

## **The Sweat of a Gladiator**

### **Ch 1: Improbable Barter**

The resolute look on Madame Pomfrey's face as she rushed past Harry and Hermione was the first bit of encouragement they'd had all day.

Ron might be dying, but at least someone might now have an idea why.

They looked back towards the open infirmary doors and seized the opportunity to rejoin their fallen friend. He was in a bed at the far end of the room, his unconscious body racked by convulsions no less severe than when they'd brought him to Hogwarts a half-hour previous. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley were alongside the bed with Horace Slughorn, while Luna Lovegood was busy consoling Ginny Weasley as both sat on the facing bed. Harry had been a bit put off when Hermione and he had been ordered to stay outside of the infirmary, but understood Poppy's desire to limit visitors to family and significant others. Besides, it had given him a few minutes time to decide just what to say when he faced Ron's parents.

"Professor Slughorn," Hermione immediately asked, "did you identify the poison?"

The Potions Master looked up at them and nodded gravely. "Based on his symptoms and the little that you've told me on the way up here, I'm afraid that I have."

"But now that we know the poison we can give him the antidote, right?" Harry asked, as Hermione and he approached the other side of Ron's bed.

"We could, if we had it on hand," he replied. "but if I'm right, the antidote is even rarer than the toxin itself." At that declaration, Molly Weasley let out an anguished cry. As Arthur Weasley tried to console her he looked up at Harry and Hermione and added, "Madame Pomfrey thought she might know someone who might possibly have access to the antidote, so she went to the Headmistress's to use the secure floo."

Hermione looked down at Ron's gaunt pale face as his body twisted up and off to the side. "How soon would the antidote have to be administered?" she asked.

"Within a few hours," Slughorn replied, "or else..."

The "or else" assessment brought out another maternal lament.

Mr. Weasley caught Harry's attention. "I know that you three have been off on some secret mission," he said, "but it would mean a lot to us if you could tell us how this happened."

Harry nodded quietly. "Last year," he began, "Professor Dumbledore revealed to me that Voldemort had created powerfully Dark objects that needed to be found and destroyed in order to keep the bastard dead the next time I kill him."

"What kind of Dark objects?" Arthur asked.

Harry gaze shot over towards Professor Slughorn, who looked like he'd rather be anywhere else at that very moment. He then replied, "When the Headmaster asked me to continue on the search for these objects, should he not be able to, he made me promise not to reveal the secret to anyone but Hermione and Ron."

"And so the three of you were looking for these objects?"

Harry nodded. "They been difficult to find and even harder to retrieve once we've found them. We located one of them this morning, though, in a heavily warded house. We thought we'd disarmed all of the magical traps, but when Ron reached for the cup the flooring disappeared and he fell into a pool of greenish liquid. We think he must have swallowed some of it."

"Where were the two of you?" Molly asked.

"We were right next to Ron," Hermione said. "When the floor gave way and we all started to fall Harry and I thought to apparate away from the house and the danger, but Ron..."

"Ron still hasn't passed his apparition test," Arthur said as he nodded his head in understanding. "So it didn't occur to him."

The conversation was interrupted by the soft "pop" of an elven arrival.

"Mister Harry Potter, sir," Dobby said excitedly, after he caught Harry's eye, "Headmistress needs you and the three little witches in her office straight away."

"Who does she need to see?" Molly Weasley asked.

Dobby looked towards her and tried to explain more fully. "Headmistress told Dobby to tell Harry Potter, sir, to bring Miss 'Moine, Miss Luna and

Miss Ginny to her office using this parchment."

Harry grabbed Hermione's hand and led her towards Dobby. Grabbing the document, he said "Ginny, Luna, let's go....imagine that the parchment's a portkey that will get us there quickest."

Ten seconds later, Harry and "the three little witches" were plopped in front of a worried-looking Headmistress, who was seated behind her desk. Madame Pomfrey was standing to her side. Harry was about to ask what news they had when his thoughts were interrupted by a cackling voice. As he turned towards the source, Harry cringed at the sight of a repulsive-looking hag standing by the open window. She looked like someone who had just been swept up off the fetid cobblestones of Knockturn Alley.

"There's a nice Poppy," the hag said with a toothless grin, "I knew you'd come through with the boy. He'll be very tasty, indeed."

"Now see here," said a tight-lipped McGonagall. "No decision has been made, and none will be made until Mr. Potter decides for himself."

Harry was gobsmacked speechless, so it was up to Hermione to ask the obvious.

"Headmistress?"

Madame Pomfrey spoke up. "You've had a chance to talk with Professor Slughorn, no doubt." When Harry nodded, she continued. "The antidote potion to the poison that Mr. Weasley injected requires the pickled roots of a rare magical plant from China. I've checked and there are no legally-obtained stocks of the root or the antidote in Britain, and St. Mungo's says that given the current shortage of medical supplies that it would take at least three weeks to import what's needed."

"But Professor Slughorn said that Ron needs the antidote within the next few hours," Ginny Weasley said.

Headmistress McGonagall turned towards Ron's sister. "That is correct," she said softly. "Which is why I asked Poppy to pursue all possible..." She looked over at the hag with disgust before continuing, "...all possible alternative sources."

"That would be me, dearie," the old hag said with a leering grin.

Harry turned to the hunching hag. "You have the antidote, then?" When the hag nodded her head he said, "If the Headmistress arranges transport, I'll take you to Gringott's and you can have what ever you want from my vaults."

"Won't be necessary, dear," the old hag said, "you've got what I want within you right now."

Harry recoiled, his thoughts flashing back to the night that his blood was forcibly taken during the Riddle graveyard ritual. Hermione immediately wrapped a protective arm around Harry in support, then turned back to Madame Pomfrey. "What does she want?" she asked.

"She wants his sweat," Poppy replied simply.

"*Double pure* sweat," the hag added with a chortle.

"What do you want my sweat for, you old hag?" Harry asked.

Luna, who had been standing quietly back by the door all this time, finally spoke up. "She wants it as the main ingredient in an aphrodisiac potion, I imagine."

Ginny turned towards the hag with a look of disgust. "As ugly as she is, wouldn't a polyjuice potion get her laid easier?"

"Aye, my little witch, you are right about that," the hag replied. "But I am not desperate, I'm just a simple business woman looking for fair exchange and fair profit...my rare antidote for an equally rare liquid."

Harry turned to Madame Pomfrey with a look of concern on his face. "Would my sweat really work as part of an aphrodisiac potion?"

