

Alternate Sleeping Arrangements

Author's Note: What follows is a modified version of Chapter Nine of; *The Well of Shadows*. The original draft that I produced was slightly steamier than what eventually got posted. This here is for the most part the uncut version, although I decided that since I would actually be posting it I should at least give it a bit more body. As such I've fleshed out the scenes in more detail than when I first wrote it.

~ Alternate Sleeping Arrangements ~

Harry slowly drifted to consciousness, reluctantly letting the veil of sleep fall away from him as he returned to the waking world. His lack of enthusiasm was primarily rooted in the fact that he had been having a very pleasant dream involving himself, a naked Ginny and a large carton of peanut-butter and strawberry flavoured ice-cream.

He had just been getting to the interesting bits, both of the dream and the ice-cream covered Ginny, when he became aware of a weight resting on his left arm.

Though his eyes remained shut he smiled at the realization that he was lying with Ginny curled up in his arms. His thoughts and memories were still fuzzy, but the warmth of her body pressed against him negated any need to think clearly, he felt. Instead of worrying about the all too real likelihood of being discovered sharing a bed with Ginny at Hogwarts, Harry simply lay in the bed and luxuriated in the sensations that were beginning to seep into his mind.

His right arm was draped over Ginny's waist and had somehow during the night slipped inside her negligee, which had ridden up and over her hips to bunch around her waist, allowing his hand to rest on her bare stomach. He could feel her back and thighs spooned along the length of his body. His left arm was curled underneath her, supporting the weight of her head which had brought about his slow awakening, with that hand cupping one of her fabric-covered breasts. But the most pleasant feeling of all was that of his groin pushed up against the bare curves of her rear and his straining erection, which had somehow escaped his pyjama bottoms, nestled in the crevice of her buttocks.

Memories of his highly entertaining, not to mention erotic, dream began to come back to him. Though no ice-cream was present, peanut-butter and strawberry flavoured or not, a lustful and mischievous smile came to him. Why not make his dream a pleasurable reality? Lying there with Ginny cuddled up against him, Harry decided to gently rouse her in a manner he knew, from prior experience over the summer, she would appreciate.

Keeping his eyes closed, Harry slowly began to move his right hand across the silky plains of Ginny's stomach. With his left hand, trapped under her, he started gently massaging the breast he was holding. He let his fingers play lightly against the soft mound while his thumb circled and brushed over her nipple, which he could feel grow taut under his ministrations. Breathing in deeply as he cautiously shifted closer to her, Harry could smell the faint scent of apples from her hair. In that abstract manner of drowsy half-wakefulness, he briefly noticed that she must have changed her shampoo.

As he gently tickled the fingers of his hand around her navel, earning soft giggles of enjoyment from Ginny that bolstered his amorous desires, Harry leaned his head in and adoringly nuzzled at her neck. He lightly took the nipple he was teasing with his left hand and lovingly rolled it between his fingers. Ginny wiggled about, groaning quietly, while the hand caressing her belly paused as he decided in which direction to proceed.

He blew softly on Ginny's neck, both to stimulate her and remove the stray wisp of curly hair that was tickling his nose. She shivered slightly at his breath and Harry began to ever so slowly let his hand wind its way down. The tips of his fingers were only just brushing against her sleek skin, leisurely dipping fractionally lower with each sway of his wrist. Ginny, aroused by the stimulation he was providing, started rocking her hips back and forth, just as slowly as his hand was descending towards the junction of her legs.

Hmm... curly, Harry's somnolent mind managed to think as his fingers strayed into the soft and downy thatch of hair covering her mound. Just as the tips of his fingers began to brush the tip of her damp slit, his hand's movements began to slow when his thoughts followed this observation, *No. Not curly. Bushy.*

Harry froze so still --every single muscle he possessed becoming fixed as stone-- that he could almost have passed for having been petrified by a Basilisk.

Oh dear.

His sudden and total shock, which doused his ardour as effectively as an arctic shower, was further compounded when the bed shifted behind him, indicating the presence of a third person. A slender, clearly feminine arm snaked its way around his waist and a pair of long and silken legs became entwined with his from behind.

The arm curled around his waist was bent at the elbow, so her hand was resting on his naked chest. Her breasts were pressing against his back as she snuggled up to him. Harry could feel her head resting behind his on the pillow and he could detect the familiar fragrance of cherry. There was a

warm, tickling sensation on the back of his neck every time she breathed.

I'm going to die of a heart attack, he thought desperately. *Either that or Ginny's going to kill me.*

Far too apprehensive to even consider opening his eyes to see who it was he was still embracing, Harry lay completely motionless between the two women. Slowly he tried to disentangle himself from the woman in front of him, very gently starting to slide his hips back and away from her. Unfortunately, at this slight movement, she moaned and pushed her rump against him with a firm and vigorous wiggle, moaning softly in the back of her throat in protest. Harry immediately became still and held his breath, deathly afraid that she'd wake up or (worse) shift to where they might achieve some form of penetration. Licking his lips nervously Harry decided, since it was apparent that he was well and truly trapped, to brave capturing Ginny's sleepy attention.

Gin? he asked, holding his breath as he awaited her reply. The hand at his chest began circling in slow, languid strokes.

~Hhmmmn~ came a sleepy response.

Are you awake?

Ginny replied, *~Mm-hmm.~*

The legs entwined with his own were rubbing against his, the silky-smoothness of her bare thighs stroking against him as warmly as any lover's caress. Wanting to confirm his suspicions as to just who it was behind him that was teasing him so, Harry enquired, *Are you behind me?*

~Uh-huh~ Behind him, Harry could feel Ginny nodding her head fractionally.

Swallowing nervously he asked the question that was preying very heavily on his mind at the moment. He was slightly, more than slightly to be honest, nervous as to how Ginny would react but he managed to ask, *Then who's the half-naked girl in front of me?*

"WHAT?!"

.oOo.

- The Previous Evening -

Harry was looking forward to a good night's sleep. No offence to Madam Pomfrey and her work, but the beds in the Hospital Wing left much to be desired. Primarily, Harry felt, they needed the addition of certain nubile, young redhead he had become rather fond of. Yes, the beds in the infirmary would be much more hospitable with a Ginny resting in each of them.

It had been an exquisite torture the previous night, having to sleep with Ginny so near to him but unable to cross the short gap separating their beds.

Suffice it to say the previous night had not provided much in the way of good sleep. Of course, Harry and Ginny had both been worn out so they had managed to get several hours of shuteye in, even though it had hardly been restful for them. Sleeping in separate beds, even only a yard or two apart, was not something either of them was used to anymore.

"Good 't have you back with us, Harry," Seamus said as they readied themselves for bed.

"Yeah," agreed Dean, from behind his drawn curtains. "It was too empty in here with only Seamus, Neville and me."

Harry smiled as he pulled on his pyjama top. "Thanks, mates. After four nights in the Hospital Wing, it's great to be back."

Tonight though, tonight, Harry knew he would be getting a restful night's sleep. After all, he could not have anything less with Ginny beside him. He had spoken to Dumbledore after dinner, allegedly to discuss the repairs and renovations for the ruined Practical Fighting Techniques auditorium. Towards the end of the conversation Harry had tentatively broached, once again, the subject of him and Ginny possibly sharing a bed.

Surprisingly the headmaster had readily agreed to it, although he had cautioned both of them to be as discreet as possible. That had of course gone without saying, although his grandfatherly entreaty to also be careful about the possible consequences had managed to bring a bright blush to both their faces.

"G'night, Harry," called Neville, already sounding sleepy. Dean and Seamus followed close on the heels of his words and after Harry returned their goodnights, the Gryffindor boys settled down for the night.

Harry lay back on his bed and silently counting off the minutes as he waited. Using his wand for some light he checked the wizard wristwatch Ginny had given him the previous Christmas and saw that it had been nearly a quarter of an hour. Silently stretching out with his senses Harry confirmed that his three roommates were sleeping quietly in their beds.

Ginny? It's clear.

~I'm climbing the stairs now~ came a quick response. As the thought came to him, Harry felt the warm glow Ginny radiated. He had surreptitiously placed a Silencing Charm on the dormitory door earlier, as well as a Muffling Charm on the floor. Added to the multitude of Silencing Charms already in place around his bed, not even the faintest of sounds reached his ears as Ginny crept into the room.

Silent as the night the drapes to his bed parted and a shadowy figure slipped inside. The light from his wand illuminated Ginny's fiery red hair and the dark blue satin nightdress she was wearing. Harry reached out a hand and gently pulled her down to him, half on top of him on the bedside.

~This would be a lot easier if we had your invisibility cloak~ she mentioned, lovingly planting a kiss on the tip of his nose.

Sirius borrowed it, remember? he replied, returning her kiss with one to the cheek. He smiled at her in the dimness. *At least we don't have to worry about anybody overhearing us.*

Ginny nodded and proceeded to kiss him fervently on the lips, using her hands to grasp his head close against her. Harry's arms were wrapped around her waist and he slid one hand up to press between her shoulders as his other slipped down to cup her rear as he held her tight. She gasped into his mouth and pulled back, breaking their kiss, looking at him with her eyes bright and full of desire.

~It's still early~ she noted suggestively, releasing one hand from behind his head and trailing it down his neck and along his collarbone. She began pulling playfully at the buttons to his pyjama top, deftly slipping them from their holes, baring his chest to her further ministrations.

Why, Miss Weasley, Harry thought, leaning in to trace a path of kisses along her neck. He gently nuzzled against her, relishing in the contact, as she slipped the shirt from his shoulders. In a smooth motion he shrugged the top off, releasing his hands for the act, but returning them immediately to her sides. *I thought we told Dumbledore that we'd be discreet.*

Ginny grinned impishly, repressing a soft moan of delight as his hands slid up to brush her breasts through the thin fabric of her nightdress, and playfully nipped at his ear. *~We have plenty of Silencing Charms up and around your bed...~*

Ordinarily it would have been extremely difficult for somebody to sneak up on the couple, as their connection with the Order of the Phoenix would allow them to perceive the approaching magic early on. At the moment, however, Harry and Ginny were otherwise too preoccupied to be paying any attention to the magic surrounding them. Thus they almost jumped out of their skins when the curtains surrounding Harry's bed were unexpectedly pulled aside.

"Harry?"

The voice came in a hushed, not to mention surprised, whisper. Harry and Ginny, who had jumped apart as if struck by a bolt of lightning from a clear blue sky, stared up at the embarrassment flushed face of Hermione.

~I don't care if she's my brother's girlfriend~ he heard Ginny thinking, *~I'm still going to kill her for interrupting us.~*

Wait, Gin, wait, he cautioned, *look at her face.*

Hermione was standing there, dressed in a simple –if somewhat short and revealing– pastel negligee, staring at the young lovers with a look of acute astonishment and awkwardness firmly in place. However, upon looking more closely, it became apparent that there was something more bothering her. Hermione's eyes were rimmed with red, showing that she had been crying recently and her bottom lip was trembling almost imperceptibly.

"Ginny?" she asked, her left hand clutching the curtains. "What are you doing here? I didn't know Dumbledore had agreed to let the two of you sleep together yet."

"It's... provisional at the moment, Hermione," explained Ginny, picking up on the other girl's distress and sitting up straighter. She patted on the bed between her and Harry, motioning for Hermione to sit down.

A small sob escaped from Hermione's quivering lips as she dropped heavily onto the bed. Harry shifted until he was almost right up against her and slipped his arm around her shoulders. He shared a worried look with Ginny behind Hermione's back and then turned to ask, "What's the matter, Hermione? Is something wrong?"

Wordlessly Hermione handed him a crumpled piece of paper she had been holding in her right hand, her movements slow and deliberate, but still unsteady. As Harry took the paper from her, noting that it was Muggle paper instead of proper parchment, she began to weep softly. Tears streamed down her face and Ginny squeezed close and slipped her one arm around Hermione's waist, taking hold of her left arm with the other. His apprehension building, Harry uncrumpled the sheet of paper and began to read.

Dearest Hermione,

This has been a very hard letter for us to write, but we feel, as your parents, that we must do this. It would be in your best interests if you were to leave Hogwarts. –Harry literally felt his heart skip a beat when he read this–*We know how much you have enjoyed your time there, but we're talking about your safety now, Hermione.*

You have always told us, and everything we've heard and read seemed to back it up, that Hogwarts School is considered the safest place in the magical world. We know that Professor Dumbledore is widely renowned as the greatest wizard of modern times, as that Professor McGonagall told us, and we know that your friend Harry is supposedly just as great, if not more so. But surely now, after this disaster, you must see that this is all wrong and you are indeed at risk there.

Hermione, you've been hurt, and even the wizarding world cannot help you, from what the letter we received from the school nurse said. We simply do not feel that you are safe there. We want you home. We know that you are a witch, and we're very proud of what you have accomplished over the years. We also understand that you won't want to leave your other friend, the one who was so badly injured with you, and no doubt wish to remain at his side. But we want to have you here with us, where we know that you will be safe and sound.

Do not think, even for a moment, that we are doing this to punish you in any way, Hermione. We love you more than anything in the whole world. This was not an easy decision for us to make and we hope that someday you will see that we are correct in our actions.

We have sent a formal letter to the school's headmaster, informing him of our intention to withdraw you from the school upon the start of the Christmas holidays. We hope that this will give you enough time to tidy up your affairs there and say goodbye to all your friends and

schoolmates before you leave.

Perhaps, with some luck, if the situation in the wizarding world improves before long, we will consider reapplying you in a couple of years, once everything has died down.

All our love,

Mum & Dad

Harry had been reading the letter out loud in his mind, so he did not bother handing it to Ginny once he was done. Instead he reached out and gently set the piece of paper down on his nightstand before turning to Hermione. The tears were falling in a steady stream now and her breath was coming in sharp gasping sobs that seemed to be almost torn from her very soul.

"It's all right, Hermione," he said, taking her in his arms for the most comforting embrace he could muster. He held her to him and rubbed his hands in soothing circles on her back, whispering soft nothings as they rocked back and forth. "We'll work something out, don't doubt that. We'll not be letting you go without a fight."

He was startled out of his soft comfortings when Hermione reached up with her good left arm, while sliding her right around his waist as best she could, and pulled his head down to hers. Her lips sought out his mouth and pushed firmly against it in a desperate and almost frantic kiss. As she covered his lips with her own Hermione arched against him, pressing her body to his so that Harry could feel the details of every supple curve from her breasts down to her thighs.

Harry sucked in a sharp breath of surprise, his eyes growing wide at Hermione's inexplicable action. She ran her tongue over his lips, softly at first but then pressing harder and demanding entrance. By this point he was having trouble thinking clearly and it was all Harry could do to remember to breathe, or at least try. When he opening his mouth to grant her access, Hermione moaned, slipping her tongue in and kissing him even harder, bruising his lips in the process.

~Harry?~ the feel of Hermione's lips against his, the salty taste of her tears, almost distracted him from the hard edge that accompanied Ginny's thought.

Yes? he replied in a daze, stroking his fingers back and forth around Hermione's neck and shoulders, moving the other hand down her side to her hip, then behind her to squeeze her firm buttocks and pull her even closer to him.

Ginny's inner voice was frighteningly calm as she asked, *~What are you doing?~*

Understandably Harry was not entirely coherent at this point. Hermione was pressing her body zealously against him; he could feel the hard buds of her nipples through the skimpy fabric of her negligee. She was kissing him deeply and emitting desperate sounds deep in the back of her throat. It was a struggle to turn the tide, but he began returning the kiss, taking the initiative and also pulling on Hermione's derriere so that she shifted to straddle his hips, grinding down into his lap. Somehow he managed to retain enough conscious thought to reply to Ginny, *Um... kissing Hermione?*

~So I see. Might I ask why?~ despite his inattentiveness to what was happening around him, Harry clearly heard the rising cold fire that was beginning to surface under Ginny's words. He could even feel the surge of magic within her aura, a build-up of power in preparation for what he knew would be a horrible mistake if handled incorrectly.

I think it would do more harm than good if I pushed her away right now, he tried to explain, lifting one hand away from Hermione and towards Ginny, behind her, in supplication.

~...~

Please, Gin, he begged desperately, *I need your help for this.*

He couldn't think properly enough to explain it in words, so he decided to try something different. Harry reached out with the bond that joined him so intimately with Ginny and twisted it, caressing it in the hopes of conveying his feelings. He tried to show it to her, the raw, uncensored need that he could feel as Hermione frantically kissed him and rocked her hips back and forth against his groin.

Out of everything he had been through over the years, this was one of the most terrifying and heart wrenching experiences Harry had ever had. Hermione was so unlike her usual, collected and steadfast self. So desperate... so... scared...

~All right~ Ginny grudgingly relented after several long and pregnant moments passed. He could not see her around the wild bush of Hermione's hair, but he could feel the sad smile as Ginny added in jest, *~but keep your hands where I can see them.~*

He was beginning to worry about whether he was getting enough oxygen, he was certainly starting to turn blue, when Hermione finally broke off the kiss. She gently released her fingers from his hair and almost collapsed against him, resting her head on his chest, her hips continuing to buck against him slightly.

"I'm sorry, Harry," she whispered, clenching her eyes closed against the still falling tears, "Oh God, I'm sorry..."

"It's all right, Hermione," he told her as he softly stroked her hair, instinctively aware that he had to assuage her fears and prevent her insecurities from controlling her. He could now see Ginny sitting right behind her, looking just as anguished as he felt. They did not speak, nor did they share each other's thoughts. Instead they considered what to do next, merely by looking into the other's eyes.

"Hermione," he said softly, "look at me."

Half-heartedly she lifted her head, herred and tear stained eyes unable to meet his own. He released his supporting hold on her hips and reached up to hold her face with both hands before leaning down, kissing her lips tenderly. She moaned softly, a sound of miserable anguish that tugged painfully at his heart. She closed her eyes and dropped her head against his chest again and whispered in a desperate voice, "Don't leave... Please don't leave me..."

Harry said nothing. Instead he allowed Ginny to crawl up behind them both and snake her arms between them, hugging Hermione and silently spilling tears of her own into the crook of the older girl's neck, as he kissed Hermione again. When he finally broke it off, he started to kiss down the line of her jaw and worked down over her soft throat. Ginny, who was now placing feather-light kisses along Hermione's neck, shifted so that their lips brushed together. Harry's eyes met hers and in a moment of silent agreement, Ginny nodded for him to continue down.

