

Caught

"Alright, Lavender, it's your turn," Parvati said, handing her the half-empty bottle of Firewhisky they had been passing back and forth for the last hour.

With so many students choosing not to return after the war and Hermione being Head Girl with her own suite, it was just the two of them in the dorm. Being over eighteen and getting pretty bored, they had decided to have a bit of a hen night with a bottle of Ogden's finest. After a few drinks, they decided to start playing a good old game of truth or dare. Since she and Parvati were best friends, there wasn't much they did know about each other, leading to both of them choosing dare more often than not. It wasn't long before their dares got riskier and racier. Parvati had just finished her dare of leaning out of the window, topless, while screaming 'I love Neville Longbottom' at the top of her lungs. Lavender was a giggling mess, imagining Neville's expression if he leaned out of the window in his dorm to see Parvati. Once she had calmed down, she took a big swig from the bottle and handed it back to her.

"Dare," Lavender said boldly.

"I dare you to..." Parvati paused and thought for a moment, her eyes unfocused as she tapped her bottom lips. "I got it! I dare you to streak down the hallway outside of the tower."

"Parvati!" Lavender exclaimed in a scandalized voice before breaking into a fit of giggles again. "I could get caught."

"So could've I," she replied, slurring her words slightly as she gestured exaggeratedly towards the window. "Besides, it's past two in the morning. No one is going to be patrolling the halls now."

Lavender bit her lip, nervous about doing it but feeling a sense of excitement race through her veins at the thought.

"If you don't, I'll tell everyone about that time you and Sue Li hid in a broom cupboard together to get away from Filch," Parvati threatened sweetly.

Lavender gasped, "You wouldn't!"

She really didn't want the rest of the school to find out what she and Sue had done while trapped in that closet. Just the thought of it had her cheeks going pink.

"I would," Parvati said firmly, nodding her head and crossing her arms over her chest.

"I'm so going to get you back for this," she promised, feeling light-headed as she got to her feet.

As quietly as two slightly drunk, giggling girls could, they crept down the stairs to the common room and eased open the portrait of the Fat Lady, careful not to wake her. Looking both ways down the hall outside Gryffindor Tower, it was empty, dark, and quiet. Even the portraits along the walls were snoozing in their frames. Parvati gave her a smug smile and made a 'give me' motion with her hands.

"Give me your clothes." she ordered in a chipper voice.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," Lavender said as she stripped out of her silky, baby blue pajamas.

Lavender wrapped her arms around herself, both to ward off the cold and any potentially perving portraits. Taking off her top first, her large, bare breasts were exposed to the chilly castle air, her pink nipples hardening in a combination of cold and excitement. Parvati snatched the shirt from her hand and made an impatient motion. Grabbing the waistband of her pants and panties, she took a fortifying breath and then swiftly pushed them both down to her ankles. As she stepped out of them, Parvati picked them up from the floor and held them to her chest, a smug smile on her face.

"Run one lap around the tower, and then I'll let you back in and give you your clothes back," Parvati told her.

Before she could respond, Parvati slipped back behind the Fat Lady's portrait and closed it shut after her. Lavender cursed quietly under her breath and looked up and down the hall, worried that someone could come around the corner any second and see her naked. Taking a shaky breath, she decided it was best just to get it over with and took off running down the hall, her bare feet slapping against the cold stone floor. Her breasts bounced wildly as she ran, lifting up only to crash back down against her chest and sometimes crashing into each other as she pumped her arms.

A smile stretched across her face as she jogged around the first corner. Excitement and nervousness warred within her as the chilly, early morning air blew across her blushing cheeks. She was terrified of being caught, but she felt free; she felt liberated as she raced passed the sleeping portraits and classrooms normally filled with students. It was dangerous, exhilarating, and just wonderful. It was-

"Lavender!"

Lavender stumbled to a stop as she rounded the second corner, coming face to face with Harry Potter and Hermione Granger, the Head Boy and Head Girl, as they walked towards her, hand in hand. She and Hermione stared at each other in wide-eyed shock, both unable to comprehend what they were seeing. For a long moment, neither of them moved until Harry cleared his throat. Lavender blushed deeply and threw one arm across her chest and her other hand over her privates, trying to cover herself. She recognized to look on Hermione's face as she opened her mouth to talk. It was one that promised a long and painful lecture on exactly why you were an idiot. It was an expression she had seen countless times over the years they had shared a dorm room together. Fortunately, Harry interrupted her before she could start.

