, I don’t suppose there’s an alternative then. But Harry, no one can know that you were here tonight. We could all get in a lot of trouble, and I don’t want to jeopardize my Head Girl opportunity next year. Mums the word about all of this, alright?”

“Like anyone would believe me anyway,” Harry joked. Ginny and the others laughed, but Hermione’s scowl wasn’t amused. “Okay Herm, I promise! I’ll be out of here at first light, and I’ll tell everyone I got trapped in the common room all night. It’s happened to others before, so no one will think otherwise.”

“It’s settled then,” Ginny jumped up and popped the cork on the vodka. “Let ladies night begin then!”

Even Hermione joined in the giggles this time, and Harry just rolled his eyes.

“Pass the bottle, please,” he asked, “I need a drink.” It was going to be a very interesting night for Harry Potter, and the night had just begun. Trapped in a room with four girls and a bottle of vodka, he supposed the only thing to do was make the best of a bad situation.

Chapter 2 – Getting Their Drink On!

The girls thought he was joking when he asked for the vodka, but Harry was dead serious. When they just laughed and didn't pass it, Harry had to walk himself over to Ginny, and take it from her hands. After a long swig right from the bottle, the girls stopped laughing, and just stared at him.

"Harry," Hermione admonished, "that's straight vodka! We were going to make Lemon Drops with it."

Harry had no idea what Lemon Drops were, and didn't much care. After all the Firewhiskey he'd sampled that Seamus had snuck in, the vodka hardly caused Harry to falter. Yes it was strong, but the odd muggle flavor didn't exactly smoke his ears off.

Returning the bottle back to a silent Ginny, all Harry wanted to do was sleep, and took Hermione's offered bed. She still sat on the end dismayed about what to do, but when Harry said goodnight, and drew the curtains, she huffed and went to join the others.

"Yikes," Ginny coughed, as she must have just taken an experimental shot herself. "How did Harry drink this stuff. It's so strong!"

"Well, you're supposed to mix it with the sweetened lime juice," Hermione informed her. "Nobody but drunks and teenage boys drink straight alcohol like that. Where's the mixer by the way?"

"What mixer?" Ginny asked. "You told me to tell the twins to get lime vodka." Pointing to the label, it clearly showed it was indeed lime flavored, although still 80 proof alcohol.

"No," Hermione's eyes got wide. "I said to get lime juice *and* vodka! Are you telling me all we have is straight vodka, and nothing to mix it with? I can't drink that; it's disgusting!"

Inside of Hermione's bed, Harry laughed at the fact it was his innocent Hermione who seemed to arrange for the alcohol. Wondering what they'd do next, he listened as closely as he could, although he couldn't see them.

"Well, Harry managed to drink it just fine; and it can't be worse than straight Firewhiskey," Parvati said. "We'll just have to make do. I'm sure once we drink enough, we won't even complain about the taste."

"I'm game," Lavender agreed. She'd had her share of hard alcohol in the past, usually at family vacations when one of her older cousins would slip her something in a cup. With so many second and third cousins around, they'd not been averse to a loose and tipsy Lavender.

"Just drink the vodka already," Harry yelled from behind the curtains. Poking his head out, he looked right at Hermione on Parvati's bed, and told her, "It's not that bad. Just shoot it quick, and it'll go down smooth. And you will get used to it. Be careful though. Just three shots is enough to get any of you smashed. Now Hermione, could you please cast a silencing charm around your bed? I can't sleep while listening to you all bicker, and I left my wand on my bedside table."

Hermione was glaring daggers, but cast the charm without complaint, and turned back to the other girls. Harry was back in the relative darkness, and blissful quiet was his only company.

The next ten minutes passed by slowly, as Harry tossed and turned trying to get to sleep. His week had been so bad, all he could do was rehash all the things that had gone wrong. Another twenty minutes passed and still Harry couldn't sleep. He might have been angry and tired, but unfortunately he wasn't sleepy. Finally admitting it to himself, he decided to join the girls for a few drinks. Maybe if he had enough vodka, he'd pass out soon? At least then he'd be unconscious, and that much closer to a fresh new week.

Stepping out of Hermione's bed, the first thing that struck him was that now Parvati and Lavender's beds were pushed together, and that the curtains around them were also drawn. He could hear giggling and quiet conversation on the inside though, and not thinking anything of it, poked his head through a seam.

"Hey," he greeted the girls. "Got any vodka left?"

Parvati and Lavender were already facing Harry, and held out the half empty bottle to him. Apparently they all got over the strong taste, because by experience Harry knew a bottle contained roughly 30 shots. Assuming they all had equal amounts; that was about three shots a piece.

Hermione's bushy hair was right in front of him, but upon hearing his voice, she swung around with her hands crossed over her chest. For the first time, Harry realized he maybe should have announced his presence before barging in.

"Harry! We're not decent! Go away."

"Ah Hermione, relax," Parvati said. "It's not like we're in our knickers, and I'm sure it's nothing Harry hasn't seen before."

Not being able to avoid looking around, Harry inspected each of the four girls and what they were wearing. Ginny was still in her nightshirt, but sitting Indian style on the bed; the lower half had ridden to mid-thigh.

Parvati's outfit was the most fancy, as she was wearing a babydoll teddy with lots of ruffles and frills. The top was sleeveless, showing off her nice toned brown arms. It must have also had a push-up bra in it, because Harry never noticed before how round and splendid Parvati's breasts were. Also sitting Indian style, Harry couldn't tell what she had on her lower half, but they must have been just knickers or very short shorts.

Lavender was sitting behind Parvati, braiding her hair. Straddling the other girl with her legs, like Ginny the hem of her outfit had ridden up extremely high. In fact, if Parvati's body wasn't in the way, Lavender's spread thighs would have provided him with a very nice picture. Traveling up her torso, the silky red material continued to her shoulders, where spaghetti-thin straps held the whisp of material up. Her gown had a plunging neckline that Harry admired, and unlike Parvati's push-up bra, Lavender was obviously wearing nothing, as evident by twin points prodding the material.

The most surprising however was Hermione. With her back still to him, but her entire torso twisted to face him, Harry saw that she was dressed for bed mostly in boy's clothes. She wore a simple white wife-beater on top, frayed so thin by too many washes, that Harry could make out the outlines of a white bra underneath. The shirt had been cut to length, and a few inches of midriff also showed Hermione's flat and pale stomach. A boy's pair of boxer shorts started just below her belly button, but they were so small and tight, Harry couldn't help but notice they stretched enticingly across her backside. Hermione's wild hair was in a messy bun on top of her head, and nothing but a few stray curls obscured his view of her.

"Like what you see, Harry?" Ginny asked. He'd already seen her in her nightshirt, so Ginny was the least embarrassed by his presence, and perhaps the bravest under the influence of alcohol. Lavender wasn't so shocked that she stopped braiding Parvati's hair, but she did shift her body to hide behind her roommate a little.

Said roommate, by the way, who was having no problems at all with Harry's presence, and was proudly sticking her chest out, as if on display, which she supposed it was.

Only Hermione was mortified, never before showing so much skin to a boy, let alone one of her best friends. She still had her arms crossed over her chest, but otherwise was frozen in fear. Still wearing his jeans and a tee-shirt, Harry was suddenly feeling overdressed.

“Uh, yeah,” Harry admitted. What teenage boy wouldn’t? Three of the girls giggled at his response, but of course Hermione had to go and ruin the mood.

“Harry,” she yelled, finally braking out of her stupor. “Stop staring! We thought you’d be sleeping by now?”

“I couldn’t get to sleep, so I thought I’d have a drink if any was left. Didn’t know you’d all be, um, doing whatever it is you’re doing.”

“We’re just talking girl talk, Harry,” Lavender teased. “We pushed the beds together for some privacy, but obviously that didn’t stop you. Still want that drink?” Parvati still had the vodka bottle in her hands, and was waving it back and forth. Harry reached out to take it, but Parvati pulled it back.

“Nope; house rules Harry. You gotta be on the bed to drink.”

“He’s not getting in this bed with us,” Hermione hissed. Turning to her closest friends, she whispered, “Ginny, we’re all in our bedclothes!”

“That didn’t stop you from doing nothing when Harry saw just me,” she answered. “Why should I care now when all of you are put on display too?”

Hermione sarcastically smiled, but meanwhile Harry had taken off his slippers, and made to crawl onto the bed. With both doubles pushed together, it was wider than a king sized bed, and there was plenty of room for him. If he made Hermione nervous though, he’d just have to sit further away from her. But there was no way he was leaving without a few drinks of vodka, and suddenly the night wasn’t looking so bad.

“Come sit by me, Harry,” Parvati patted the space next to her. “Sit between me and Ginny, and that way we can share the vodka.”

Harry had to crawl around a still stiff Hermione to get to the spot, but managed to slide into the small space. Also sitting Indian style, one of his knees brushed up against Ginny’s bare leg, while the other half rested on Lavender’s outstretched one. Ginny had the decency to scoot over some and also pull down her nightshirt, but Lavender didn’t mind the contact, and started to put the finishing touches on Parvati’s hair.

“So,” Harry asked, finally with the liquor in his hands, “what have you all been talking about?” He took another long swig; maybe two shots worth, and passed the bottle back to Parvati.

“Well,” Ginny filled him in, “so far we’ve heard about both Lavender and Parvati’s kisses with Malfoy, we’ve talked about my ex Michael Corner, and I just asked Hermione if she had ever kissed Victor. Ron says she hasn’t, but I think he’s just hoping. There’s no way I’d let an international Quidditch star take me out on a date, and not get the chance to kiss him.”

“Oh my God, I’m so embarrassed.” Hermione had finally dropped her hands from her chest, only to cover her blushing face. Clearly she wasn’t handling this well.

“Oh,” Ginny almost added on as an afterthought, “Hermione’s also had the least amount to drink. We’ve all had three shots, but she’s only had one.”

“Wasn’t this all your idea, Hermione?” Harry asked. “I don’t think it’s fair the others are getting smashed on the vodka you specifically asked for.”

“I didn’t ask for it,” Hermione said. “Parvati was going to get Seamus to swipe something, but I don’t trust whatever he gets his hands on. I told the girls I’d only drink Lemon Drops, because my Mum let me have one at a party this past summer, and it was tasty. I never expected to have to drink straight vodka! I had one shot, and that was bad enough.”

“It gets better, trust me.”

“Well,” Lavender piped in, “you may think it’s not fair that she’s not drunk enough Harry, but I think it’s unfair that we’re all in our nightclothes, while you’re still fully dressed.”

“Yes,” Parvati agreed. “If you want to stay to drink and talk, I think you need to change too.”

Ginny was giggling again, and Hermione just fumed.

“I don’t have any of my nightclothes with me though, so I can’t change.” Harry thought that would end the conversation.

“So? Ginny asked. “You’re wearing shorts under your trousers, right? What’s wrong with those?”

“Ginny! I’ve just got on boxers. I can’t strip down to those.” Harry normally wouldn’t mind, as they were just shorts, but with so many attractive girls around, if Harry got aroused there’d be no way of hiding it.

“Well, I’m in my boxers, and you don’t seem to mind,” Hermione said.

“See, Hermione’s game. How about it Harry?”

“Lavender, that’s not what I meant. Harry can take off all his clothes, and I wouldn’t agree.”

“That’s not happening,” Harry promised. “I’ve got to face Ron in the morning, and I don’t think I could if Hermione and Ginny saw me like that.”

“So you could get naked in front of just us then, Harry?” Parvati asked. Her hair was done with now, but Lavender was comfortable behind her friend, and made no effort to move.

“No!”

“We’re just teasing you, Harry,” Parvati informed him. “You only have to take off your pants; that’s it. Your boxers will still cover more than our knickers.” To prove her point, Parvati quickly flipped up the hem of her baby-doll teddy, and Harry caught a quick glance of more frilly underwear.

Lavender and Ginny were laughing again, and Hermione was outraged at her roommate’s behavior. Harry wasn’t paying attention to what she was saying though. Maybe it was the alcohol, or the half-naked women, but suddenly the idea of taking off his pants wasn’t so horrific anymore.

“Only if Hermione agrees to take two shots to catch up to everyone,” Harry said.

“I will not!”

“Please Hermione,” Ginny begged. “Do it for us.”

“No.” Hermione was still adamant about not drinking anymore.

“If you agree Hermione, I’ll teach you that spell you asked me about.” Harry wondered what kind of spell Lavender would know that Hermione couldn’t find in a book, and when Hermione blushed her deepest red yet, he could only imagine! Already his groin was starting to stir.

“But I get drunk very easily,” Hermione tried to defend herself. “I don’t want Harry to treat me any differently if I should do or say something silly.”

“Hermione,” Harry said, “after seeing you dressed like that, I’m already going to be treating you differently.”

Ginny laughed again, and this time fawned over Harry's arm as she did so. Harry didn't mind in the least.

When Hermione still refused to agree, Harry turned to drastic measures. "How about if I allow you to obliviate me in the morning, before I leave? That way you'll be sure that I don't remember anything."

"Harry! That's a dangerous spell. We only learned it this week in Charms, and none of us have cast it on a person yet. Something could go horribly wrong."

"Oh please Hermione," Harry praised her. "It's not so hard to do, and I don't think you've met the spell yet that you can't cast."

All the girls were in favor of the deal, and after another few minutes of pleading, Hermione eventually gave in. Her friends were always ragging on her that she was such a square, and she knew she'd never hear the end of it if she didn't agree.

"But you have to take off your jeans first," she said. Harry had no problem with that, and kneeled on his knees to start to undo his belt. And gasp of breath from Parvati stopping him though.

"Ginny, I dare you to take Harry's pants off for him! You know you want to."

"What?" She shrieked. Ginny was drunk, but not drunk enough to not be embarrassed.

"Hey," Harry said. "If she does that, then I get to dare someone else when she's done."

Lavender grabbed the bottle from Parvati, and took a drink. "You mean you don't mind Ginny taking your pants off for you?" She asked after her drink.

"Well," Harry reasoned. "If I'm going to be obliviated in the morning, I won't remember or be bothered by any of this I suppose. So why should I care? Besides, I might even enjoy it." Realizing where the evening could be headed, Harry was thick with the flirting now. Even if he did get obliviated in the morning, this could turn out to be the best night of his life.

"Cool!" Ginny clapped her hands. Pulling Harry back up to his knees, Ginny put his hands on his head, and told him to keep them there. Harry agreed and smiled, and just watched as Ginny nudged closer to him, and lowered her face waist level. Not being familiar with muggle jeans or belts, she had to study the garments to figure out how they worked. The leather belt was easily enough removed, but Ginny got confused when she got to his fly. Unlike the zippers she had seen on some of her female friends' jeans, Harry's had all buttons.

"A button fly, Harry?" Hermione smirked. "Aren't you the lucky one?"

Harry wholeheartedly agreed, but said nothing as Ginny gathered her courage and attacked the first button. High up on Harry's waist, it was soon undone. Had she known more about jeans, she would have known by just pulling the two sides apart, the rest of the buttons would pop out themselves. Being ignorant though (answering Harry's hopes), Ginny went to grab both sides of the fabric near the next button, very close to his dick. It wasn't erect yet, but it wasn't soft either. Currently Harry was standing at half-mast, most likely thanks to the liquor.

With each button she undid, Ginny's hands became bolder and bolder, until on the last button she didn't even bother trying to be discrete, and let her knuckles brush up against what she knew to be there. She swore Harry had an intake of sudden breath, but she was too embarrassed to look up to be certain. With all the buttons undone, Ginny reached back up to Harry's hips, and linked her fingers in his belt loops. The jeans were snug, and she had to wiggle them back and forth to get them to move. But after a few yanks, they came off. Harry's blue boxers started to slide down his legs too, until he dropped his hands from his head to catch them at the last moment. Before he yanked them back up, Ginny and the others caught sight

of a thick patch of hair, right below his belly button. There was a small line of hair that connected them, and Ginny giggled as she couldn't help tracing a finger over the line.