As he started his descent Hermione's good hand grabbed the back of his head and guided his mouth to her chest. Beneath the material of her negligee her skin was firm yet malleable to his touch, her nipples erect and straining visibly against the fabric. Harry could feel the heat radiating from her flesh and when he latched his mouth around one of her nipples, gently sucking and running his tongue over its covered peak, Hermione gasped and pulled him fiercely against her.

"We won't leave, Hermione," Ginny said, turning the other girl's head to the side and leaning forward to gently kiss her lips against her panting mouth. "You can stay here with us tonight... any night, for as long as you need. We'll always be here for you. Always."

Hermione whispered an almost inaudible plea, "I only want to feel safe..."

"We know," Ginny nodded, slowly running a hand up and down Hermione's back. She sidled up against the teary-eyed girl and tenderly kissed away her tears as Harry gently lay Hermione down on the bed. Ginny shifted so that she was resting with her head next to Hermione's, her legs curled underneath her.

At the same time, Harry was continuing to lovingly suckle Hermione's breasts through her negligee, switching from one to the other to give them equal attention. His hands were moving down and over her, caressing her abdomen and hips and thighs. When his fingertips trailed up the inside of her quivering thighs, she gasped and arched up against him, whimpering when she felt his body slide down against her until he had repositioned himself between her legs.

Harry let his hands slide up and past the inner crease of her thighs and pushed her negligee up and over her hips, bunching it up around her waist, and exposing Hermione fully to his gaze. He swallowed as he let his eyes rove lustfully over her naked flesh, vaguely aware that he was automatically cataloguing the differences between her and Ginny. Hermione reached down and grasped the back of his head with her left hand, her fingers threading into his hair as his lips descended to the top of her mound, brushing through her downy triangle of brown hair.

Looking up from his ministrations Harry could see Ginny lightly kissing all over Hermione's face, one hand caressing her cheek, the other stroking a lazy circle in valley between her breasts. Hermione's eyes were closed, her lips parted just a fraction and her cheeks flushed a fine rosy pink. As Ginny pressed in to kiss her, delicately running the tip of her tongue across Hermione's lips, Harry asked a silent question, *Gin?*

She turned her eyes to him, not breaking the kiss, and gave an almost imperceptible nod.

With tortuous slowness Harry began to trail his lips down. He slipped his hands around her hips and down to caress her buttocks, taking one firm cheek in each hand. Despite his distraction as he descended to her dewy entrance, Harry still found time to smile in amusement when he realized that despite her slightly fuller figure, Hermione fit in his hands just as perfectly as Ginny did.

Hermione gasped loudly into Ginny's mouth when he blew softly across her folds. She pulled on his head with her arm, trying to drag his mouth onto her. Teasingly Harry resisted her attempts to urge him on, but not for long. Positioning his shoulders against the insides of her thighs to prevent her from clenching her legs around his head, something Ginny had a tendency of doing during their lovemaking, Harry licked the tip of his tongue around and around her swollen lips and slowly drew spirals in towards her centre.

It was fortunate that Harry had put up a plethora of Silencing Charms around his bed, because when he finally dipped his tongue into her sex and began lapping at the sweet juices there, Harry discovered that when aroused, Hermione was definitely not the composed and reserved woman that she presented herself as being.

Uncontrolled spasms of pleasure wracked Hermione's body and her screams, though still muffled as she and Ginny continued their passionate kisses, intensified in strength and pitch as Harry continued to probe his tongue inside her depths. He could see her belly muscles rippling and felt her rear clenching in his hands. He held her up to his mouth which caused her thighs to slip up and rest on his shoulders, allowing her legs to encircle his head.

Wanting to prolong the experience, for both of them, Harry began to tease her. Hermione whimpered as he withdrew his tongue, missing the close contact, but moaned as he started lapping around and over her labia, but using the lightest touch that he could. She pushed up to try and increase the contact again, but he moved back, denying her. When her moans of frustration were becoming desperate, Harry just barely pushed back between her lips, savouring the sensation and taste as he slid his tongue up to the junction of her folds and the glistening nubbin nestled there.

He paused just short, waiting until she groaned with want, then licked across the sensitive bud. Hermione all but howled at the contact, the fingernails of her hand digging into his scalp as she bucked against his face. Ignoring this minor discomfort, Harry continued to lick and suck; teasing her close to orgasm and backing away as the minutes stretched on. Only when Hermione was almost crying in desperation for release, did Harry refuse to back down.

"OH, GOD!! HARRY!!"

Hermione, her left hand still clasped firmly in his unruly black hair, pressing his head hard against her dripping channel as her body writhed and her hips bucked in response to his ministrations. As she climaxed around him Harry was struck by one of those anomalous thoughts that occasionally

strayed through his mind, *Good thing I don't wear glasses anymore...*

When the height of her orgasm slowly began to ebb, Harry lowered her hips gently to the now-rumpled bedcovers. Hermione lay there, an occasional shudder passing over her body every few seconds, her eyes closed and cheeks wet with tears of contentment. There was a small smudge of blood on her lower lip where she had bitten down at one point during the throes of her pleasure.

Ginny, who had been kneading Hermione's breasts in her hands, moved away to allow Harry to crawl up between the two girls. He carefully shifted Hermione's panting form until she was stretched out on her side, in the cradle of his arms; her back nestled to his chest. He snaked his left arm underneath her head, letting her rest against him as he leaned over her bare shoulder to look down at her.

Slowly her breathing began to slow to normal and her eyes opened and focused on him. Her lips moved, but no words came out at first. She swallowed and finally whispered in what seemed like awe, "I never... my god. I feel as if I'm still..." She sounded amazed as she shook her head in disbelief and asked, "How did you learn to do that?"

"Extensive research and all the practice I could get," Harry replied, smiling lovingly. He reached out with his right hand, which was still free, and brushed her eyes closed with his fingertips. As he did so he wandlessly cast a passive Sleeping Spell that would soon cause her to drift into slumber. "Rest now, Hermione."

"Kay," she agreed in a little-girl's voice. She rubbed tiredly at her eyes with the knuckles of her right fist. Already she was almost unconscious, but gazing up at him through lidded eyes she whispered, "I love you, Harry."

Harry smiled and traced his fingers across her cheek and along the gently curve of jaw as Hermione fell into satisfied sleep. He watched her for a minute or two, simply looking at the content and peaceful expression on her face. The slightly gaunt and exhausted look she had worn the past few days had faded somewhat and, for the first time since Harry and Ginny had awoken the previous morning, she looked like the healthy girl they had met at Diagon Alley the day before school had started.

Carefully, so as not to disturb her, Harry rolled onto his back. His left arm, acting as Hermione's pillow, remained where it was as he looked up at the ceiling of the dormitory. Ginny, who had kept her distance, edged up against him. She pulled the covers that she had tossed aside at the start over both them and Hermione before settling down. She rested her chin on his chest and looked at his face, obviously noting his pensive expression.

~Harry? Are you okay?~ she asked, reaching out to hold his cheek and turn his head towards her.

What did we just do, Gin? he asked, looking into her bright russet-coloured eyes. *What did I just do?*

Ginny snuggled against him, moving her face closer to his, *~We helped our friend. We gave her comfort when she needed it most. Don't let it eat at you, Harry. You did nothing that you should feel guilty about.~*

Harry smiled wanly at her, his free arm reaching up to stroke the fiery locks of her hair. *I made love to my best friend, Gin. I took advantage of her - betrayed her trust in me. I betrayed Ron's trust in me.*

~No~ Ginny shook her head, *~As you said; it would have done more harm than good if you had rejected her. She might feel differently in the morning, or she might not. But you did what you had to do, don't feel guilty about it. As for Ron, what he doesn't know can't hurt us.~*

Sometimes I wonder how I made it so far through life without you, Gin, Harry told her, pulling her to him so that he could kiss her lips. The fire he had felt building as he pleased Hermione had not fully died down, so Harry pressed his tongue into Ginny's mouth and she seemed to demand more as the kiss continued. Finally breaking apart he could see a thoughtful expression on Ginny's face as she licked her lips, so he asked, *Something wrong?*

Ginny smiled and shook her head. *~Not really~* she told him, leaning in to kiss him again, this time licking her tongue over and around his lips. Her hands were running over his chest in a sensual caress. *~It's just that I can taste Hermione on you, is all.~*

Harry blinked in consternation for a second before realizing her meaning. Immediately feeling contrite he turned his head away from Ginny and apologised, *Sorry...*

He was surprised, but glad, when Ginny reached up and turned him back to her. *~Don't be. It's actually kind of nice. I think I understand why you enjoyed doing that to me so often over the summer.~* Harry blushed slightly at this, his mind automatically going back to their many experiences at learning to pleasure each other.

He gasped when he suddenly felt a slim hand slip into his pyjamas and wrap around his erection, which had recovered during their kiss. *~I'm even thinking of maybe having a firsthand taste of Hermione, but I think I'll wait until she wakes up in the morning. Until then, I think there's something else I'd enjoy tasting...~*

Ginny then descended under the covers, her smile being the last to disappear from his view, like a Cheshire cat. Harry lifted his hips up a fraction to aid her in pulling down his pyjamas. Soon after that any hope of coherent thought vanished from Harry's mind.

It was not the restful night Harry had been hoping for, but it was... interesting.

~ The Morning After ~

Ginny watched with some amusement as Harry remained perfectly still as she leaned over his rigid and enticingly bare torso to confirm that it was indeed Hermione in his arms. Harry's head turned a fraction and he looked at her with wide green eyes as she told him, *Consider yourself lucky I*

remember what happened last night, Harry.

"I consider myself lucky that I'm starting to remember it myself," he whispered, nodding toward Hermione.

"I wouldn't have thought sharing your bed with two lovely nubile young ladies would be an experience you'd forget so easily," she teased, stroking his shoulder with her fingers.

Harry frowned up at her, not appreciating the joke at his expense. "I think I damn near gave myself heart failure when I woke up and realized she wasn't you."

Ginny chuckled as she recalled how she had felt Harry suddenly tense beside her as she was slowly awakening. Leaning down, she kissed him softly on his cheek. "I'll admit my own heart stopped beating for a second when you asked me who was in bed with us."

He reached up with his right arm --his left was still trapped under Hermione's head-- and ran his fingers through the soft waves of her unrestrained hair. He reached behind her head and drew her to him for an adoring kiss, before pulling back slightly to look up at her with a sad and hesitant smile as he asked, "You're not angry, I hope? About this?"

"Oh, I'm angry all right," Ginny told him, her brows drawing into a scowl not unlike the one her mother was famous for. She paused just long enough for Harry to start looking worried before she finished. "The next time we see Malfoy, you're going to have to get in line when it comes to kicking his misbegotten bastard's arse from here to the South Pole."

"If anyone deserves it, he certainly does," agreed Harry, relaxing.

"Who deserves what?"

Both teenagers turned to the source of the sleepily, barely awake voice. This naturally resulted in Harry burying his face in Hermione's tangled hair and sputtering incoherently for several seconds, earning light laughter from Ginny. Hermione twisted around, resting more fully on her back, and stared at the two of them.

"What's the matter? Y'okay?" she asked, rubbing the sleep from her eyes with her left hand.

"We're fine," Harry told her, "Ginny was simply demonstrating her similarity to Fred and George."

"Ey!"

Ginny poked at Harry's ribs with a finger, immediately regretting the action when this provoked a familiar twinkle to blossom in his clear green eyes. A grin, which he had to have learned from Fred and George, split his face as he started to retaliate by reaching up to tickle at her ribs with his free hand. This was Ginny's greatest weakness, one that Harry had discovered over the summer and was not afraid to exploit.

"Ah, no! Harry! Harry, no, please! Harreeeeee!"

She squirmed under his attack, trapped against him since he had wrapped his right arm around her waist and pulled his left arm out from under Hermione's head to assail her ribs. While they were able to draw upon the Order's power in equal measure, Harry still had the advantage over Ginny in the physical strength department. Using this to his advantage Harry proceeded to mercilessly tickle Ginny until tears of laughter were streaming down her cheeks.

"That'll teach you, little miss," he chuckled when she collapsed, winded, at his side. Ginny was too tired and out of breath to try and even the score, so she contented herself to lie against him and soak up in his warmth. Hermione, who had watched the playful battle with a smile, was busy repressing her giggles. The three of them lay there for a long while, simply enjoying the company of those they cared for.

"Harry? Ginny?" Hermione eventually asked, pushing herself up on her good elbow and looking at them with glistening, soulful eyes. Ginny could only see how small and frightened her friend seemed. "Thanks. You know... for letting me..."

"Don't," Harry interrupted, lifting a finger to her lips. He shook his head fractionally and then pushed himself up so that he was sitting next to her. He gently leaned close and placed a brotherly kiss on Hermione's forehead. "Don't say anything. There's no need for words between us, Hermione. Not when it comes to matters like this. There never should be and there never will be."

Hermione looked over Harry's shoulder at Ginny, a question in her soft brown eyes. Ginny nodded her agreement to his words and reached out to lightly grasp the other girl's hand. Hermione pushed herself up to embrace Harry in a close and tearful hug. He was gently kissing the tears from her face as Ginny stroked her back in small circles, noting as she did that Hermione's pastel negligee was still gathered at her waist, leaving her lower half exposed.

My turn, She told Harry, silently motioning over Hermione's shoulder for him to turn her around. Harry looked at her quizzically, but obeyed anyway. With one hand at her hip and the other splayed between her shoulders, he turned Hermione so that she was sitting in his lap, her back to his chest and facing Ginny. He slipped his legs over hers, so that he was able to hook his shins behind her calves and ease her legs open so that Ginny could sit herself down between them.

"Harry?" asked Hermione, looking back over her shoulder at him, clearly puzzled by his actions. He smiled and simply lowered his lips to hers, sliding his hands up to cup her breasts. After several moments he broke off the smouldering kiss, resting his head on her shoulder as he began to massage her breasts through the thin fabric of her negligee.

Ginny framed Hermione's face with her hands, turning the other girl towards her. For a short instant they held each other's gaze. Ginny could see the

slow dawning of comprehension in Hermione's eyes before she leaned to kiss her, reaching up to entwine her slim hands with Harry's.

She must have frightened Hermione a bit, since it took some time before the other girl finally reached up with her left hand to grasp the back of Ginny's head and pull her deeper into the kiss. Her other arm curled around Ginny's waist as she returned the kiss with a hunger that she had only seen on a few rare occasions. Hermione's lips were crushing against Ginny's almost painfully, their tongues dancing around each other. Her lips tasted of strawberries Ginny noticed, comparing the sensations against her experiences with Harry.

Where did she learn to kiss like that? Ginny wondered, finally pulling back from the kiss. She needed to breathe. It was either that or pass out from lack of oxygen. Once again she could see into Hermione's eyes and saw that the confusion and trepidation of earlier had been replaced by a raw passion, something she had never seen in her friend before. Ginny wondered if she would be lucky enough to see it there in the future. She certainly hoped so.

"Wow!" Hermione exclaimed breathlessly, "Do you kiss all your friends like that?"

Ginny chuckled, *Harry?*

~Yes, Gin? What d'you need?~ her lover asked silently.

Spread her legs a bit more for me please, Ginny told him as she began to explore the rest of Hermione. She moved along her chin and then traced a line down her throat, planting soft butterfly kisses as she went. She slipped her hands from of Harry's and reached up to slip the thin straps of Hermione's negligee over her shoulders, letting the garment drop down and bunch around her waist.

Ginny had shared a room with Hermione on several occasions over the years, so she had as a matter of course been exposed to a fair deal of her friend's body. She had not, however, bothered to pay much attention before. Now Ginny wished she had, as she shamelessly ogled Hermione's revealed charms.

Hermione's breasts were fractionally smaller than Ginny's, a consequence of Hermione's slight frame, but were rounder and fuller which made them seem larger than they were. Her nipples were a dark pink against her tanned skin and were stiff with arousal, protruding from her chest as if begging for attention. After a few seconds, in which Harry reached up again to resume his caresses, Ginny noticed that there were no tan lines visible. Leaning back she looked lower and saw no tan lines down there either.

Hermione must have seen the surprise on her face because she explained, "We've got a very private back garden at home. My mum lets me skinny-dip in the pool and sunbath in the buff when nobody else is there. I do it all the time during the summer."

"Nice," muttered Harry, who was nibbling on her neck.

"Beautiful," agreed Ginny, leaning forward again as Hermione pulled her head down to her chest. At first Ginny simply let herself luxuriate in the feeling of being so close to her. When Harry took her erect nipples between his fingers and rolled the hard buds, Hermione gasped and arched her back, which pressed Ginny deeper into the valley between her mounds.

Ginny began to nibble and lick her way over her breasts, working between and around Harry's hands. They were warm, soft and silky, with a slightly salty taste. Her hands were at work as well, caressing Hermione's shoulders, neck, stomach, hips and thighs. Slowly Ginny began to slowly descend, winding a trail of kisses down Hermione's chest, over the gentle curve of her stomach, around her navel and further.

These gentle ministrations, combined with Harry's attentiveness, were beginning to have an effect on Hermione, for when one of Ginny's hands touched her inner thigh, she spread her legs even wider. For the moment, however, Ginny held back as she was simply having too much fun exploring the rest of Hermione's curvaceous body. Hermione's breathing was becoming faster and heavier, interspersed with low, throaty groans. Ginny could feel the damp heat which was radiating from Hermione's crotch each time one of her hands wandered close to that junction.

It was difficult to maintain the slow pace, but Ginny was intent on building Hermione's pleasure to an unbearable peak. Her own burning desire could wait for the time being. Still, it was hard to ignore the aching hardness of her nipples, which were straining against the material of her nightshirt. Harder still was ignoring the growing wetness that was trickling from her and soaking into her satin knickers.

Harry would not be getting out of the bed for a long while after this. Ginny would be adamant about it. For that matter, their unique bond allowed her to feel her lover's own mounting desire. How he was managing to keep his breath steady Ginny did not know, but was willing to bet it probably involved the recital of *Hogwarts, a History* as a mantra.

By the time Ginny arrived at the junction of Hermione's legs, the sixteen-year-old girl was panting and rocking her hips with growing urgency. Nestling between her splayed thighs, Ginny reached back for the bedcover and drew it over her, smiling up at Harry and Hermione as they watched her disappear under the sheet, much as she had done with Harry during the night.