"Hermione," he stalled her, resting his hand on her shoulder. "Maybe we should get out of the hallway first."

Hermione begrudgingly nodded, still glaring at her. Harry walked across the hall, opened the door to one of the classrooms, and gestured them inside. Hanging her head in embarrassment, she walked slowly inside, feeling like she was walking into her own funeral. Hermione stalked in after her, followed more sedately by Harry, who closed and sealed the door behind him.

"Why in Merlin's name are you running around the halls at this time of night, *naked*?" Hermione hissed.

Lavender wished she hadn't had so much to drink. The alcohol was making it hard to come up with an excuse. Could she say that someone had stolen her clothes? But who? Peeves? That could work, she thought. Why would Peeves steal her clothes? Maybe he liked wearing women's clothes?

"Well!?" Hermione demanded, her expression uncannily like McGonagall's when she was about to give you detention.

"Parvati dared me," She blurted out.

Lavender cursed herself silently. Now she had no choice but to tell her the truth.

"She dared you?" Hermione asked incredulously, like that was the stupidest thing she had ever heard.

Sighing, she decided to just get it over with and tell her what happened. Glancing over Hermione's shoulder, she noticed Harry checking out the parts of her that her hands didn't cover. She wished it was just him that had caught her. Harry would have probably let her go if she had given him a peek.

"Parvati and I were having a bit of a girl's night since we're the only ones in the dorm anymore. We might have had a little Firewhisky and then decided to play truth or dare, and, well, this was my dare," she admitted, trying to look contrite by staring at her feet and pouting her bottom lip.

"Please, I'll do anything you want. Just don't tell McGonagall. I'll never do anything like this again, I promise," she pleaded, using a tone that had gotten her out of trouble more than once.

"Can you give us a minute, Lavender," Harry interjected, putting his hand on Hermione's shoulder to interrupt her.

"Of course, Harry," she said in a sweet voice, smiling brightly at him.

Hermione rolled her eyes at her but let Harry pull her over to a corner of the room where they spoke in hushed tones. She couldn't make out what they were saying, but it sounded like Harry was trying to talk Hermione into something. Lavender hoped he was trying to convince her to let her go. McGonagall would not be happy if she found out about this, especially at two in the morning. Ooh, Hermione was blushing. Was Harry blackmailing her? What she wouldn't give to have some dirt on that girl. Now, Hermione was nodding at something Harry said, and her heart leapt. Maybe she could get out of this after all. Too bad Harry was dating Hermione, or she could have pulled him aside and thanked him properly later. As they walked back over to her, she noticed that Hermione looked slightly nervous, while Harry seemed excited.

"Right, so here's the deal," Hermione said as Harry walked around behind her. Lavender's heart raced as she imagined him staring at her bare bum while his girlfriend was still in the room. "We won't tell McGonagall, but there's something we want you to do for us."

As she spoke, Harry ran his hands lightly over her arms. Gently he pushed down on her arms to move them out of the way. Her breath quickened, and it felt like a million butterflies were let loose in her stomach as she let him push her arms out of the way, leaving her completely uncovered. She looked up to see Hermione's reaction and was surprised to see her biting her lip while staring at her body.

"You don't have to do anything you don't want to do. You can go back to the common room, and we won't say anything, but..." Hermione trailed off shyly.

Harry chuckled, and she could feel his chest rumble as he pulled her back against him. His warm hand slid from her sides to wrap around her stomach, the heat of his body warming her chilled skin wonderfully, making her unconsciously lean into him.

"What Hermione means is," He breathed into her ear, causing goosebumps to raise up on her neck. "she's been curious about bringing another girl into bed with us, and we'd like that to be you."