"Hey, that tickles!" Harry said. It felt so good in fact, that Harry had to quickly sit back down, letting the natural tenting of his shorts hide his growth. His jeans were well to his knees now, and he had to sit down anyway to lift his legs.

"Well, I told you not to move your hands," Ginny said. "That's just your punishment I guess."

"I said you could take off my jeans, Ginny; not my shorts too."

"Ahh, please Harry," Parvati begged. Lavender and even Hermione were giggling now. Hermione had had one shot while Harry was being disrobed, and still had the bottle in her lap. "We'll get Hermione even drunker if you let her," Parvati further promised.

"You will not!" Hermione exclaimed. "I said two shots, and that's all I'm going to do. I'm already feeling lightheaded."

Pouting, Parvati just started to tickle Lavender's calves, and Ginny finally got the jeans off the rest of Harry's legs. Now clothed in only his boxers and a thin tee-shirt, he too was in suitable attire, and Hermione was prodded to take her second shot. Harry was pleased to see she wasn't trying to take small sips either, and had actually had more than a normal shot.

"So Harry, is that a wand in your pocket, or you happy to see us?" Lavender joked. Parvati laughed, but the rest groaned, as it was obviously the most unoriginal joke to make.

"Well, you can hardly blame me, can you?" Harry defended himself. "Besides, I see I'm not the only one Lavender." Not wasting the opportunity for a come back, or to draw attention away from his lap, Harry pointed out her twin peaks still poking through the thin silk of her camisole.

"He's got a point, Lavender," Hermione giggled. She was relaxing real fast.

"Leave her breasts alone," Parvati said. "I happen to like them." Illustrating her point, Parvati reached around to tweak one with her fingers. Harry felt a sudden lurch in his lap, and what little restraint the alcohol he'd consumed had provided before was done away with.

"Parvati! Not in front of Harry! How slutty can you get?"

"Oh relax Hermione," Ginny said. "We all know Parvati and Lavender like to play. And like Harry pointed out, he won't remember any of this come tomorrow morning."

"You mean Parvati grabs Lavender's tits regularly? Without being pissed drunk? Wow!"

"I grab her tits too," Lavender said in a very prim and proper way. Then she lost it when Parvati tickled her knee, and the two broke out into a fresh round of giggles."

"That reminds me," Harry said. "I still have a dare to issue. I wonder who I should ask?"

"Oh, do me, do me!" Parvati screamed out. Waving her hands in the air, her heaving breasts almost bouncing out of her teddy, Harry couldn't think of a reason in the world to not ask Parvati a dare.

"Okay Parvati. I dare you to..."

Chapter 3 – Parvati’s Dare

“Okay Parvati. I dare you to...”

Harry paused, not sure what he wanted her to actually do. Harry had been planning to make her cluck like a chicken or bark like a dog (or something else equally humiliating), but he wasn’t a fool. With four half dressed girls, himself in just his boxers, and all of them being well on their way to getting smashed, he knew his dare called for something a little more extreme. Remembering what she and Lavender claimed, Harry knew of the perfect stunt.

“Parvati, I dare you to show the rest of us how exactly you and Lavender ‘play’ together; like Ginny had mentioned.”

Lavender got an evil smile on her face, while Ginny was trying to hold in her laughter, and Hermione was blushing profusely.

The latter spoke up. “I don’t think that’s called for Harry,” she said. “That’s extremely personal. Isn’t seeing Parvati’s knickers enough for you?”

Harry disagreed. The two vixens had always been adventurous (they were Gryffindors after all), and might have agreed even without the alcohol. Besides, Harry hadn’t seen that much of Parvati’s underwear when she had flashed them. Hermione thought that’d be enough, but Harry had other plans. Obviously, the vodka she’d just drank hadn’t affected her much yet if she was still thinking responsibly.

“It’s just a dare, Hermione,” Parvati said. “It’s not like Harry’s forcing us or anything. And it’s not like there’s any repercussions if we refuse. We never set any ground rules, so this is just a friendly dare. Besides; I don’t mind giving a little show. You’ve seen us kiss and stuff before. I don’t mind if Lavender doesn’t.”

“Nope,” the other girl said, “not me. But I want to dare somebody too. I think we should all get a chance.”

“What if I don’t want to do a dare?” Hermione asked.

“Well, you have to, if we all do as well,” Ginny answered.

“Oh, like your dare was really all that bad,” teased Parvati. “You got to undress Harry Potter for crying out loud! Awhile ago you would have paid to do that!”

“Paid?” Harry laughed. He was embarrassed too, but not as much as Ginny was. But that her crush was nothing new, Harry reached over to give her a comforting hug. As she stiffened and then relaxed into his embrace, he whispered something in her ear.

“You won’t ever have had to pay me again.”

Ginny tensed up again, and Harry was so entertained by her predicament, that his libido once again went into remission, and his erection subsided.

“Okay, how about this?” Harry addressed the group. “Parvati and Lavender have to do the dare, since I already issued it. Then afterward how about we play a proper game of Truth or Dare? That way, we all get a chance to play, and Hermione doesn’t have to do anything if she doesn’t want. The questions may be embarrassing, but she can always ask for truth on her turn.”

“I’m in,” Ginny agreed.

“Us too,” chimed in Lavender and Parvati. As if thinking about the still unanswered challenge, Lavender was already rubbing Parvati’s shoulder, and gently kissing them occasionally. Harry tried not to notice.

"I don't know," Hermione considered.

"Come on, Hermione," Ginny pleaded. "You know me and the girls will keep our mouths shut. We already know most of your secrets anyway. And Harry's still going to be obliviated, so that's not an issue. Why not?"

"Okay," she gave in, "but only on a few conditions. I'm not writing love letters to Snape or anything disgusting like that that I could get in trouble for. So all the dares have to stay in the room. And I'm not taking off my clothes, no matter what! So you can just forget about that Harry!"

Harry had to laugh. He didn't have a problem with that, as Ginny, Lavender, and Parvati hadn't thought to make the same promise. "Okay; I don't mind."

"You don't mind?" Hermione repeated. She didn't know if she was relieved or disappointed at his quick agreement.

"Well," he teased, "I might mind, but I'll respect your decision. I think we should add a few more rules ourselves. Nobody can dare someone something that they'd not be willing to do themselves. And all dares have to have a time limit. So no 'I dare you to stand on your head all night long' or anything like that. Anything else?"

"Oh, I know!" Lavender squealed. "If anybody hesitates on a dare or a truth question, you have to take another shot of vodka. And if you want, you can challenge the person daring you or asking you a question. So if you think that person's not willing to do it or answer it themselves, you turn the table on them. But there should be some sort of punishment or something."

"That sounds fair," Hermione agreed. "How about this? Let's say Harry dares me to do something, and I don't think he'd do it. If I challenge him, and he does, then I have to also, and he gets one more turn. If Harry chickens out and refuses, then he has to take another shot, and the group together can come up with some sort of punishment. Each punishment will suit the crime, but if the whole group agrees, then Harry has to do it, or we'll curse him or something."

"That sounded way too confusing to me," Harry admitted, "but I trust you."

Ginny agreed. "I got lost when you said 'that sounds fair.' I've had too much to drink already. But I'm game."

"Well I followed you Hermione," Lavender said, "and I think it's a good idea. I can't picture backing out of anything, so me and Parvati are in. Now can we please get back to Harry's dare? I want to ravish my girlfriend!"

Having all agreed to the terms of the game, Hermione had no reason to stop them, and Harry smiled and said, "Ravish away!"

Lavender giggled, and started to kiss more of Parvati's neck and shoulders. Her hands, which until then had been rubbing her arms, made their way down to Parvati's waist, and held her close. Harry was beginning to get a stiffy again as the kisses became less a thing a friend would do, and more intimate. Parvati had her eyes closed and her head thrown back resting against Lavender's shoulder, and the only sounds she made were quiet moans when Lavender occasionally nibbled on Parvati's ear.

"Do they really do this often? And in front of people?" Harry whispered to Ginny. He wasn't taking his eyes off the two girls, but he really wanted to know how long he'd been missing out on a show like this.

“They’ve been playing like this since their third year Harry,” Ginny whispered back, “although I don’t think they’ve gone too far until recently. Only a few girls have seen them kiss, but Hermione might have seen more. Sharing a dorm room with them, I can only imagine.”

“That’s so hot!” Harry was amazed. He also hadn’t meant to say his thoughts out loud.

“Yes it is,” Ginny admitted back. Then realizing what she said, she blushed furiously and looked away. Damn alcohol and its influence!

Harry had whipped around to look at Ginny when she admitted that, and saw Ginny was getting a little excited too. Her nipples were starting to show through her thin nightshirt, and Harry was glad he wasn’t the only one getting hard again.

“Ginny,” Harry said, “don’t be embarrassed. I think it’s cool you think it’s hot. Remember, I’m not going to remember any of this in the morning, so just relax and enjoy the show.”

By then Parvati had her head turned over her shoulder, kissing Lavender frantically, while Lavender’s hands had moved to Parvati’s midriff, and rubbed at her stomach. Parvati’s baby-doll top had ridden high again, and her knickers peaked out to say hello to Harry.

“Turn around,” Lavender muttered in a brief pause as she came up for air from kissing Parvati. Parvati complied immediately, and got to her knees to turn around. In the quick moment, Harry caught a glimpse of Lavender’s knickers too, and was pleased to see matching red to her camisole. He was bending down to look closer, when his view got obstructed by Parvati plopping back down on Lavender’s lap. This time it was her straddling her friend, sitting on Lavender’s lap, chests pressed against each other.

“Could you be anymore obvious, Harry?” Hermione asked. She’d be uncharacteristically quiet since the two had started to kiss, and Harry wondered why.

“Sorry,” he mumbled, “but I never thought I’d get the chance to see this! It’s not exactly an everyday occurrence.”

“Maybe not to you,” she said. Then Hermione did the strangest thing, and smiled at him seductively. “You just wait and watch what they do next.”

Liking that idea a while lot, Harry turned his complete attention back to the girls. Parvati had her back to Harry now, and he had a clear view of her bum. Her top had ridden up so high, Harry even caught a glimpse of skin at her waist, above the waistband of her panties. Which were very small by the way. Now with a closer look, Harry was pleased with what he found.

Like her matching teddy, Parvati’s knickers were bright white, which looked heavenly against her creamy brown skin. They weren’t a thong or anything meant to be provocative, but they were skin tight, and had a very narrow waistband that Harry appreciated. He couldn’t see what the front looked like, but Parvati’s rear was adorned with small ruffles that perfectly matched the pattern on her top. Not the sexiest things by far, but surely nothing to sneeze at. In fact, Harry liked the look, as it reminded him of the popular muggle trend of girls dressing like school girls with braids.

Lavender’s hands were both wrapped tightly around Parvati’s back, hugging her so close to her chest that Harry saw Parvati’s breasts were pressed so tightly under her arms that the roundness of them were swelling against the material of her top. Parvati’s arms were much lower, and if Harry had taken the time to crawl around them, he would have seen her cupping Lavender’s ass; her hands still over the material of her knickers, but under the silky camisole.

Harry was growing very aroused now, and had to shift in his seat. Hoping Hermione and Ginny weren’t paying attention, he even had to arrange himself in a more comfortable position. If he hadn’t, he was sure he’d of popped out of his boxers by then. Thank Merlin he was wearing a pair that buttoned shut.

“Oh, Lavender, don’t stop!” That got Harry’s attention real quick, and turning back to the peep show, he saw Lavender had loosed her grip on Parvati some, and had slipped her hands around front. No longer rubbing the Indian girl’s back, instead now she was stroking her stomach, and Harry could see hands moving higher. The girl’s position didn’t let Harry or Ginny see anything but the view from behind Parvati, but Hermione was sitting at an angle, and had the perfect view of what was going on. Judging from her look, Harry was sure he was missing out.

Lavender moved her hands up fully now to cup Parvati’s breasts, and over the push-up bra lightly traced the outline of her nipples. Parvati moaned as she gave in to her friend’s ministrations, and threw back her head in ecstasy as Lavender delved between her breasts. This time even Harry and Ginny could see Lavender use her tongue to trace her way down from Parvati’s mouth, sucked along her throat, and lick along the edges of Parvati’s teddy. Her heaving breasts were like two glorious mountains in the distance, as they each were displayed in perfection as Parvati arched her back, and offered them up to be climbed. From his seat Harry couldn’t see the scrap of material supporting her breasts from underneath, although he knew it to be there. All he saw was the fleshy top halves that looked so good, as Lavender continued to worship them.

Ginny was staring at the scene just as intensely as Harry was, not moving a muscle. Never before had she seen such an act of passion, not even between a guy and girl. The mere fact that these were both females; friend of hers who she knew in fact; made the experience all the more intense. The brief relationship she’d had with Michael Corner had never led to something like this. Sure they’d shared some kisses, and she even allowed him to feel her up once. But that had been a quick and awkward moment in a broom closet, and they’d broken up before getting the chance to practice. But what Lavender was doing to Parvati was...was *sexy*. Ginny only hoped that she’d find someone to treat her like that. Boy or girl; it didn’t matter; as long as it felt right. And if someone could make her moan like Parvati was, then she’d know she found the right person.

Hermione was having similar thoughts, although without the gender preference crisis. She knew she firmly liked boys, but even her stern personality reacted to the show her roommates were putting on. Too much it reminded her of the times Lavender and Parvati would crawl into each other’s bed, and make those same noises. When they first started in third year it had been harmless fun; mostly just pecks on the cheek, then practicing proper kisses when they became bolder. They’d invited Hermione to join the fun, but she had declined the invitation. She’d always felt more comfortable with Harry and Ron, and wasn’t interested in boys yet. Years later when the two often shared a bed, Hermione had been fine with it, and promised to keep their secret. She only wished they had learned to put up silencing charms before turning out the lights.

Those first nights had been very embarrassing for Hermione, and she’d been too afraid to mention their noise in the mornings. After awhile it had gone on too long, and Hermione had become used to the distraction. When the shock wore off, the sounds her roommates made even began to elicit sexual thoughts of her own. By then she’d had a brief relationship with both Victor Krum and a muggle boy over a summer, as well as the frustrating stale-mate with Ron to fantasize over. So knowing that Lavender and Parvati were occupying themselves, Hermione often gratified herself to their soundtrack. She’d never thought about them per se, but their moans, screams, and frenzied noises were so erotic that they were hard to ignore.

So like a conditioned dog salivating at the chime of a bell, as Hermione continued to watch her roommates go at it, their pleased voices turned her on. Without even knowing it, Hermione was rubbing her thighs together, while sliding a single hand under her cut-off wife beater. She still wore a bra, but Hermione was in no rush (Parvati and Lavender sometimes went on for hours), and used just her fingertips to trace designs on her pale skin.

Ginny was still frozen watching the girls, but Harry was keeping an eye on everybody, and was shocked severely when Hermione started to squirm and touch herself. He almost went to stop her; it was so unlike the friend he knew; when he caught himself, and forced his eyes away.

Lavender was still sucking between Parvati's breasts, and Parvati was as limp as straw, still with her head thrown back enjoying every moment of it. The only thing that had changed was that Parvati's hands were holding onto Lavender's shoulders; one which was completely bare as her spaghetti strap had slid off. Lavender's own hands were now each buried under the ruffled knickers of Parvati, in plain sight of everyone. Kneading the meat of her ass, each hand had slid under the fabric above the back of each thigh, and Parvati's tight panties were stretched so tight, the top had slid down far enough to allow everyone a view of the crease of her ass. Harry only saw a quick view though, because not a second later Lavender had withdrawn her hands, and moved them to Parvati's shoulders.

Not saying a word, slowly Lavender began to peel the material down, revealing more of Parvati's pert breasts centimeter by slow centimeter. With each new expanse of coffee colored skin, Lavender would use her tongue to paint on a layer of attention. Just as Harry swore he saw deep brown nipples though, Parvati sat up quick, grabbing Lavender's face in a demanding kiss.