Poppy snorted. "As many times as I've patched you up? I imagine so. The practice of using the sweat of the strongest warriors for female aphrodisiacs goes all the way back to the days of Roman witches and their strongest gladiators."

The hag nodded in agreement. "No wizard warrior today is more powerful than the one who has stood up to the Dark Lord, what is it...five times now?"

"Six actually," Harry muttered absent-mindedly.

"Disgusting, perverted old hag," exclaimed Ginny.

Harry snorted in agreement. "I don't care if she bathes in the stuff, so long as it helps Ron. Why don't I just run a few laps around the castle and wring out my t-shirt?" He turned to see the support in Hermione's eyes only to be rattled by her pallid complexion.

"Harry," she said quietly, "if it was that easy, I'm sure the Headmistress wouldn't have needed to send for all four of us."

The old hag laughed and swung her wand in an imaginary golf swing. "She swings...and it's in the hole!" She then gazed in Hermione's direction. "Or should I say it's to be in your hole?"

Harry pulled his wand on the witch and scowled. "You will treat her with respect or all you'll get from me is the business end of my wand."

"A tempting offer, dearie," the hag retorted, "but I'm afraid I'm a little too, shall we say, experienced to be of any use right now."

"What are you on about?" Harry demanded.

"Harry," the Headmistress said with more compassion in her voice that Harry had ever heard before, "this is a terrible situation, and a terrible position for all of us to be put in, and I'm sorry that we haven't been able to find a better option." She stood, then walked around the front of her large oak desk and sat back along the front edge (putting her close enough to Harry to reach out and touch his shoulder). "The sweat of a warrior is apparently categorized into four different grades, based on the activities that he is engaged in at the time of collection."

"Activities? Just what are we talking about here?"

"Well," said Madame Pomfrey, "there's standard sweat, special sweat, pure sweat and double pure sweat."

"What's the difference, and what are those activities?" Harry asked, earning him another Brothers Grimm-worthy cackle from the hag.

Poppy and McGonagall looked at each other uncomfortably, before the Headmistress turned to address Harry's questions.

"Standard sweat is, well...standard...run-of-the-mill "nervous because you haven't studied for your NEWTs"-type sweat. For purposes of the aphrodisiac potion, "special" sweat is collected off a warrior's body as he's engaged in, erm...how should I say it?"

"Engaged in hot, steamy sex?" asked Luna, matter-of-factly.

"Erm, yes Dear – quite right."

"Oh," was all that Harry could muster past his lips. He looked towards Hermione and let out another, longer, more worrisome version of the declarative. She responded with a grim, but sympathetic, smile.

"Dare I ask about the pure versions?" he asked.

"Might as well," said the hag, "Because I won't settle for anything less than double pure."

Luna stepped up next to Harry's left side, opposite Hermione, and grabbed his hand in support as well. "Pure sweat is collected while the warrior is deflowering a virgin," she said.

Harry choked on a bit of saliva stuck at the back of his throat. After clearing it with a coughing fit he said, "And I suppose double pure means he has to deflower twins?"

"Don't be silly, Harry," Luna replied. "Double pure means that the sweat is collected by a second virgin female while the warrior deflowers the first."

"Oh, well, if that's all..." Harry said with rueful inflection. He turned back to McGonagall. "Please tell me that there's another way. I'd walk through fire for Ron, but to have to ask two women to...well...to..."

"Harry, I know, I know," the Headmistress said in sympathy. "St. Mungo's is looking for options, but nobody's popped their head through the floo yet with an alternative."

Hermione reached up and gently touched Harry's shoulder. "We haven't much time," she said. "So long as we can verify that the hag has the antidote you should make the deal."

Harry turned and looked at her with tenderness. He started to say something, before thinking better of it. Turning to the Headmistress, he asked, "Could you give us just a few minutes?" He then led Hermione out of the office, with Ginny and Luna tagging along as well.

"Hermione," Harry said once the office door was closed, "I couldn't ask a girl to give something that precious...I mean, this is suppose to be a sacrifice for me? Sounds more like something pulled off a racy internet fiction site."

Ginny snickered. "I don't think you have to worry about the girl thinking it a sacrifice to be bedded by you Harry...there'd be a line of volunteers from here to Hogsmeade."

Harry looked at Ginny with no shortage of disdain. "Oh, Ginny, you're just putting me on."

Hermione shook her head in disagreement. "Luna," she asked, "how many active members of the Harry Potter Fan Club do you think are virgins?"

The Ravenclaw thought for a second. "You mean within the entire membership, or just the girls?"

Harry choked on more saliva, to Hermione's amusement.

"Just amongst the females."

Luna looked at Ginny as they silently tried to work out an answer. "At least thirty or so," Luna finally said.

"There you have it," Hermione said. "Might be harder to find one willing to have another girl there watching, ready to collect your sweat, but still..."

"What about finding a girl willing to collect the sweat?" Harry asked. "Talk about thankless jobs...."

"Oh," said Hermione, with a small bit of surprise, "I guess I had figured that I'd be the one to do that."

"What?" Harry said incredulously. "You mean you..."

"What," Hermione said with frustration, "Don't imagine that I'm qualified for the job?"

"No, of course not," Harry said defensively. "You know I wouldn't even think that...you know how well I know you, right?"

"Then you think that I don't care enough about Ron to follow through on this?"

"Well, no, of course not, it's just that..."

Hermione continued building her full head of steam. "So you don't want me there to help you...is that it? Or is it you'd rather have someone else scraping the sweat off your bum..."

"No, I mean...Merlin, what kind of question is that for me to have to answer?"

"So it is me then," Hermione said with tears in her eyes. "Fine, I'm sure Luna and Ginny could help you out...I'll just go keep Ron company."

She turned to leave, but Harry stopped her with a firm grab of her arm. "Hermione, stop, please. I need your help...I need you, just like I always need you. Won't be able to get through this otherwise."

Hermione looked at him with calculation, then let out a firm sigh. "Fine, then...sign me up...whom do you want, though?" She turned towards Luna and Ginny, expecting them to start contributing to the conversation. They looked at each other for a second before Ginny sighed and faced Harry and Hermione.

"I'm afraid that I can't help you, Harry."

"Why is that?" Harry asked in confusion. "Seemed like you were eager enough to offer me that kind of help last spring."

"Oh, no...it's not you Harry," she replied, her cheeks approaching her hair color in hue. "It's just that, well, you broke up with me, remember? And this fall, you three didn't come back to Hogwarts, and I did, and Dean Thomas did, and....and we did."