Her eyebrows shot up as she looked at Hermione, who nodded at her while worrying her bottom lip between her teeth. Never in a million years would she have expected Hermione Granger to be into something so kinky. As she stared at her in surprise, Harry's hand trailed up her stomach to gently cup the bottom of her breasts. He paused there for a moment as if waiting for her to react. When she didn't, he grasped her breasts fully in a firm grip, her large, soft mounds spilling out around his hands and between his fingers as he squeezed them.

"Will you join us, Lavender?" He asked, his voice sounding huskier and sexier than she had ever heard before.

He rubbed his thumbs over her swollen nipples, causing her breath to hitch as he caressed the sensitive nubs. Closing her eyes, her lips parted as she panted lightly in arousal.

"Yes," she hissed.

She hadn't really thought the question through before she answered. All she knew was she didn't want him to stop. As Harry continued to play with her breasts, she could hear and feel Hermione getting closer. Opening her eyes, Hermione leaned in until their faces were only an inch apart. She could taste her breath and smell the soap that she used as their faces hovered so close together. Harry dipped his head down and kissed her neck, sucking lightly at the skin and caressing it with his tongue as he pulled away. Hermione glanced down at her lips before her pink tongue darted out to moisten hers. Looking back up into her eyes, she leaned slowly forward. Their lips brushed against each other briefly before she pulled back ever so slightly, leaving them just a hair's breadth apart. Then next time Hermione moved forward, Lavender met her in the middle, their lips meeting in a soft, gentle kiss.

Lavender had only done this with a girl once before, but she enjoyed it just as much now as she did then. Hermione's lips were soft as they moved against hers, and she could taste just a hint of mint on her tongue as they kissed languidly. Hermione pressed her body up against hers, her medium-sized breasts trapping Harry's hands between their bodies. When they finally broke apart for air, they stared at each other for a long moment before Lavender broke into giggles at the fact that she had just snogged Hermione Granger, something she had never dreamed would happen. Fortunately, Hermione didn't take any offense and laughed with her. Reaching up, she grabbed Hermione's tie and started to pull it apart.

"You're wearing far too many clothes," she said, pulling the tie off her neck.

"We're going to need a bed too, love," Harry said from behind her.

"Right," Hermione nodded.

Pulling out her wand, she gave it an almost negligent flick, turning the teacher's desk, Flitwick she belatedly realized, into a large, soft bed covered in white linen. Putting her wand away, she shrugged off her robe and started unbuttoning her shirt. While she was doing that, one of Harry's hands released her breast and slid down her stomach until it rested between her legs. Lavender spread her legs to give him room, allowing him to slide his two middle fingers along her damp lips, drawing a gasp from her open mouth. She ground her hips down against his hand as he rubbed her slit, desperately trying to get him to put more pressure against her aching clit, moaning in pleasure when he finally did.

She looked up just in time to see Hermione take off her bra, revealing her perky breasts and stiff pink nipples. Next, she pulled off her skirt and panties, showing off her thick, muscular legs and ass, along with her bare slit. Lavender admitted to herself that she had always been a little jealous of Hermione's well-toned legs and bum, probably from all the books she carried

throughout the castle. Just as she wondered what they would feel like under her hands, Harry slipped his middle finger between her damp lips, teasing her entrance. Another gasp left her throat as she bucked her hips, pushing his finger deeper as his palm rubbed her clit.

Feeling a hand on her chest, she opened her eyes to see Hermione gently cupping her free breast, fondling it tentatively. Lavender reached out and pulled her closer, one hand sliding down to grab her full, round bum while the other grasped her perky breast, more than big enough to fill her hand. They spent a few moments caressing each other's bodies, more experimenting than pleasuring as they shared this new experience.

“Hermione likes it rough. Pinch her nipple,” Harry whispered into her ear. “Trust me.”

Lavender did as she was told, taking Hermione's stiff, engorged nipple between her thumb and forefinger and giving it a firm but gentle squeeze. Hermione sucked in a breath and thrust her chest forward, her breath quickening.

“Harder,” Harry urged her quietly.