Disappointed at the move, Harry had to settle for staring at Parvati's ass again while the two kissed some more. It was only a quick snog this time though, as Lavender returned to peeling Parvati's teddy down her chest, until with an audible "pop" the material must have passed the main mass of flesh. Now bunched around her waist, Harry had an unobstructed view of Parvati's bare back, which was flawed by not a single tan line or blemish.

Lavender had each breast in her hands again, and moved back and forth lavishing each one with her tongue. Only Hermione caught her teasing circles around each small areola before placing small kisses on each hard nipple. She's seen the two dry each other off from a shared shower before, or kiss each other goodnight the few times they retired to separate bed, but never before had Hermione been invited to witness such intimacy. Her hand still under the hem of her shirt, Hermione began tweaking her own breasts, not even realized Ginny was now watching.

Harry was too busy admiring Parvati's smooth skin to divert his attention. She wasn't leaning back anymore to display her breasts, but he occasionally got a peak from the side as each one swayed under her arm in her frantic movements. Parvati had started to move her hips on Lavender's lap, and although subtle, Harry saw Lavender speed her own ones on as well.

A small moan from his left caught Harry's attention, and again complete surprise overtook him as he momentarily faltered at the sight of Ginny. No longer frozen, the redhead was softly biting her lower lip, as her hands brushed over her thighs. Now sitting back on her knees, her legs were spread far enough to touch the legs above her knees, although her nightshirt still covered the rest of her thighs. What surprised Harry the most though, was that Ginny wasn't watching Lavender and Parvati, but instead had her eyes glued on Hermione.

Harry couldn't blame her, as her too looked at his best friend, and found her with her head back, eyes closed, teasing herself under her shirt. Hermione's second hand would have looked innocent, if Harry hadn't noticed it pressing so hard where it rested on her lap. Unlike his own shorts, Hermione's small boxers didn't button close, and from the small opening, Harry saw the dark material of her underwear.

'I'm looking at Hermione's knickers,' Harry screamed to himself. Watching Lavender and Parvati continue to fondle each other was great and all, but somehow seeing his best friend lose all abandonment in herself was even more exciting. Taking another look around, Harry counted his good fortune. 'I can't believe I'm the only one not touching myself!'

Ginny caught Harry's peak around the bed though, and was stunned that with both of her hands gripping the insides of her thighs almost under the fabric of her nightshirt, she wasn't embarrassed anymore. Taking a look around herself, she knew though not everyone could boast that. With the promise of Harry being obliviated in the morning, Ginny knew that Lavender and Parvati could spend hours pleasing each other. It was obvious Parvati was getting most of the attention right now, and soon no doubt they would switch roles, and Lavender would get all the benefit. Ginny hadn't been witness to their acts like Hermione

sometimes was, but she'd been told of many details. Parvati and Lavender were anything but shy among their close female friends.

Hermione on the other hand would be mortified at her behavior, and if allowed to continue, would need a round of obliviation herself. But that wasn't the deal, and Ginny knew this "dare" had gone on long enough.

"Okay you two, that's enough," Ginny said to Parvati and Lavender. She'd been quick to replace her hands at her sides, and Harry had been watching them; not Hermione; so Ginny knew it was the best time to stop them. "Anymore groping and you're likely to kill Harry from lack of blood to the brain."

Parvati had swung her head around at hearing Ginny's voice, and took a quick peak at Harry's lap. "I think she's right, Harry," she giggled. "Very impressive woody. Why don't you have one of those, Lav?"

All the girls but Hermione were laughing as Harry readjusted himself yet again, as she was too flustered to notice. When Ginny had told the two to stop, she'd been shocked to find that with her eyes closed, she'd forgotten the others were even present. She'd been only minutes away from full-blown masturbation, and even if she obliviated everyone in the room, she'd never be able to face them again after that.

Luckily, Harry had been fixated on the kissing girls, and she didn't think he noticed her slip up.

"Do we have to stop," Lavender asked still massaging Parvati's bare breasts. "I was just getting to the fun part."

"Sorry Lav, you'll have to wait." Parvati stood up on her knees again and pried herself from her partner's lap, then took a seat again next to Harry. Lavender had to scoot closer to Hermione to make room, but Harry didn't notice. Parvati's top was still bunched around her waist, and only her hands crossed covering her chest blocked his view. Ginny was slightly disappointed about missing out on the view too, but had an idea.

"No Peeking, Harry! Let the girl put her top back on in peace." Then without giving him warning, Ginny grabbed Harry's face, and covered both his eyes with her hands.

"Hey," Harry struggled, "no fair! Isn't it a bit late for modesty now?"

"Keep your eyes shut Harry Potter; you got your show," Parvati told him. Moving quickly to readjust her top, she continued, "If you want to see anymore, you'll have to use up another dare!"

Harry knew he would in a heartbeat, but thanks to her plan, Ginny didn't have to. Distracting the attention away from herself and onto Harry, she melted into the background, and Parvati didn't even bat an eye as she dropped her arms and gathered her teddy.

'Her breasts are amazing,' Ginny admired. While Ginny was athletic and muscular, Parvati was curvy and very well-endowed. Ginny's own breasts looked nothing like the large, but still firm mounds that Parvati literally had to tuck back into her top. There was an underwire bra sewn into the baby-doll, and that made her look even better. 'A guy like Harry will never look at me like he wanted to see Parvati, if I don't have anything like that to offer. Mum's got huge boobs, but why'd I get stuck with Dad's genes?'

"Are you done yet?" Harry asked. He was getting tired of being blind; as far as he knew the girls were all pointing to his embarrassment and making fun of him. He also wanted to get the game of Truth or Dare started up soon, before the sexual tension left the group. He'd seen that everyone was aroused, and he wanted to make sure the next dare wasn't wasted on something stupid like him having to paint his toenails with polish.

Nobody answered, but Ginny removed her hands when Parvati signaled. Harry caught just a glimpse of her shoulder strap being pulled on right, and then it was over. Parvati was sitting Indian style once again; this

time without Lavender plastered on her back; and only the slight red tint on her chest and cheeks gave any hint that moments before she'd been halfway to orgasm.

“My turn now, right?” She asked. The agreed upon game of Truth or Dare had officially begun now, and Parvati wasted no time zeroing in on her victim. Everyone had nodded their heads that it was indeed her turn, so she turned to face her roommate, and asked”

“Hermione, truth or dare?”

Chapter 4 – Hermione’s Tale

“Hermione, truth or dare?”

“Truth,” she answered immediately. Lavender and Ginny teased her for being chicken, but Hermione didn’t care. “I think after your lewd display Parvati, it’s too soon for another dare.”

“Okay,” the Indian girl said, “truth then. Did watching me and Lavender make out turn you on? And if so, explain in descriptive detail why it did.”

Hermione was about to answer without even realizing what the question had been, when her brain caught up to her mouth, and she did a double take to look at her room mate. Hermione was speechless.

“You can’t ask me that,” she exclaimed, looking a little flushed.

“Yes she can Hermione,” Harry informed her while grinning, “and for hesitating, you have to drink another shot. Those are the rules, and you agreed.” Harry had witnessed Hermione touching herself just a short time ago, so already knew what the answer would be. He was looking very forward to hearing the explanation of why though. The more liquored up Hermione was, no doubt the better the story would be.

Ginny had already passed the bottle to Hermione, so she had no choice but to take another swig surmounting to the peer pressure.

“So, what’s the answer?” Lavender called out.

Not wanting to drink another shot of vodka for hesitating, Hermione gathered her courage and admitted that yes, watching the two girls had been incredibly sexy, and had turned her on. Hermione however didn’t know the others already all knew that answer, and were instead just waiting for the juicy details of why.

“Well, it all started fourth year, I guess,” Hermione began to explain. “Lav, you and Parvati were experimenting with each other more and more, and I was left by myself a lot of the time. I was also sorta dating Victor Krum, and was worried he might try to kiss me or something after that Yule Ball. So when you two turned in for the night, I started to spy on the two of you.”

“You spied on us?” Parvati was shocked, outraged, and a little turned on herself.

“Yeah, but only because I didn’t know what you were doing! I thought you were still practicing kissing and stuff. I didn’t know that you were doing, ah, other things.”

“Hey,” Harry yelled, “she said you have to be descriptive!”

“We don’t mind, Hermione,” Parvati encouraged her. “He won’t remember anything in the morning anyway. And we can trust Ginny.”

Hermione just hid her face in her hands, and mumbled something nobody could hear.

“What was that, Herm?”

“I said,” she yelled, not angry but more frustrated with herself, “that I’d be too embarrassed to describe everything with all of you looking at me!”

Harry had a brilliant idea just then, and seized the opportunity.

“I think that’s another hesitation Hermione, don’t you?” He could see she was about to argue, and cut her off. “But I know this is hard for you, so how about this? Just close your eyes, and we’ll all be quiet. Then

just talk aloud about what you think of Lavender and Parvati, and you won't even notice we're here. I'm sure with all the vodka you've had, you'll forget all about us."

Ginny was smiling with approval, and the other two were back to their customary giggling.

It took some more convincing, but Hermione once again gave in, as she didn't want anymore extra shots if she could avoid them. The bottle was a little less than half full, but there was still plenty more left to drink. And at the rate she was hesitating, she might even have to finish it off herself.

So Hermione closed her eyes, the others remained quiet, and she began to describe her thoughts.

"Well, the first night I spied on them, they were both in Parvati's bed, but her curtains weren't pulled closed tightly. I had just come back from brushing my teeth, and noticed Lav wasn't in her own bed. That's why I was going over to Parvati's; to ask Lav if she'd help me with my hair for the upcoming Yule Ball. But when I approached, I saw into the curtains, and what I saw stopped me dead in my tracks."

Parvati and Lavender didn't yet know what exact night Hermione was talking about, but were getting turned on hearing their room mate describe their "playtime" with an increasingly sultry voice. Lavender was the one to move in front of Parvati this time, and Parvati tickled her arms and rubbed her shoulders as Hermione continued.

"Back then Parvati didn't wear any sexy pajamas or anything, so she still had on a normal nightshirt. Lavender had a man's set of pajamas on though; pants with a button down shirt. She was lying back on the bed, her eyes closed on the pillow, and she was totally still. But what caught my attention was that her shirt had been unbuttoned, and I could see a thin strip of flesh all the way down to her stomach."

Lavender gave a quiet sigh as she remembered that night, and Harry motioned for her to remain silent. Luckily the small sound wasn't enough for Hermione to break concentration, and she went on.

"Parvati was kneeling alongside Lavender, and she was simply just looking at her. Almost admiring her, really. I'd seen them kiss and stuff before, but it was always playful and teasing, and they always had a matching look in their eyes. But what I saw in Parvati that night couldn't be anything but lust. She was also running her hands up and down the thin expanse of skin; between Lavender's breasts. Even back then Lav had a decent rack, and although I couldn't see her breasts beneath her shirt, I for the first time wondered what they might feel like."

Harry was squirming uncomfortably in his seat, once again with a raging hard on. Ginny didn't look much better off, and for a moment the two caught each other's eyes, and signs of the other's arousal. They each gave a shy smile, and turned away then. As if by silent agreement, they knew it was beyond their ability to control their bodily reactions, and so they dismissed them. This night no doubt would be full of awkward and embarrassing situations, and they'd just have to deal with them as they came up.

Hermione had her head resting against a bedpost now; eyes still closed; but completely immersed in the memory. Her hands were in her lap, but the thin fabric of her top was straining against her heavy breathing.

"With each pass Parvati's finger made up and down Lavender's torso, they'd slip just a fraction further under the material of her open pajama top. Her breasts were still hidden, but I could start to see the swell of them as the material moved. Parvati was starting to tickle Lavender around her belly button too, and it was making Lavender squirm. She still remained silent, but she was breathing hard, and that made her shirt move even more."

Unconsciously with her words, Hermione was moving her fingertips up and down her own cleavage, mimicking what she was describing Parvati do. The real Parvati; the one behind Lavender's back; was enjoyably doing the same to her partner. It had been a long time since the two had just experimentally

touched each other, and hearing about it from a third person recollection was enticingly erotic. Suddenly, to her it felt like her first time with Lav all over again.

“Eventually Lav’s shirt fell away on one side, and her pale breast caught the moonlight. It looked perfect. Parvati had stopped too doing what she was doing, and I could tell she was afraid to continue. But Lavender was still heavily breathing on the bed, and she actually reached up to grab Parvati’s hand. That surprised me most of all. Then together, they guided their hands all over Lavender’s chest, tracing patterns with their nails.”

Hermione had moved on from tracing lines up and down her chest, and had proceeded to massage her left breast through her top. Harry could make out the material of her bra shift positions, and for a moment it looked like Hermione had pulled it down out of the way. He must have been mistaken though, or else it popped back into place when she switched sides. Harry didn’t mind though, as the show continued. By then he’d been able to get his hands on a pillow, which he had immediately covered his lap with. One hand was resting on top, looking innocent, while his other hand was underneath, repositioning himself. Harry was adamant about not wanking himself while watching the other girls touch themselves and each other, but that was a hard promise to live up to. So he didn’t wank as he promised, but he did linger longer than necessary while shifting his growing erection.

Ginny noticed Harry’s busy hands under the pillow, but didn’t mind. The look they shared told her things were going to happen that they’d just have to handle, and right now Ginny didn’t think she should make Harry aware that she knew what he was doing. Parvati and Lavender on the other hand had no problems with public display, so Ginny focused on them. Just like in Hermione’s story, Parvati from behind had slipped one side of Lavender’s top down, revealing a smooth, creamy breast. It was much larger than it would have been two years ago, but Parvati’s hands were larger as well. And currently, Parvati was hiding all the best parts in her grasp. Ginny just waited to see more, not daring to again touch herself. She had on only a thin nightshirt, and unlike the others, wasn’t ready to put herself on display. She’s had the least amount to drink so far, and it obviously showed.

“Lav’s shirt still covered one side on her, but that didn’t seem to matter to them. Parvati was also leaning down now, placing gentle kisses all over Lavender’s breast. Everywhere but her nipple, I saw. Lavender has very big, pink nipples and areoles, and I remember watching them because they’re so unlike my own. Parvati instead kept to the top swell of Lavender’s breast, and licked along the underside of it. I could tell they were going to do more than just kiss and touch at that point, and I caught myself then, realizing I was peeping. That’s when I stopped, and dove in my bed. I pulled the curtains around me as tight as they’d go, and I tried to get to sleep before Lavender’s moans could get any louder.”

Harry was disappointed that Hermione’s tale was about to end, as he was greatly enjoying it. To his right he had a clear view of Parvati groping Lavender from behind. To his left he had Ginny not doing a thing, but eagerly enjoyed the show as well. And right across from him Hermione was wantonly still cupping her breast with one hand, while the other was running up and down her leg, from her knee to the bottom of her boxers. Her voice was also the sexiest Harry had ever heard it sound, as it seemed to be just dripping with passion. For the past half minute Harry had given up trying to keep his hands off himself, and instead settled for keeping a constant pressure on his prick. He made no up and down movements, but his hand beneath the pillow pressed down soothingly on his cock, with his fingers wrapped around under his scrotum. Occasionally he’s wiggle his fingertips to further stir his loins, but for the most part Hermione’s erotic tale, not to mention the sight of her and the others, were more than enough stimuli. And much to his pleasure, Hermione continued on where previously he feared she would stop.

“I couldn’t get to sleep though, as much as I tried. Watching those two had increased my pulse so much that I could hear my heartbeat in my ears, and I was ashamed to admit that I was also turned on. Not by them really, although Lavender did look real nice, but by the fact that they got to experience those feelings, while I was afraid I never would. Then I got to wonder if Victor would expect some of those things from me, and I was more than a little thrilled at the thought. He’s not the most attractive guy at school I know, but there was something about how all the girls looked at him that made me excited, and that he had refused them all to the Ball just to ask me. To make it worse, Lavender had gotten louder since I left, and I

could hear her all the way from my bed. The sounds just wouldn't go away, and I started to fantasize about how Victor could do things to me to make me sound like that."