"Did what?"

"Oh don't be daft," Hermione said with a scowl. "She's trying to tell you she and Dean are together now, and, well...neither she nor Dean would meet the hag's purity standards." Though the last phrase lilted up in a question, Hermione thought it more likely a declaration of fact. Her assessment was confirmed when Ginny, eyes firmly planted on the stone floor, nodded her head in agreement.

Harry didn't know what to say, so he tried to pretend he was all business and facts and actions. "Oh, well, better to learn that now, I guess," he said.

"I'm qualified, at least in that regard," said Luna calmly. "Ron and I haven't gotten nearly that far, but either way...to save his life...I'd be willing...."

Ginny looked up from the floor and tried to catch Harry's gaze. "Do you want me to go round up the Fan Club, or would a list of names be good enough for you?"

Harry looked at her with disbelief. Gathering his wits before he responded, he said. "No thanks, Ginny. I think, if we're going to do this, that I have all of the help I need right here." He then reached out and grabbed Hermione and Luna's hands searching for confirmation. The head nods and hand squeezes told him all that he needed to know.

"Ginny, why don't you go back to the infirmary and tell your parents that we're working on getting the antidote."

With tears in her eyes and a quiet apology the Sixth-Year witch nodded her head and walked onto the moving stairway that then swept her down towards the tower's base. Luna and Hermione watched Ginny spiral downwards out of sight, then turned to each other and snorted, as if they'd telepathed a private joke. They then looked back at Harry.

"So..." Hermione asked him, "which of us does what?"

Harry looked at his best friend as if she were dafter than Ron on most days (which was saying something).

"Hermione," he replied, "as if you needed to ask..."

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When Harry, Hermione and Luna walked back into the Headmistress's office they discovered McGonagall and Madame Pomfrey hunched over a document.

McGonagall looked up and noted, "Oh, you're back...but where is Miss Weasley?"

Harry and Hermione stole glances at each other before Harry replied. "She went back down to the infirmary to be with Ron and her family."

"Will she be returning then?"

"Erm, no," Harry replied quietly. "We have decided...that is to say, the three of us have decided, to agree to the trade offer."

The Headmistress nodded her head, with an expression that look rather prideful to Harry. She also looked like she wanted desperately to ask which of her students would be the sweat collector. Luna must have picked up on this as well, because out of the blue she said, "They're the shaggers, I'm the scraper."

"Oh, well, I see."

"There has to be verification of their purity," the old hag cackled from her position by the window. "Condition number three on that list."

"Oh, yes, well that makes sense," the Headmistress said tightly. "I'm sure that our school nurse can verify by examination that these young witches are vir...." She stopped in mid-sentence when she spied Hermione looking nervously down at the floor. "Miss Granger, is there a problem?"

Hermione's face turned beet red. "Erm, no, Headmistress....I mean yes, in a way...it's just that...I'm afraid that a physical examination won't provide the kind of proof that the old hag probably expects."

"And why is that?"

"Erm, well...it's rather embarrassing, but I was on ski holiday with my parents, and I had this accident, you see, and one of the bindings gave way and a ski snapped up and hit me hard in the..."

"Oh, I understand," the Headmistress replied tersely. "So you are saying that your hymen was broken during an accident."

Hermione continued to keep her eyes on her shoes, dying from having to talk about this in front of Harry. "Erm, yeah, that's exactly what happened."

Luna stepped up to the front of the Headmistress's desk. "Headmistress, I've got the same problem...last year my hymen broke on accident."

"What happened to you?"

The blonde-haired witch smiled brightly. "On accident I used too much lubricant on the vibrator that I had borrowed from Ginny, and while I was masturbating it slipped down a little too deep and..."

"That's quite enough, Miss Lovegood," the Headmistress admonished. As Harry looked at both of his classmates with gobsmacked amazement, she turned towards the hag. "I assume that the betrothal spell would be sufficient proof?"

The hag nodded. "That would indeed be adequate." As she raised her wand towards the two girls Minerva shouted, "Oh no you don't." She then turned to Poppy. "Would you please administer the spell?"

As the nurse nodded her head in agreement Harry whispered a question into Hermione's ear. She turned and replied. "It's an ancient spell used back in the days when arranged wizard marriages were brokered. Don't worry, it's safe, and relatively non-invasive."

"Relatively non-invasive?" Harry asked with a bit of alarm. But before he could say anything else, Poppy had cast her spell at the two young witches.

Hermione jumped a bit and let out a small cry of surprise, while Luna twisted her knees together and complained, "Oooh, that's cold!" Ten seconds later, golden circles formed above both Luna and Hermione's heads.

Harry couldn't help but laugh. "Halos," he observed. "Some wizard must have had a sense of humor back then."

The Headmistress turned to the hag. "Yes, well...now that step is out of the way...there's mention in this contract about a gold collection blade. The ones we use here at Hogwarts are all silver...do you have one available?"

The hag gasped and snapped her fingers. "Rats...I knew I forgot something on the way here. I'll have to travel back to my hut for one."

"Golden collection blades?" Harry asked a bit warily. "Luna only has to collect the sweat on the outside of my skin, right?"

Hermione laughed at Harry's remark. "Oh don't be silly," she replied. "The blade is dull...just like the ones we use in herbology class to collect tuber pus."

"Oh, great," Harry said sarcastically. "That's a nice touch."

The hag excused herself to floo back to her hovel for the collection device, as well as special specimen bottles and the antidote itself. Once she disappeared into the flames, Hermione asked to look at the quality control measures specified on the reviewed parchment. It didn't take her too long to find something to question.

"What about this condition," Hermione asked. "The one that states that the sweat has to be collected between the time of insertion and time of release?" When Madame Pomfrey confirmed that fact, Hermione looked over towards Harry and frowned. "No offense, Harry, but..." She then turned to the two older witches "You do realize that he is a teenage boy, and that there might not be a lot of time between those two milestones."

"Then Miss Lovegood will have to work fast, won't she?" the Headmistress replied.

"He could always delay his ejaculation with a stamina potion," Luna offered.

The Headmistress shook her head. "A good idea, but farther down the list it states that no magical aids can be used during the procreative act."

"What?" Hermione asked. "No magic involved at all, for either of us? Not even a contraceptive charm?"

"I'm sorry Miss Granger," the Headmistress replied, "But under the terms of the contract those are the bodies of either the warrior or the deflowered virgin."