~Gin?~ she heard Harry silently ask.

I think it'll be more fun this way, She explained. *More unexpected --for both of you-- if you can't see what I'm up to.*

~You just cannot resist to tease, can you?~ Harry replied dryly.

Ginny didn't answer, focusing instead on the delectable sight right before her eyes. Even as worked up and aroused as Hermione was, with her legs spread wide in entreaty, the inflamed lips of her sex remained tightly closed. Slipping her hands from their hold on her hips, Ginny used her fingers to ever so gently part Hermione's folds and reveal her innermost reaches for the younger girl's exploration.

Using the very tip of her tongue, hesitantly at first but swiftly gaining in confidence, Ginny traced along the edges of Hermione's exposed passage.

She unspooled herself stroked from top to bottom, then across and then the other side. Pausing for a short time to lick teasing just above her clitoral hood, Ginny then circled back. Then again and again, gradually picking up her pace until Harry had to hold Hermione in place so that she would not buck Ginny off the bed as she writhed in his arms.

Finished with her teasing, Ginny prepared to begin in earnest. She released her fingers' hold on Hermione's softest flesh and considered pressing them into her friend's steaming canal. She had, over the summer, granted Harry that permission and thoroughly enjoyed the results. He had, to Ginny's delight, proved to be very dexterous and talented in that regard especially when combined with his exceptional oral ministrations. Ginny was almost addicted to the sensation of his fingers sliding within her. Hermione, on the other hand, might not appreciate such an action, despite her obvious excitement.

Deciding against using her fingers, wanting instead to taste for herself Hermione's delicious juices, Ginny spread her hands against the whimpering girl's inner thighs. Pressing forward Ginny began to nibble around and then lick at and into Hermione's now saturated passage. When she delved and pushed her tongue deeper, Ginny noticed that the sweet nectar she was lapping up was creamier and stronger to the taste.

Great Merlin, Ginny thought as she settled into a rhythm, *if I taste as sweet as this, then it's a wonder Harry didn't tie me to our bed at the Burrow and simply ravish me all summer long.*

~That's an idea~ Harry agreed, having overheard her thoughts. The mental image that he formed through their bond, of him leaning over her restrained and naked form, was so enticingly vivid that Ginny felt a rush of liquid heat between her legs. The moisture of her growing arousal was seeping through her already damp knickers and spreading over the insides of her thighs.

It was not easy to maintain her pace as Hermione convulsed against her, jerking her hips up to meet every stab of Ginny's tongue. She was moaning almost constantly and uttering unintelligible shouts of pleasure whenever she was able to gather the breath for it. Ginny had lost all sense of the passage of time as she worked her tongue in and out, alternating between a slow and tortuous pace and the occasional flurry of rapid strokes which caused Hermione's entire body to stiffen and arch as she gasped at the sensations.

Ginny could tell from the fluttering contractions around her tongue that Hermione was beginning to approach the zenith she was pushing her towards. Sliding her tongue free Ginny shifted her attention up and pursed her lips around the pulsing bud that jutted out from Hermione's folds. Ginny sucked insistently and used her tongue to stroke around and over the top of her hood and sensitive tip.

With a cry of ecstasy, which made Ginny wonder if even Silencing Charms backed by the power of the Order could thwart, Hermione arched her back like a bow being drawn taut. Hermione's thighs pulled free from Harry's and squeezed against Ginny's body as her hand clutched at the back of Ginny's head. It seemed to last an age before the tension abruptly drained from Hermione's muscles and she collapsed limp in Harry's arms.

For a time the three teenagers remained motionless, save for the rise and fall of their chests and the rapid beatings of their hearts. Ginny could also feel the muscles in Hermione's legs and body quivering and trembling from exertion.

"Oh god, Ginny," Hermione said breathlessly, stroking the back of Ginny's neck with her hand.

~Thank the maker that's over with~ said Harry, his inner voice sounding a bit strained. Since she could not see his face from under the covers Ginny was worried for a moment before he explained, *~If that had gone on much longer I think I would've exploded. I still might.~*

Smirking at the insinuation Ginny decided to give Hermione a deep parting kiss before eventually surfacing, *Aw, is ickle Harrikins feeling the strain? Does he want me to kiss it better? Or maybe, if he asks nicely, Hermione will kiss it better for him...*

She could sense the reaction that proposal created when he replied, *~Oh lord...~*

Ginny was about to push her way up and emerge between Hermione and Harry's legs, when she heard the loud rustle of curtains being drawn aside. Delving into her perceptions of magic, Ginny recognised this particular aura just as Neville began to speak. He did not appear to realize what he was interrupting.

"Harry, I was wondering if I... i... i-yi-yiiii-yi-yi."

Apparently he had realized that Harry had a decidedly feminine (not to mention practically naked) figure sitting in his lap, which he must have identified by the way his voice rose in pitch. Despite the compromising nature of the situation, Ginny found herself wishing she could see his face at that moment. Hidden under the covers she could not see what was happening, but the hand stroking her neck vanished and Ginny felt the covers being pulled even higher. Hermione was clearly attempting to cover herself from Neville's doubtless wide-eyed gaze.

"Really, Neville," Ginny heard Hermione say, her voice tinged with content amusement and quavering slightly in the after effects of her so recent pleasure, "is that any way to say good morning?"

"H-H-HU-HUH-HUH-HUUuuu..."

Neville was clearly having trouble processing what he had stumbled across. Hermione commented on this in her typically dry and laconic manner, "I think I preferred 'i-yi-yiiii-yi-yi'."

Finally Neville managed to sputter out, "H-H-HERMIONE!!"

Hermione must have been grinning impishly by this point, the laughter she was repressing clearly evident in her voice. "Ah... now we're getting somewhere."

"B-b-but Harry!" protested Neville, who sounded as though he were about to keel over in a dead faint, "Wh- wha- what about- what about-"

Apparently Neville was so flummoxed by the sight of a practically naked Hermione in Harry's strong embrace that he had completely failed to notice the large lump in the bedspread that told of Ginny's location. She decided that since the poor boy seemed on the verge of a panic attack, that it would be best to reveal her presence. In doing so she wiggled up and poked her head and shoulders out from underneath the covers, "Is there something wrong, Neville?"

Neville remained motionless where he was standing, staring at Ginny with wide eyes and a gaping mouth. For a few seconds he looked from Ginny (who had clearly been busy beneath the sheets if her glistening lips, cheeks and chin were any indication) to Harry (who was smirking in the smug manner of a Kneazle that had just eaten not one, but two, canaries) to Hermione (who was sitting between them with a rosy flush to her sweaty skin and the look of a well satisfied woman) and back again. Then he did the only reasonable thing he could think of.

He fainted.

"Congratulations, Gin," said Harry, peering over Hermione's shoulder and over the edge of the bed toward the floor, "you've accomplished Snape's goal in life. You just killed Neville."

Harry was sitting in his bed, wearing only his pyjama bottoms, which Ginny had dug up from somewhere beneath the sheets. She was lying next to him in her dark blue nightdress with an arm swung around his waist, stroking his stomach with her fingers. All told it would have been a wonderful moment on any other day, but right now Harry was wondering what he had ever done in his previous lives to deserve such bad karma.

They had managed, with an audience comprising of Dean, Seamus, Carmen (who was looking for Ginny), Lavender (who was looking for Hermione) and Moira (who was looking for Seamus for some reason best not to contemplate), to revive Neville. Fortunately everyone was too amused by his fainting spell to ask what Ginny and Hermione were doing in Harry's bed. Unfortunately this immediately became their primary question when the newly awake Neville sputtered the reason for his passing out.

~Almost reminded me of the scene my family made when they walked in on us that first time~ remarked Ginny, sensing his train of thought.

Not half as loud though, fortunately, he agreed. *And at least this time you had your clothes on.*

After eventually sorting things out and providing the excuse that it wasn't what they thought, the other students had dutifully filed out the dormitory to leave them in peace. Hermione had remained for several minutes to regain her composure, and straighten out her very rumpled negligee, before heading out and making her way to the sixth-year girls' dormitory in order to clean up and change for breakfast. Fortunately it was a Saturday.

"Harry?"

"Hmm?"

Ginny shifted until she was lying on her side with both arms around his waist, her chin resting on his chest. Comfortable with the position, she asked curiously, "If your eyes were closed, how did you know it was Hermione and not me you were holding?"

Harry paused, considering whether or not to tell the truth. He had seen Ginny's temper flare up on several occasions and most certainly did not want to be on the receiving end. In the end though he decided to come clean. "You made love to her yourself this morning. You must have noticed... uh... her..." Harry coughed lightly. He cleared his throat and tried to fight the blush rising up to his cheeks as he said it in a rush, "Her pubic hair."

"Well, hers is curlier than mine and... oh..." Ginny trailed off and turned a fetching shade of red. After a few minutes, just lying next to each other, Ginny looked at him with a mischievous smile and asked, "So which do you prefer? Hermione's or mine?"

"I don't know," he replied, pretending to think about it. Harry knew what she was leading to. While she had been kind enough to pleasure him with her mouth during the night, Ginny was the only one of the three that had not found any relief during this little adventure. Harry looked down at her, her chin propped on his chest, and said in a teasing voice, "I think I need to compare notes."

Ginny gasped when he suddenly rolled over her, pinning her underneath him, and tenderly kissed her lips.

"Thank you. I need this so badly," she whispered as Harry began to trace kisses down the length of her neck. Ginny moaned in pleasure when he nibbled on one of her earlobes, biting down playfully on the soft flesh. Soon she was practically melting as he slowly kissed her mouth, cheeks, neck, shoulders, collarbone and her chest.

It must have been a delicious agony for her, since Harry deliberately ignored any skin that was covered by her nightdress. His kisses were supplemented by his hands, which he also mercilessly teased her with. Feather light touches on her belly, sides, thighs, jaw and neck, but never on the areas she would have liked him to touch.

When Ginny was beginning to whimper, trying to push herself against him to force contact, Harry decided to take pity on her before any tears of frustration appeared. He cupped her breasts, one in each hand and elicited a surprised gasp from Ginny when the rough skin of his palms brushed over her stiff nipples, which were pressing painful hard against the fabric of her nightdress.

Harry knew her breasts were remarkably sensitive and even through her clothes the contact would be driving her wild, which it was. He leaned over her shivering body, massaging and kneading her breasts as he kissed at her throat. He loved the way she felt under him, the way her breasts pushed up and filled his hands. He whispered this in her ear before reaching up and sliding her nightgown from her shoulders, "I love how your breasts feel just right in my hands. A perfect fit."

"Harry! Yes!"

He smiled around the nipple he was suckling, pleased by her response. Ginny grabbed his head with both hands and held him to her panting chest. Harry didn't protest, he wouldn't have moved from where he was for all the Butterbeer in England. He continued his worship of Ginny's soft yet firm globes with gusto. Straining against her firm hold he managed to shift to one side and lavish equal consideration on her other breast, which he did not want to feel left out.

"Harry!" moaned the young woman as he carefully chewed her rigid nipple between his teeth.

Getting close, lover? Harry asked with a crafty grin, switching back to her other breast.

~Don't stop! Don't stop!~ she replied almost frantically. *~Feels so good...~*

Ginny giggled when he tickled at her ribs with his hands. When one of those hands moved down to her eager sex she gasped and clenched her fingers in his hair. A soft moan escaped her lips as he slowly began stroked his fingers across her wet folds, taunting her with a maddeningly slow pace. Ginny bucked her hips against him, urging him to hurry up until he finally slid his fingers between her inner lips and edged his way inside of her.

"Oh...." she breathed as he pushed into her, "Harry... yesssss..."

Harry, just as eager to give her pleasure as she was to receive it, rotated his finger as he leisurely stroked back and forth. His free hand was caressing her toned belly and he felt her muscles ripple beneath his fingers when he slid a second digit into her. He continued to suck at her breasts, switching from one to the other as he skilfully worked his hand between her legs. They had spent many hours over the summer learning how to please each other and Harry was making full use of everything he had learned.

Ginny's pleasure was becoming more vocal as their lovemaking wore on. Gasps and moans of gratification were growing in volume with each passing moment. Harry could feel her heart beating rapidly within her chest as he nibbled at her breasts. Her breaths were coming in short pants when it happened.

For an instant that stretched into long seconds, Ginny's body arched high against him and nearly threw Harry from his place over her. She jerked and shuddered as her climax rolled over and through her, her hands clawing at his back and her long legs wrapping around his waist and squeezing painfully. Her head was thrown back and, though he couldn't see her expression from where he was kissing her now tender mounds, Harry knew she was deep in the throes of ecstasy as she screamed even loud than Hermione had.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god! Harry!"

Then, like a passing summer shower, it was over. Ginny slumped on the bed, her entire body limp and spent from her exertions. Waiting for her breathing to slowly return to normal, Harry gently slid his fingers from where they were buried inside her. Ginny's eyes were slightly glazed and a tad unfocused, but she watched avidly as he brought his hand to his mouth and suggestively licked her glistening juices from his fingers.

"Oh god," she moaned breathlessly, shaking her head in wonder.

"That good, huh?" he asked as he rolled onto his side, next to her, and cuddled up to her exhausted body. He was grinning broadly, pleased with himself for satisfying her so completely. For the moment anyway. Another thing he had learnt over the summer was that Ginny was insatiable.

She looked at him with a content smile. Her sweat-soaked hair was plastered to her face in such an enticing manner that Harry began wondering if they would ever escape the confines of his dormitory today. He wanted her so badly, and the hungry gleam in Ginny's eyes clearly had nothing to do with food.

"So," she asked, "how did your comparative study turn out?"

"I think I need to take more notes," he told her, kissing the tip of her nose. He would have continued, and Ginny seemed very eager to let him, but a familiar voice interrupted before anything more than that single kiss could take place.

"Hey you two, what's taking so long?" called Hermione from the doorway, sounding very cheerful and in decidedly better spirits than she had been in the previous night. She stuck her head in the room and implored them, "Hurry it up will you, I'm famished!"

"After last night and this morning," Ginny groaned, sitting up, "I'm not surprised. All that exercise."

Harry laughed and threw back the bedcovers. Fortunately they had closed the curtains around the bed and fixed them with an Immoveable Charm. Nobody could walk in on them this time round. "She at least has the excuse of not having had a late night snack and then an early morning nibble..."

Ginny smirked at him and ran her hand over the tented front of his pyjamas, "Well then perhaps she can join us again tonight and let me treat her to a taste of my favourite snack."

"Ron had better be in one hell of a good mood when he wakes up."

~ A Captive Snack ~

Harry Potter was, well, not worried. Concerned might have been a better word. Yes, concerned. Something was most definitely up. Quite a few things were up for that matter, not the least of which was his blood pressure – a direct result of one particular part of his anatomy that was so high up it hurt. In a good way of course, but Harry was still concerned. You see, his hands were also up.

Tied up that is.

He did *not* want to know how Ginny had managed to get hold of the handcuffs.

Harry had to wonder how he ever got into this situation.

.oOo.

- Fifteen minutes earlier -

Harry and Ginny stumbled into the sixth-year boys' dormitory and over to his bed. They had been flirting almost relentlessly the entire day and the not-too-subtle innuendo they had been exchanging had reached its peak during dinner. The events of the night before had fuelled the young lovers' passion to the point where they could barely restrain themselves. Now, while the rest of the house was still down in the Great Hall having dinner, they were finally acting on their desires.

Ginny was kissing Harry with fervour and teasing his lips with her tongue, slipping in and quickly drawing out before he could react. Not really looking where they were headed, Harry managed to lead them to his bed, where he sat himself down on the very edge. His arms were wrapped around her, pressing her body against his, but he managed to wave one hand and cast a spell to draw the curtains closed behind them.

Shifting in his grasp, Ginny straddled herself across Harry's lap, gasping softly as she felt his straining erection pressing against the fabric of his pants. She wrapped her arms around his head and deepened their kiss as she slowly rocked her hips back and forth, rubbing against him. With a wicked grin she asked, "Miss me, lover?"

"Beyond description," he growled; the sound sending shivers down her spine. Harry eased his hands under the light green blouse Ginny was wearing, stroking her back and sides as he slowly trailed his fingers up until he was brushing against the soft swell of her breasts.

Ginny was playing with the buttons of his shirt, fumbling somewhat in her eager attempts to undo them as quickly as she could. She had managed to bare his chest and was about to tug the shirt out of his pants and off his shoulders, when Harry pulled his hands out of her blouse and, with surprising adroitness, grabbed the hem of Ginny's blouse and pulled it up. His breath hitched in his chest as the movement exposed the taut plain of her stomach and the firm globes of her breasts, which were covered (barely) by the sexiest bra he had ever seen.

"I gather you approve?" she asked with a giggle. Harry could only stare as her laughter caused the objects of his attention to bounce enticingly right before his eyes.

He recognised the bra as the one she had been wearing the previous school year, on Valentine's Day, when they had first kissed. Remembering that encounter, in the steaming waters of the Prefect's bathroom, which cumulated in their first kiss (and more), Harry reached out to cup her breasts through the thin covering of black satin. While he was staring, mesmerized, Ginny resuming her attentions to his shirt and wrenched it free of his pants and pulled it off his shoulders and down his arms.

"Oh, I like that, Harry. It feels so good, yesss..." she whispered as he rubbed his thumbs over the buds of her nipples through the silky satin material. She arched against him and he could feel them stiffening under his touch as she whimpered and caressed him. Ginny let her hands glide over his back and shoulders, tracing her fingers over his skin with a feather-light touch. After a while, as he continued to tease her breasts, she brought her hands around to rest on his chest.

Ginny's eyes were hooded with arousal as she trailed her hands down from his chest to his stomach. Her touch was like fire and caused his muscles to tense into rock hardness. When one hand dipped down to rub him through his pants as the other worked at his belt, Harry could only moan. She looked into his eyes, smiling seductively as she stroked his crotch, and whispered in his ear, "I like how this feels too... how big and hard you get... because of me..."

To his supreme disappointment Ginny skilfully unbuckled his belt and then raised both hands to push against his chest. Soon he was lying flat on his back and waiting to see what she had planned for him. The wait was a short one. Leaning forward, still straddling his lap, Ginny began to caress his chest and stomach. Where her hands went her mouth followed, trailing behind her tracing fingertips and teasing him with butterfly kisses.