Both Harry and Ginny shared another amazed look, and smiled as Harry nodded towards Hermione. He had mouthed the words "who knew Hermione was a pervert," and that made Ginny almost laugh. Then she made a fake grab for the pillow on his lap, and he was scared for a moment that she'd get it. When he realized she was just teasing him though, he again mouthed some words to her "what do you expect?" Gesturing around to a half naked Lavender, and Hermione still enraptured with her own body, Ginny had to admit it was an unfair situation for Harry. Just then Harry leaned in close to whisper to her

"Besides, I'm not the only one." His breath was moist and warm on her ear, and as he pulled away, he reached out to the front of her shirt. With just the barest of contact, he touched a cloth-covered nipple with his index finger, and hoped she wouldn't slap him for it. She didn't, and blushed again as she looked down at her shirt, then to Harry's finger, and back to his face. Harry gave her another of his famous lop-sided grins, and turned back to watch Hermione. He missed some of the story, but obviously it had progressed further.

"Victor, Ron, Harry, Professor Lockhart; it didn't matter. As Lavender's moans continued and reached a crescendo, I couldn't help but to touch myself, imagining every attractive boy at Hogwarts doing the wickedest things to me. I was still too shy to take off my night clothes, but I remember that was the first time I dared touch myself down there. My nipples were also sensitive for the first time, and I couldn't believe the sensations that would run through them just with the softest flick of my hands. I had read all about sex and erotic zones of course, but it's a world of difference between reading about them, and experiencing them yourself. I must have gone on like that for ten minutes, touching myself deeper and deeper, becoming more and more excited, until all of a sudden Lavender cried out and then went quiet. I had a good idea what happened, but I didn't want her to stop so soon. Without those sounds, I was feeling ashamed and embarrassed, and I knew that only if Parvati started again, I could continue. But they must have gone to sleep after that, because I didn't hear anymore sounds. I was still incredibly turned on, but I couldn't continue like that, and so I suffered. I must have stayed up at least another two hours until I finally drifted off to sleep."

"It was just my turn that night," Lavender spoke up for the first time. She must have adjusted her top when no one had noticed, because she was once again decent, although Harry could see a hint of her knickers.

"That was the first time we had gone beyond kissing, and started to touch. Parvati actually wanted to stop with my breasts, but I guided her hands down under my undies. Neither of us really knew what we were doing, but just the excitement of it all was enough to cause my first orgasm. It remains one of my favorites to this day. It was all sloppy and messy, but sweet. We realized we had gone too fast though, so we slowed down in the months after that. I didn't get to return the favor for almost a whole year."

Hermione had opened her eyes when Lavender was talking, and much to Harry's surprise, didn't look as embarrassed as he'd imagine she would. She just adjusted her top like the others, and pulled her boxers down the little they had hiked up with her squirming. Harry still had one hand buried in his crotch, but ceased his previous actions in the fear of getting caught. Already his boxers were a bit sticky inside, and his bulge was noticeable even underneath the pillow. To try to hide it as much as possible, Harry moved both hands on top, and pushed down with all his might. His erection didn't go away at all, but at least the pillow was reshaped to not show it off to the world.

"You guys are so lucky I'm drunk," Hermione admitted. "I think I forgot you were even there for a few seconds."

"A few seconds only?" Ginny wondered. "But you were, you know, touching yourself and stuff."

"Well yes, but you can hardly blame me. It was a very erotic memory of mine, and it didn't help that I spied Lavender and Parvati reenacting the damn thing right in front of me! Then there's Harry wanking off under Parvati's pillow, and you Ginny were ready to jump someone right then; although I don't know if

you'd prefer Lavender or Harry at the moment. I've heard the saying that alcohol is a social lubricant before, but I had no idea." Realizing what she just said, Hermione giggled into her hands. "I said lubricant!"

Ginny and Lavender were laughing at how open their usually reserved friend was acting, while Parvati looked outraged towards Harry.

"You're wanking into my pillow! Ewwww...I have to sleep on that! Give it back!"

Harry was frozen with fear. "No, no, I'm not wanking anything Parvati! Please, just give me a few moments, and then I'll give you your pillow back. I just need to, ah, ya know....I just need some time."

Lavender and Hermione were play grabbing at the pillow much as Ginny had been, but this time Harry had a firm handle on it, and no power under the sun or moon would make him give it up. Luckily Ginny came to his rescue. Or so he thought.

"Oh give it up girls," Ginny said. "Harry's just got a stiffy, and I don't think we can blame him. Gee Hermione, you really know how to tell a story. The visual effects didn't hurt either. Besides, he's a lot stronger than us, and there's no way we could pry that pillow away from him."

Harry sighed with relief, and thought the matter was closed. He closed his eyes briefly though, and when he opened them back up, he was scared to see Ginny with her wand pointed at him."

"Luckily," she grinned evilly, "magic's stronger than even him. Evanesco!"

With warning, the pillow vanished in a fraction of a second, leaving Harry completely exposed. Had he been less shocked, he would have at least been glad his boxers hadn't been vanished as well. That was hard to appreciate at the moment though, with his tented manhood pointing straight towards the ceiling.

"Oh Harry, what a broomstick you have!"

"Can I have a ride, Harry?"

"You'd better point that thing at someone else, before I hex it off."

"Ginny's got six brothers, but I bet she's never seen one of those before!"

"What do you feed that thing? Is that where all the Dursleys' food goes every summer?"

The girls all had much fun teasing Harry, who could only blush and cover himself with his hands as much as possible. He knew he was being silly after seeing both Lavender and Parvati's breast, witnessing his best friend Hermione touch herself, and tweaking one of Ginny's nipples with his own finger. But he suddenly felt very vulnerable and bare, and as he was the only guy around, he somehow felt that they were being unfair.

"Alright, alright! Stop your teasing," Hermione said. "After all, if Harry gets anymore scared, his little friend might just go away." That caused another round of laughter among the girls, and Harry couldn't deny the possibility. Being the center of attention and embarrassment all of the sudden was rapidly deflating his erection, and for once Harry was glad of the fact.

"Ahh see, the little turtle went back into his shell," Parvati pouted.

"I bet we could lure him back out to play again." Lavender wiggled her eyebrows.

"Lav," Ginny said, "with you around, I'm sure we could get Harry's turtle to do anything!"

“No,” Hermione admonished, “it’s my turn to ask truth or dare. I answered Parvati’s question, and now I get to go. Lavender will just have to charm Harry’s snake another time.”

Ginny put her hands above her head and started to belly dance, and the others (sans Harry) all had a good laugh. He saw the humor of course, but didn’t like that all of the sudden, he was being ganged up on. He hoped at least, that fair-minded Hermione would get the game back on track. Lavender and Ginny had yet to be asked anything, as she’d certainly pick one of them, right?

Wrong!

“Harry,” Hermione smirked, “truth or dare?”

Chapter 5 – Harry’s Hard-On

“Harry,” Hermione smirked, “truth or dare?”

“What,” he yelled back. “Isn’t it time to pick on Ginny or Lav?”

Ginny just laughed. “I think he’s hesitating girls....”

“No I’m not,” Harry countered. Although with as easily as he’d been getting aroused the past few minutes, maybe he should consider having a few more swigs. He’d just lost his last erection as all the girls had laughed at him, and he had no wishes to repeat the experience anytime soon.

“I can’t hesitate because you haven’t asked a question yet, or issued a dare. I just think it’s fair that everyone be included equally.

“But you haven’t had to do anything yet Harry,” Lavender told him. “Just be a good boy, and take your turn. When it’s over with, then you can ask me or Gin anything you want.”

“Or ask us to do anything you want,” Ginny flirted back. Parvati and Lavender applauded her bravery, and it took Ginny every ounce of Gryffindor courage and the liquor she’d already drunk to not turn away from Harry’s incredulous gaze.

“Well, I can’t pass up an offer like that, can I? Okay Hermione, truth then.”

Parvati and Ginny booed, but Lavender hushed them, saying the Hermione’s last turn had been just as good as any dare could have been. Truths didn’t always have to be the easy way out. “Besides,” she said, “if anyone can come up with a good question, Hermione can.”

Hermione was very pleased in her roommate’s confidence, and took several seconds to think of the perfect truth question. While he was waiting, Harry took another slug of liquid courage.

“Alright Harry, maybe you can answer the question Hogwarts’ girls fourth year and up would like to know. Have you ever measured your penis, and how big is it?”

Ginny was clapping with excitement, while Parvati and Lavender were praising their roommate for her brilliance. That was the only reason Harry wasn’t called on a penalty for hesitating, he knew. Could he really answer this question?

“Err, um, no I haven’t really,” Harry said. Then looking right at Hermione, he paled. “I can’t believe you just asked me that Hermione!”

Hermione just smirked, but Ginny wasn’t having any of Harry’s answer. “That’s a load of rubbish,” she said. “I’ve got six older brothers, and even Percy measured his manhood a few times I’m sure. I was even warned by Mum when I was six not to touch a certain measuring tape in her sewing kit, and I certainly know why. Every guy measures their cock at least once in their lives. You’re lying Harry!”

“No I’m not,” Harry yelled back. But his voice faltered, and he knew he’d been caught. Of course he was lying; and of course Ginny was right. Every guy did measure his dick at least once, and Harry had last done it the past summer, after a recent growth spurt. He was just embarrassed about the answer.

“I think she caught you there, Harry,” Hermione was pleased to inform him. “You’d better answer before we’re forced to come up with a penalty for you. And considering what the questions was, do you really want to have to answer more questions like it? Oh, and take a shot for lying too! I think that’s only fair.”

Harry didn’t even argue, as he knew it was fair. But since he had taken a shot just moments before when he wasn’t forced to, he didn’t feel like he needed to take a large one. Actually, Harry managed not more

than a small sip before he passed the bottle away. Luckily, none of the girls cared or noticed. They were all too concerned about hearing his answer.

“You promise not to laugh?”

“Oh come on already!” Lavender shouted. “Parvati and I got nearly naked, Hermione’s told her masturbation fantasies, and you’re concerned with some numbers. Just get it over with! Even if we do laugh, you won’t remember!”

That wasn’t the answer Harry wanted to hear, but he answered anyway. Much more delaying, and he’d only be asking for punishment. “Er, it’s about seven inches then. I know it’s not that long or anything, but I’m only sixteen, and I’m still growing. I’m sure it’ll get at least another…”

Harry paused in his ramblings as he noticed the extreme silence from the others. The expected laughing and giggling was the farthest thing from the girls’ lips, and as Harry looked around at their shocked faces, he wondered why.

“Am I really so small that you’re all speechless?” God! He’d never been so embarrassed in all his life.

Ginny was just doing a goldfish impersonation, while Lavender and Parvati were whispering furiously back and forth in their ears. Turning to look at the person who asked the damned question in the first place, Harry patiently waited for a response.

“Hermione?”

“Harry,” she blurted out. “According to what I’ve read, an average man’s penis is only four to six inches long! If yours is seven, and as you said you’re still growing, then you have absolutely nothing to be ashamed about. It’s very impressive actually.”

“It didn’t look that big when I was taking off your jeans,” Ginny said quietly.

Feeling much more confident, Harry had no problems answering. Hermione had just given him the ego-boost of the century, and he was lovin’ every minute of it.

“I, ah, wasn’t completely hard then, Gin. It takes some time for that to work, and I was already sitting down with the pillow covering me by then. When you took off my jeans, I was only just starting to get excited.”

“What on earth made you think you were small though, Harry?” Parvati asked. “I’ve seen a few dicks in my days, and I don’t think I’ve ever seen one that large before. I’m sure you’ll be happy to know that Malfoy doesn’t even compare, from what I felt as he dry-humped me.”

“No,” Lav agreed, waving her pinky finger in the air, “he’s rather tiny actually.”

All the girls giggled again, and Harry couldn’t wait to tell Ron that Lav and Parvati told him Draco had a small dick. Not that Ron was interested, but he was always looking for some good blackmail info to keep Malfoy from making fun of him and Hermione.

Remembering Parvati’s question, it took Harry awhile to recall why did he think he had a small penis. The idea hadn’t bothered him until recently, and that’s when he remembered that last year he accidentally spotted Dean coming out of the showers, his towel not yet fastened around his waist.

“Ahh, I walked in on Dean once in the showers, and I didn’t mean to look or anything, but it was kind of unavoidable. I didn’t stare or anything, but from what I saw, he was at least two or three inches longer than I was. So I guess I just thought I was on the small side. Contrary to what you may think, teenage boys

don't compare dick sizes when we're all alone. I mean, it's just like you girl's don't compare breast sizes really."

"Yes we do," all three called out at once.

"Parvati wears a 34C cup," Hermione said.

"Hermione wears a 32C," Ginny informed him.

Parvati nodded her agreement, and added, "Ginny wears a 30B, but her mum's got a 42DD, and she can't wait for bigger breasts."

"And even first year Hufflepuff boys know," Lavender took pride while saying, "that my breasts are 36Ds. It's written on all the bathroom walls."

"Oh yeah," Harry actually remembered. He's seen Lavender's stats posted all over the castle starting the middle of the prior year.

"But we believe you Harry," Lavender said. "I just can't believe that Dean's got such a huge cock! Nine or ten inches? That's like a porn star's cock!"

"Big and black," Ginny smiled, "just the way I like them." She couldn't hold in her laughter though, and lost it completely when all the rest of them started to hit her with pillows. Even Harry joined in the fun, as it was completely absurd that young, innocent Ginny Weasley regularly had her hands on ten inch black dicks.

When the laughter died down, Harry turned right towards Ginny ready to ask her truth or dare, when Hermione spoke back up. "You're not done yet, Harry. You've still not completely answered your question. We now know you're seven inches long, but how wide are you?"

Ginny looked shocked that Hermione knew to ask so much, but also looked pleased waiting to hear an answer. Parvati and Lavender were high-fiving each other, and one of them whispered, "Yes, width is very important."

This time though, Harry wasn't lying when he answered, "I don't know. I've never measured that before. Seriously!"

Ginny started to protest he was lying again, but the others believed him. Hermione had a simple solution though when she took her wand from where it sitting behind her, and conjured a measuring tape. She handed it to Harry without a word, and laughed as he looked up at her with no idea what she was implying.

"Well, go measure yourself then!" She yelled.

All the girls giggled again, and Ginny actually pounced up on her knees in excitement. Things were really starting to heat up now, and she couldn't wait for her turn. She'd been plying shy the last ten minutes or so on purpose, in hopes that someone would ask her a dare. There wasn't one person on the bed she wasn't attracted to, and only doing anything with Hermione would be slightly awkward. Harry, Lav, and Parvati though were fair game, and she knew they'd enjoy anything together just as much as she would.

"I can't do that!" Harry exclaimed. He was taken aback, really. Even though now he wasn't embarrassed about the length of his dick, he wasn't about to whip it out and measure it in front of three girls; one who was his best friend. He wasn't even hard anymore, and he wasn't going to start wanking himself either.

"You have to Harry, it's part of the question."

“And you have to stay on the bed too,” Lavender delighted in saying, “so we can verify the answers, and that you’re not cheating again.”

“No,” Harry was absolute, “there’s no way in Azkaban I’m going to, so just forget about it!”

“Oh, honestly,” Hermione had had enough of Harry’s stalling already, and pointed her wand at him. “Petrificus Totalus!” With an outraged and scared look in his eyes, Harry’s body had no choice but to snap to attention and flop over on its side.

“Hermione! What are you doing? We’ll never get him to measure himself in a body bind!”

“I don’t intend for him to measure himself, thank you very much.” Hermione had a real evil look on her face, and only Ginny as her closest friend had an inkling of what the studious girl was thinking.

“It’s obvious that Harry wasn’t going to participate,” she explained, “so I say as his punishment for disobeying the rules of the game, we measure him ourselves in an impartial exercise. That way he’ll have answered the question, he’ll have suffered for it, and of course the most important part, we’ll soon know the answer.”