"This is ridiculous," Harry said. "Bad enough that Hermione has to sacrifice her virginity, but now you say she has to run the risk of becoming pregnant?"

"Well, with any luck it won't be an issue," said Poppy. "Simple fertility check will tell us." She waved her wand towards Hermione's abdomen and muttered an incantation.

*"Expecto Ovum!"*

A silvery mist sprayed out of the wand tip and wrapped itself around her torso like a belt. A few seconds later the mist unwrapped itself and gathered in front of Hermione's waist, taking the shape and hue of two brilliantly golden orbs.

The Headmistress let out a small gasp, as Madame Pomfrey shook her head and sighed.

"Miss Granger, you seem to be at the peak of your fertility cycle," she concluded.

Hermione nodded, sporting a dazed look on her face as she regarded the twin orbs. "That's what I was afraid of. And the fact that there are two eggs means..."

"Means that twins must run in your family," Poppy replied.

"So...so...what are the odds that she'll get pregnant?" Harry asked shakily.

Madame Pomfrey turned towards Harry. "That depends, Mr. Potter, on your virility. The ripest of eggs still needs your input, of course." She pointed her wand towards Harry's crotch, causing him to cross his legs reflexively. "Now, Mr. Potter, no cause for alarm," she said. She then waved her wand (in a pattern that Harry thought was a bit too suggestive) and shouted out the incantation's masculine form:

*"Expecto Spermatozoa!"*

The sliver of silvery mist that emanated from Poppy's wand did one lap around Harry's waist, then snaked down his leg and disappeared up his trouser leg. A few seconds later a luminescent globe the size of a beach ball shot out of the top of his trousers and began to prance around, patronus style, powered by a meter-long flagellum flapping behind it. The conjured manifestation of a sperm cell stopped in mid-circle, then dove straight towards the golden eggs that were still floating in front of Hermione. The collision produced a blinding flash that forced Harry's eyes shut. When he finally risked opening them up he noticed that the golden eggs had been transformed into images of floating babies, crouched up in fetal positions with thumbs stuck in their mouths.

Harry swallowed down hard on a bit a bile that was trying to force its way up his throat. "Well I guess that answers that question," he said rather nervously.

Hermione, whose eyes had been completely fixed upon the conjurations in front of her, looked up at Harry with an expression on her face midway between panic and awe. She then said very softly, "They're baby girls, Harry."

Luna walked up to Hermione without any pretense or care and ducked down to get an eye-level view of the twins. "Cute kids," she commented, "They'll have Hermione's face and Harry's wild hair."

Headmistress McGonagall snapped out of her own bewildered state and cast a *Finite Incantatum* spell that banished the conjurations.

"This will only come about if Mr. Potter's, erm...issue...reaches Miss Granger's waiting eggs. The contraceptive charm would create a magical barrier that blocks this occurrence. There are muggle devices that have similar function, are there not?"

Hermione let out a breath and whacked her forehead with the butt of her palm (i.e. the classic "why didn't I think of that?" gesture). "Condoms...of course!" She turned to Madame Pomfrey. "Surely you have some down in the infirmary?"

"Certainly not," replied Madame Pomfrey. "Officially, I am barred from dispensing any type of birth control to students."

Harry snorted. "Okay, what about unofficially?"

The Hogwarts nurse looked nervously over towards her supervisor. "Well, unofficially....and very hypothetically, were a student to ask my advice on such matters...I would tell her that she'd be ill-advised to trust her partner to be safe, and that would go double for using Muggle devices."

Luna nodded in agreement. "From what I've heard, nobody uses Muggle birth control...even the Muggle-born witches take it upon themselves to learn the contraceptive charm from one of the older students."

Harry frowned. "So it would be a waste of time to cast an *Accio Trojans* spell?"

"I'm afraid so," the Headmistress replied. "Best we can do is *Accio Parental Consent Form* !" When she cast the spell towards a large book sitting on a table in one corner of the office the cover flew open and pages started to flip. Half-way through it stopped, and a single page flew out off the book and into the Headmistress's hand. She looked at it carefully to make sure she had summoned the proper parchment, then reached out and placed it in Hermione's hand.

"Miss Granger, it would appear that a quick trip to a Muggle chemist's is in order," she said. "But you'll need your father's permission first."

“What?”

“Your father’s permission for you to use birth control, Miss Granger. It’s spelled out very clearly on the parchment I just gave you.”

“Why would Hermione need permission from her father for me to purchase or use a condom?” Harry asked. “We’re both adults in the wizarding world, and she’s legally an adult in the Muggle world too.”

“I am aware of that fact, Mr. Potter,” the Headmistress replied primly. “But as you are both still students at Hogwarts…”

“But we aren’t attending classes,” Harry interrupted.

“That is correct, Harry, but as you will recall the three of you are still registered as students undertaking independent study coursework. As such, you are still subject to the rules of this school, and I am obligated to enforce them, as much as I might wish not to.”

“But…but the other girls…they don’t get permission slips from their fathers, do they?”

“No, they don’t,” replied the Headmistress. “But as I am not officially aware that any Hogwarts students are currently using the contraceptive charm, I am not required to ask for permission slips.”

Harry shook his head with a rueful, tight-lipped grin. “Plausible deniability combined with ‘Don’t ask, Don’t tell’.”

The Headmistress nodded.

“Can’t I get my mother to sign for me?” Hermione asked.

“I’m afraid not, Miss Granger,” the Headmistress replied. “Truth be told, it should be the head of the House of Granger that signs, but as that is something quite difficult to determine for Muggle families, we are allowed to accept the blessings of a student’s father.”

“But what about me?” asked Harry.

“Mr. Potter, as Head of the Noble House of Potter you are able to sign for yourself.”

“Oh.”

“Clock’s ticking, Miss Granger,” the Headmistress said. “I suggest you bow to the inevitable necessity and take a quick trip to your parents.” She then consulted a different book whose pages began flipping on their own until they reached the “G’s.” Grabbing another piece of paper to fashion into a portkey she looked up at Hermione and asked, “Would it be better to send you to your home or to your parent’s work address?”

The blood drained from her face, it was all Hermione could do to whisper. “Daddy will be at his office at this time of day.”

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Five minutes later, in a dental practice located within a well-to-do suburb of London, Roger Granger took a call from his receptionist.

“Dr. Granger,” she said, “your daughter is here to see you.”

“Hermione?” he asked with amazement. He was up and out from behind his desk and halfway down the hall when he took in, and soon felt, the blur of his daughter’s bear hug.