His breathing was becoming ragged under her ministrations and before long he tried to push himself up. Ginny held him down with a hand to his chest. "We're too close to the edge of the bed, lover," she told him softly, "Shift up a bit."

Harry nodded and pushed himself fully onto the large bed, sliding his body out from under hers with a trace of regret. He scooted right up to the headboard as Ginny settled between his legs, which she arranged to either side of her. Her hands had continued to play over his abdomen as he moved, but now she dipped them down. He dropped his chin onto his chest and watched as she slowly undid the button of his jeans.

"Oh, dear God!" he exclaimed, as she reached down to stroke him through the thick material. His head fell back onto the pillows and his hips jerked beneath her, pushing his aching.

All of a sudden, her hands were gone.

Harry groaned in frustration and looked down again, wondering what was happening. Ginny had slid back down the bed and was tugging on the dragon-hide boots Sirius and Remus had got him for Christmas last year. Soon she had pulled them both free and, with theatrical exaggeration, tossed them over her shoulder. Smiling at him, she moved onto his socks which she bunched up and tossed playfully at him.

Moving back up Ginny slid her hands along the length of his legs, from his ankles to his hips, until she was close enough to cup the prominent bulge that was threatening to escape the front of his jeans. With an evil smirk she scraped her fingernails over the denim, causing Harry's hips to buck uncontrollably against her hands.

"Ginny... please..." he pleaded, his hands clenching the bedspread.

"If you insist, lover," she said with a chuckle. "Close your eyes."

Without even thinking about it Harry instantly obeyed and shut his eyes. All he could hear was his own ragged breathing and the loud pounding of his heart. But what he could feel... gods what was she doing to him? He could feel every soft curve of her body as Ginny slowly slid over him. Her hands tickled over his chest and shoulders, spreading out over his arms until she could grasp his wrists. Taking hold of him she pulled his arms over him, whispering for him to grab the headboard, to which he complied.

"You're going to like this," she promised, releasing his hands for a short moment. Then, to Harry's surprise, he felt the press of cold steel encircling his wrists. He opened his eyes and looked up to see that Ginny had, without warning, snapped a set of undoubtedly Muggle handcuffs onto his wrists. They were threaded through one of the bars that made up the headboard and effectively shackled him in place.

"Surprised?"

Harry looked at Ginny and arched an eyebrow almost to his hairline before smiling. He nodded and observed with as much calm as he could gather considering the circumstances, "I see you've decided to explore your kinky side again."

Ginny smiled down at him and laughed softly, "It's not for me that I'm chaining you to the bed."

Then, to Harry's eternal disbelief, Ginny moved out of the way. Standing at the foot of his bed, dressed in only a white button up shirt which reached almost to her knees and looked remarkably like one of his own, was one of his best friends. He looked at her in astonishment and asked, "Hermione?"

With a predatory smile Hermione hopped onto the bed and settled between his splayed legs, "Ginny has been gracious enough to treat me to a taste of her favourite night time snack."

"Actually," admitted Ginny as she lay down next to Harry and splayed a hand over his chest, "it's not solely a night time snack - I'm always willing to dine on any occasion. During the night is just more convenient."

"Oh, sweet Hades," Harry groaned as Hermione's hands slid up his legs and began tugging his pants down.

.oOo.

"Oh, sweet Hades," Harry groaned. While he had been remembering the circumstances leading to his, shall we say interesting, position; Hermione had decided to take the matter in hand as it were. A gentle, but firm squeeze to his sensitive flesh jolted Harry back to the present with such alacrity he wondered how he had ever managed to drift off.

Hermione was teasing him mercilessly, slowly running a fingertip along the underside of his rock hard shaft. He jerked and twitched at her touch, which brought a pleased smile to her face. She grinned up at him and asked playfully, "You seem a little anxious here, Harry. I think it would be in your best interests if I helped relieve this tension that's bothering you. Now where d'you think I should start, hmm?"

Harry lifted his head as high as he could manage and shot her an incredulous look that spoke more volumes than were to be found in the Hogwarts library. He turned his gaze to Ginny, sitting at his side, and stared at her with pleading eyes as she quirked an eyebrow at him. Help, however, did not come from that quarter as his girlfriend slapped him lightly on his bare ribs and shook her head. He looked back to Hermione, who was still tracing her finger up and down his rigid length, and managed a pathetic sounding whimper.

"Oh, I know," she said, apparently deciding that if he could not form a coherent answer then she would have to take the initiative. She slipped her fingers around him and, after giving an experimental squeeze, began to slowly stroke her hand up and down his length. "A nice massage should be just what you're looking for," she told him as he gasped for breath and dropped his head back onto the bed.

Before he had a chance to fully appreciate her actions, Hermione stilled her hand and asked, "Or maybe you'd prefer for me to kiss it better?"

Harry barely had time to comprehend what she had said when she bent down and unhurriedly, though the slowness almost drove him out of his mind, swept her tongue from base to tip. His hips jerked up and Harry growled loudly when Hermione stopped to ask, "Or maybe this would be more to your liking?"

At this point just about anything --other than stopping-- was more to Harry's liking, but his throat had constricted to where it was all he could do to continue breathing let alone try and form a reply.

The headboard creaked under the pressure Harry exerted when Hermione took hold of him with one hand and slipped just the head into her mouth. His arms were straining against the handcuffs as Harry gazed down to see her looking up and into his eyes as she swirled her tongue around and around with such delicious slowness that all he could manage to gasp out was her name, for fear that anything else would be completely incoherent.

Staring up at the canopy above his bed, Harry hoped that the multitude of Silencing Charms surrounding his bed were still in working order. He stifled a loud and tortured sounding moan as Hermione lowered her head and took him entirely into her unbelievably hot and wet mouth. She was doing things with her tongue and lips that left Harry with no option but to relinquish whatever control he had managed to cling to and simply surrender to her ecstasy inducing ministrations.

Good God, he thought, clenching his hands into tight fists when Hermione began to raise her head up, *Ron is one lucky son of a bitch!*

~Hey, that's my mother you're thinking about!~ Ginny protested, punching his exposed ribs rather forcefully and scowling unhappily at him.

Fighting against the overwhelming pleasure assaulting his senses as Hermione started to bob up and down Harry shook his head and looked into

Ginny's eyes. *Sorry*, he apologised, *it was just a figure of speech. I didn't mean anything by it, honest.*

Ginny frowned for a moment before grinned, *~Okay, Potter. I'll let it pass this time, but only this time.~*

"Mother of Merlin!" Harry gasped; shuddering at the feeling of Hermione's teeth lightly grazed his engorged flesh. He turned back to her and made eye contact, watching as she continued to torture him with her lips and tongue. She was grinning lasciviously at him around his glistening shaft and seemed determined to drive him completely out of his mind with the measured and unhurried pace she was maintaining.

~So you think my brother's a lucky man do you?~ Ginny asked him, reaching out from where she was sitting to stroke his ribs and chest. Her hands tickled lightly over his muscles, causing them to ripple and bunch under her touch, *~I hope you're not considering trading me in.~*

Despite the mounting pressure, Harry managed a weak laugh, *No worries. She's good though, and there's this trick she does with her tongue I'd like her to teach you, but I wouldn't swap you for a hundred of her.*

Ginny laughed and leaned over to kiss him kindly, running her hands back and forth over his chest. Harry lifted his head and in an instant the kiss changed from tender to passionate at his instigation. He managed to slip his tongue into her mouth, teasing her by quickly retreating and leaving her to follow. After refusing her demands for as long as he could (which wasn't much) he let her in, a low rumble starting in his chest.

Even with his hands handcuffed above his head, Harry could feel her shiver. She was laughing against his lips and pulled back to smile down at him. He opened his mouth, but she stopped him with a finger and giggled, "I just love it when you growl like that. Keep it up, lover."

Harry had to laugh at that, but his laughter quickly turned into a moan as Hermione noticeably began to increase her pace. It was still painstakingly slow, but enough that he could feel himself approaching his limit. She was leisurely moving up and down, releasing him from her mouth every dozen or so strokes. The transition from the scalding heat of Hermione's mouth to the soothing cool air was enough that Harry managed to crack the wooden bar the handcuffs chained him to. After licking along the length of his pulsing erection, she would return him to her mouth and greedily gobble her way down.

"Harry? Hey, Harry, are you in there?" called a familiar voice.

"Not now," he moaned.

Hermione paused in mid-stroke; with just the swollen head encased in her lips. Harry could see her chocolate brown eyes grow wide as she froze where she was, looking very much like a deer caught in the glare of onrushing headlights. Ginny, who was still at his side, stopped her loving caresses of his chest and looked nervously at the drawn curtains surrounding them.

~The Silencing Charms...~ she began, but stopped as Harry shook his head firmly and interrupted.

They're working perfectly, he told her. *Just make sure the Unmoveable Charm on the curtains is still working – I do NOT want to be interrupted.*

Ginny giggled, but did as he asked and made a quick check of the spells surrounding the bed. Nodding she looked at the two more active participants and wryly remarked, "All the charms are still in place, so please – don't stop on Neville's account."

"Oh Lord," Hermione groaned, releasing Harry to his disappointment, "Not poor Neville again."

"*Poor Neville ?*" asked Harry, incredulously. "What about me? I'm the poor bloke who's being left hanging on the brink here!"

Both girls however, ignored his protests and shushed him as they listened intently. The curtains, and the Silencing Charms placed on them, did nothing to muffle the voices of Harry's dormitory mates. Resigning himself to his frustration, Harry let his head fall back and tried to listen to what was being said beyond the confines of his bed. The fact that Hermione had a dainty hand wrapped around his currently unattended erection did little to distract him from what he had just been interrupted from.

"You don't suppose..." he heard Neville muttering, sounding faintly appalled.

"Well, he did leave dinner early," said Dean thoughtfully, "and Ginny was with him."

Seamus then spoke up to suggest, "Y'know, Hermione left at almost the same time."

"You can't be suggesting that - that -, " stammered Neville, "Harry and Ginny *and* Hermione?"

"It does sound a little farfetched, Seamus," agreed Dean with a touch of scepticism.

The Irish teenager sat firm with his theory however, "After this morning?"

Neville's voice sounded so tremulous that Harry was worried the timid boy might pass out again, "Do they really have to do that here? In *our* dormitory?"

Hermione, who had begun to slowly stroke Harry with her hand, turned and smiled impishly, "Yes."

"And people say I have no self control," Seamus was saying.

"You don't," confirmed Dean. "After that little debacle with Moira last year..."

"I didn't know she was changing!" Seamus quickly protested, "Besides, Neville was the one that snuck up to the girls' dormitories last week..."

Neville tried to defend himself, "I already told you that was an accident! I was busy looking for Harry and Ginny; just like everyone else."

Dean's voice was smug, "Well, we don't have to search far this time."

"That reminds me," they heard Seamus say, "Dean, you owe me five Galleons. I told you they'd end up in bed before the end of term."

"This year is going to be a nightmare," Harry moaned miserably, "I can almost see the headlines already."

"Yeah," agreed Ginny mischievously, "Boy-Who-Lived beds Hogwarts' two most lovely ladies."

"At the same time no less," added Hermione as she dipped her back down to Harry's waiting groin. She closed her eyes and took just the tip between her lips. Using her hands to prevent Harry from jerking his hips, she began to gently suck on the engorged head, which successfully caused Harry to forget that Dean, Seamus and Neville were on the other side of the curtains.

Sucking slowly, Hermione slid down on him and took him deep into her mouth. The sensations he was feeling were incredible and Harry groaned loudly when she bottomed out. He strained his arms against the handcuffs, desperately wanting to reach out his hands and hold her. Sliding her tongue around and over the underside of his shaft, Hermione clamped her lips tightly around his girth and began to withdraw at a snail's pace.

I'm not going to survive tonight with my sanity intact, Harry decided.

~That's the plan, lover~ Ginny laughed, settling down on the bed and lying alongside him.

Hermione opened her eyes and looked deep into his eyes when his erection slipped out of her mouth. The sight of her pink lips glistening and pouting was so deliciously erotic that Harry felt himself twitch with desire in the soft embrace of her hand. Hermione grinned impishly and began to kiss and lick at the inflamed crown. She teased him mercilessly for what seemed like an eternity by repeatedly sliding just the head into her mouth and then letting it slip free, her eyes sparkling with silent laughter as she held his gaze the entire time.

Every muscle in his body was flexing and rippling as Harry felt himself beginning to rapidly approach his climax. His arms were pulling against the handcuffs with such intensity the wooden bars of his headboard were cracking from the pressure. As she took him fully into her mouth once again, smiling up at him the entire time. Harry arched his back like a drawn bow and gasped as he felt his head worm its way to the very back of her mouth and into her throat.

After sucking gently and rhythmically on his shaft for a long minute Hermione drew up again, but stopped just shy of letting him fall free, keeping her lips wrapped around the head. Using her hands on his hips as support, she began sliding up and down with long but firm strokes, her lips and tongue massaging him as she moved.

It did not take long, especially with the magic her mouth was working, before Harry could feel his orgasm welling up within him. Hermione must have sensed his approaching climax as she increased her pace, reaching up with one hand to stroke at his belly, while her other hand cupped and gently squeezed his balls. Harry tried his best to restrain his reaction to her ministrations and hold back, his mind overcome by the matchless pleasure that Hermione was subjecting him to. He didn't want the wonderful feeling of her mouth around him to ever end.

Unfortunately his body betrayed him and Harry barely had time to gasp out a short warning as his head fell back and his hips thrust upwards. To his surprise and delight Hermione did not pull away. Instead she pulled back until only the head remained in her mouth and sucked vigorously as he felt himself explode. His entire body jerked wildly as he lost himself in his pleasure. Hermione managed to keep her hold on him, one hand firmly holding his hips in place, the other gripping his pulsating shaft and making sure he did not manage to pull away from her.

Finally, when the tremors and quivers wracking him began to die down, Hermione released her hold on him and sat up. With a decidedly superior smile she made a show of slowly swallowing. Harry stifled a groan at the display and let himself fall limply on the bed, his body bathed in sweat. Hermione giggled and flashed him a quick grin, the kind she reserved only for Ron, Ginny and him. As Harry's breathing gradually returned to normal she stretched over him to briefly kiss him on the lips and whisper, "Ginny was right; you do taste good, lover."

"Damn," he said after eventually managing to catch his breath. He looked at Hermione, who was lying on top of him and smiling triumphantly. Shaking his head in amazement he asked, "Were you trying to kill me or was that just a bonus?"

"Kill you? I was better than I thought," she responded smugly.

A small sound caused them both to start and look to one side. Harry felt himself blush when he realized that he, and Hermione, had completely forgotten about Ginny's presence alongside them. The fiery redhead was stretched out next to Harry and had clearly found their display very arousing, if the hand between her legs was any indication. Harry saw that she had, sometime during the proceedings, stripped off the skirt she had been wearing and was now wearing only her light green blouse (which was fully unbuttoned) and those mind stopping black bra and panties.

"That was totally amazing," Ginny whispered in a husky voice.

"We aim to please," said Hermione, pushing herself up and moving so that she was straddling Harry's hips. With a grin that sent shivers down his spine (and to other places as well) she ground her hips against him. Harry swallowed when she rubbed her crotch against his, her eyes falling closed as she bit her bottom lip. With a groan she sighed, "Don't we, Harry?"

Harry was too distracted by the feelings that her movements were rekindling to answer. He did, however, manage to notice when Ginny sat up and moved quietly behind Hermione. His girlfriend wrapped her arms around the older girl and proceeded to deftly unbutton the shirt she had somehow snuck from Harry's wardrobe. As the shirt fell open, Harry saw that his friend was wearing the underwear that she had been wearing on Valentine's Day, when he had unexpectedly barged in on the Gryffindor girls during... he still didn't know what exactly to call the little party he had interrupted.

Ginny cupped Hermione's breasts with her hands, caressing her very erect nipples through the sky-blue affair of satin and lace. Hermione moaned at the attention and leaned back against Ginny, all the while grinding her hips against Harry and rubbing the soaked crotch of her knickers against his recovering erection. Quiet unexpectedly she laughed, shaking her head so that her bushy brown strands whipped about. It was a light and magical (not literally though) laugh, a far cry from the disheartened young woman she had been at the start of the previous night.

"What?" chorused Harry and Ginny.

Hermione chuckled, still shaking her head slightly. Lifting her left hand from its place on Harry's stomach she motioned at Ginny's hands, which continued to massage her breasts and answered, "When I was younger I was so worried that I'd never get any tits."

Harry arched an eyebrow and nodded sagely, "You did."

She laughed again and looked teasingly at him, "You think?!"

"After this morning, I could hardly miss them," he told her, referring to how he had been in Ginny's position while his girlfriend had been working her own magic on Hermione beneath the covers.

~You're such a flirt, Harry~ Ginny told him, smirking at him from over Hermione's shoulder.

It's your fault, he told her, striving to look innocent as he did. *You've corrupted my innocent little mind.*

"I don't suppose," he said to the both of them, shrugging his arms, "you'd be kind enough to undo these now?"

Ginny grinned devilishly at him and shared a conspiratorial look with Hermione, "I don't know. What do you think, Hermione? Should we let him up?"

Hermione shook her head and said mock seriously, "I don't think we should. After all, we're having so much fun with him as he is I don't see any reason to change now."

"Hermione..." he growled, which only caused his friend to press herself firmly down on him.

"Uh-uh, Harry," she chided lightly, wagging a finger at him. "You've had your fun, now it's our turn to have some."

"As much as I have enjoyed this," he told them as they giggled above him, "I'd much rather not spend the entire night handcuffed to my own bed!"

Ginny looked at him thoughtfully, "So, you'd be okay with it if we tied you up to say... my bed? Or would you prefer Hermione's?"

Harry narrowed his eyes at her and growled. The two girls, however, did not heed his warning and continued to remark on the fun they were going to have with him during the remainder of the night. They were so busy enjoying their superiority in the situation that neither one noticed Harry beginning to gather his resources. By the time they did, it was too late.

There was a bright flash of light, accompanied by two rather startled squawks of alarm. When the light faded, the scene inside the curtains of Harry's bed had changed dramatically. Harry was kneeling at the bottom of the bed, his hands free from their earlier restrains and crossed over his chest. Before him --side by side-- were Ginny and Hermione, flat on their backs and with their arms above their heads and firmly handcuffed to his headboard.