Ginny couldn’t believe just a few shots of vodka could bring such a sexual deviant out of her normally chaste friend, and now had a newfound respect for the muggle liquor. Parvati and Lavender were too busy playfully bowing down and worshipping Hermione to notice her pick up the measuring tape.

“Let’s get to it then,” she suggested. “In the name of science and all that.”

Harry was already laid out straight with his hands locked at his sides, but with a small push, he moved from resting on his side, to being displayed on his back. With all three girls helping, they even managed to get him to the center of the bed, so they could all have good spots around him.

“Well, I was the one to suggest this, and I’m going to be recording the data,” Hermione flippantly stroked the measuring tape in her hands, “so I’ll leave the details up to you three.”

Lavender and Parvati looked in hog heaven to have Harry at their disposal, and started to discuss a game plan for what they should do. Ginny didn’t waste any time however, as she dove right for Harry’s chest, and grabbed his black tee-shirt with both hands. She’s always wanted to do this, and now was her chance. With an almighty yank, she split the shirt right up its middle, displaying Harry’s well-toned chest and muscled stomach with only a hint of feathery hair around his nipples. Once they saw Ginny’s actions, Parvati and Lavender stopped their party planning. After Ginny’s boldness, they knew the next few minutes would be a free-for-all.

“Gin, you do realize that while Harry may be unable to move, he’s perfectly aware of what you just did? And what we’re about to do, right?” Hermione asked.

“I don’t care anymore,” Ginny said. “I just want to see Harry naked!”

The girls couldn’t agree more, and Harry was helpless as they finished shredding his shirt and removed the ripped pieces from his exposed chest. His slippers got taken off too, so that all that remained were his blue boxer shorts.

“Who wants the honors?” Ginny asked with a glint in her eye. “I wouldn’t normally ask, but I did get to take off his jeans already. I don’t want Harry thinking I’d be willing to do this just anytime he wanted.”

“Oh, you know you would,” Parvati snickered. “But if you’re offering, I won’t mind.”

Lavender sorta wanted to as well, but didn't put up any argument as she just wanted to get to the action. So sitting back on all their haunches again, the three watched as Parvati drew closer to Harry, with her intent known to all.

Parvati only paused briefly to look Harry in his scared and silent eyes, before winking at him, and whispering, "I promise you'll enjoy it, don't worry." From these she gave him the softest kiss, and started to snake down his body. His neck got nibbled on, his ears got sucked into her warm mouth, and Parvati gave the barest flick of her tongue against Harry's throat, which if not frozen in place would surely by then be swallowing nervously.

"Parvati dear," Lavender teased, "you're just supposed to be taking his boxers off, not giving the boy a heart attack."

"Shut up," Parvati teased right back, "I'm having fun."

Ginny nodded for Lav to shut up, because she was speechless watching Parvati not only disrobe Harry, but also seduce him. Hermione didn't say a word, but a flash of light from her spot halted all other action for a moment, and the others couldn't believe what they saw.

"A camera!" Ginny blurted out. "You're taking pictures of this?"

"Well yes," Hermione said very properly. "I did say I would be recording the information, and as you know I'm very serious when it comes to my work." The barest hint of a smile crept past her lips as she finished saying that. But before she could lose it completely, she lifted the camera for another snapshot, and held it to Harry's face. "Say cheese Harry!"

Snap; another picture. This one had Harry peered right at the lens, also not believing Hermione would do such a thing.

It wasn't until Parvati continued that Harry remembered he had a half naked girl draped over him, and moving on past his throat and neck, Parvati licked her way down his broad chest, circling each nipple before going in for a single flash of her tongue. Harry would have moaned if he were able, but thankfully Lavender did it for him.

"You're making me hot baby!" She said. They hadn't gotten to finish their playtime before, and Lavender was still worked up from hearing Hermione's story.

"That's the point, sugar," Parvati said as she smiled wicked up from where she had Harry's left nipple caught in her teeth. She was holding it in place as her tongue gently from inside her mouth passed over it again and again.

Ginny was getting breathless too from all the action, and couldn't ignore her hormones any longer. Without even thinking if it would upset Parvati, she reached over to Lavender, and pulled the older girl to her. Now Lav was laying with her head in Ginny's lap, and they both still had a nice view of what Parvati was doing to Harry. But now Ginny could also shift her attention down to Lavender, where the girl's silky camisole top was just begging to be caressed.

Just as Ginny moved to put her hand on Lavender's midriff, she paused as she realized what she'd done. Lav didn't seem to mind (she hadn't moved an eye from Parvati and Harry), but Ginny knew Parvati might. Although the two weren't exclusive and saw many guys, she didn't think they'd ever been with other girls before.

"Go ahead Ginny," Parvati relaxed her, "I don't mind if I share. Lav's too beautiful to keep all to myself."

Ginny smiled a little thank you in appreciation, and watched as Parvati returned to Harry. His other nipple was now getting its just due, and as Ginny watched, she also began rubbing her hands all over Lavender's stomach and breasts.

Although she thought about it often, especially lately, Ginny had never before touched another girl in a similar way, and even the light feel she was experiencing through Lavender's camisole was enough to entice her wildest thoughts. Content for now, Ginny just experienced bliss as she alternately switched attention back and forth from rubbing Lavender's large breast under her silky layer of cloth, to watching Parvati continue to devour Harry.

It was a shame really that Harry couldn't see Ginny's ministrations, but he had enough on his plate already. After leaving his left nipple with a good work out, Parvati made quick work to move right down to his boxers. Play time was over with, and watching Ginny and Lavender had gotten her all excited for some action!

Gripping the waistline of his boxers in her teeth (Snap; another picture), Parvati shimmered down Harry's body, dragging the offending material with her. She was careful not to scrape her teeth against anything, but her warm and damp breath passed over Harry's revealed cock as she lowered herself, followed by her hair. Lavender had done it up in braids earlier, but luckily they had fallen apart at some point, and Harry was treated to the most incredible feeling as her straight dark hair tickled and teased his sensitive skin.

Knowing the feelings she was causing, Parvati took great joy in stopping when she was hovered over his thighs, and reversed direction (Snap; another picture). She stroked him with her hair a bit longer before becoming impatient herself, and moving down as far and as fast as she could. The boxers didn't make it all the way off Harry's legs with her single move, so Parvati just tore them away in frustration. They ripped in half along the seam, but she didn't care. What the other girls wanted didn't matter anymore, because Parvati knew that she at least had no intentions of letting Harry get dressed again that night. And if she could move things along, perhaps he wouldn't be naked alone for long.

"Well, whatever I was expecting," Hermione said, examining what Parvati had uncovered "it wasn't that. That's nowhere near seven inches long!"

"That's because Harry's not hard anymore," Lavender said dreamily where she was being treated like a queen in Ginny's lap. "And if you want to continue with this, and Harry's not allowed to move, you'll have to do more than take a few pictures.

"Let's make a game out of this then," Ginny suggested. "We can all have a turn trying to get Harry aroused, but the only rule is that we can't touch him."

"That's too hard, and it will take too long," Parvati complained.

"Well, then you're just not allowed to touch his penis," Hermione rectified. "I'm not going to participate, because I've got my hands full with the camera, and I'll need to touch him to measure, but you three can do anything you like except touch his penis." Getting a look at the wicked grin on Parvati's face, Hermione added. "With your hands, or any other part of your body!"

"You're no fun," Parvati pouted, "and you're too scared to participate to boot."

"I'm not scared," Hermione said, "and I'll have you know I've done this before even. I had a boyfriend over the summer, and I gave my first hand job the night before I left for Hogwarts. Don't look at me like that! He was very sweet, and didn't pressure me for anything all summer long. I wasn't ready for sex, but I thought it would be a nice way to thank him. It's just that it's weird being Harry and all, and I think I still need some more time, and some more vodka, before I'm drunk enough to do anything with him."

"There's a problem though, or haven't you noticed," Lavender said, upsetting Ginny as she rose out of her lap, and joined the group in a more participatory role. "The body bind must be preventing him from getting

aroused, or else Parvati licking his nipples and teasing him with her hair would have stirred at least some response.”

“Well, we can’t take Harry out of it,” Ginny said, “or else he’ll be sure to not let us. He’s already embarrassed enough as it is.”

“I think that instead of competing against each other,” Hermione speculated, “if you all worked at the same time, you might excite him so much that the body bind spell won’t matter. I suggest you try that.”

“I’m game!” Lavender quickly agreed. “It’s always more fun when other girls are involved.”

Both Parvati and Ginny quickly agreed the same, and the race to get Harry hard was on! Parvati was still bent over Harry’s midsection, looking his cock in the eye, but was bored with her position. Getting creative, she pivoted around on her knees, so that she swung her bottom directly above Harry’s head, and her face was still in a prime spot. It was the classic 69 position, only that no touching was allowed; at least not on Parvati’s part. Hermione had only said that the girls were prevented from touching Harry’s cock; she didn’t say anything about other parts of him. With an evil smirk to Hermione, Parvati adjusted her legs, and sat back on her haunches...right on Harry’s face.

Harry meanwhile had been fully conscious through this all, and had heard everything. At first he was terrified of what the girls would do, but while Parvati had been tickling him with her hair, he had drastically changed his mind. Now, Harry’s couldn’t care less if he was able to move or not, as he would surely let the girls do as they pleased. Still, being frozen in place added an additional element of appeal to the situation, and Harry wasn’t fighting to break the hex.

He was rewarded with his patience a moment later, when Parvati’s ass swung into view, hovering just inches from his nose. Her round ass was teasingly right in front of his face, and because of the loose fit of the teddy she wore, Harry could see right up the front and back of her babydoll pajamas as Parvati shifted her weight. Her breasts were still enclosed in their push-up bra, but the wide expanses of skin from such a provocative angle were even more enticing than he thought seeing her breasts would be. Harry didn’t have much time to think that though, before Parvati practically threw her weight down against Harry’s face. She smelled so good, and with not a small shock, Harry could also register the slight dampness on his nose where Parvati was rubbing herself. It was a good thing Harry had left his glasses on Hermione’s nightstand when he tried to go to sleep, otherwise they would have broken between Parvati’s contracting thighs.

As if that wasn’t enough to arouse him, Lavender had moved to Harry’s feet while Parvati had shifted her weight around, and made to kneel over him herself. Instead of his face though, Lavender without shame sat right on Harry shins, and gripped his thighs right where they joined his hips for support. Then while powering herself with her grip, Lavender began to glide back and forth along Harry’s legs, with his knee bumping her along the way. It was a sexual position she’s seen once in her older sister’s copy of the Kama Sutra, and had always wanted to try. The girl was supposed to orally please the man at the same time she ground herself against his legs as well, but Lavender didn’t mind improvising. Instead she engaged Parvati in soul-sharing kiss filled with heat and passion, and both girls continued to rock.

Ginny was feeling a bit left out, as she’d not acted quickly enough for a good piece of Harry. Sure, she could use his arms to dilly herself, or anything she liked really, but that would only be gratifying to her, not to him. The whole point of this was to help Harry achieve an erection, which by the looks of his growth progress was going to take all their combined efforts. Not knowing what else to do, Ginny launched herself at Harry’s nipples abandoned earlier by Parvati. She knew she responded very strongly when she played with her own, and supposed that given the lack of options, it was the best she could come up with.

They were hard to reach of course, with Parvati’s wriggling body in the way, but Ginny managed to squirm her own way in, and teased him much as she imagined he’d like. After awhile though it got old, and Parvati’s weight on the back of her head was uncomfortable. So Ginny moved on to other body parts, licking and bathing with her tongue every patch of Harry’s skin she could reach. His ribs, his underarms, his bulging biceps; everything got a small taste of Ginny, or rather she got a small taste of Harry. She even

managed to work her way into a three-way kiss briefly with Parvati and Lavender, before the less-than-perfect position caused a collection of saliva to drip from Parvati's chin, and land right on Harry's dick. With the small splash, it twitched for the first time since Harry had been petrified.

"This spell is really hard to work through," Ginny said, as she studied the single drop of spit glistening on the shaft of Harry's dick. "I can see he's gotten bigger, but only just barely. This is going to take some work."

"I'm up for the challenge," Parvati said. "So let's quit talking and get back to it."

It was an unspoken agreement then that Parvati, Ginny, and Lavender would not stop their ministrations until they had achieved success, and Harry had achieved an impressive erection.

Lavender had stopped her gliding motion across Harry's legs, and instead settled for sitting with one of his knobby knees pressed tightly against her damp knickers. A slight rocking motion did the rest of the work for her, and Lavender was well on her way to being pleased. Harry was the goal of her actions though, and as she had the complete upper half of her body available for additional work, she grabbed Hermione's nearby wand and pressed it to her lips. Once there, she whispered, "Vibro Festinatio," which caused the wand to vibrate. Then using just the tip of Hermione's wand, she began tracing along the crease between Harry's ball sac and his thighs.

"What spell was that?" Ginny couldn't help but notice the soft buzz from where she was letting more spittle drip off her tongue onto Harry's dick. She was following the rules and not making contact, but if Parvati bumped her head even the slightest amount, Ginny wouldn't be able to play innocent anymore.

"That's my vibrating dildo spell," Lavender smiled back. "What else do you think Hermione's been after me to teach her for the past year?"

Hermione looked very pleased on the sidelines now that she'd heard the incantation, and took another picture just as Ginny bent over once again to stick out her tongue. No doubt the picture taken would look lewd and indecent, but again, Ginny maintained a marginal space between her mouth and Harry's nether regions.

Parvati however was close approaching orgasm, but was frustrated with her lack of movement. Having both Ginny and Lavender pay attention to Harry's prick was cramping the limited space, so in a huff of annoyance, she stood up over Harry's face, turned around, and sat back down now facing away from the other girls. She knew however that she had to provide Harry with as much stimulus as she could, so in a last ditch effort before she returned back solely concerned about her own pleasure, Parvati flipped up the bottom of her teddy, exposing Harry's face between her legs. She was now rubbing her clit against Harry's chin, but his shining nose and upper lip was evidence that he'd gotten plenty of stimuli already.

Still, looking down at Harry's starting eyes as she continued to rock and moan on his face was arousing to both of them, and Parvati lost all control as she began using her hands to massage her own breasts, kneading and groping them through the fabric of her teddy. Occasionally she looked down to make eye contact with Harry, and after giving him a saucy smile, returned to her own affairs.

Ginny had nicely covered Harry's prick with spit by then, and she and Lavender were taking turns blowing cold burst of air across it with soft smiles. Lavender was still rocking, and Ginny had absolutely no contact with Harry at all, since there wasn't enough room on his stomach for her to straddle him, and still be able to bend over enough to reach his waist. Not knowing what else to do, Ginny settled for simply prying one of his arms away from his body, and bending it at the elbow. Now sticking out from his body at a ninety degree angle near his waist, Ginny had the perfect perch to rest on while she continued kissing Lavender and blowing across Harry's sticky crotch.

Lavender was letting Ginny do most of the blowing though, as she had taken to move Hermione's vibrating wand all along Harry's length, from every conceivable possible angle. She may not be able to touch him herself, but there was nothing in Hermione's rules that said Lav couldn't use a wand.

Tracing up Harry's throbbing vein hidden underneath the satiny skin, Lavender circled his engorged head with the side of the wand, before returning her way down along the crevice between Harry's cock and belly. Then she moved the wand down the right side to his testicles, where they were tightly drawn against each other. As she continued to grind against his knee, Lav marveled at how the skin pebbled with even the slightest of touches, and how his balls seemed to beat with a heartbeat of their own.

From her position Lavender could also see the pucker of Harry's ass through the forest of darkly coarse hair that grew from around the base of his prick, and almost before she realized it, moved her wand to intercept. But at the last minute Lavender paused, not knowing if Harry would enjoy assplay as much as she did herself. Deciding to wait until she could ask him, Lavender instead paid special attention to the small circle of sensitive skin between Harry's anus and scrotum. Called the perineum, Lavender knew it was one of the most erogenous points on the human body. Hermione wasn't the only one who studied! Lavender just needed the proper subject to get interested in.