She pinched down harder, squishing the small, sensitive nub between her fingers. Hermione let out a low, wanton moan, her mouth wide open and her eyes closed. Lavender felt a sense of wonder at the pleasure she was able to cause her. Fueled by lust and alcohol, she grabbed Hermione roughly and pulled her closer. Pressing their lips together, she pushed her tongue into her mouth in a burning, demanding kiss. Hermione responded in kind, kissing her back just as passionately. As they made out, groping blindly at each other like desperate lovers, Harry let go of her, and she felt him stripping behind her. Hearing the metallic clicking of his belt as it came undone almost made her want to turn around and look. She shivered in anticipation, wondering just where this night would take her.

“Let’s take her to bed, love,” he said, still behind her.

Hermione hummed in agreement into her mouth. As they pulled apart, she took Lavender's lip gently between her teeth, scraping them lightly across the delicate skin as she pulled back. Grabbing her by the hand, Hermione led her over to the transfigured bed. They both sat down on the edge, their bodies touching as she turned around to get a look at Harry. He was completely naked, just as they were. His body was much more muscled and toned than she had expected, with scars of various sizes and shapes dotting his skin here and there. The thing that really drew her attention, however, was the huge, jutting spear of flesh that was aimed directly at her. She had slept with men before, but none of them were nearly as impressive as Harry. Her thoughts must have shown on her face.

“Don’t worry, Harry will be gentle,” Hermione assured her, stroking her back soothingly.

“What if I don’t want him to be?” She asked, licking her lips and imagining all of the wonderful things he could do to her.

Hermione gave a deep chuckle, leaning into her ear as her hand slipped between her legs to tease her slit.

“Harry will give it to you any way you want,” she purred into her ear. “Just imagine how good it will feel when he slides that big cock all the way into your tight little pussy. Stretching and rubbing you in all the right places until you cum all over him again, and again, and again.”

Each time she said ‘again,’ Hermione pushed two of her fingers into Lavender’s damp core, going deeper with each push. She was panting in arousal, her mind running wild as she watched Harry’s rigid member bob up and down with each step he took. She had never been turned on more in her life than she was now. The teenage fumbling she had experienced in dark broom

cupboards was nothing compared to what these two were doing to her. Harry stopped in front of her, his engorged shaft just a couple of inches from her face.

“Go ahead and touch it. I know you want to,” Hermione whispered lustfully, her fingers still pumping in and out of her.

Lavender reached out as if in a trance and ran her fingers lightly over the hard, hot shaft. He pulsed at her touch, his bulbous head bobbing in front of her like a metronome. Wrapping her hand around him, she realized just how thick he was, her fingers just able to meet around his girth. Holding him more firmly, she could feel the beat of his heart through his length as it pulsed against her skin. Stroking her hand slowly up and down his impressive length, Harry groaned and moved closer to her, putting his tip just millimeters from her lips. Knowing what he wanted and unable to resist her own curiosity, Lavender stuck out her tongue and licked the bottom of his head. Harry placed his hand on top of her head, softly running his hand through her hair and massaging her scalp.

Next to her, Hermione removed her hand from her slit and leaned her head close to hers. With a smile, she opened her mouth and took over a third of his length into her mouth, her full, pink lips stretched wide to accommodate his size. Bobbing a few times, she pulled off of him, leaving the head glistening with her saliva. Hermione turned to look at her again, raising her eyebrow challengingly while giving her a playful smile. Lavender smiled back at her and shook her head, unable to believe this was the same girl she had shared a dorm with for the last seven years. Not one to back down from a challenge, she parted her lips and slid them over the head of his cock, her mouth stretched open wide as she descended inch after inch. Eventually, she reached the point where Hermione had stopped and then pushed herself to go further.

A moan from Harry spurred her on as she managed to make it halfway down his length before he hit the back of her throat. Pulling back slightly, she bobbed up and down on him rapidly several times while lavishing his shaft with her tongue, determined to impress. After pushing herself back down on him as far as she could go one last time, she pulled off of him and then pointed his cock at Hermione, giving her a playfully smug smile. Hermione gave her a little smirk and then turned back to his cock. Wrapping her lips around his head, she pushed herself down

quickly, bobbing along his length until she had taken half of his length, just as she had. Pausing for a moment, Hermione angled herself and pushed down further. Lavender watched her eyes going wide as she kept taking him deeper and deeper until her nose was pressed against her groin. She was slack-jawed as she saw Hermione fucking Granger deep throat a cock like a Knockturn Alley whore.