~Harry? What the devil?~

Turnabout's fair play, lover, he told her with a satisfied smirk that rivalled anything Malfoy could produce.

With a casual wave both girls squeaked as their knickers quickly slid down their legs and into Harry's outstretched hands. He held the two skimpy pieces of cloth up for inspection and then tossed them over his shoulder to join his clothes.

"So," he asked with a lecherous smirk, running his gaze up and down their bound and half-naked bodies, "Which of you delectable vixens should I punish first? Ginny; for tying me up, or Hermione; for taking advantage of me in such a vulnerable state?"

The two girls, both staring up at him with lust smouldering in their eyes, turned their heads to the side and looked at their companion. They were already breathing heavily, in short pants, and their faces were flushed with anticipation as they finally turned back to him they chorused, "Me!"

Yes, Harry still had to wonder how he got into this situation, but one thing was for certain.

He definitely approved of these new sleeping arrangements.

~ Let the Punishment fit the Crime ~

Ginny Weasley drifted indolently in that calm warmth between wakefulness and slumber, allowing herself to drown in the soft pleasure that surrounded her being. She could feel Harry's gentle touch, an elusive caress of skilled fingers and tongue over and around her most private regions. It seemed to last an age as her boyfriend played with her as a Kneazle would a mouse, driving her towards bliss only to retreat and resume his teasing for a short while before driving her on yet again.

"Oh, great Maker," she groaned, struggling for breath. Without warning Ginny found herself being crushed under wave upon wave of fulfilling pleasure that swept her away in their intensity. Her body tensed, muscles rippling, as Ginny arched up against Harry, reaching down with both hands to hold his head firmly against her. Dimly, through the ecstasy, she heard an incoherent whimper escape her lips.

Little by little, Ginny relaxed her grip on Harry's head as his ministrations grew gentle, soothing her tender and swollen folds. Where only moments ago she had been hovering on the edge of sleep, Ginny was now undoubtedly awake and intensely aware of every sensation felt by her exhausted body. As her shivers of pleasure began to wane, Harry released his hold of her and eased himself up to rest alongside her, even as his fingers remained to gently stroke and caress her damp and matted triangle of silken auburn hair.

Harry kissed her shoulder and leaned closer to briefly nuzzle the hollow of Ginny's neck. He angled his head up so that he could look into Ginny's lidded eyes. His own green eyes were heavy with desire as he kissed the tip of Ginny's chin and began to trail a path of feather-light kisses down to Ginny's breast, taking a painfully long period of time to reach his destination.

Still continuing his languid caresses of her fluttering sex with the fingers of one hand, Harry settled upon Ginny's breasts with loving dedication. Ginny moaned softly and pressed up against Harry as he began to tease and excite her nipples, gasping as the wet heat of his mouth covered first one and then the other.

"Oh, Harry!" she exclaimed as he nibbled lightly at the nipple in his mouth, the sensation intense. Drawing back slightly Harry began to circle with his tongue, soothing the sensitive flesh. Ginny bucked under him as Harry stepped up his attentions to her, easily sliding two fingers into her receptive channel, his thumb circling the throbbing nubbin immediately above.

Her climax leapt upon her with all the warning of a tiger pouncing out of hiding, a sudden rush of moisture accompanying the quakes of delight which enveloped Ginny without mercy. Harry continued to work on her breasts throughout her orgasm, firmer and more aggressive as Ginny completely lost control of herself --not that she had been very in control at the start of this latest encounter-- and urged the writhing young witch higher and higher until she fell limp beneath him.

It was a measureless length of time before Ginny regained proper awareness of what was happening to her. The first thing she felt was Harry carefully slipping his fingers out from within her, reaching up to caress and stroke the rippling muscles of her stomach. Next he pushed himself further up the bed to lay by her side, kissing her gently, the tangy flavour of her own passion still in evident on his lips.

Ginny swallowed hard, trying to gather something to alleviate the dryness which had taken hold of her mouth after so much panting and gasping and a good number of passion filled screams. She settled back against the pillows cushioning her head and stared up at the ceiling and noted faintly, "We need to sleep sooner or later, Harry."

"Whatever happened to all that wonderful stamina you demonstrated so often over the summer holidays?" asked Harry in return, removing his hands from where they were stroking Ginny's stomach up to where he could begin unhurried caresses of her full breasts. He languidly circled one nipple and observed, "Midnight's still five minutes away."

"We've been here since right after dinner," Ginny explained. "We spent forty five minutes on you --maybe-- and then you got hold of Hermione and I..."

Harry smirked and glanced across Ginny to where Hermione was lying sprawled on one side of his bed, completely exhausted from the attention Harry had lavished on her, and sleeping so soundly that none of the recent bouts of lovemaking between her friends had caused her to so much as stir.

Ginny followed his gaze and smiled softly, "You wore her out, which took you about an hour. That means you and I have been making love for over three and a half hours. Nearly four. Without rest."

"You're not enjoying yourself?" asked Harry, a hint of concern entering his voice.

"Of course I'm enjoying myself," Ginny laughed. "I'm just amazed I've survived so long though."

Harry mused over her words, unconsciously tracing her collarbone. "Gin, I didn't think you have any difficulty going so long without a break. Although I suppose four hours--"

Ginny added, "Don't forget one extremely frustrating hour handcuffed to your bed while watching you nearly render Hermione unconscious from pleasure several times before succeeding and not being able to do anything about it."

"You have a point," Harry conceded, "I never considered you'd need time to recover."

"After five hours of this," Ginny admitted, "I definitely need some recovery time."

Harry nodded acceptance of this and continued to softly trail his fingers along her collarbone, a delicious feeling that Ginny luxuriated in for as long as it lasted. Gradually Harry traced his path lower and lower until he was caressing the valley between Ginny's breasts. "So," he inquired brightly and suddenly, "was that long enough? Have you recovered yet?"

Ginny whimpered and tried to shake her head. "I need to drink," she whispered hoarsely, doing her best to make her voice sound rougher than it really was, hoping to forestall her overzealous boyfriend's latest advance. She swallowed and asked meekly, "Some water? Anything, as long as it's wet."

"Water? Wet?" repeated Harry, with a lecherous grin. He reached down, sliding over her stomach, to cup and gently fondle Ginny's undisputedly soaked entrance. "I believe we're doing just fine when it comes to being wet."

"Oh, gods," Ginny groaned, staring at Harry with wide eyes as his fingers stroked playfully over her folds. She swallowed and managed to say, "I'm not kidding, Harry. I really do need something to drink."

Harry grinned at her, his eyes clearly telling her --in that mischievous light-- that he was not finished with her just yet,

~All right, love~ he acquiesced. With an obliging nod he drew away from Ginny overtaxed form. He reached out a hand and wandlessly summoned a pair of boxers to him, slipping them on as he sat up. Donning his dressing gown Harry graced her with an indulgent smile before vanishing with a soft pop as he Apparated through the Hogwarts defensive wards and directly into the school's kitchens below the Great Hall. Despite no longer being physically present he gave Ginny a mental caress and said in a suggestive tone, *~I'll be back in a minute or two. With all the water you'll ever want...~*

You're insatiable, Ginny told him, lying back in the bed next to the slumbering Hermione, and sighing at the momentary relief afforded by this short break which was granted by Harry being otherwise occupied with the acquisition of something to drink. She honestly doubted that she could muster enough energy for the next bout of lovemaking which Ginny knew Harry would instigate upon his return.

Because of her connection to the Order of the Phoenix, Ginny's stamina and energy reserves were already several times that of a normal woman. Harry, likewise, had been imparted with greater than normal staying power and vigor, which meant the pair of young lovers should have been a more or less equal match for each other. Yet, by some impossible means, Harry had succeeded in draining Ginny to the point where she could barely bring herself to move.

Perhaps, she mused, this was the reason why Harry proved such a formidable adversary. Regardless of whatever endeavor it was he participated in, Harry would always emerge victorious. No matter how dire or fraught with danger a situation may be, Harry endured and refused to flag. More often than not he would even succeed in turning the circumstance he found himself in on its head, as he had so aptly demonstrated early that night...

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- Four hours earlier -

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, yes, yes, yes, yesyesyes..."

Harry was grinning around the taut nipple he was sucking on, his green eyes shining brightly as he looked up at Hermione, who was almost desperate in her need. The tight nubbin of flesh he had in his mouth was hard enough to cut glass, heck maybe even diamond, and Harry knew his friend was very close to reaching her seventh climax of the night.

The young witch was hyperventilating, which was about the only thing she really could do since Harry had securely fastened her willowy arms above her to the bed's headboard with a set of Muggle handcuffs. Thus, aside from thrusting her hips up and trying to grind herself against Harry as he hovered above her, all Hermione was free to do was gasp for breath in the hope that would stave off the encroaching fuzziness in the edge of her vision.

It did not seem to be working.

Harry, apparently sensing that his long time friend was at the very edge, gently gripped the nipple he was sucking on between his teeth and began to repeatedly raked the tender flesh from base to tip. As groans of pleasure escaped Hermione's lips, Harry released the full breast from his mouth and propped himself on one elbow. He reached down with his other arm to tease his fingers through the tightly curled brown hairs at the junction of Hermione's thighs, causing her to cry out as he eased his index finger into her fevered opening.

"Harry! Oh, god! Yes! Yes! Yessssss..."

He cautiously probed deeper with his finger, acutely aware that Hermione was still unaccustomed to such penetration -- having only granted Harry permission to satisfy her in this way not an hour before. Despite himself, Harry could not resist a small swelling of smug pride in the knowledge that not even Ron had been allowed to do this to the young woman.

Hermione bucked beneath him with enough force that Harry was almost launched into orbit, despite his greater weight. She was straining against the handcuffs and breathing in deep gulps when Harry slid down her body, rotating his finger within her slick channel as he descended to between her legs. He ducked his head and flicked the tip of his tongue over the protruding nodule just above his delving finger. With a howl Hermione arched her back like a bow and clamped her thighs tightly around Harry, holding him in place as she was rocked by her orgasm. Harry was unable to do anything other than attempt to ride out the experience, until Hermione eventually went limp and slumped bonelessly onto the bed.

She had lost consciousness.

Several long moments passed as Harry gently extracted his finger from within Hermione's fluttering canal and paused to catch his breath. He grinned and asked smugly, "What number was that, Hermione? Seven?"

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"And you accused Ginny of being a screamer."

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Harry propped himself on both elbows and looked up the inert length of his friend's body. Concern shaded his voice as he asked, "Hermione?"

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The bushy haired, cinnamon-eyed girl was out for the proverbial count.

"Congratulations, Harry," observed Ginny, who had witnessed the entire display from where she was lying. Both of her arms were held above her head and her wrists secured to the headboard by a pair of Muggle handcuffs, effectively holding her immobile. She had, however, managed to twist onto her side and watch the event take place as Harry had proceeded to ravish Hermione as '*punishment*' for having done much the same to him earlier.

Suffice to say she was easily more aroused than she could remember having been in all her life. She smirked as Harry glanced over at her and continued to tease him by mimicking the words he had spoken that morning, when poor Neville Longbottom had burst in upon them and fainted as the situation proved too much for him. "You've just killed Hermione."

Harry's eyes narrowed and he pounced on Ginny with a growl. "Why you little..."

"Oh no," Ginny squealed as Harry began tickling his fingers across her exposed ribs and midsection. Within seconds of beginning his assault Harry succeeded in rendering Ginny helpless with laughter. Settling back on his haunches, while straddling her wiggling hips, Harry eventually eased up and waited patiently for his girlfriend to catch her breath.

Ginny's heart began racing a mile a minute --nothing to do with being tickled-- as Harry flipped her over onto her stomach. Her arms were still held above her head, her wrists fastened to the headboard by the handcuffs. He pulled her onto his lap, scissoring one leg over the back of both her thighs, effectively trapping her in place.

"Harry -- Harry, what are you doing?" she gasped, having regained enough control of herself to ask, but suddenly feeling very vulnerable, not to mention exposed. She could feel the blush tinting her cheeks bright pink as Harry stroked his fingers over the bare curve of her rear, so lightly she could only just feel his touch.

His first slap took her breath away.

"Ah! Harry!" she gasped and squeaked, twisting about in an attempt to pull free. It stung, not too much, not painfully, but it was a hot and prickling feeling. Even worse was that, in a strange way, it felt... she could not believe it, but it felt... good. It was as if the impact had struck deep within her and awoken something primal. Through the tingling after effect Ginny was extremely aware of how hot and heavy her crotch felt.

Harry pressed down on the small of her back with one hand and shifted his weight a little so that his restraining leg could hold her even more firmly in place. He trailed his free hand down the length of her spine before abruptly landing a second slap to Ginny's exposed arse, this time aimed at the other cheek.

Gasping for breath as Harry began to steadily rain spanks on her bottom, varying in their intensity but never becoming truly painful, Ginny buried her face in the pillows. She could feel the wetness flooding into her already throbbing passage, evidence of not only her prior arousal, but now her growing desire as Harry '*punished*' her. She had ceased struggling after the second blow, giving in to the sensations that were assailing her quivering body, even as she began arching her bum up to meet Harry's slapping hand.

At some point she became lost in the feelings, until instead of the sharp crack she was expecting, a completely different sensation made itself known to her. Harry had finished dealing out her '*punishment*' and was caressing her now tender behind with a distinctly lover's touch. Ginny squeezed her eyes tightly shut as his hand slipped between her damp thighs and gently brushed his fingers over the soaked folds of her sex.

Ginny burrowed her face deeper into the bedspread, knowing that she was now as red as a beet. Despite the closeness of her relationship with Harry, the knowledge that he knew the spanking had succeeded in arousing her, even further than watching him pleasure Hermione to the point of unconsciousness, was embarrassing. His fingers played over her entrance, feeling how inflamed and ready she had become.

Without speaking Harry unlocked his legs and slid out from beneath her, though the movement brought his own throbbing arousal to Ginny's attention. He reached up and ran his hand over both of hers and she immediately felt the cool metal of the Muggle handcuffs evaporate, freeing her arms from their seemingly eternal captivity. Ginny felt completely pliant to Harry's assistance as he rolled her half on her side, turned away from him. At his urging she pulled her arms down and tucked them close to her chest as she lay there.

Harry stretched out behind her, cradling her body close against him, and wrapped one arm around her waist. Ginny remained perfectly still --save for her breathing, which came in short, excited pants-- as Harry leaned in and, with great tenderness, kissed just behind her ear.

"Don't be embarrassed, lover," he whispered, moving his lips gently down the line of Ginny's neck. Trailing the soft, loving kisses slowly across her skin, Harry began circling the hand he had draped over her, tracing small circles on her quivering belly. His voice remained soft and quiet, but was filled with desire as he continued, "You looked so beautiful, lying there, Ginny. Your skin flushed with desire... that cute little backside of yours exposed for my attention..."

"Oh, Merlin's ghost," Ginny groaned, her voice thick with want. "Please, Harry... no more. Please, I need..."

“What do you need, Gin?” he asked, reaching up to cup a breast in his hand. The rough skin of his palm rubbed over the erect nipple as he gently massaged the soft globe. “Tell me what you want, lover. Tell me what you want and I’ll do it. Whatever you want... anything you want... all you have to do is tell me.”

Ginny was trembling from the desire that raged within her, squirming back against Harry and pressing her pleasantly hot and tingly rump into his groin. She whimpered softly and tried to move even closer, but his arms quickly ceased their caresses of her body and grabbed her hips, holding her in place.

“You have to tell me what you want, Gin,” he told her patiently, “or you won’t get it...”

The words had scarcely left his mouth before Ginny reached up and grabbed his hand, pulling it down between her legs. She managed to gasp out as she guided him towards her goal, “Touch me... inside...”

Harry instantly followed her instructions, sliding his other hand underneath her and using it to hold her slick flesh open for him as he dipped the hand she was holding into the hot wetness of her channel. Ginny shuddered at the initial penetration, the sensation finally sending her over the edge for the first time that evening. As her inner muscles squeezed and fluttered around his finger, she angled her hips to grant him better and deeper access, whimpering his name over and over in her climax.

“My clit...” she mewled, wriggling her hips with pleasure.

The arm trapped beneath her shifted and the hand Harry was using to expose her entrance more fully retreated. His fingers reached up and stroked firmly over Ginny’s sensitive nubbin. Her breathing began to quicken in response to his attentions and small, inarticulate sounds issued from her throat.

With a shriek that could rival the Hogwarts Express, Ginny began to jerk and writhe against Harry. Her arms flailed wildly about before she grabbed hold of the headboard, arching her back high. Harry somehow managed to continue his actions as Ginny thrashed about, only stopping after she released the headboard and collapsed next to him.

He relinquished his hold on her, letting her sink gently back against him, taking her weight in his arms as he tugged her around so that she was facing him. Ginny brought her arms up and around his neck as she wrapped her legs around his waist, her head resting peacefully on his chest. He reached behind her and stroked his fingers over the smooth curves of her rear, his touches feather light and sending shivers up her spine.

“You’re all red,” he said softly, look over her shoulder and down towards his earlier handiwork. Shyly, as if expecting her to reproach him now that they were finished, he asked, “Does it hurt?”

“A little,” she admitted. “It feels hot and tender. But good.”

He smiled at her and kissed the tip of her nose, “I’m glad. I’d never want to hurt you.”

Ginny smiled back at him, “I might have a little trouble sitting down tomorrow. It’s a good thing that it’s Saturday. Or I wouldn’t be able to stay still in class.”

“I guess we should be thankful I went easy on you then. I wouldn’t want you to pass out like Hermione did,” Harry laughed heartily. He shifted himself on the bed and rolled Ginny onto her back, so that he could look down at her, and asked seriously, “Did you enjoy being ‘*punished*’ like this?”

“It certainly was... interesting, but not something I’d care to experience too often,” Ginny decided after some thought. She looked up at his inquiring face, feeling her pride piqued slightly at his prior insinuation that she had been unable to endure his ministrations. Unwisely she arched an auburn eyebrow and confidently told him, “And nothing you could do would make me pass out like Hermione did.”

Harry grinned in that disquieting way he had, “Oh, really. Now there’s a challenge I simply can’t resist.”

He then proceeded to make the attempt...

.oOo.

“Knut for your thoughts?”

“Eek!”