And so all three girls continued to shift and grind on the respective part of Harry's body they had claimed for their own. He was long past a throbbing purple erection now, but as if by general consensus, the original contest to see who could get Harry hardest had turned into another, more satisfying pursuit. Each of the three girls were now racing towards their own climax, using all their energy and talents to help them along their way. Harry was just benefiting from their actions at that point, and loving every minute of it.

Fortunately for Parvati, not only did she have an early start time advantage, but she also had the ability to bring herself to orgasm faster than anyone other female she knew of. Lavender liked to take things slow and steady; enjoying a thorough build-up before releasing her pleasure; and Ginny on Harry's outstretched arm had only just gotten started. Both Ginny and Lavender were still enjoying the sensuous feelings coursing through their body as they continued to manipulate themselves against Harry, but Parvati's scream of animal instinct stopped them both in their tracks.

Still sitting astride Harry's neck, rubbing against his chin, Parvati had gripped his hair with one hand; forcing him to pay attention to her; as she pinched one exposed nipple with her other. Somehow her breasts had popped free during her cowgirl ride, and she had taken full advantage of the opportunity. In the last moments before she came, she had been hitching her breath staring directly at Harry's piercing green eyes, almost daring him to make her stop. Her eyes rolled back into her head though as she was sent in oblivion, and her wild thrusting and bucking clicked Harry's teeth together where her pelvis continued it's animalistic actions.

Only two minutes later did Lavender and Ginny crawl off Harry when Parvati stopped bucking, knowing that the deed had been done. Harry was dripping his own lubrication now, and a perfectly massive dick was the girl's prize for their imaginative and enthusiastic endeavors. Parvati collapsed in a heap against the headboards, while Lavender and Ginny made their way up to see what she left behind. Harry was still staring straight ahead, but unlike before he had a Dumbledore twinkle in his eye, after witnessing the glory of what he'd seen. His face was completely soaked with Parvati's juices, and a small dribble was making its way down his neck, towards the nape of his neck. Without thinking, Lavender leaned down to lick up the small drop of her lover's taste, and savored every bit of it. She caught Harry's surprised look when she did it, and moved to gaze back at him from her hunched position.

"She tastes good, doesn't she," Lavender asked the silent man. Harry couldn't reply, and that alone was torturous. "Don't worry," she said as she licked more of Parvati's essence from Harry's face. "Once Parvati gets started, she doesn't stop. There's plenty more where that came from." With another last lick that went from Harry's chin right past his lips to the tip of his nose, Lavender satiated her fill, and moved away.

Hermione had already taken all the pictures she needed, and while Lavender was playing with Harry, had slipped the measuring tape around the width of his cock to take a measurement. It was mere formality at this point, but she did whistle at the impressive number. Ginny came over to see what the commotion was about (Hermione refused to share her measurement), and all Hermione had to say was...

“Girthy!”

Parvati was calmed enough and able to talk another minute later, and suggested they release Harry from his spell right away so that they wouldn't lose the mood some of them had worked up. Ginny agreed very quickly as she wanted to experience what she saw Parvati go through, but Hermione stopped them both.

“Um,” she said, still pointing to Harry's cock, “I think we better wait awhile until he calms back down. From the looks of things, the second we release the spell, Harry's going to burst like Old Faithful. Ginny and I have yet to have any real fun, there's plenty more vodka, and the night's still relatively young. Let's not retire Harry so early in the night.”

Not liking the decision, but understanding it, Parvati agreed, and spent the next few minutes doing things to Lav behind Harry on the bed that he couldn't see. Ginny and Hermione were a little shy about it, but spent the time themselves, cleaning all the stickiness from Harry using drying charms that got rid of the moisture. Hermione was going to fix Harry's boxers too, until Lavender still with the other girl's wand vanished the offending garment away without breaking in stride from snogging Parvati. Ginny giggled at the knowledge that Harry would have to be naked for the rest of the night, and took the time to study his dick again. Hermione joined her, and this time instead of trying to make it erect, they simply studied the way it looked and moved, as it continued to shrink slowly but surely, and discussed all the things they'd thought would be different from what they'd seen. It was another five minutes before Harry was once again in a semi-hard condition; safe to be released. In that time though, both Ginny and Hermione had learned more about the male anatomy than all the books in Hogwarts's library could have taught them.

“Finite Incantatum!” Hermione said, once she was back in control of her own wand. It had still been vibrating in her hand when Lavender handed it back to her, and Hermione preferred not to think what Lav and Parvati had recently been using it for. Nevertheless, the cancellation spell silenced her wand's humming, and unfroze Harry all at the same time.

The first thing he did, hysterically enough, was sneeze, then lick his lips. Parvati's musk had long been dried away, but there was still a lingering taste which Harry considered while he sat up. Once off his back, he noticed that all attention was on him once more, and he was still very naked. Modesty was a thing of the past though after all he'd just been through, and Harry didn't even attempt to cover himself. In fact, he had to massage his aching balls, because they'd been teased mercilessly for over twenty minutes without release, and as any red-blooded male could attend, that in and of itself was pure torture.

“I guess we've crossed a certain line now, haven't we?” He asked the surrounding females.

“Harry,” Parvati informed him, “we crossed that line the second you got locked in here for the night. What else do you think Ginny was going to be initiated into after drinking a bottle of booze. You coming along was only the icing on the cake.”

“Well then,” Harry said, “I guess this week is looking up for me all of the sudden. I don't suppose we need to continue with the Truth or Dare then, do we?”

“Yes we do,” Hermione informed him. “Unlike Ginny, I was not going to be involved with Parvati and Lavender's hedonistic ways, and the only reason why I haven't gone to bed yet is because I'm drunk and you're naked. But I will not let this turn into some gaudy orgy, so I suggest you continue with the game as we agreed. And remember, I will not let you take my clothes off!”

Ginny and the others looked disappointed at the dismissal of Hermione allowing an orgy, but knew that no matter what, the fun was just starting. Yet, one again it was Harry's turn to ask someone that age old question, and his sites turned to Ginny, as he had planned what seemed long ago.

"Ginny, truth or dare?"

Chapter 6 – Ginny Undresses

“Ginny, truth or dare?”

“Dare” she exclaimed eagerly. The alcohol she drank was still hitting her, and right then she was feeling more drunk than she’d been that night yet. Playtime was over; as Harry had so obviously pointed out; and Ginny was willing to bet not even Hermione with her stuck-up outlook would ask for a truth at this point.

“As Hermione has pointed out,” Harry began with a smile, very pleased with Ginny’s answer, “she will not let me take off her clothes. Seeing as how I’m completely naked though, either I put my clothes back on, or all of you get out of yours. So Ginny, I dare you to undress Hermione, Parvati, and Lavender. And just to make things more interesting, you have to constantly kiss each of them while you’re undressing them. The only rule is; you can’t kiss them on their mouth or in the same place twice.”

“Ohhh,” Lavender cooed, “good dare, Harry.” Parvati agreed as well, as the bright shine in her eyes showed.

But not everyone was a fan of Harry’s idea. “Harry,” Hermione lectured, “I told you I wasn’t getting naked, and I’m not kissing Ginny! She’s like my sister, and that’s just sick.”

“I don’t think of you as my sister,” Ginny smiled from where she was perched, looking ready to jump on one of the co-eds as soon as the dare was approved all around. “And you don’t have to kiss me, I have to kiss you. And not on the mouth either, so just relax. As for your clothes, I’ll only take off your shirt and boxers, and leave on your undies, so relax. Harry’s completely naked, so I think you owe him at least that.”

“I will not have Harry seeing me in my knickers!”

“Oh Hermione, shut it already,” Parvati shouted, sounding for once very tired of her roommate’s rigid ways. “This is supposed to be fun, and you’re ruining everything. Harry’s naked, for Merlin’s sake! Look at him, because his dick and balls are out on display for the whole world to see; or at least us. That, and he’s already agreed to be obliterated in the morning, so what’s the big deal? The rest of us have seen you in your bra and knickers before, so is it really such a big deal? Drink another two shots of vodka for being such a party pooper.”

“That’s not in the rules!”

“I agree,” Lavender added, “you’re preventing the rest of us from having a good time. So drink your shots, get properly sloshed, and then maybe you can have some fun with the rest of us!”

Ginny nodded too, but was too busy to verbalize her consent. Already she had launched herself at the nearest girl, who just happened to be Lavender, and the first thing she did, even before reaching for one of the offending garments, was to place a soft tender kiss on the girl’s jaw line, right below her ear. Lavender moaned, and Harry didn’t know why until Ginny removed her mouth and he saw that her tongue had been in evident use. That was no ordinary kiss on the cheek!

Parvati had pushed Lavender away from her as Ginny moved in for the kill, and willingly Lavender moved to sit up on her knees to give Ginny complete access to all sides of her. Like a tiger, Ginny stalked around the girl (whose eyes were closed), nipping and kissing exposed skin as she marked her territory. Lavender’s jaw line, her brow, her bare shoulder, her exposed knee; all got lavish treatment from Ginny’s mouth until Lavender was near trembling.

“Don’t tease her anymore,” Parvati whispered softly. “She’s still worked up from before. Time to get to work, Gin-gin.”

Harry shot an incredulous look at Parvati for her use of the unique nickname, but before he had time to catch her eye, Ginny had positioned herself behind Lavender, and pushed the girl forward so her rump was

high in the air, and her elbows rested on the pushed together beds. Lavender's short camisole was just barely long enough to cover her bum, although each time she breathed, the material came closer and closer to revealing more skin.

Now behind the vulnerable girl, Ginny shifted her weight so she too was comfortable on her knees, and then leaned forward to lick the back of Lavender's thighs. Her tongue stuck out surprisingly long in Harry's opinion, and at first he didn't even notice that as Ginny traced a line from the inside of Lavender's knees up and underneath the hem of her nightgown, Ginny's hands were busy slowly removed the fluffy socks Harry for some reason hadn't noticed Lavender was wearing before.

'Fuck the socks,' Harry thought to himself, and returned to watch the action upstairs. What Ginny was doing with her tongue was much more interesting than watching anything having to do with feet.

Meanwhile Hermione was simmering at being overruled, and because she didn't want to be forced to drink more liquor, sipped from the bottle of vodka as her punishment dictated. Already her head was swimming without its usual clarity, and Hermione knew she should have stopped a long time ago. The alcohol was still entering her bloodstream, and by the time she got really drunk, she'd still have more vodka in her stomach to process. Therefore it was a good thing she was beyond caring too much, and just swigged on the bottle as she watched with half-hearted interest as Ginny caressed Lavender's calf. "That looks nice," Hermione thought to herself.

Lavender thought so too. Lying forward on her hands, she was completely blind to what Ginny was doing behind her, but it did feel nice. Ginny had already removed one fluffy sock, and was in the process of massaging her foot, before she'd move on to the next. Ginny's talented tongue was also only half way up her right thigh, because it had taken an indirect, zigzag pattern on its way. Ginny's head was already nudging the camisole draped over her bottom out of the way as she moved higher, and Lavender had no problem with that.

"Harry," Parvati barely interrupted the task at hand. "Why don't you come over here for a better view?" Parvati had a nice seat behind and to the right of both Ginny and Lavender, while Harry was on the complete other side of the action, in front of and to the left of Lav. He had to settle for sitting up on his knees, craning his neck over Lavender's back to get a view, and even that was uncomfortable because his cock was a little too vulnerable sticking out like that, so close to Lavender's face. If she were to open her eyes, she might have even said something. Her sheer bliss and determination to enjoy Ginny's ministrations though prevented her from even noticing.

"Er, ok," Harry said. He wasn't about to turn down an invitation for anything tonight, likely, and a better seat did sound promising. So he crawled on his hands and knees (the bed canopies were too short for him to stand) around Lavender, and sat in the space offered by Parvati. She had just gotten up herself, so the sheets were nice and warm, which his bare ass appreciated.

"Where are you going to sit then?" Harry asked, confused that she was moving away.

"On your lap, silly!" She thought the answer was plainly apparent, but Harry swallowed deep, and Hermione chocked on her last sip of vodka, before she realized he wasn't even thinking that. "Oh come on now! You're completely starkers, and I'm so turned on I can't see straight! You don't expect me to do nothing, do you, with an attractive man available to torment? I want the chance to play too."

Harry could only nod, but faintly he thought he heard Lavender smirk. If she had though, she shut up quickly when Ginny let her first foot loose, and flipped up the material of her camisole on one side to expose half of Lavender's knickers. She was still tracing an unbelievably long line with her tongue, but was fast approaching fabric, and had to move the nightshirt out of her way so she could see.

Harry had taken his seat meanwhile, sitting Indian Style once again, and looked to Parvati as if for instructions on what to do next. She just smiled and took his hand, as he pulled her to himself. Harry still wasn't sure if she was serious about sitting on his lap, but with the way things were heading, he was kind of

hoping she was. So with that intent in mind, he guided her to his seat, and with grace and delicacy, placed herself sitting on top of Harry's naked body.

"Mmmm, that feels good, doesn't it Harry?" She murmured. Slowly she was rocking her hips against his cradled legs, so that the ruffled material of her panties rubbed against the tops of Harry's thighs. His penis was still semi-erect between his legs, but if Parvati didn't stop moving soon, she'd soon be feeling his attention probing her most private of regions.

Harry nodded his head (which Parvati couldn't see), but turned his attention back to Ginny's tongue. She had reached the top of Lavender's thigh now, and was tracing along the seam where her knickers met creamy skin. A quiver moved through Lavender's body at the most intimate touch yet, and even Hermione from her most distant seat could see a fresh layer of goose skin appear on Lavender's legs.

All too soon though Ginny had completed tracing the material's edge, and not being allowed to repeat the process (why had Harry made that stupid rule!), moved to the base of her other thigh to begin the route all over again.

Parvati had steadied her gyrations while Ginny had reached the pinnacle of Lavender's right leg, but with the show moved back down to the left knee (a much less provocative location), she began to move again with renewed vigor. Slowly at first, then picking up speed, she continued to rub small circles from her seat on Harry's lap, dying to create more heat. The friction wasn't only making Harry aroused, but she as well, and by the looks of things, Ginny would be taking her damn sweet time before moving on to another girl. With so much time to waste, why should Parvati pass up the opportunity to get off?

And if that was Parvati's plan, Harry himself was in far worse trouble because the informal lap dance he was getting was playing havoc on his libido. The constant stream of erections he'd suffered through the past hour were taking their toll, and Harry was currently only a few millimeters from levitating Parvati off of his lap with his "magic wand."

"Parvati," Harry said in an almost pained voice, "as much as I'm enjoying this, you've got to stop. If you don't, I don't think I'll be able to hold out much longer."

Leaning her head back to stare Harry in the eyes, the sudden intimacy finally caused Harry's erection to aim high enough so Parvati could feel it poking her from beneath. "Hush up and enjoy, Harry," she said. "I know what I'm doing, and I won't mind what happens because of it." To further accentuate her point, Parvati grabbed Harry's hands from where they were resting on his knees, and guided them to her own lap. Then, matching the pace she was making with her hips, Parvati moved Harry's hands around in concentric circles, rubbing right against her clothed womanhood.

Feeling Harry's erection had been the last straw for Parvati, and with the stimulating sight of Ginny bathing her lover with her tongue, Hermione switching between drinking more vodka and taking more pictures with her camera, and Harry's hand inexpertly rubbing in her moistening lap, Parvati threw all caution to the wind. No longer was she just playing and teasing Harry; now she was looking for release herself. Her rubbing became more desperate, her breaths became quickened and erratic, and as she guided Harry's hands to further stimulate herself, she fast felt herself approaching Harry's heightened state of arousal.

Ginny had reached the top of Lavender's other thigh now, and like before licked a thin line along the edge of her underwear. The rest of the camisole got flipped up on the girl's back, so Lav's entire backside was on display for them all to see. It wasn't as slim as Ginny's, or as taut as Hermione's, but Lavender had plenty of curves and the propped position she was in showed off every last one.