Holding herself down at his base for several seconds, she eventually moved back, took a deep breath through her nose, and then deep-throated him again. This time, she bobbed on him rapidly, making Harry groan loudly as she took his entire length. Finally, she pulled off of him slowly, staring into his eyes as she pulled off of the head with an audible *pop*. With a smug grin, she pointed his cock at her and raised an eyebrow.

“You slut!” Lavender exclaimed, giving Hermione a playful shove.

Both of them broke down into giggles for a few seconds before they recovered.

“How do you do that?” Lavender asked, admittedly impressed.

Hermione shrugged, “I don’t have a gag reflex. I think it’s from all the times my parents made me brush my tongue as a kid. After hitting it accidentally so many times, I just got over it.”

“Do you think you could teach me?” Lavender asked, excited to learn something from Hermione for the first time.

The irony wasn’t lost on either of them as they broke into a fit of giggles once again.

“I think anyone can learn to do it. It’s just about practicing until you can get over your gag reflex. You might want to practice on something smaller than Harry, though,” Hermione said before a thoughtful expression came over her face. “Maybe there’s a spell for it? Or I could make one. It would be that hard, I-”

“Ahem,” Harry cleared his throat with a smirk. “Girls, do you think you could talk about this later?”

They looked up at him and couldn't help but laugh at his pleading expression. When they calmed down, Hermione reached up and started stroking him again.

“Don’t worry, love. We’ll take care of you,” she told him in an exaggerated consoling tone, then turned to Lavender. “Do you want to go first?”

“Please,” she said, looking at his solid shaft and rubbing her legs together.

They had been teasing her for far too long without any real relief. Hermione grabbed her by the arm and pulled her further onto the bed. Pushing her so that she was laying on her back, she kneeled next to her head while Harry crawled over and then on top of her. Leaning down, he kissed her for the first time, their lips meeting in a hungry, fiery kiss as his head rubbed against her entrance. She bucked against him needily, desperate to feel him inside.

“Harry, I want to watch it go in,” Hermione told him.

Pulling away from her lips, he smiled at her as he sat up on his knee. Grabbing her ankles, he lifted them up and then spread them wide, leaving her more exposed and vulnerable than she had ever been before. Kneeling behind her head and leaning forward, both she and Hermione watched raptly as he lined himself up with her moist lips. The head of his cock pushed her lips wide apart, stretching her as he eased inside. Lavender gasped, then threw her head back and moaned as inch after inch of his wide shaft slid inside of her wet, hot pussy. He went slow, giving her time to adjust as each new inch sank into her dripping core until he finally bottomed out. Hermione crept forward to get a better look, unknowingly putting her slit directly over Lavender's face.

Lost in a world of her own as Harry started to slowly and gently saw in and out of her, Lavender lifted her head up and stuck out her tongue, licking Hermione's damp lips. She let out a surprised gasp when she felt it but didn't try to pull away. Lavender pulled her closer and assaulted her clit with her tongue, drawing a moan from Hermione's lips. A moment later, she let out a moan too as Harry picked up his pace, filling her tight walls again and again with his thick cock. Suddenly, Hermione fell forward over her and kissed her way down her stomach to her clit, nipping and sucking at the sensitive, swollen nub. She threw her head back, crying out in pleasure at the double assault. Soon, she lost the ability to do anything other than lay there in a sea of pleasure as Harry fucked her while Hermione toyed with her clit.

She could hold out for long, and soon, she screamed as she reached an incredible climax. Her walls fluttered around Harry's length, clutching him tightly as stars burst behind her eyes. Her legs, still held in the air by Harry, trembled uncontrollably from the force of her orgasm. Through it all, Harry kept thrusting, and Hermione kept sucking, keeping her at her peak for far longer than she thought possible. Finally, it became too much for her. She pushed Harry out of her and then covered her slit with her hands, her body twitching and quivering as aftershocks ran through her. As she panted, coming down from her staggering climax, Harry, in an impressive display of strength, lifted Hermione off of her and then spun her around one-hundred eighty degrees. Hermione looked down at her in surprise to suddenly find herself on all fours, now face to face with Lavender.