Ginny jerked upright from her distracted remembrance to see that Harry had returned from the kitchens. He was standing next to the bed, just within the sanctity of the drawn curtains, carrying a large carafe of iced water in one hand and a pair of tall glasses in the other. He grinned down at her, clearly pleased at having startled her, and set the glasses down on the nightstand so that he could fill them with water from the carafe.

“Here you go, my fair lady,” he said gallantly.

Ginny eagerly accepted the glass he offered her, quaffing the entire drink in three long gulps. Harry quirked an eyebrow at her when she immediately held the empty glass out for him to top up, but refrained from saying anything as he reached for the carafe and poured a second helping for her. For the second glass Ginny settled back in the bed and sipped more sedately, this time finishing the cold liquid after Harry, who was still on his first glass.

Once her thirst was, at least temporarily, satisfied Ginny handed her glass over to Harry, who was by this time sitting on the edge of the bed. The young man placed it on the nightstand next to his own glass and the carafe, giving her a sidelong glance as he did so. With a roguish grin Harry

rapidly shed his dressing gown and dipped his hand into the carafe, snagging a couple chunks of the ice that was still floating about within it. He hopped back onto the bed and immediately straddled Ginny's hips, trapping her beneath him.

"D'you know the difference between hot and cold, lover?" he asked in a voice husky with desire.

Oh God, he's ready for more, thought Ginny, wondering if she would survive the experience. Even with the revitalizing effect of the water, she was still feeling a bit drained from their prior encounters. She looked up at him and, seeing the mischievous gleam in his eyes, responded with a wary, "Of course I do, Harry."

"Really? You sound very confident, perhaps a little *too* confident. I think a refresher course will be in order" Harry said with a gentle leer.

He began by cupping Ginny's right breast with his free hand, stroking his thumb over the nipple. Despite her fatigue Ginny found herself growing aroused yet again, especially when Harry leaned down to suck her unattended nipple into his mouth. Harry swirled his tongue around the erect nub of sensitive flesh, proving to Ginny just what the meaning of hot was. Her mouth was suddenly dry, despite having recently been soothed by the water in the carafe, as Harry released her right breast and without warning switched to his other hand.

"Oh, sweet Merlin's beard!" Ginny exclaimed. "Harry!"

The opposing sensations of hot and cold on her aching nipples were unbelievable, causing Ginny to clutch desperately at the bed sheets with her hands in an attempt to restrain her wild reaction. She could feel Harry's teeth lightly grazing her left nipple, surrounded by a seemingly blistering heat, as he smiled at her response. By contrast he was, at the same time, tracing over her other breast with the ice cube, leaving a trail of such cold as he slowly spiraled towards the rock hard nipple which he was skirting so closely.

She had never imagined that feeling such wildly dissimilar sensations could prove so wonderful, not to mention unbelievably arousing. When Harry finally centered the ice cube he was teasing her with over the tight pucker of her nipple, Ginny felt a rush of scalding heat flooding within her, testament of her excitement.

Harry proceeded to drive Ginny half out of her mind --and one or two occasions completely out of her body-- by setting up an unhurried rhythm of alternating between the heat of his mouth and the chill of the ice cubes. Somehow he seemed to know just how to coax the most powerful reactions and feelings within Ginny, driving her so completely to distraction that she was almost literally lost in her pleasure. As Harry finally descended to the pulsing entrance of Ginny's sex, she simply lost the ability to think articulately.

"Ah! Harry!" she cried, testing the dampening effects of the many Silencing Charms surrounding the bed. Harry had just, with the utmost gentleness, slipped a sliver of ice into Ginny while sucking the hard nubbin of her clitoris into the scalding heat of his mouth. Barely conscious of doing so, Ginny reached down with both hands and gripped her lover by the head, pressing him hard against her as she reared her hips to meet him.

Harry had somehow managed to slide a finger inside of her and was nudging the rapidly melting sliver of ice around, shifting it deeper within before carefully pulling out. Ginny's entire body was almost rippling as he released the sensitive nodule above her fluttering channel, giving it an affectionate kiss before lowering his lips to nuzzle at her dripping folds. Harry lapped at the sensitive lips, relishing in the delicious wetness as he circled the moist opening with just the tip of his tongue.

He had located another cube of ice with his left hand and was busy teasing it through the silky curls of Ginny's pubic hair as he dipped into her with his right. Ginny was writhing under him and relinquished her hold on his head, reaching up with both hands to roll and pull on her nipples as Harry outlined her swollen and fevered folds with the ice in his hand, regularly sliding it up and over the bud of her clitoris which invariably caused her jerk against him. Then, feeling more adventurous than usual, Harry lowered his right hand a fraction.

"Oh!"

Harry nibbled at Ginny's soft flesh, keenly aware of how his girlfriend was quivering and gasping at every probing touch, no matter how light and tentative. Adjusting his hold on her hips with his free hand, Harry proceeded to sweep his tongue up and down in long strokes as he pushed gently, working just the tip into her. Ginny was moaning loudly and crossed her arms tightly over her chest, digging her nails deep into her shoulders. She wiggled from side to side and arched her back, pushing against Harry, urging him to continue his unexpected, but obviously welcome, explorations.

Driving his tongue deep into Ginny's entrance and tickling his nose against her folds, Harry slowly and gently eased his finger into her. He reached down with his other hand to cup Ginny's taut buttocks as he carefully stroked and caressed her body with tongue and finger. Ginny's nerves were responding eagerly to the focused stimulation and all too soon the young girl was overwhelmed by it, spasms abruptly wracking her body as she clamped her thighs around Harry and howled loudly enough to disturb Hermione's fitful sleep.

"Shuh'up, Rhon'kins," the older girl mumbled and rolled onto her side, facing away from the two lovers.

After the convulsions had died down and Ginny was once again lying on the bed, rather than trying to launch herself off it, Harry eased back, but not before impishly wiggling his finger in a parting tickle that caused the exhausted witch to giggle as he withdrew. He slid up her body and pried Ginny's hands free of her shoulders, where her nails had dug deep crescents into the flesh. He lowered himself to her side and kissed her deeply, sliding his tongue over her lips in a loving caress before reaching down to pull the covers over and around them.

Harry wrapped his arms around Ginny and drew her close to him, cuddling her lithe frame against his as she recovered from her exertions. It took several minutes but slowly the shivers departed, though her muscles continued to quiver every so often as she relaxed in his embrace.

"Interesting '*refresher course*'," Ginny finally observed; her voice thick and husky in the aftermath of this last orgasm.

"Thought it might grab your attention," agreed Harry, stroking her back as they lay quietly.

Ginny shook her head and asked, "How on earth d'you keep coming up with these ideas?"

Harry smirked, "It's a gift."

~ Tricks and Treats ~

"So, what's new in your life?"

Oh, nothing much, Harry thought wryly. He somehow managed to keep his expression neutral as he silently considered his godfather's question. *Surviving lethal curses at every turn; defeating Dark Lords left and right; beneficiary of a great and timeless power; having sex with Ginny and Hermione –in the same bed, at the same time– every night since the start of term... same old, same old.*

Harry, Ginny, Hermione, Remus Lupin and Sirius Black were all sitting in Harry's office, just to one side of the Practical Fighting Techniques auditorium which was still undergoing renovation. Harry, sitting behind his desk with Ginny wiggling flirtatiously in his lap, was about to answer Sirius's question verbally (but planning on leaving out the bit where Ginny and Hermione were spending their nights with him) when suddenly the door to the office swung open.

"Hey, Potter, what's keeping you down here?" asked Blaise Zabini as she sashayed her way into the room. She had most of her attention directed at Harry as she entered, but her voice trailed off as she noticed the visitors Harry was entertaining. "Our budding masters of bawdy sea shanties are finished now, all one hundred and forty verses, so there's no reason for... you... to... hide..."

He had to smile, even if he was slightly concerned about what had just happened. Blaise was now frozen just inside the office, her mouth hanging slightly open and her sparkling blue eyes wide as could be. Hermione was sitting stiffly in her chair, watching the Slytherin girl in obvious alarm and was shooting worried glances towards Remus and Sirius. Ginny, still resting on Harry's lap, was holding her breath in anticipation and he could feel the sudden tension in her muscles where he held her.

The two adults, for their part, were frozen in place in much the same manner as Blaise. Remus was sitting on the very edge of his seat and was moving scarcely a muscle. His face had likewise frozen in a blank mask. Sirius, the more excitable of the two, had such an expression of dismay and apprehension –not including the complete drainage of all the blood in his face– that Harry wondered if he wasn't having an attack of some sort.

Harry looked over Ginny's shoulder to where Blaise and Sirius were staring silently at each other. Stifling a chuckle he waved a hand from Blaise to Sirius and back, finally breaking the long silence. "Sirius, this is Blaise Zabini, a fellow student," he introduced with a bemused smile, "Blaise, this is my godfather, the disreputable Sirius Black."

"Sirius Black?" asked Blaise weakly.

"Yes."

"Sirius Black, as in the escaped prisoner of Azkaban?" she asked, looking at Sirius with more than a little concern. "The convicted murderer and supporter of the Dark Lord? That Sirius Black?"

Harry nodded. "That's right."

"Oh," Blaise finally tore her wide-eyed gaze away from Sirius and towards Harry. "Y'know a few years ago I would have started screaming by now."

"That's what I like about you, Blaise," he admitted with a smile, "you're very level-headed."

Blaise returned his smile and then strode over to where Sirius was sitting perched on the armrest of Remus' chair. She came to a stop just in front of him and looked him over in a manner that reminded Harry of his Aunt Petunia sizing up a side of beef at the butcher's.

"So you're the infamous Sirius Black?" she asked coyly. At Sirius' silent nod, she reached out a hand and seductively traced the line of his jaw with a manicured finger. She grinned impishly at Sirius' dumbfounded expression and told him, "You're cuter than I thought you'd be."

Harry tried his hardest not to laugh as Sirius all but fell from his seat. He couldn't hold back a short cough of amusement as Blaise turned away from the two men and spoke to him again. She shook her head in what could only have been wonder. "You certainly do keep... interesting company, Potter. You'll have tell me about it one day."

He shrugged and gave a noncommittal nod. "One day."

Blaise's eyes were twinkling merrily as she walked to the door and pulled it open again. She stood in the doorway and looked back at Harry. "I'll hold you to that. See you up at the feast." Just before she turned to leave she glanced at Hermione and then at Ginny, who was still happily sitting on Harry's lap. She nodded amiably to them, "Granger, Weasley."

Turning on a heel, the centrefold of Slytherin house, stepped out of the office. She left behind one highly amused Harry Potter; two bemused, if slightly concerned young ladies; one somewhat worried, but otherwise willing to trust Harry's judgement, werewolf; and lastly one escaped convict that was in the process of having a mild stroke.

Offhand it was quite an exit.

"Um, excuse me? Blaise?"

Blaise turned to find herself faced with the slight, and obviously quite nervous, form of Colin Creevey. The sandy haired fifth-year Gryffindor was shifting uncertainly on his feet, head bowed down in careful examination of the toe of one shoe. Blaise was momentarily put off by the fact that the normally ebullient young wizard was not trying to take her picture, his camera hanging limply around his neck instead.

She arched an eyebrow and asked politely, "Yeah, Creevey? Is there something you need from me?"

"Um... well... er..." a clearly hesitant Colin stammered, not really managing to convey the meaning of his intrusion into Blaise's musings. She had been leaving the Great Hall, on her way down to the Slytherin common room, lost in thought about her encounter with Harry Potter and the convicted murderer Sirius Black. She had not known what to expect, barging into Harry's office like that, but coming face to face with the most notorious escaped convict in recent history had not been it.

She shook herself out of her drifting and returned her attention to Colin, who was still stumbling about the issue. From what she could gather from the few and scattered articulate words the boy managed, Blaise was under the impression that he was trying --with great lack of success thus far-- to ask something of her.

Settling down for a long wait, since this would clearly take some time, Blaise leaned back against the nearest wall and watched as Colin proceeded to bumble around in circles. At some level she was feeling a small amount of sympathy for the poor boy, whom everyone was beginning to suspect fancied Harry Potter, when she realized that he had managed to mention this year's Yule Ball nearly a dozen times in the past couple of minutes.

He can't be, she thought in amazed disbelief. Not even a Gryffindor would be brave or stupid enough, depending on your point of view, to ask a Slytherin to the ball (except perhaps Potter and that was unlikely to ever happen). Especially, and Blaise knew this without any false modesty, the most beautiful witch in the whole of Slytherin, if not the school. She looked closely at Creevey, who was for some unknown reason talking about Neville Longbottom and the previous Yule Ball, and reached the conclusion, *Oh dear Merlin, he is...*

"Colin," she interrupted, holding up a hand to forestall his continued monologue. After he stopped Blaise looked him levelly in the eyes, pleased that he was able to meet her gaze (if a bit uncomfortably) and said, "You're going to escort me to the Yule Ball this year. Make sure your dress robes go well with burgundy."

With that said Blaise left the gob smacked boy where he was standing, completely unable to believe that she had just accepted to go to the Yule Ball with a Gryffindor. And a Muggle-born one at that.

I must be out of my mind, she decided. A wicked grin split her face as she thought; *It'll be worth it just to see the look on Pansy's face when she finds out. I'll have to tell her personally.*

Smirking at the mental image Blaise rounded the last corner leading into the dungeons and almost collided with three of the people she had been thinking of before meeting Colin just outside the hall. Harry, Ginny and Hermione were standing at the base of the stairs, all three looking far too casual to be considered innocent.

"Zabini," Harry said calmly in greeting, sounding as if they were casually passing in a brightly lit upstairs corridor rather than meeting in the subdued and gloomily lit dungeon.

"Gods, Potter," she hissed in surprise, almost tripping over herself. She looked from Harry to Ginny to Hermione and back to the Boy-Who-Lived. "What in Slytherin's beard are you three doing down here?"

Before any of them could answer she noticed a small plastic container that Hermione was holding. Looking pointedly at it she raised both eyebrows and asked, "What's that? You're not stealing from Snape's storeroom again, are you?"

Hermione looked indignant at the accusation and replied, "It's a cheese and ham sandwich."

Blaise stared blankly at her.

"Cheese and ham sandwich?" she repeated, not sure she had heard right. "What're you doing in the dungeons, after dinner, with a cheese and ham sandwich?"

"Would you like to have a bite?" Hermione offered politely.

Though she couldn't be sure from the Gryffindor's bland expression, Blaise was certain Hermione was making fun of her. She glanced over at Harry, who was watching them with a twinkle in his bright eyes. Next to him, Ginny was visibly trying to fight a growing smile, though her eyes carried a slightly more serious look to them than her boyfriend's did. Blaise switched her gaze from one Gryffindor to the other, eyeing the trio closely as she considered.

Arching one eyebrow again she asked, "So are you going to tell me why you're really down here, or should I just start making educated guesses while you stand around failing to look innocent and as if this 'chance meeting' of ours wasn't planned?"

"I didn't think we were being that obvious," Harry muttered to Ginny, looking slightly embarrassed.

"Told you we should've just hit her over the head and dragged her someplace private," replied Ginny ruefully.

Blaise almost instantly had her hand on her wand, but refrained from drawing it at them, "Oh no, you bloody well won't!"

Harry raised both hands in appeasement, trying to allay her worries, "Relax, Zabini, it was a just joke. Ginny didn't mean anything by it."

Yeah. Right. Of course not,” agreed Ginny, without much conviction.

“Gin,” warned Harry, giving her a stern look that seemed to be cut from the same mold as Dumbledore’s stern looks. He turned his attention back to Blaise and said, “We were just hoping to talk about a... serious situation, if you know what I mean.”

Blaise nodded warily, “D’you mean ‘serious’ or ‘Sirius’?”

Hermione snorted softly with amusement and said, “All things considered, especially where Sirius is involved, probably a little of both, eh Harry?”

“He does have a tendency of getting himself into trouble,” admitted Harry with a tired sigh, “and usually because of me.”

“Only because you seem to have a supernatural tendency of getting yourself into even more,” observed Ginny wryly. She had discarded her severe demeanour and was regarding Harry with a fond if slightly frustrated expression in her eyes.

“I gather then, by your association with Black,” prompted Blaise, “that he’s innocent?”

Harry nodded, “Yes.”

Blaise blinked and asked, “That’s it? That’s all you have to say on the matter?”

“It’s a very long story,” explained Hermione, moving the container she was holding to her other hand.

“I’m free tonight,” Blaise replied evenly.

“As I said earlier; one day – but not now,” replied Harry firmly. He motioned his two companions as he walked past Blaise to stand at the foot of the stair. Just before proceeding up them he looked over his shoulder and said, “I trust you’ll keep quiet about Sirius’ presence here, for the meanwhile? It would cause a great deal of trouble, for all of us, if word got out about him visiting me.”

Blaise immediately retorted, almost without thinking about it, “That depends.”

The trio of Gryffindors remained frozen in place on the stairway. Slowly, with his expression suddenly more grim than Blaise could ever remember seeing of him, Harry turned to face her. His voice was carefully level as he asked, “Depends on what?”

“You,” replied Blaise. “On whether or not you give me what I want.”

“You’re going to blackmail us in exchange for your silence, is that it?” asked Ginny scathingly, her eyes flashing with barely held back anger.

Blaise shook her head slightly and tried to explain, “I’m a Slytherin, remember? It’s just not in my nature to do something for nothing. It’s a weakness I can’t afford to allow while the situation with You-Know-Who remains as it is.”

Harry stepped off the stairs he had mounted and moved to stand right in front of her, staring down at Blaise with his brilliant green eyes. He appeared to consider her, and her demand, for a moment before asking levelly, “What is it you want, then?”

Not really having known what she was planning on saying, as she had been reacting to the entire situation mostly on an instinctive level, Blaise was rather surprised by her answer. Of course, looking at their faces –especially Harry’s– she could tell that she was not the only one. Thinking about it though, she had to admit, the price she was demanding for her silence was most definitely not one that anyone would have expected of her.

“You.”

Harry and the other two were looking at Blaise with such dumbfounded expressions she almost wished that Colin Creevey was still around to capture the moment on film. Harry blinked several times, in rapid succession, and finally managed to ask in a stuttering voice filled with unbridled disbelief, “W-wh-wha-what? You – you... what? Me?”

Standing just behind him was Ginny who, after recovering from her initial shock, glared furiously at Blaise and practically growled, “What d’you want with Harry?”