Again Harry heard her moan, and wasn't surprised when he saw what Ginny was doing. Finished licking under the hem of the knickers, Ginny was now placing feather light kisses on Lav's ass through the thin red material that covered it. Slowly her hands (already done removing Lavender's other sock) also crept up, tickling any bare flesh it could find. When Ginny's hands reached the knickers, her fingers up to their first knuckle slipped under the material at the tops of both thighs, and Ginny prepared to slip them off.

Harry couldn't wait for Ginny to proceed, and voiced as much. Ginny didn't acknowledge him though, or at least didn't show it. Never once did she turn around or otherwise take her eyes off of Lavender's body, for only she knew how long she'd been waiting to experience something like this.

Under the red material of Lavender's panties, Ginny fingers traveled in symmetrical shapes, so that each ass cheek got teased exactly like the other. Slowly then she brought her index fingers together, so that they rested above the most center of Lavender's universe. Ginny had no interest in Lavender's asshole at the moment (though she was positioned to explore it if she wanted), but the heat and dampness that she detected was driving her insane, and no longer could she keep up the achingly slow pace.

Like the wild animal she first appeared to be when her little game started, Ginny reached up violently for the top of Lavender's knickers, and roughly pulled them down the girl's legs. Lavender squealed in surprise at the rough treatment, and Parvati on Harry's lap bucked as a slight tremor ran its course through her body, enticing Harry as well. One of his hands remained in her lap, rubbing furiously what he thought the Indian girl might appreciate. The other had somehow crept up Parvati's slim body to cup her left breast, and Harry both hugged the girl to his chest with that hand, while at the same time kneading anatomy he'd only before dreamed of touching.

Ginny had stripped Lavender's knickers off completely by then, and through her separated and upturned ass cheeks, all of them (Hermione took another picture even) could see the bush of Lavender's exposed vagina. Her short and curly locks were the same dirty blonde color of her hair, or at least Harry thought they were until Ginny's face got in the way, attacking Lavender's ass with small nips and kisses wherever there was room. Lavender still wore her camisole, but it was pushed so far up the girl's back her breasts were clearly exposed hanging down below her like a cow's teat. Lavender had the largest breasts of all the girls there by far, and the position she was in wasn't flattering for her heavy globes. Still, the smacking sounds they made as Lavender began to rock against Ginny's assault were decidedly erotic, and even if it wasn't the most flattering view, all those in attendance (even Hermione, though she wouldn't admit it to even herself) couldn't help but stare and get excited.

Parvati had quit rubbing small circles in Harry's lap in favor of rocking her hips in a more animalistic manner, and each time she thrust her pelvis down, she felt the poke of Harry's dick beneath her. Vaguely she recognize whispered moans from him behind her, and knew he was close to an orgasm from the increased speed he was rocking his hips similarly; but she didn't care. To further help matters along, she reached up quickly (leaving Harry's left hand floundering in her lap) to pull her baby doll top down exposing her breasts, and repositioned Harry's right hand on her naked flesh.

When Parvati started to buck with as much enthusiasm as he was, Harry guessed he couldn't last much longer. Then she went and tore her top down, placing his one hand on her breast, and he was positive of it. Through the ruffled material of her top, he had explored as much as he dared of Parvati's chest using soft, light caresses. Now though with a mass of firm flesh in his hand, the time for tenderness for over, and Harry squeezed and tweaked it, rubbed it anyway he could that felt good, as he felt his balls tighten. He felt Parvati's right nipple under his forearm as he played with her left one, and vibrated his left hand against her clitoris in a manner that he hoped felt good. Harry knew he was less than a minute from creaming the underside of Parvati's knickers with his ejaculate, and not willing to stop or slow down, the best he thought he could do was encourage Parvati to orgasm with him.

Little did he know, Parvati had already orgasmed once; although it had only been a tiny quake. Harry's inexperience coupled with his determination, and all the alcohol she'd drank, was very arousing to Parvati, as was the floor show of Ginny now flipping Lavender over on her stomach, pulling the camisole up over her head. Ginny's enthusiasm hadn't calmed any since she'd gone near-feral, but Lavender didn't seem to mind. With her breasts in reach and sucking distance of Ginny's mouth now (Ginny was straddling Lavender's naked waist, her short nightgown covered both girls pubic areas), one could almost see the lust in Lavender's eyes as she for the first time spotted Parvati on Harry's lap, and knew she'd soon be in for some of the same treatment.

“Harder Harry,” Parvati moaned. Even though only a thin layer of cotton plus a few ruffles separated her sex from Harry’s, the contact wasn’t nearly enough for Parvati. She and Lavender had started experimenting slow and easy years ago, yes, but it had been some time since Parvati had enjoyed anything but rough and aggressive sex. The fact that Harry wasn’t inside her, nor did she have the proper stimulation, was making her ache with frustration. Even after her recent mini-orgasm, Parvati was greedy for more. More; harder, faster, and rougher.

Hearing Parvati, Harry grunted in response, and moved both his hands now to hold her breasts. It may not be as stimulating for her, but for Harry it was better, and with his strengthened grip he was able to pull Parvati against him unlike he was able to before. Their hips’ rocking almost came to a stop because he was pressing them together with so much force, but yet their animal instincts and need for completion made them continue. It was a good thing Harry was almost at the end of his journey, for a man could easily rub himself raw otherwise.

While this was going on, Hermione continued taking pictures; both of the lesbian couple that was supposed to be center stage, and the sideshow freaks grinding one on top of the other. It had been ages since she’d had any Hermione-like thoughts, and all she was thinking now was, ‘Merlin! I want me some of that!’

Ginny was still straddled over Lavender’s waist, bent at the hips so their bodies were pressed together tightly. Ginny had already worshiped Lavender’s plentiful breasts in spades, and was assaulting the other girl’s mouth and throat without abandon.

Parvati had her eyes glued to the action, as did Harry, while they rode to the top floor in their mutual elevators of love. In the very back of his mind; the part that wasn’t obsessing right now with Parvati’s round ass, her bountiful tits, or her gyrating thrusts; Harry knew he was beyond the point of no return. Even if Snape walked in on him right at that moment, he was doused with ice cold water, Parvati morphed into Crabbe as a Polyjuice Potion wore off, and Rita Skeeter took pictures for a sex-scandal expose on the Boy-Who-Lived, happened all at the same time; Harry knew he didn’t have a chance of cooling off before he’d explode. If at all possible, his balls were drawn up almost inside his body, getting ready to release their immense load.

Parvati felt it too; the slight changes in Harry’s performance. She knew they wouldn’t climax together (that was always wishful thinking), but she wouldn’t be far behind him either. Still, she wanted to make the experience as enjoyable as possible. Keeping one hand on Harry’s thigh to steady herself, she reached under her seat with the other, and grasped for Harry’s dick. It was long, smooth, and burning hot, and Parvati could already feel the stick of Harry’s genes coat her fingers.

“Oh God,” Harry cried out. Even though he was naked and had Parvati riding on top of him, the last thing he expected was for her to do that. “I’m gonna cum!”

Parvati knew, and furiously stroked his prick from that unnatural angle, teasing his balls with her fingertips, while she rocked like her life depended on it from her position. Her orgasm was fast approaching too, and she knew feeling Harry spurt beneath her would catapult her into that glorious bliss.

Harry had already been well on his way before Parvati grabbed him; therefore she only got off three quick strokes before his world exploded in black and white spots that threatened him with unconsciousness. His hands stilled with a tight grip on Parvati’s breasts, his rocking stopped (though hers continued), and as each shot of semen left his body, he punctuated it with an authoritative thrust of his hips. Parvati was moaning continuously at that point, feeling his warm jism on her hands, and Harry clamped down on her neck in a passionate embrace fearing voicing his own pleasure. The most erotic thing though: the one that made Harry hope that no matter how well Hermione tried to obliviate him in the morning, it wouldn’t work; was the look on Ginny’s and Lavender’s faces.

Not once since the “dare” had started had either of them paid any attention to anyone but themselves, but they must have been listening, for at some moment both girls paused to watch Harry cum. Lavender leaned up on her elbows, while Ginny craned her neck around on her shoulders. Ginny’s hands were still tangled

in the flesh of Lavender's mounds, and the two were grinding their pussies together, but both had their eyes locked on Harry and Parvati, and it was good.

Parvati still stroked him as Harry's member died down, and most of his spunk landed either in her hand, or on their crossed legs. His gaze met Ginny's once, and momentarily he fought through his alcohol-induced state and feared her rejection because of his perversion, but that moment passed. In her eyes he saw nothing but understanding and an equal amount of lust, and Harry closed his eyes to savor the last of Parvati's ministrations. His cock was just twitching at that point, milked of all its seed, but lord, did it still feel good.

"Harry," Parvati said. "Don't stop." She could hardly speak more than a word at a time. "I'm not...done yet."

Harry didn't think he could do much more, truthfully, but now that his sexually clouded mind was starting to clear, he moved first one hand, then two down to Parvati's lap to renew his previous activities. Ginny and Lavender continued to grind and watch, Hermione continued to take pictures, and Parvati continued to rock her hips. She'd sacrificed some of her pleasure to help Harry with his, and now it was time for him to reciprocate.

Cupping his right hand at Parvati's sex, he grabbed her so low that his fingers reached all the way around to cover her ass, with the heel of his hand pushing against her apex. Her legs were spread wide now, and pressing hard into her like that, Harry was able to glide Parvati back and forth over his lap like a windshield wiper.

His cock was still hard too, though not as much, and each time Harry dragged his former Yule Ball date (who hadn't had a good time!) towards him with his powerful arms, it pressed against her moist opening, fighting to break through the thin fabric of her ruffled knickers.

With his other hand, Harry pressed higher up on Parvati's lap, so his palm was right below her navel. Harry wasn't so inexperienced with women as to not have read up on the subject, and as his one hand moved Parvati while deeply pressing into her sex, his other tickled and caressed her more sensitive spots. The combination of fast and slow, deep and shallow, hard and soft was all too much for Parvati. Harry was still latched onto her neck, sucking and licking her brown skin, and the others' eyes on her was undeniably hot! It was only two minutes after Harry's own release that Parvati followed suit.

Bucking uncontrollably, Parvati saw a grin in her lover's eye as the last thing she witnessed, before her eyes rolled up into the back of her head and wave upon wave assaulted every nerve ending and erogenous zone in her sixteen year old, young nubile body. Harry kept moving his fingers, which was good, and Parvati had to lift her arms and grab around his neck to prevent from sliding out of his lap; she felt like such a puddle of pleasure. Her hands were still sticky from Harry's cum, and some got in his hair, but Parvati didn't notice or care as her muscles continued to convulse in what was one of her most mind-blowing orgasms to date. Considering she's had no penetration or actual genital contact, that was saying something, and Parvati would later come to realize she enjoyed being watched in the throws of passion, and it only added to her satisfaction.

Both satiated, it was another few minutes before either of them could move, much less attempt to part. Hermione was in awe of what she'd witnessed, and Ginny and Lavender had taken the time to slow down and enjoy a little more compassion and a little less animalistic vehemence in their proceedings.

It was Hermione who broke the silence, and ultimately spurred Ginny on to remove herself from Lavender.

"I am so jealous!" Then she paused, blushed as she realized what she'd said, and added on, "I can't believe I said that aloud."

Ginny just laughed as she helped Lavender up into a sitting position, and Harry had the good sense to look at least a little embarrassed. After all, he had more or less just dry-humped his best friend's roommate not three feet from her, and he'd loved every moment of it.

"Who are you jealous of Herm?" Parvati asked. "Me and Harry, or Gin and Lav?"

"Both, all, either," she answered back immediately, and then blushed even further. "Dear lord, I am so drunk!"

Lavender smirked that at least Hermione was sounding like she'd be willing to have a good time now. "I think you've had enough vodka Hermione. Give someone else the bottle now, you've had enough."

Hermione shook her head like a three year old. "I can't. Nope, not gonna happen. It's all gone." And it really was, for Hermione overturned the clear bottle in front of them all, and the expected liquid that should have spilled out was nowhere to be found.

"Jesus Hermione," Harry intoned, more than a little surprised. "That bottle was at least a fifth of the way filled when we gave it to you. You were only supposed to take two shots!"

Hermione looked directly at Harry, and with a deadpan expression, just replied, "I was thirsty." Harry was gob smacked, and his look caused Hermione to absolutely lose it. She laughed unlike any of them had heard before, and even went as far as to roll on her back in exaggerated gestures.

"Um, I think we should maybe put Hermione to bed," Ginny suggested. "She really doesn't sound very normal."

"I'm not normal," Hermione snapped back, forgetting in an instant that she was supposed to be laughing. "Thanks to you four, your stupid game, and your stupid rules, I'm now drunk off my ass. Which, by the way, Ginny still has to uncover for you all to appreciate. So Ginny, you're not my mum, and I'm not going to bed. I haven't been ravished by Harry yet, and god damn it, if anyone here deserves it it's me! You have a dare to complete Ginny, and now that we don't have anymore vodka to duel out as punishment for delaying, I'm sure I could think of something else instead. Like maybe showing these pictures to Ron, hmmm? Or posting them in the Slytherin common room? No, I thought not? Parvati and I are still dressed, although Parvati's tits are hanging out like a slag's, so GET TO WORK!"

Finished with her tirade, Hermione collapsed back in her spot huffing and puffing, clearly out of breath. She was way beyond tipsy or drunk; that much was obvious; and there was no way Harry could do anything with Hermione now. He'd never stoop so low as to take advantage of his best friend while she was intoxicated, regardless of whether he wanted to or not, and was sorry he wouldn't get the chance.

On the bright side though, she was ordering Ginny to complete her dare, and damned if Harry wouldn't mind seeing Ginny take advantage of Hermione in his stead. Maybe she'd even get off her bra and knickers, now that Hermione was in a better mood? Eager to find out, Harry winked at Hermione, and turned to the others.

"You heard her Gin, get on with it!"

Parvati chuckled from her spot, and the slight bouncing brought back familiar feelings in Harry's nether regions.

"Me next, me next," Parvati cheered playfully. "Harry made my clothes all sticky, Ginny. Can you please help get me out of them?"

Parvati was delivering her lines with a puppy dog look on her face, and Ginny just had to laugh as she nodded her head yes. If Parvati thought she was going through a repeat performance of what she'd done with Lavender though, she was sorely mistaken. Ginny had spent a good ten minutes undressing the first

girl. And although she hadn't noticed it until just then, her jaw was sore and her tongue was stiff from all the kissing she'd done.

Still, Ginny was more than willing to divest the Asian beauty of her skimpy bedclothes (which she had the decency to pull up over her breasts at least), and crawled on her hands and knees like a tiger again to where she could start. Parvati made to get up off of Harry's lap, but Ginny reached her destination, and pushed the girl back down.

"Don't get up just yet," Ginny delivered with a very adult voice. "Harry might get cold, and we wouldn't want that. Besides, he might enjoy this as I work my way around him."

Parvati looked a little disappointed, but Harry was intrigued. How was Ginny going to strip Parvati of her teddy with her still on his lap?

Well, Ginny managed just fine. Just like with Lav, she started by kissing Parvati along her neck and throat, and the action was so close to Harry's face he could actually smell each of the girls' fragrant scents. Parvati smelled more raw and sensual (like sex), and Ginny had a clean, slightly cinnamon tang about her. They blended quite nice, and when Ginny moved down to Parvati's breasts, pushing her top down to clear a path, Harry propped his head over Parvati's shoulder for a front row seat.

Parvati's breasts were red and marred from Harry's rough treatment, and Ginny added to the collection with her nips and licks as she traced her way further down. She wasn't spending nearly the same amount of time as she had on Lavender, but because Parvati had so recently had an orgasm, that was alright. She was still worked up, and even the smallest tongue flick sent shivers down her spine, which Harry felt as well.