Harry, apparently desperate for some relief of his own, grabbed Hermione's hips and slammed his throbbing cock into her. Lavender heard the slapping of flesh as he bottomed out and watched as Hermione's eyes widened a moment before she screamed out in pleasure. Harry

barely paused to let her adjust before he was plowing into her harder than she had ever seen before. The ferocity of their coupling was surprising, but even more surprising was how much Hermione clearly enjoyed it as he rammed into her over and over.

“Oh, God, yes! Fuck me!” Hermione screamed.

Harry reached forward and grabbed a handful of her bushy brown hair, arching her neck as he used it as a handle to plow into her. Hermione’s perky tits jiggle rapidly back and forth from the force of Harry’s powerful thrusts. Watching them bounce, she remembered what Harry had told her to do earlier. Reaching up, she grabbed one of her nipples and pinched it hard. Hermione moaned long and low, then bent down and kissed her fiercely, their tongues clashing wildly. Harry pulled out of her suddenly and let go of her hair, allowing her to collapse on top of Lavender. Suddenly, she felt Harry place himself at her entrance again, and she feared she would get the same treatment as Hermione. Fortunately, Harry controlled himself, and he eased into her. Fucking her much more gently than he did Hermione.

After thrusting into her several times, he pulled out and drove back into Hermione, ramming into her hard for several thrusts. He repeated this over and over, going from one pussy to the other as she and Hermione continued to kiss. While Lavender was enjoying the new pace after her powerful climax, the lack of constant stimulation seemed to be slowly driving Hermione to the edge of insanity. By continually pulling out, he seemed to be driving her to the edge over and over again but never pushing her over. Hermione pulled back from their kiss and started chanting ‘please’, begging Harry to let her cum. It was incredibly arousing for her to see a girl so normally strait-laced to be begging to be fucked. She could actually feel her arousal dripping onto her when Harry pulled out, his cock drenched in her juices.

“Where should I cum?” Harry asked, huffing from exertion as he neared his end.

Hermione’s only answer was a whimper, unable to think coherently.

“In her,” Lavender answered. “I want to see you cum in her.”

Harry smiled, grabbed Hermione by the hips, and slammed into her full force, jolting Hermione, her, and the bed with each titanic thrust. There was a clap of flesh meeting flesh as his hips slapped against Hermione’s round ass. Hermione threw herself back at him, her eyes clouded over in a single-minded determination to finally reach her climax. Lavender could practically feel it building with every breath and every sound that left her lips. Even before she came, Hermione’s whole body started to tremble, her muscles tightening and her face contorting beautifully. Suddenly, she went rigid with her mouth open in a silent scream. A moment later, a quivering moan left her throat as a river of arousal ran out of her, drenching the bed and her legs. Harry slammed into her one last time with a grunt as he came, holding himself buried to the hilt as Hermione came ferociously around him.

Wrapping his arms around Hermione, Harry rolled over to the side, holding her to his chest as she shook. It took a couple of minutes for her to finally calm down and regain the ability to talk coherently. It was the most incredible orgasm that she had ever witnessed, and Lavender wondered if Harry could do the same for her.

“You okay, Hermione?” Lavender asked, stroking the girl's face tenderly.

“Mhh hmm,” Hermione mumbled.

“She’ll be fine. Just give her a couple more minutes,” Harry said, sounding more than a little smug.

“No need to sound so smug, Harry,” Lavender teased with a smile.

“Why shouldn’t I?” he teased back. “I got to do two things I’ve always wanted to do today.”

“Two?” she asked curiously.

“I got to have a threesome with two beautiful girls, and I got to have sex on top of a teacher's desk,” Harry told her, counting them off on his fingers.

“Teacher’s desk?” Hermione asked, drawing their attention to her.

“Yeah,” Harry said with a shrug. “This is Flitwick’s desk you turned into a bed. Didn’t you know?”

Hermione sat up quickly and looked around the room, a dawning look of horror coming over her face as she realized what she had done.