“I want him to kiss me,” Blaise admitted in a small voice, ducking her head so that she wouldn’t have to look any of them in the eyes. As it was she could already feel the heat building in her cheeks as she began to blush furiously, acutely aware of just how much she was revealing by asking this of the three Gryffindors. An age seemed to pass, a very quiet and suspenseful age –which only served to fuel Blaise’s mounting apprehension– before Harry spoke up.

“Why?”

“I – I just want to know what it would be like,” she confessed. Looking up and meeting his gaze, Blaise found herself bashfully admitting a secret that would almost certainly destroy her position as a Slytherin. “I had a crush on you near the end of our third-year and all the way through fourth.”

Harry blinked. Stroking his chin, as though deep in thought, Blaise heard him muse thoughtfully, “So that’s why you never wore one of those blasted ‘Potter Stinks’ badges.”

She nodded in confirmation, “Yeah... I’m over it now, but I’d still like to... y’know.”

“Just a kiss?” Harry asked suspiciously.

Just a kiss. I don't presume to believe I could have more than that with you." She glanced past Harry and looked at a slightly calmer Ginny. "Not while you have her."

Blaise would normally not have noticed, but this situation was suddenly so charged that she was unbelievably aware of everything happening around her. She couldn't understand it though, why would Hermione frown like that when Blaise mentioned Harry's relationship with Ginny? She was about to dismiss it, pass it off as the assiduous witch's disapproval of the whole issue, when she heard Hermione mutter in a low, almost inaudible tone, "And me."

For a short moment, a very short moment, Blaise didn't know what to make of that. Then understanding bloomed within her and she could feel her mouth drop open and her eyes widen so much she was almost afraid they'd pop out of her skull. She stared at Hermione, her mouth moving but not making any discernable sound. She looked between her and Harry, who was grimacing towards Hermione with a somewhat pained expression on his face, as was Ginny.

"You – you... with her... with Granger? Weasley's girlfriend?" Blaise finally managed to stammer, shaking her head and scarcely able to believe the conclusion she had come to. She then crossed her arms and gave a small smirk before exclaiming with almost reluctant admiration of the Boy-Who-Lived, "Potter, you lucky son of a bitch!"

"Hermione!" groaned Ginny, reaching up to briefly cover her eyes with a hand. Sighing she dropped her hand and gave her friend a stern look that matched the one Harry was already directing at her. Ginny glanced over at Blaise before remarking to Harry unhappily, "Well, that cat's out of the bag. We'll never get her to keep quiet about *this*."

This was almost as much of a revelation to Blaise as the first bit. She stared at Ginny in complete disbelief, unable to comprehend how the fiery haired girl could possibly seem so calm about everything. "You *know* about – about them?"

"Of course I do," Ginny replied matter-of-factly. She gave an indifferent shrug and continued, "It'd be kind of hard to miss. After all; the bed's only so big... oh shit."

"Oh my gods." At the rate this was going, Blaise was certain she would not last the night if anything more came to light. She looked from one anxious looking Gryffindor to the next. She struggled to speak, managing only to point at them and wave her finger back and forth. Finally she stammered, "You mean... the *three* of you? *Together*?"

Harry, looking very resigned, leaned against the stairway's banister and sighed, "I'm almost afraid to ask what you'll need to keep quiet about this."

Blaise responded immediately, once again without giving much thought to what she was saying. This time the reactions her words generated from the other three students were even more disbelieving that her first admission of having wanted Harry. All three stared at her in thunderstruck disbelief, their jaws hanging almost to the floor.

"Let me join you."

Fighting down an even deeper, not to mention hotter blush Blaise dropped her eyes to stare at the cold stone floor once again. She knew that this was definitely not something to be taken lightly, nor without all due consideration, but Blaise was a firm believer in grabbing hold of an opportunity when it presented itself and hanging on with grim tenaciousness. Licking her lips and swallowing her fear of –what she felt would be inevitable– rejection, Blaise pleaded timidly, "Just for one night. Please."

She then looked up to see the one thing she had absolutely not been expecting to see – the trio appeared to actually be considering her request. Seriously considering it and not rejecting it out of hand as she had thought they would. Or at least Ginny and Hermione were giving the proposal all due consideration. Harry, on the other hand, was simply staring at Blaise as though he had never seen anything quite like her before and was extremely startled by the sight.

"What d'you think, Harry?" asked Ginny, looking at her boyfriend expectantly. There was an excited gleam in her chocolate brown eyes that looked, at least to Blaise, very much like growing arousal. The same look was mirrored in Hermione's soft cinnamon coloured eyes, the effect amplified when the normally staid young witch licked her lips in obvious anticipation.

Harry blinked rapidly several times before arching an eyebrow at her and replying blandly, "You want to know what I think?"

Ginny eyed him for a moment, obviously thinking it over, before shaking her head, "On second thought, no, don't say anything."

The pair matched eyes for a long moment –Blaise could have sworn that they were communicating in some manner– and eventually Harry shook his head in apparent resignation and let loose a deep sigh. He turned his gaze to Blaise, his eyes suddenly smouldering with an indefinable desire, and said lightly, "Well, we certainly can't do anything here in the dungeon. Too many people coming and going."

"I don't think we could ever manage to sneak you into my dorm," admitted Blaise, already working to find some place where they could go to be undisturbed. She tried very hard not to let the giddy excitement that was suddenly bubbling within her enter her voice. "Besides which, the bed definitely wouldn't hold all four of us."

Ginny looked at Harry and suggested, "We could enlarge it."

He shook his head in disagreement, "It would take a good bit of time... half an hour at least. More if there's a lot of people around and we need to be discreet about it."

"Even then there'd still be the problem of how we'd get into the Slytherin dorms," added Hermione, tugging at her lower lip with a finger, while cupping the elbow of that arm with her other hand.

“What about the Potions classroom?” Blaise proposed thoughtfully. She pointed down the poorly lit corridor they were standing in, “It *is* just around the next corner.”

Harry stared at her in disbelief.

“...”

Ginny stared at her in disbelief.

“...”

Hermione stared at her in disbelief.

“...”

Blaise shifted, uncomfortable under their silent appraisal of her, and asked defensively, “What?”

Harry continued to stare at her in disbelief, but managed to splutter the question, “You want us... to do... in the dungeons... in Snape’s classroom?”

“Why not?” Blaise asked innocently, though she could understand his apprehension about the notion.

“*Why not?*” he shot back incredulously, gaping at her with wide eyes. It was an expression Blaise thought she should probably get used to, seeing as how often Harry directed it towards her.

“Imagine if we used his desk...” mused Ginny, clearly enthralled by the idea.

Hermione nodded her head in agreement, a roguish smile playing at her lips, “Potions would never be the same after that. Every time we’d look at the desk...”

Harry looked upwards in mock sufferance and asked, “How do I keep letting you girls talk me into things like this?”

“You just haven’t learnt how to say ‘*no*’ yet, Harry,” explained Ginny benevolently, patting him comfortingly on the shoulder.

“I’m fully capable of saying ‘*no*’, thank you,” asserted Harry firmly. He looked at her and began to elaborate, but abruptly trailed off when he realized just what he was revealing, “I recall saying it loudly and often that time you and Hermione handcuffed me to the bed...”

“I can see your sex life is almost as interesting as the rest of your life, Potter,” Blaise observed wickedly, amazed at all the details that were coming to light about Harry, Ginny and Hermione’s relationship. She would never have believed, let alone imagined, that any of the three of them could prove to be so... adventurous in such matters.

Harry shook his head and said with resignation, “With my luck I just know Snape’s going to walk in on us...”

Hermione immediately grabbed hold of his elbow and tugging him in the direction of the Potions classroom, Ginny holding on to his other side and Blaise following closely behind. The bushy haired Prefect was grinning in a purely salacious manner as she asked rhetorically, “Can we take that as a ‘yes’, lover?”

“You girls don’t fight fair,” Harry noted as they reached the classroom. Despite his protests, he waved a hand at the door and Blaise could hear the lock and its catch releasing. Pushing on the handle and swinging the door open, Harry motioned for the three eager witches to enter the empty classroom.

“If it’s the only way to get you boys to do what we want... you can bet that Quidditch firmed arse of yours we won’t,” Blaise informed him smugly as she stepped inside, followed by an evilly grinning Ginny and Hermione.

“Take off your shirt.”

Harry looked at Blaise, surprised by the authoritative tone of voice she was using. They were standing in the empty classroom, about to do something Harry was absolutely positive was a bad idea. It was not that he, Ginny and Hermione were about to bring a fourth person into their little threesome that gave him cause for concern—at least not too much— but rather the fact that they were going to do so in Professor Snape’s Potions classroom.

He looked at Blaise who was waiting expectantly, Ginny and Hermione standing just behind her. “Excuse me?”

“Your shirt, Potter,” she said impatiently. “You’re still wearing it.”

“So?”

“Considering what we’re about to do,” Blaise said, “I want to see some flesh before we start.”

One of Harry’s eyebrows rose up all the way to his hairline as he asked, “Flesh?”

Ginny laughed and draped an arm over Blaise’s shoulders while leering at him, ‘Don’t be such a prude, Harry.’

With the resigned air of someone who knows that he was never, ever, going to win this argument (however playful it might be) Harry deftly undid the fastenings holding his robes closed and shrugged the black garment off. Looking around, he eventually decided to casually drape the robes over Snape's desk, since it was Ginny's idea that they utilize that particular fixture. After all, what with all the odds and ends scattered about its top, Snape's desk looked decidedly uncomfortable – much like its owner did.

Gin? Your robes – to cover the desktop, he prompted, shooting his girlfriend a glance as he began to pull off the light sweater he was wearing over his shirt.

Ginny smirked playfully at him and, after whispering in Hermione's ear for a moment, began to playfully twist and tug at her robes, though not really doing anything with them. Harry pulled off his sweater and tossed it at her. Ginny giggled and caught the discarded garment with one hand, finally beginning to undo her own robe's fastenings with the other. Next to her Hermione was doing much the same and, being of a less teasing nature than Ginny, had fully removed her robes and carefully arranged her robes over Harry's on the desk.

"So, Blaise... any limits we should be aware of?" asked Harry, turning to the watching and waiting Slytherin girl as he began to unbutton his shirt.

"Anything you like, Harry, as long as you stop if I say so," replied Blaise readily. She paused for a moment, a flicker of uncertainty in her eyes and asked timidly, "You will... won't you?"

Hermione giggled, something Harry found rather strange, and patted the blonde-haired witch on the shoulder. She shook her head as he pulled his shirt off and handed it to Ginny. "Don't worry, Blaise, he'll never do anything to you that you wouldn't want him to."

Ginny dropped Harry's shirt on top of the sweater she had set aside on one of the front row desks. She looked over at Hermione, then Harry, and ruefully rubbed her hands over her bottom. "Speak for yourself."

"You didn't complain at the time," Harry defended himself. He smirked a bit and looked at her lecherously, crossing his arms over his now bare chest, "The only thing you told me to stop was teasing you."

"Yeah, Gin." said Hermione, joining in on the tease. "Don't you remember telling me how hot and wet that spanking made you?"

The red head huffed and glared at her witch lover, "Well at least I don't--"

Blaise, who had removed her own robes and placed them with the three already covering Snape's desk, leaned close to Harry and asked, "Are they always like this?"

"Only when their mouths aren't otherwise occupied," he replied, sounding decidedly lecherous.

"Oh, you'll pay for that one, Potter," announced Ginny, waving a fist playfully at him.

Ignoring his girlfriend's playful –or so he hoped– threat, Harry turned to face Blaise. He leaned forward, cautiously so as not to spook her, and took her into his arms. He could feel her initially resist the embrace, but gradually Blaise allowed herself to relax as he began a slow and lingering caress of her back. Tracing his hands up and down her spine, feeling the softness of her skin through the thin fabric of her blouse, Harry waited until she lifted her head a fraction before he placed a brushing kiss over Blaise's forehead. He trailed his lips down the bridge of her nose, playfully kissing the upturned tip, before descending to her mouth.

The instant their lips connected, a low moan escaped from Blaise. Harry was very gentle at first, not doing much more than simply pressing against her. When he felt Blaise running her hands over his bare back, Harry decided to deepen the kiss and pressed harder. Teasing her lips open he dipped his tongue into her eager mouth, which tasted of a spicy wine and a hint of cinnamon. Blaise eagerly accepted his advances and quickly sought to return them; pressing up against him and pulling him down to with her as she excitedly caressed his naked back.

She's very good at this, Harry thought as he left her mouth briefly to nibble his way along her elegant jaw and up to her ear. Smiling he whispered to her, "You're a wonderful kisser."

"It certainly looks that way," observed Hermione, who had come up behind Blaise. She settled right behind her, pressing up against her and reached around to begin slowly unbuttoning Blaise's blouse. As the girl in Harry's arms tensed at the contact, Hermione leaned over Blaise's shoulder and placed a tender kiss to her throat. "Relax, Blaise... if anyone knows what he's doing; it's Harry."

"I know that, it's just... well, my thoughts are kind of running away from me at the moment," admitted Blaise, sounding a little breathless as Hermione worked her way down.

Harry grinned briefly before nodding wisely and said, "If your thoughts are running away, then it would be a good idea for you to sit down and remain perfectly still. That way there's less chance of you falling over."

Understanding his meaning, Blaise allowed herself to be manoeuvred by Harry and Hermione to the desk where upon she hopped up onto the flat surface. She wiggled slightly to get comfortable –even with four school robes covering it Snape's desk was a bit unyielding– and arched up to press against Harry for another kiss as Hermione and Ginny took position to either side of her and continued to lovingly remove Blaise's blouse.

As he kissed her, deeply and probing, Harry slid his hands up from their place at her hips and slipped underneath her blouse as Ginny and Hermione pulled the garment out from where it was tucked into her skirt. Blaise shivered with delight as Harry let his palms slowly glide up her sides until they were brushing against the sides of her breasts, which were suddenly more sensitive than she could ever recall feeling. His thumbs reached out to stroke quickly, but only once, over the tight buds of her nipples, causing Blaise to arch against him even more while her head fell back so she could groan with pleasure.

"Oh yes," she whispered, mostly to herself, as the other girls slipped her blouse off her shoulders and down her arms.

"Nice," said Harry, drawing Blaise's attention to him. She saw that he was looking at her chest, unashamedly ogling her exposed breasts. His thumbs flicked out again, brushing over the silky material of the bra which was all that covered her from his intense gaze, its deep crimson colour providing her tanned skin with a rosy tinge. For a moment Blaise wanted to ask if it was the bra or her breasts that Harry was commenting on, but forgot the matter entirely when he ducked his head down and nibbled tenderly on a nipple through the thin fabric.

The soft sighs of pleasure quickly turned into low moans as Harry cupped her breasts in his hands and began to massage the pliant flesh as he sucked on her nipple. Blaise felt a set of hands working behind her back, either Ginny or Hermione, fumbling excitedly at the clasp of her bra. Harry continued to kiss and knead her breasts even as his two friends removed the skimpy garment and allowed Blaise's breasts to fall free and bared to his attentions. The rough feeling of his palms against her tender flesh was better than anything she had expected and the delicious heat of his mouth was enough to make Blaise gasp and grab his head in her hands, holding him close to her.

Harry increased the pressure he was applying and when the nipple he was stimulating had grown into a firm and swollen peak he eased back, against the hold she had on him, and slipped to the side to capture its twin in an identical kiss. This earned a low and throaty groan from Blaise. Long minutes passed as Harry worked back and forth, sucking gently on one nipple or the other, flicking his tongue over and around as he gently gnawed the tight buds between his teeth.

~You're going to drive her out of her mind at his rate~ commented Ginny, who remained at Blaise's side with Hermione and simply stroked her hands up and down and around and over the blonde witch's bare shoulders and back.

Harry glanced up from the breast he was currently suckling on and smiled around the puffy nipple in his mouth, *Patience is important above all else to get her ready for what I have planned next.*

Ginny arched an eyebrow at him, *Oh? And what might that be?*

Instead of answering, Harry returned his attention fully to Blaise. Switching from one breast to the other, leaving a trail of light kisses from nipple to nipple as he moved, he relinquished his hands' hold on the firm globes he had been kneading and glided them down her stomach and to her hips. Harry squeezed his hands underneath Blaise to briefly cup her rear before sliding out and over the long length of her thighs, caressing them as he playfully nipped at her nipples above.

Then, without preamble or warning, his hands slipped under Blaise's skirt and reached up to adroitly take hold of her knickers and draw them down to her knees in a single, fluid movement. Ignoring her startled 'eep', Harry stretched Blaise's legs out and slid her knickers fully off her, noting as he tossed them to join her discarded bra that they were of the same deep crimson material.

"I won't ask what a Slytherin is doing wearing Gryffindor coloured underwear," he said with a slight smirk, turning his attention back to Blaise, who was staring up at him from where she sat on top of Snape's desk, clad in only her skirt which had ridden up her thighs until it barely covered her modesty. "Instead, since you're the one who's down here the most, I'll ask how good the soundproofing in here is."

"If you carry on like you were; not good enough," Blaise informed him, breathing deeply. Her eyes were fixed on him and seemed to grown dark with passion, almost midnight blue, and her cheeks were flushed with excitement. Harry drew close to her again and began to plant a trail of kisses from the nape of her throat, through the valley between her breasts and down over the flat plane of her stomach.

"You'd better keep the noise down then," he heard Hermione giggle.

Blaise gave the other girl a disgruntled look and replied, "Easy for you to-"

She cut off abruptly and bit her lip as Harry wound his way passed her navel and reached her groin. He smiled at her reaction and the sudden intake of breath. He nuzzled teasingly at her through the fabric of her skirt, the musky scent of her growing arousal clearly evident to him. Slowly bunching her already rumpled skirt around her waist Harry watched with bated breath as Blaise's tender flesh was exposed to his gaze by fractions of an inch.

"As I said before; 'nice'. Beautiful, in fact," he whispered, admiring the engorged lips of bare sex and the narrow strip of silken gold hair that crowned it. Taken a firm hold on Blaise's hips he dipped his head and brushed his lips down through the thatch of hair and over the pouting folds, making her shiver with anticipation as he only just touched her. He planted teasing kisses on the insides of her thighs, keeping tantalizingly close yet carefully avoiding any more intimate contact.