When Ginny could move no further, she urged Parvati to raise her hips, and together they managed to slip the small scrap of fabric down Parvati's legs. Harry became exposed again at that point, and Ginny had a greedy grin in her eyes as she viewed his satisfied member less than a foot away. Her tongue was dipping into Parvati's navel, and already Ginny's hands were working their way under Parvati's knickers, slowly sliding them down.

When they were low on Parvati's hips, Ginny switched tactics and moved down a bit, so she could lick the inside of Parvati's thighs. All the way up her legs she guided her tongue, until like on Lavender, she reached the material of cloth, and licked along the edge. Ginny's mouth was dangerously close to Harry's cock, something Ginny had no doubt planned on, and it was all he could do to keep still from her soft moans and warm breath.

Eventually after what seemed like eternity, Ginny pulled Parvati's panties the rest of the way off, and surprised everyone by sliding her hands between Parvati's rear and Harry's legs, and lifting the other girl towards herself.

"Help me support Parvati, Harry," she whispered. Harry had no complaints, and held Parvati in the small of her back as she thrust her hips towards Ginny's sensual mouth. Parvati's privates were completely bare (a rumor Harry had always heard, but never believed), and the lack of cover gave all five of them a perfect view as Ginny licked around Parvati's opening timidly, as if afraid of moving any closer to the center.

Off to the side Lavender was casually rubbing her breasts with one hand, and caressing Parvati's outstretched foot with the other. Hermione had her camera out again (how much film did she have?), but was also looking flustered. Small moans and sighs also escaped her mouth, as it seemed that her lowered inhibitions were finally allowing her to get some fulfillment of such an erotic display.

It wasn't long before Ginny grew bold enough to move past teasing Parvati with her shyness and lick her slit properly. She had no idea what she was doing, at least from a giving end, but just decided to mimic what she thought she might herself enjoy. From Parvati's vocal delights, it must have been good enough. Ginny's first foray into cunnilingus was a long, broad stroke with her tongue right up the middle of

Parvati's opening. She stopped just as her tongue landed on a swollen clitoris, and Harry swore he saw her wiggle her tongue before breaking contact, and repeating the move.

After that Ginny began to explore, never delving into Parvati's quim too far, but always touching new and exciting places. Parvati's labia, the perineum right in front of her anus, the sensitive hood of her clit, and finally the little bud beneath that same hood.

Parvati was bucking again into Ginny's embrace, and Harry's sweaty hands were loosing their grip on her when Ginny decided she'd finally had enough. She was no expert in oral sex by far; had only read and heard about it; and Lavender on-looker (who had much more experience) was making her feel uneasy. Deciding to change positions again, she backed away as Parvati collapsed on Harry's lap.

"Parvati," Ginny said, "stand up and lean over Harry's shoulder."

It was an odd request, but after yet another incredible orgasm (was it her third or fourth?), who was she to complain? So Parvati stood after steadying her legs, and turned around to face Harry, gave him a quick kiss on the lips, and then bent over his right shoulder, so her ass was in the air. So knew well enough to arch her back so Ginny would have better access without being told, and did so immediately. Ginny was pleased, and rewarded her with another broad stroke up her pussy much to Harry's delight. The action was back to being right in Harry's face, and his cock was slowly coming back to life with the non-stop stimuli.

Ginny had had her fill of snatch though, and mostly just kissed and licked Parvati's ripe ass as it was proudly displayed. Occasionally she would lick circles around Parvati's puckered brown hole, or dip in for another solitary poke at her cunny, but then she'd move right back to worshipping that ass. Harry couldn't blame her, as Parvati really did have a nice bum!

Once Ginny had stopped and bravely leant in for a kiss from Harry. Parvati whimpered at the loss of contact, but Ginny's soulful intense kiss was short. Harry could taste Parvati's musk on Ginny's tongue, and knew he'd kill to have more kisses like that. After whispering "I want you to do this to me later tonight" in Harry's ear, Ginny returned to Parvati.

"Mmmm, that was heavenly," was what Parvati had to say when it was all over. She's only spent maybe three minutes bent over Harry's shoulder before Ginny stopped her actions and patted Parvati on the back to let her know she was done. Still, with one more girl for Ginny to undress, and the rest of the night to get to, Parvati didn't mind too much ending prematurely.

"Your turn, Hermione," Harry informed her. He's been looking forward to this ever since he'd dared Ginny, and was glad she was the last of the females to be disrobed. Even though Parvati and Lavender were beautiful, and Parvati's lap dance was thrilling, Harry thought there was something about seeing his two best friends undress each other, when he'd never thought of them in that way before. Well, maybe he'd thought about it, but never expected to see it.

"She's not going to be easy," Lavender pointed out. Harry happened to agree. Even as drunk as she was, Hermione would no doubt interrupt Ginny and ruin the mood any chance she got.

"Let's just hold her down," Parvati suggested.

Hermione huffed. "I'm right here you know, and I will not be tied down like some livestock animal!"

Ginny smiled at Harry, and then at Parvati and nodded. "Yup, hold her down."

"No!" But it was too late. Even as Hermione complained, the three already naked teenagers leapt upon her, using their combined strength to drag Hermione down into a prone position. She was on her stomach now, with her head cushioned in Harry's lap, and each one of her feet held by her room mates.

“Harry, get that monster away from my face!” In all the playful commotion, Harry didn’t even realize that Hermione’s face was literally inches from his semi rigid penis. He had to use his hands to hold her shoulders still, and therefore was leaning forward from his seat, and that put him in a very awkward position.

“No,” Ginny said, coming up with another wicked idea. “Hermione, I like seeing Harry’s prick so close to you mouth like that. You should too, if you’d just have some fun. If you don’t like it, then close your eyes.”

Hermione just whimpered, and complained that she couldn’t keep her eyes closed with such a view to feast on. Yet she still felt very embarrassed being so close to Harry’s nakedness, and the others knew she wouldn’t relax until the problem was solved.

“Maybe we should just switch spots,” Harry suggested to the other girls. “I could hold her feet, and one of you could hold her shoulders.”

“I don’t think either of us are strong enough Harry, and you know she’s going to squirm,” Lavender answered back. Let’s just blindfold her and be done with it.”

“What can we use?” Ginny wondered.

This time it was Harry who had an evil idea. The last of Parvati’s clothing were still hanging off the bedpost where someone had moved them, and by stretching out his arm, he was just able to pick up the piece he was looking for.

“Allow me,” Harry smirked. “I think this will do nicely.”

“Harry, what on earth are you putting on my head?” Hermione was still lying on her stomach, and to prevent looking at Harry’s dick, had buried her face in the soft sheets.

Harry didn’t bother to answer as he slipped the scrap of material over her head and pulled the front down to cover her eyes. It was an uncomfortable fit, but it did the job, and now Hermione would be properly blind.

“Eww, this is sticky! Is this a used towel or something? And what’s that smell? It seems familiar.”

All of the girls were shocked that Harry had placed Parvati’s discarded knickers over Hermione’s head, but were very turned on by it as well. They knew Hermione wouldn’t approve though, and therefore no one answered her questions.

“Harry? Ginny? Will someone answer me god damn it!”

Ginny’s mouth crept into a smile, and she lifted her finger to her lips to signal the others to remain silent. Blind, and totally in the hands of her captors, Harry only thought it fitting that Hermione get a taste of her own medicine, after hexing him into a body bind and torturing him like she did.

Parvati and Lavender were game as well, and with everyone’s consent, Ginny bent down to Hermione’s stretched out body. Like with the others she started to lick and kiss Hermione’s legs and the inside of her knees, and Harry really did have to use all his strength to prevent his best friend’s escape.

“Ginny! Ohhh, please stop. That feels too good; it isn’t right.”

Her protests fell on deaf ears though. Ginny continued to move down Hermione’s legs, actually sucking on her feet and toes, and Hermione pleaded with them all to release her. Just as Ginny was flicking the soft webbing of flesh between her big and second toe though, Hermione finally stopped asking them to stop, and just settled into silent arousal; unable to ignore her body’s reaction.

When a full minute had gone by, and still Hermione hadn't renewed her complaints, Ginny smiled at Harry and moved back up the girl's legs. She knew she'd won, at least temporarily, and planned to take full advantage of that fact.

Parvati and Lavender planned to take full advantage of something else, meanwhile. Now that Hermione's feet were slippery with Ginny's saliva, and they were strategically placed in their naked laps, Lavender had the good idea to scoot forwards and rub her roommate's foot against her moist vagina. Hermione knew right away what was happening, but instead of arguing, flinched at first by jumping in place, and shifting her foot upwards in a twitch. That only caused her pedicured toes though to brush against Lavender's clit, and Lavender liked that even better.

Viewing her lover's success, Parvati soon followed suit with Hermione's other foot, and even directed the toes shallowly in and out of her own opening. Hermione continued to physically protest for awhile, which caused Parvati and Lavender to use both hands to grasp each leg, but like before, after a minute gave in to the inevitable and relented.

Free from having to use all their strength, both Lav and Parvati freed one of their hands for another task, and touched themselves and each other seeking more pleasure. Now that they were sitting side by side as well, they also resumed their previous fevered kissing. Parvati was rocking her hips again into Hermione's petite foot, and Lavender moved into a more comfortable position. Away from Indian style, she instead uncrossed her legs and raised her knees, so Harry had a perfect view of what she was doing with Hermione's foot. Harry was getting hard again.

And his hardness made its confirmed comeback when Ginny reached Hermione's boxers, and slowly slid them down the prone girl's legs. Harry had already seen a peek of Hermione's knickers and knew they were a dark color, but nothing prepared him for what they turned out to be.

Unlike what he expected from his serious, practical friend, Hermione Granger was wearing the sexiest pair of underwear he'd ever seen!

A deep navy blue with lace accents, the way they stretched across her ass cheeks looked like they ought to pop a stitch. The material was also thin, silk he thought, and Harry could see her every curve behind the near transparent fabric. They were also cut much differently than Parvati's knickers had been; had more skin showing; and had Harry known any better, he would have recognized the Brazilian style right away.

"Hermione's got the sexiest underwear of any Gryffindor girl," Ginny broke the silence with a whisper. "Wizarding versions just can't compare with popular muggle fashion."

Harry only nodded, not moving his gaze from Hermione's unbelievable backside. There wasn't a single tan line on her creamy skin, nor a hint of cellulite on her smooth thighs, nor a single hair, blemish, or bruise anywhere in view. Ginny was just as impressed as Harry, and after she passed the boxers to Parvati to extricate from Hermione's legs, bent down to pay her respects.

It wasn't much different than what she'd done with the other girls. Ginny placed kisses all around Hermione's knickers, and then placed some kisses through the silk right on her bum. Using her tongue, Ginny was able to get the material sufficiently damp to look like wet tissue paper, and if they showed off a lot before, it was nothing to what they showed off now.

Harry was so turned on that he couldn't help but stroke himself softly, and thankfully Hermione didn't take advantage of his using only one arm to restrain her. Briefly Harry wondered what she'd do if she knew he was wanking himself not inches from her face, and considered removing her blindfold. But on the off chance that she would freak, he squelched that thought, and moved his attention back to Ginny.

When Ginny had had her fill of Hermione's backside, they all flipped Hermione on her back together. Her knickers from the front angle were just as sexy, and not a stray hair or loose thread ruined the perfect sight.

In fact, through the thin fabric Harry thought he could see a darkened patch of hair, and stroked himself double time in response.

Ginny moved from her side position and straddled Hermione's chest, actually sitting on her breasts facing away from Harry. That caused Hermione to exhale a sharp breath, but she relaxed into a steady breathing pattern once Ginny leaned forward and started to kiss her ankles and shins.

Harry was busy looking at Hermione's covered breasts now that his other view was obstructed, and couldn't wait for Ginny to remove the thin wife beater. Which is why he missed out on most of what Ginny was doing; until she took off her own nightgown at least.

With a practiced movement, Ginny crossed her arms and grabbed the hem of her shirt, and lifted it up and over her head in one swift movement. Stripping herself hadn't been part of the dare, Harry vaguely considered, but he was glad she wasn't being picky. Most likely if she didn't undress herself it would have happened anyway in the next dare, so he was glad Ginny was taking the initiative.

Harry was also appreciative of the new view. Ginny's bare back was thin compared to the others he'd seen, but that was only because she was more athletic, and less curvy than even Hermione. She also had a tan line where it looked like a bikini top had been, and Harry liked the contrast between the pale white of her natural color, and the fading burn from her summer tan.

Ginny's knickers weren't anything spectacular either, especially compared to Hermione's, but somehow that suited her. No Weasley could afford such expensive undergarments, and the plain white panties looked very good on Ginny's small, almost boyish rear end.

Ginny peaked over her shoulder to see Harry's reaction, and was pleased to see him focusing on her ass. Not ready yet to turn around, she spent another few moments licking Hermione's knee caps while she gathered her courage.

When she did turn around, she knew she needn't fear Harry's reaction. Although stereotypically she had the least feminine body type there, the look Harry gave her as his eyes roamed over her pert naked breasts were just as lust fueled as any looks he'd given Parvati or Lavender. In Harry's mind, although not as attractive as Parvati's (but really, whose were?), Ginny's breasts were more so than Lav's, and Hermione's still remained an unknown. With no droop and flawlessly centered nipples, they were about the size of a perfect mouthful really, and Harry thought he could spend the rest of his days proving just that. And each breast was surrounded by tan lines, forming small triangle that were only millimeters away from her nipples. That Ginny wore such revealing swimsuits was another huge turn on.

"Help me with her shirt, Harry," Ginny instructed. Hermione moaned, and Harry was spurred into action (and away from staring at Ginny's breasts) by the sound.

Together, both helped get the thin shirt off Hermione, and it revealed not a white bra like Harry had thought, but a light pink one instead. It was made of the same silk as her knickers, but in a different style, and Harry could see a clasp holding the two sides together in the front. And even though her underwear didn't match (that is always sexier, isn't it?), Harry was again blown away with how turned on he was getting from his best friend, and his other friend's little sister. Parvati and Lavender were somewhere in the background he knew, but Harry didn't bat a single eye at them. Right now he was solely concerned with the two gorgeous girls in front of him, and that was more than enough.

Free to continue her administrations, Ginny scooted back down to sit on Hermione's thighs, and bent forward to kiss the valley between her breasts. They looked just as perfect as Parvati's in their confines, but Harry knew looks could be deceiving, and minus the pink bra that could change. Still, the sight was erotic, and both Ginny and Hermione looked like they were enjoying themselves.

When Ginny had finished there, she moved underneath the bra's cups and tickled Hermione's sensitive ribcage, and even licked under her arms where the swell of her breasts curved outward. Like with Parvati,

occasionally Ginny would straighten out to give Harry a kiss or nibble his lip, and then just as he'd reach to pull her in closer, would mischievously back away and return to Hermione.

All this time Hermione remained quiet. She hadn't said one word since her initial complaints before her feet were grabbed by Lavender and Parvati, but a few moments later she did break her silence.

Ginny had just smiled up at Harry, and then dove down to lick at where Hermione's nipples were through her bra, when Hermione bucked up and whimpered, "Oh yes!"

That was all the encouragement Ginny needed to redouble her efforts, and soon Hermione's bra was just as wet and well covered as the back of her knickers had been. Ginny was taking whole mouthfuls in at once, and Hermione was loving it. Maybe it was the fact that she was drunk, or perhaps because she had on a blindfold that reeked of sex and might be influencing her; but whatever the reason, Hermione didn't complain one iota under Ginny's hedonistic ministrations.

Eventually though, all good things must come to an end, and Ginny soon stood up and dismounted Hermione. Her knickers had been lost at some point; probably taken away by Lavender or Parvati when Harry wasn't looking, and Ginny was a truly beautiful sight. She had neither the full bush of hair like Lavender, nor the bare skin of Parvati. Ginny's lower lips were covered in soft downy curls of deep auburn, and Harry thought he might offer up his own services to take a closer look. But the game was still on, and even though Hermione remained blindfolded and silent, it was Ginny's turn to ask the fateful question, and so far only one person had yet to be addressed.

"Lavender," she put forward, "truth or dare?"