“Daddy, it’s so good to see you.” Hermione murmured into his shoulder.

Roger looked up from his daughter’s embrace and saw that she was accompanied by her friend, Harry Potter. Also with her was the Hogwarts school nurse that he’d met after Hermione’s injury at the Department of Mysteries, and another teen-aged girl with stringy blond hair and radishes hanging from her ears. The girl looked rather spacey, the nurse (Pomfrey, he recalled) looked rather grim, and Harry Potter looked terrified.

“What’s wrong, honey?” he asked Hermione.

Hermione leaned back so that she could look at her father’s face with tear-streaked eyes.

“Well,” she began, “unless Harry and I have sex my friend Ron Weasley is going to die, and unless you sign a permission slip you are going to become a grandfather twice over.”

“Started beyond belief” was an understated description of Roger Granger’s reaction. Having heard fantastically impossible descriptions of magical creatures and happenings from his only daughter before, though, he had a ready-made coping mechanism in place.

He silently counted to ten, and then said, “Go find your mother, dear.” As Hermione bounded off towards Emily Granger’s office, he ushered her companions into his office, reached inside his desk, and pulled out a bottle of whisky and some glasses.

He poured two-finger’s worth of the amber liquid into a glass, then looked down at his watch. “Only ten-thirty,” he noted. Looking up and straight into Harry’s fear-filled eyes, he chuckled to himself and raised his glass.

“Well, the sun is over the yardarm somewhere, isn’t it Harry?”

## The Sweat of a Gladiator Ch 2: Mr. Phoenix

"So let me get this straight, Harry" Roger Granger said. "A wicked old witch wants a bottle of your sweat in exchange for an antidote that needs to be administered to Ron Weasley before lunchtime, or else he dies. But it can't be run-of-the-mill sweat, can it? No sir, it needs to be collected off of your naked body by one virgin female while you are in the middle of shagging another virgin female."

The dentist rose from his chair and started to pace back and forth behind his desk like a caged lion. "Now does it have to be any specific virgin female?" he asked rhetorically. "Apparently not, and despite the fact that you have a fan club of teen-aged witches, any number of whom would jump at the chance to jump your bones, it's my daughter's virginity that you want to claim. And you come to me not to ask for my daughter's hand, or to court her, or even to ask if you can shag her, but to ask for my permission for the two of you to engage in safe sex. And if I refuse to sign the permission slip, the two of you will still shag in order to save your friend's life. The only difference will be that nine months from now, Hermione and you will become the parents of twin baby witches, because diagnostic spells show that she's at the peak of her fertility and you've got Olympic-caliber swimmers in your spunk."

He caught his breath before asking, "Have I left anything out, Harry?"

The young wizard looked down at the floor and nervously ran his hand through his unruly hair, still unsure whether it would have been easier to discuss this in front of Luna and Poppy. Not that Hermione's father had given him that choice, when he sent the two away with the statement that he wanted a few minutes alone with Harry.

Nervously clearing his throat, Harry responded. "Just the fact that while this appears to be the only way we can save Ron's life, that Headmistress McGonagall and St. Mungo's are still trying to find an alternative source that wouldn't require Hermione and me to go through with this."

Roger Granger snorted in disbelief. "**Require** you and Hermione to go through with this?" he asked incredulously. "You sound implausibly reluctant...I should think that you'd be planning some correspondence...something like *'Dear Penthouse Forum, I'm a seventeen-year-old wizard and you'll never believe what happened to me the day my best mate decided to tumble into a pool of poison' ....*"

The dentist's comments immediately transformed Harry's nervousness into righteous anger. Bristling with indignation, he snapped right back.

"I, for one, don't think it's something to joke about, *Sir*. The fact is that I *am* incredibly reluctant to have to go down this path and take something so precious from your daughter, *even when it's offered freely!* And I would have hoped that after all of the Sunday dinner visits this past summer that you would thought better of me."

The deep breath that Hermione's father had been holding during Harry's reply came out on its own accord, and took with it much of the *machismo* that had been building during his paternal-protective adrenaline rush. Roger slumped back down into his chair and poured himself another scotch.

"I'm sorry, Harry, you're absolutely right," he sighed. "It's just that Hermione's my little girl, and....well, I guess you have to be a father to understand the protective..."

A knock interrupted Roger's rationalization, and Hermione's mother popped her head in the door. "Roger, dear," she said, "could we borrow Harry for a few minutes?"

The dentist pouted. "But I've barely started to scare the bejesus out of him!"

"Yes, Dear," she replied. "I know dear. It will just be a few minutes, though."

Harry liked the sound of getting out from in front of Hermione's father, but was worried that he still didn't understand the situation. But then he got a very bright idea. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out his pensieve and controller, shrunk and kept with him for just this sort of purpose. "Maybe it would be easier to accept if you could see what happened?"

Roger nodded, having been introduced to the workings of a pensieve earlier that summer, when Harry used it to show him a few Quidditch matches. Harry tapped his wand on the two items, bringing them up to full size, then concentrated on the specific memory to extract. While he was pulling out the wisp from his temple, Roger picked up the controller. "What's this?" he asked.

Once the memory was safely swimming in the pensieve, Harry looked up and smiled.

"That, sir, is a production prototype for a pensieve remote control."

Roger looked down at the stone version of a Muggle remote control and smiled. While there were several unreadable runes carved into different buttons, the international symbols for "play," "fast forward" and "rewind" were also inscribed. "So with this thing I can control the memory?"

Harry nodded as he tapped the edge of the pensieve with his wand. Since Muggles like the Grangers couldn't dive into the memory, he cast the



spell that created a three-dimensional projection directly above the pensieve. "It was Hermione's idea, and her charms work. We have one of my wizard manufacturing companies gearing up to mass produce them. Should have them on the market by Christmas."

"And she did this even while she was helping you with your research project?"

Harry shrugged. "Smartest witch in her generation," he said, with no small bit of pride. "And soon to be one of the wealthier ones as well, if the goblin's sales projections are accurate."

The pensieve's projection was frozen on a view of the Hogwarts infirmary, just before Harry and Hermione had learned that Slughorn had identified the poison. Harry pointed out who everyone one, and noted that once the scene shifted that the only new characters were the Headmistress and the hag. Mr. Granger hit the "play" button and the scene started to play out (complete with Ron's convulsions.) He then hit the rewind button and was delighted to see the three-dimensional mini-Harry and mini-Hermione walk backwards out of the infirmary door.