Blaise's hands were gripped tightly on Ginny and Hermione's shoulders as the other two girls held her steady. A loud groan escaped her as Harry swept his way up from the junction of her thighs to where the strip of hair began; once again only just letting his lips flutter over her. As his nose brushed through the short hairs, which tickled a bit, Blaise swallowed and announced in an unsteady, but throaty whisper, "I don't think I'll be able to keep the noise down."

"Then we'd better find something to keep your mouth busy," said Hermione, also whispering for some reason. She cupped Blaise's chin in her hand and turned to face her. She leaned in and drew the panting girl into a deep and passionate kiss while Ginny, sitting on Blaise's other side, reached out a hand and began circling one bare nipple with her index finger.

Harry, very carefully, began to kiss Blaise's sex. He traced his tongue lightly over the inflamed lips, teasing them and gently nudging them further open to his explorations. He lapped at the gathered moisture that coated the dewy folds, savouring the full-bodied flavour that he found uniquely different to either Ginny or Hermione's essence. Slowly he worked his way back and forth, down and then up until he was nudging the tip of his tongue in a teasing caress to either side of the sensitive bundle at the apex of Blaise's slit.

After coaxing the slick and shiny protrusion out from under its protective hood, Harry mischievously flicked his tongue over it, causing Blaise to jerk

and pull from Hermione to moan loudly. Smiling at her reaction, Harry resumed his work and began to swirl his tongue around the rigid nodule, which quickly produced more groans of pleasure from Blaise. With both hands holding her thighs apart, Harry used his thumbs to reach in and carefully part the tender lips so that he could dip into Blaise's channel and draw more of her moisture out.

A high-pitched cry filled the air, starting as a low groan but quickly rising in pitch and intensity, as Harry circled his tongue inside Blaise's opening. First one way and then the other, changing direction after stroking back and forth as deeply as he could manage. It was a rousing sound, one that Harry had become accustomed to hearing these passed few months from both Ginny and Hermione during the throes of their lovemaking, and he could feel himself growing even harder (if that was possible) as a wave of desire surged up within him.

He had to pause for a moment, resisting the urge to free himself from the confines of his trousers and slam his aching length into what promised to be a delightfully tight, hot and wet channel. This feeling to escalate the nature of his encounters with Ginny and Hermione had been growing steadily and now that he found himself in the presence of yet a third young and eager witch, Harry was sorely pressed to restrain himself. Still he quickly managed to calm his own raging desire and resumed his intimate probing of Blaise's entrance. He was a patient young wizard --probably the only thing which saved Blaise's virginity at that moment-- especially when the rewards promised to be as great as he was anticipating.

Still, it was a close thing and growing progressively closer with each encounter.

Propping himself on his elbows, leaving himself with a scintillating view of Blaise's fluttering opening, Harry settled back to watch and wait. It was as much for his own sake as it was to draw out her own need. He smiled, dipping a fingertip only just within the waiting orifice before withdrawing, and looked up to see that Ginny had apparently come up with a means of keeping Blaise's keening cries silenced.

~Oh, this feels so good~ she told him, holding Blaise's head to her with one hand while the other kept her propped up on the desk. Sometime while Harry had been busy she had undone the buttons of her blouse and, having forgone wearing a bra that day, had presented her revealed breasts to Blaise, who was happily sucking on one as Hermione tweaked and stroked the blonde witch's own nipples and nuzzled her neck.

Blaise moaned, apparently missing Harry's attentions, and pulled away from the nipple she had been nibbling on -- earning a groan of protest from the redhead. She looked at Harry, who was waiting between her splayed legs, and urgently urged him to continue, "Please, Harry... don't stop. Please..."

"What is it you want, lover?" Harry asked, rather than resuming as she wanted him to. This was an old game for him, holding back until the girl he was pleasuring directed his actions. Mostly he would tease only Ginny in this way, although occasionally he would bring Hermione in to play with him. Now, however, he grinned naughtily as a slight variation occurred to him and he shifted in closer. He gently rubbed his thumb over Blaise's protruding clit --only the once-- and asked, "This?"

Blaise jerked her hips and groaned. Harry's smile grew broader as he leaned forward and took the taut nubbin between his lips, sucking on it and flicking his tongue over its tip. After a few seconds, which left Blaise groaning and panting, Harry pulled back and asked, "That?" He looked up at her, treated to a view of her full breasts that were each being lavished with attention from Ginny and Hermione. "This?" He pressed his face to her, feeling the slick moisture gathered there dribbling down his chin as he probed with his tongue before drawing back again, and smiling at her hissed groans of frustration.

A single finger played over her soft folds, "This?" Slick with her wetness the finger made a brief incursion, swiftly penetrating deep into Blaise before withdrawing just as quickly, causing her to shudder and moan deep in her throat. Harry let his finger trail lower, moving with seductive slowness until he saw that Blaise was looking at him. "This?" he asked, gently probing just the tip into her other channel, wiggling it in question before retreating just as carefully.

"Yes, yes, yes," Blaise hissed, her arms wrapped around the other girls' waists and holding them tight. She looked down at Harry, her eyes wide and burning with desire, "Any of them. All of them. Please! Everything!"

~I think you've got her right where you want her, Harry~ noted Ginny, pausing in her caress of Blaise's breast. She bent her head to nibble at her ear, *~Any more of this and she'll pass out like Hermione usually does.~*

That's the plan, Harry replied, hiding his smile. He looked into Blaise's eyes and nodded in agreement, "Everything."

He shifted about, moving so that he had better leverage to work with. Blaise released her hold on Ginny and Hermione, reaching down to cup her full buttocks in her hands and spread her legs wider, exposing herself even more fully to Harry's ministrations. Harry ducked his head down and sucked the nub of her clit into his mouth, swirling his tongue around it as he brought both his hands into play, stroking first along the insides of Blaise's thighs before centering in.

She arched her back, almost pushing him off her, and made a noise that was midway between a moan and a wail. Harry's fingers slipped into her with aching deliberation, both entries advancing and retreating in rhythm to the flick of his tongue over her quivering nodule. Working back and forth in tiny increments, each time delving a fraction deeper, Harry eased his fingers into Blaise until they were fully sheathed within her.

At this point he paused for a moment, waiting so that Blaise could grow accustomed to the twin intrusions. He looked up to see that she was staring down at him, her eyes wide and apparently unseeing as her breath came in short pants that grew deeper and louder. Without any other warning Blaise suddenly tensed up, every muscle on --and in-- her body contracting to rock hardness. She quivered for a moment, drawing in a deep, rasping breath and threw her head back.

Harry was certain that pretty much everyone in the dungeons --as well as the rest of the castle-- suddenly had a fairly good idea of just what was happening in the Potions classroom. He silently chided himself for not having put up a Silencing Charm before starting, especially when one wordless shriek of pleasure reached a level he felt sure would cause windows to shatter. Doubtless anybody that could hear Blaise's exclamations would have wondered what weird and wonderful --not to mention dangerous-- creature Hagrid had brought into the school this time.

That and why Hagrid was allowing Snape to torture it so.

Blaise was shivering uncontrollably, shuddering each time another spasm gripped her body. Harry, trapped between her thighs, was able to ride out her convulsions which had nearly upended Ginny and Hermione from their perches on the desk. As Blaise continued to arch and buck against him, Harry began to move his fingers within her passages and quickly built up a rapid pace that matched her movements. Her cries were growing louder, if possible, and more frequent until Harry slipped the finger in her upper channel free for a brief instant before adding a second digit and pressing deeply into her with both.

Her screams became completely unintelligible, rising higher and higher, until she abruptly went limp and sinuous beneath him. Harry felt a moment of concern before realizing what had happened as Blaise flopped down between Ginny and Hermione, her entire body quivering bonelessly (figuratively, not literally, thank goodness). He continued to thrust his fingers into her, gradually easing up and slowing down until he came to a halt. Wiggling his fingers –which he could feel through the thin wall separating her passages– Harry carefully eased first the lone finger from its confines and then the remaining two.

Placing a parting kiss, with a swirl of his tongue, on Blaise's trembling nub, he sat back and waited for her to come around. He grinned at Ginny and Hermione, who were looking at the prone girl between them with a mixture of concern and envy. They turned to look sternly at him and shook their heads disapprovingly. Laughing he shrugged helplessly and watched as Blaise began to stir, blinking her eyes open and looking at him with languid satisfaction written in her features.

"Welcome back," he greeted as she glanced around to take in her surroundings. He cocked his head to one side and asked with no small amount of curiosity, wanting to be sure that the experience had been a satisfying one for her, "Did you enjoy the trip?"

"The trip and the destination," purred Blaise, panting slightly from the force of her orgasm and other exertions.

Ginny looked at her and asked, "You were unconscious, weren't you?"

Blaise nodded enthusiastically and readily agreed with a happy sigh, "Yeah."

"That's a relief," declared Hermione, looking pleased.

"What d'you mean?" asked Blaise, her brow puckering slightly in confusion.

Ginny laughed and poked her bushy-haired friend playfully in the stomach. "Hermione's just glad now that she's not the only one who's passed out from Harry's attentions."

Blaise looked at Ginny with raised eyebrows before sitting up, "You mean you haven't?"

"No," replied Ginny with a shake of her head.

"Not yet she hasn't," confirmed Harry. He shrugged and looked at Ginny, as if she were a great challenge for him to surpass, before adding, "I'm still working on it."

Blaise laughed lightly, still trying to catch her breath, and put a hand on Ginny's shoulder and said in a tone of mock comfort, "You poor thing... you have no idea what you're missiiiiiiiiiiiiiaaahh!!"

From seemingly out of complete nowhere, a streak of dust-coloured fur flew through the air and –with uncanny accuracy for such an old and decrepit looking creature– landed plum in the middle of Blaise's exposed back. Harry was momentarily at a complete loss as to why the girl before him was suddenly shrieking again, only not in pleasure this time, but quickly caught sight of the cause of the problem as Blaise twisted frantically about. Latched onto Blaise's bare back, claws sunk into her skin, was the school caretaker's cat; Mrs Norris.

Before he, or either of the other two girls, could do anything to help, Mrs Norris retracted her claws and hopped up to use Blaise's head as a launching pad for another pounce into the air. Harry did not scream, beyond a quick curse, but cringed low as the scrawny cat leapt over his head. Startled to the point that he had actually stopped breathing for the duration, Harry watched dumbly as Mrs Norris disappeared amongst the darkness enshrouded worktables and stools. Silence had returned to the classroom, more a result of the four youngsters trying to calm their nerves than anything else.

Harry looked away from where the cat had vanished and saw that Ginny and Hermione were gaping at him, the looks on their faces telling of their surprise. Blaise looked at Harry with wide eyes and mouth, but seemingly unable to speak as she tried to recover her wits and restart her heart.

"Are you okay?" he finally asked, looking at her with concern. He saw that Ginny had shifted to appraise the clawmarks on Blaise's back that Mrs Norris had undoubtedly left during her brief stay.

"I'm going to kill that damned cat," Blaise managed to sputter, wincing as Ginny prodded her side. "I don't care what Filch, Snape or Dumbledore himself have to say about it... I'm going to kill her."

Hermione offered a shaky laugh, clearly still in the process of recovering, "We'll help. Gods, I'm amazed any of us survived that. If a person could ever die from shock – that would have done it."

Blaise looked incredulously at her and jerked a thumb over her shoulder, indicating her back which Harry could see was bleeding slightly. "What on earth d'you have to complain about, Granger?"

"I'm telling you Argus," a clear, precise and horribly familiar voice unexpectedly declared, "I heard something making a noise in my classroom and this time it wasn't the Bloody Baron or that nuisance Peeves."

"I think you're right, Professor Snape," agreed the harsh tones of the caretaker, Filch, "Mrs Norris must've heard something earlier, that's why she came down this way..."

Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit...

Ginny, Hermione and Blaise were frozen in place, like deer caught in onrushing headlights. Harry, inured to almost being caught during his nightly escapades over the years, reacted for them. He hastily disengaged himself from his place between Blaise's legs and turned to quickly scabble about on the classroom floor, scooping up Blaise's callously discarded bra and knickers. "I knew this was going to happen," he squeaked quietly, "I *knew* it!"

Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit...

Standing upright, Blaise's deep red underwear held in one hand, Harry found himself staring at the three frozen witches with a mind that had gone frighteningly blank. He could hear the rattle of a key being inserted into its keyhole and knew that Snape and Filch were right outside the classroom door, preparing to enter. He frantically tried to come up with some way to explain how it was that he came to be in the Potions classroom after dinner with three girls in various states of undress. After a few seconds of nonsensical mental hysterics, he decided, *Bugger that – I'm getting us the hell out of here!*

The girls in question watched with astonished eyes as Harry tossed the knickers and bra onto Blaise's lap and promptly hopped onto the desk. Straddling her waist Harry grabbed both Ginny and Hermione by the wrist, one in either hand, and said a silent pray that coincided with the creak of the door being opened. There was a timeless moment of nothingness, one that he had long since become accustomed to, and then the world ballooned into being around him and the three girls. For a short second Harry was sure they had made their escape unscathed.

Then gravity reasserted itself and the foursome dropped like stones into the Prefect's bath.

Blaise rose to the surface, spluttering and spitting out the water she had unwittingly inhaled when she, Harry, Ginny and Hermione had fallen into the bath. Treading on the water, until she found that the bath was shallow enough that she could stand up, Blaise blinked water from her eyes and brushed her hair off her face. Looking around she quickly identified that she and the others had somehow been transported into one of the Prefect's bathrooms. Since it did not look like the one she was familiar with, having once joined her Ravenclaw friend and prefect Padma Patil for a long soak, Blaise realized that this must have been the boy's bathroom.

"I panicked," she heard to her left and turned to see a bedraggled looking Ginny Weasley standing next to her, just her head floating above the water. The redhead seemed truly appalled by the fact and was muttering to herself, "I can't believe it. I heard Snape and Filch and I froze. My mind just went blank."

"Thank every god that's listening Harry was able to Apparate us out of there in time," said Hermione, who was wringing out her hair on Blaise's other side. The brunette looked appreciatively at Harry, "You even remembered to bring our clothes with us. We would've been in a bit of a bind if Snape had walked in to find our robes still covering his desk."

Ginny was still shaking her head and muttered, "I can't believe I panicked like that."

Harry laughed in clear relief and leaned back against the side of the bath, idly running a hand over a nearby tap, "Don't worry, Gin. I also panicked for a while. I was actually trying to think up a plausible excuse to explain what we were doing in there."

Blaise joined in his laughter, feeling understandably refreshed by the unexpected dip in the water and more than a little suffused with adrenaline at the closeness of their escape. She drifted over to where he was standing, depositing her now sopping underwear on the side of the bath, along with her equally soaked skirt which had still been bunched up around her waist when they had been Apparated out of the dungeons.

She looked at the other girls, who were being weighed down by their waterlogged clothes, and suggested, "Maybe the two of you should take those wet clothes off."

"You've got to be kidding," stated Hermione, looking at her disbelievingly. "A narrow escape like that, one of the closest I can remember having in six years at this school, and you want to pick up where we left off?"

"Why not?" asked Harry, clearly enjoying the moment. He pointedly looked from one witch to the other and wagged his eyebrows suggestively at them. "Don't tell me that little bit of excitement completely dulled your own."

Blushing slightly both girls nodded and began pulling their blouses off, Ginny having an easier time of it than Hermione as she had already completely unbuttoned her top earlier. Harry draped one arm around Blaise's shoulders and drew her to him for a brief kiss as they waited. Licking her lips as they parted, she could taste the faintest hint of her juices on his lips, Blaise turned her gaze around the room and settled in his embrace.

"So this is the boys' Prefects bathroom, huh?" she asked.

"Yeah," confirmed Harry, also looking around. He frowned slightly as he considered the water filled bath, "I'll have to remind MacMillan to let the water out when he's done."

Hermione, stripped to the waist and wading towards them with her blouse slung over a shoulder and bra held in her good hand, asked, "Ernie MacMillan? From Hufflepuff?"

Harry nodded, "Yeah. Apparently he likes to have a long bath every so often, but he always forgets to let the water out before he leaves."

"A good thing, too," commented Ginny, removing her skirt under the water, "otherwise we'd have had a much harder landing."

"As I said, I panicked a bit too," admitted Harry a little sheepishly. "I honestly wasn't thinking right, which is probably why we ended up here instead of somewhere else."

Reaching out beneath the water to fiddle with the buckle of his belt, Blaise smirked, "I'm not complaining. It certainly looks to be a lot more comfortable than Snape's desk will ever be."

She then proceeded to unbuckle and pull Harry's trousers down, having received a permissive nod from Ginny. Blaise licked her lips and, once his trousers were around his knees, reached into his boxers to give his still firm erection a squeeze. Harry looked at her, a surprised and pleased look in his bright green eyes; as she worked his boxers down to join his trousers. Ginny and Hermione had joined them, both fully divested of their clothing by now, and helped with the final removal of his clothes.

Looking up to the heavens, but then apparently deciding against offering any prayers --since it really hadn't done him much good on any previous occasions-- Harry simply settled into place and watched as Blaise took a deep breath before sinking under the water.

After all, it was only fair that she should try and return the favour.

Moaning Myrtle, hidden within one of the many taps around the bath, struggled to snap her jaw shut and drag her eyeballs back into her ghostly head. She often came up to the Prefects bathroom, as Harry had apparently forgotten, intent on... well, watching the boys bath, but she had not expected to find anything like this to watch.

Silently, lest she disturb the tableau transpiring before her, Myrtle settled down to watch with wide eyes and a silvery blush rising to her cheeks. It went without saying that she would keep her mouth shut about this, after all, if anyone found out then she would be unable to watch any repeat performances that might take place in the future.

Despite her best efforts a miniscule giggle escape her lips as Myrtle thought that this was precisely the reason why she enjoyed, if she could actually enjoy anything being dead, her wanderings about the castle.

You just never knew what you might stumble across next...

Fin.

Another Author's Note: For those of you following the development of *The Well of Shadows*, from which this piece is an outtake, I would like to state that this story should best be considered as being a completely separate work. I had originally intended for something similar to transpire, although not in such detail, simply because I thought it would produce an interesting change in the dynamics of Harry, Ginny and Hermione's relationship. I abandoned the idea as it did not actually have any proper bearing on the story as it progressed and *The Well of Shadows* is intended as a strictly H/G story.