Emily saw her chance and grabbed Harry's elbow. Ushering her out of her husband's office she said, "Give the man a remote control...." Once the office door closed she told Harry that Hermione needed to talk with him privately in her office. Madame Pomfrey, apparently, had left to help the Order members on guard duty raise the ambient magic levels of the neighborhood so that their apparitions back to Hogwarts wouldn't be detected at the Ministry.

Hermione's mum had planned on giving Luna of a tour of the practice, but got called back into her husband's office with word that she should watch the memory as well. Luna squeezed Harry's shoulder and told him that she would stay with the Grangers to answer any questions.

When Harry walked into Mrs. Granger's office he found Hermione sitting behind her mum's desk, writing at a furious pace. It took him a few seconds to realize why the scene seemed slightly off: rather than quill and parchment she was using a ball-point pen and paper notepad.

"Harry," Hermione said warmly, once she noticed that he had entered the room. "Take care of the door, would you?" After shutting the door, he cast silencing and locking charms to ensure their privacy.

"How's dad taking it?" she asked.

"About as well as could be expected, I imagine," Harry replied. "Set up the pensieve so that they both could see what we're up against...have to say that your mum looked a bit warmer to the idea."

"Yes, well she always was the pragmatic one in the family," Hermione said with a smile. "Didn't take long at all for her to offer up some good suggestions."

"Really? Like what?"

Hermione looked up at Harry and laid the pen down on the desk. "Well, for starters she pointed out the obvious...that despite how awkward the situation is, that Ron's life is on the line and that there's no time for embarrassment or worrying about acting out of character, or dancing around issues. Later, no doubt...but not right now."

"Makes sense to me," Harry said.

"Well that's good," Hermione said, "because I need you to rub one off for me."

Harry choked out a "What?"

Hermione looked up from the notepad and sighed.

"Harry...we need to focus here...would it be any easier if I used clinical terms and asked you masturbate to completion?"

The-Boy-Who-Lived did his "fish out of water" thing with his mouth, and then replied. "Erm, let's stay clinical...I don't think I could handle you talking dirty right now."

"Great." Hermione replied. "Mum said that you could surf for porn on her computer, if that would help speed things along." She then stood up and walked around to the front of the desk. "Mum also thought you could do it here in her office while we were off to the chemists, but I think you should do it right now, before we go."

"Right now...you want me to wank off, right now....with you in the room?" Harry asked with amazement. "And why do you think that would be better?"

Hermione patted his shoulder then reached down and flipped the hem of t-shirt up and over her head, revealing a pretty red lace bra. "Well, first off," she said matter-of-factly, "I'm not so sure about your internet search skills, and there's no need for you to flounder about in a titty-search on Google when the real thing is available."

With that comment she peeled the thin straps off of her shoulders, deftly reached back to unhook herself, and pulled the bra off. Two lemon-sized breasts with small pink and perky nipples were revealed.

"They're not as large as what you might find on the net," Hermione continued, "but Luna said that Ron seems to like it when she kisses herself, so that might compensate." Hermione then grabbed her left breast and tried to make tongue contact.

Harry choked out a cough. "Hermione! What are you doing! This isn't like you at all!"

"Well of course it isn't," she said, "but Ron's life...remember? No time for embarrassment." She looked up, having failed to put her tongue on the

mark, and sighed. "But to answer the first question, I'm multi-tasking Harry....boys are supposed to be easily aroused through visual stimulation, right?"

"Erm, yes...but let's back up to why I should be wanking off in your mum's office."

"Sure," she replied, as she sat up on the front of the desk, flipped off her sandals, and began to run a toe up one of his legs. "First off, I need to know the length of your fully erect penis."

Harry, who was having a difficult time keeping his eyes from straying below Hermione's naked neckline, asked. "Wouldn't it have just been easier to ask?"

She smiled a reply. "Yes, I've heard that boys have this compulsion to know how they measure up....so you know, for certain, whether you'll need regular sized or extra-large condoms?"

"Erm, no, can't say I've ever used one before."

"That's what I thought...length matters there, you know....Mum thought it'd be best if we were in and out of the chemists as fast as possible, so making sure we have all of our data in hand will help."

"Oh, right....wait a minute...you really were talking about my penis length with...wait, stupid question, you already said she gave me permission to porn surf...didn't she have a ruler?"

"Sorry...we already looked." Hermione then tried, but failed, to reach her tongue to her other breast. "Damn," she muttered, "either they're too small or my tongue is too short." She looked up and added, "Well, you get the idea, I hope."

Harry took a couple of steps back and slumped down into an office chair. "I don't think I'll need extra-large condoms," he said, "and you didn't have to do that for me."

"Oh," Hermione said, feeling a bit dejected.

"Not that I don't appreciate the effort," Harry quickly added. "You have beautiful breasts, Hermione."

"You really think so? I wish they were larger..."

Harry smiled. "Yes, I really do think so. And if you'd been looking at the tent in my trousers a few seconds ago you would have seen the proof of it."

"Oh," Hermione said again, before breaking eye contact to look down at the front of Harry's pants. She then let out an even louder "Oh."

"Erm, Harry," she then said, "There's another reason why you might want to drop trou for me right now."

"Why's that, Hermione?"

"Mum said that she'd get dad to sign the permission slip, but only if she was certain that we knew how to use the condoms that we purchased."

"Really?"

"Yeah, she was quite insistent," Hermione replied. "In fact, before we head back to the castle she wants to watch me put one on you."

"You're kidding."

"No, dead serious...she's not ready to become a grandmother. Of course, I could always practice for her using something other than your penis, but..."

"And how would dropping my pants help you practice wrapping something other than my penis?"

Hermione chuckled as she looked over at the desktop and picked up a stapler with her left hand. Pulling out her wand with her right she replied, "By modeling for, me, silly boy, as I put my transfiguration skills to good use."

Harry squinted at Hermione until he understood what she was saying. He then let out a large laugh. "This is so ridiculous," he said, but not before he stood, undid his belt, and let his pants fall to the floor. He recaptured Hermione's gaze, then again dared her to break eye contact as he carefully lifted the top of his boxers out and over his erection.

She lasted all of three seconds.

"Oh my," was all she said (in English, at least). The Latin incantation and wand movement then began to reshape the stapler into a life-sized ebony-colored phallus.

"Couldn't have used a banana, could you?" Harry teased, as she did her work.

"No, this is too important to approximate," Hermione replied with a smile. "Besides, it gives me a chance to show Mum what I've learned at school."

As if she were following up on that thought, she knelt down by Harry's right side, then reached up and lightly grabbed his erection. When Hermione's fingers make skin contact, Harry jumped and let out a yelp. This caused Hermione to reflexively grip harder, and to lean forward to gain balance against his thigh. In this new position, her right breast was pushed up against the side of his knee, the side of her face was pressed against his hip,

and her warm breath was wrapping itself along the length of his shaft.

"Hermione, what are you doing?"

The bushy-haired witch looked up at Harry all sweet and innocent. "Just checking the details. You know I take pride in my work." She then placed the phallus alongside Harry's erection and grabbed her wand in order to improve the resemblance.

"So tell me, Harry, what's his name?"

"Who?"

"Your penis...what's your penis's name?"

"Why do you think he'd have one?"

"Well, from what I've heard Lavender and Parvarti say, all boys name their penis...something like *Harry Jr*., or..."

"He doesn't have a name."

"Oh, really?" she asked, looking up. When he nodded his affirmation she added, "Well that's too bad...it might be easier to talk about these things if he had a name."

"Well why don't you give him one, then?" Harry asked, with a one-off tone of voice.

"Maybe I will," Hermione said with a smile. By this point, the "careful inspection," that she was performing to improve on the phallus's appearance was involving a whole lot of handling.

Harry thought that there was no need for Hermione to do what she was doing. He was, in fact, quite convinced that she was getting him excited on purpose. Unfortunately, for as innocent as her halo had made her out to be, she was very, very good at getting him excited. Too good, in fact, for him to complain, or do anything other than close his eyes...and tilt his head back...and focus on how she was gently stroking him back and forth and....and....

"Mione," Harry said with a panic as he suddenly opened his eyes, "You need to stop that or I'll...I'm going to..."

Ejaculate placed the exclamation point on his incomplete sentence.

"Oh, shit," Harry gasped, as the first bit of spunk lobbed in a graceful arc up landed on top of the desk. The second pulse hit the side. The rest dribbled down his shaft as Hermione, who had continued her ambush hand-job during the release, pointed the tip of his glans up against his body.

"Merlin, I'm sorry," Harry exclaimed, as he looked down at Hermione. Her smile was a rather perplexing response.

"Nothing to be sorry about," she replied. "That was the plan, remember?"

"What...spray cum all over your mum's office?"

"Nothing a cleaning spell can't take care of."

"Right," Harry said sheepishly. He reached down to grab his wand out of his back pocket (currently located down around his ankles) and pointed it towards his crotch and Hermione's hand. She quickly slapped it away.

"No magic," she scolded. "Don't you remember?" She then grabbed a box of kleenex from the desk, and began to clean him up. Harry didn't notice her sneak a glance at the wall clock.

"Hermione, why did you just wank me off?"

She smiled like the Cheshire Cat. "Well, while Dad was raking you over the coals we were sitting here trying to lay out the choreography for the real deal. Poppy said that even if you were working up a good lather that it would take at least a minute for Luna to collect enough sweat for the potion. And then mum echoed my fear that, as virile as you are, Harry, you might not last a minute once you're inside me. So mum suggested we go on-line for some advice on how you might have more control when it really matters."

Harry noticed that as Hermione was explaining herself that she doing more stroking than wiping. "Hermione, I'm clean, now."

"Yes you are," she replied, making no effort to stop. "So as I was saying, we went online to find out more about premature ejaculation and that's what they suggested as a potential short-term remedy...to take the edge off, as it were."

"You went on-line...figuring that I suffered from premature ejaculation?" Harry asked.

"It's nothing to be ashamed about," Hermione explained. "Happens to the majority of teen-aged males, according to the web site."

"Oh really?" Harry asked. "And how do the experts define premature ejaculation?"

"Well...the working definition is something like the man reaching orgasm before his partner wants him to."

"Thought so," Harry said, as he reached down and stopped her hand from it's rhythmic movement. "So how can I be premature if I've never had a

partner before?"

Hermione scrunched her eyebrows together. "Good point," she replied. "Let's say, then, that we were concerned about the potential when you do have a partner."

"Yeah, have a partner within the next hour and a half," Harry said sarcastically. "Any worries about how much time it would take me to get hard again?"

She shrugged. "Not really," she replied, as she restarted her "cleaning" efforts. "Which raises a good point, though...we need a back-up virgin in case you do orgasm inside me before Luna finishes her work."

"A back-up virgin?"

Hermione shook her head, as if a teacher were admonishing a student. "Harry, we are limited by time, not by virgins. You can't have a do-over with me, and even if Luna steps up to the plate I won't be able to collect the sweat once you get hard again and get inside her...so we need a back-up."

"Oh, well, guess you're right."

"Of course I'm right, Harry," she said sweetly. "Now we're open for suggestions. Poppy asked us to try and limit ourselves to the sixth or seventh-years, if at all possible."

"Really? Did she have anyone specific in mind?" Harry asked sarcastically.

"Well, unofficially, of course, she did. What do you think about Mandy Brocklehurst?"

"Seventh-year Hufflepuff? Hmmm...pretty, but I don't think I've ever said three words to her."

"Oh, somebody you know, then," Hermione said. "Hmmm, well we can throw out the obviously unqualified like Lavender, or Parvarti."

"Why would Parvarti be unqualified?"

"We need virgins, Harry, with a capital V."

"Oh, well I guess I wouldn't know."

"Right...like you boys don't talk about these things...let's see, now, sixth-year Gryphs...no, seventh year Ravenclaws... how about Padma?"

"Don't think so," Harry replied. "She still mad at Ron and me over the Yule Ball fiasco."

"Right then, sixth-year Ravens...you don't know any besides Luna, I guess...and the Puffs...oh, Merlin, why didn't I think of her in the first place?"

"Who?"

"Susan Bones."

"Oh, well yeah, Susan's nice and..."

"*And we have a winner*," Hermione said rather loudly, as she pulled hand back to show a resurgent erection. She looked back up at the clock again and said, "Five minutes...hah! I told mum that we wouldn't need to worry about Viagra."

Harry looked down and realized that he really was hard again. For some reason he seemed rather embarrassed by the fact, and he responded by reaching down and pulling up his trousers.

Hermione shook her head as she stood and binned the sticky kleenex.

"Pigtails and titties...I should have known."

"Should have known what, Hermione?"

"That Susan Bones would be your type...I mean, why not, with a rack like that?"

Harry scowled and put a hand on each of his friend's naked shoulders.

"Hermione, I think Susan is very nice, but not because of her bodacious ta-ta's."

"You don't have to worry about hurting my feelings..."

"No, you listen to me!" Harry replied, starting to get angry. "I am quite sure that it was your right hand that got me hard again, and not the thought of Susan's breasts."

"Really?"

"Argghh...I can't believe we're discussing this...look, Hermione, if I was a tit-man why would I have had any interest in Cho....or Ginny?"

Hmmm, maybe because Ginny might grow into her mum's?"

"Oh, now there's an erection killer, if I've ever heard one."

That comment broke the tension, and they both laughed quietly, as Hermione started to get dressed again.

"So what does get you off, Harry?" she asked off-handedly.

"What if I said bushy brown hair and a tight bum?"

Hermione jerked her head up in response.

"You don't have to say that, you know..."

"Even if it's a truthful answer to the question?"

"Yeah, right."

Harry looked closely at Hermione and let out a deep breath. Almost imperceptively, he reached back for his wand, and with seeker-quick reflexes fired off a body-bind spell that hit her square in the chest. A silencing spell quickly followed, catching her scream before it even tried to get past the silencing charms.

"I'm sorry that you wouldn't believe me otherwise," he explained. He then raised his wand in the air and cast a wizard's oath as Hermione's eyes bulged out.

"On my magic, I swear that I find Hermione Jane Granger so incredibly sexy that she's been the subject of at least three wet dreams in the past two months."

A bluish glow of magical energy pulsed outward from Harry's body, strong enough to blow Hermione's bangs away from her face. He waited a few seconds, just to make sure that he'd spoken not just the truth, but a truth that his magic couldn't twist on him, then brought his wand down to release Hermione's binding and her voice.

"Harry!" she shouted, as she ran and pulled him into a bear hug. "That was the stupidest, most idiotic, most lame-brained, courageous, romantic, exhilarating thing you have ever done!" After a few sobs she added, "Don't you ever scare me like that again!"

The desk phone interrupted the embrace, and when Hermione looked at the caller id she recognized the mobile number.

"Mum?" she asked after picking up the receiver. "Erm, yeah, we're fine...be right out...bye." She then hung up and told Harry, "That was Mum."

"So I gathered," he replied dryly.

"We should go," said Hermione, as she threw her t-shirt back on and wiped the tears from her cheek. "Need to mind the time." She quickly tidied the office with a spell and retrieved her notepad. As she walked towards the door, Harry reached down and picked up the transfigured stapler. "Hey," he said, as he tossed it towards her, "you left your penis."

Hermione caught it, gave it a look, and smiled. "It's your penis, not mine," she replied with a smile. "Oh, and Harry..."

"Yes?"

"His name is Mr. Phoenix."

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When Harry and Hermione returned to her father's office they discovered that Tonks had joined the group. "Headmistress asked me to come fetch Harry and Madame Pomfrey," the young pink-haired witch explained. As one of the Aurors assigned to the protection of Hogwarts, and one of the very few that the Trio had trusted with access to their secret hideaway, Tonks was quite used to being a go-between.

"Poppy has already returned...the hag is back, and apparently there's a contract to review. McGonagall also wants an opinion on how much time Ron has left, but she won't let the hag anywhere near him unless Poppy is there."

"Oh, well that makes sense," Hermione replied. She then turned to Luna and noted, "You should go back as well. If there's enough time, you could practice using the blade and sample bottles. Maybe see if Susan would be willing to practice as well, just in case."

"So Susan is going to be the back-up virgin?" Luna asked.

Hermione nodded, while her father asked, "What's this about a back-up?"

"Roger, Dear," Emily replied, "as much as you might think that this is some contrived way to rationalize your daughter having sex, this is all about saving that nice young man's life...if Harry, here, comes inside Hermione before Luna collects enough sweat, they will need Luna and another virgin to act as the back-ups."

Roger turned towards Harry and squinted slightly. "This keeps getting better and better for you, eh?"

Harry shook his head and said rather gravely. "I assure you, Sir, that I'm going to do everything I can to make sure that your daughter is the only

woman that I need to deflower today."

Mr. Granger's face turned a bit red as he considered both the logic and absurdity within that response. "So will it be Luna or this other girl if that isn't the case?"

Hermione ears perked up at that question, realizing that Harry and she hadn't talked about that in her mum's office. "Harry, I know that you might not want to answer, but we should have that contingency covered in advance."

Harry looked at both Luna and Hermione for a moment, then said, "Well, if that has to be the case, then...all things considered....Luna, would you...I mean, only if necessary, and not all the way to, erm...completion, but just until we got the sweat we needed for Ron?"

"Of course I would," Luna said with a smile. Hermione reached over towards Luna with and motioned for Harry to join them in a group hug.

"Assuming," her father said a bit snidely, "that Harry could recover in time?"

Breaking the embrace, Hermione turned towards her father and replied, "I'm quite sure that won't be an issue." When she saw her mum cock an eyebrow, Hermione turned to her with not-so-hidden pride and noted, "Only took five minutes."

Mrs. Granger snorted out a smile and asked, "With or without the prostate massage?"

When Hermione replied "without," Harry asked what a prostate was and how it was massaged. Roger Granger, who had been looking over at his wife in shock, told Harry that if he didn't know that it was best left that way.

"So," Tonks said, "now that we've established that Luna is the maidenhead of honor, we should get going." When Hermione told Tonks that they hadn't visited the chemist yet, Tonks told Harry that she'd stay behind and make sure that Hermione made a timely and safe return to the castle.

"Not," Tonks added, "that I think she'll be dragging her feet, or anything."

When Harry asked Mr. Granger if he still needed the pensieve, Roger replied that he'd send it along with Hermione. He did, however, sign the parental consent form and gave it to Harry for delivery to the Headmistress.

"You be good to my little girl, Harry," he said, as he held out his hand.

Harry shook Roger's hand and assured him that he would. Harry then gave Hermione a hug and a chaste kiss, telling her to meet them just outside of the Room of Requirement. Finally, taking Luna's hand, he side-apparated her to the gates of Hogwarts Castle.

Hermione noted that her dad seemed to be more comfortable with the situation than he was earlier, and asked whether that was due to something her mum said, or something within the pensieved memory. When he smiled and hit the rewind button on the remote control, Hermione assumed that he was going to go back to the point in time where the images of two cute potential grandchildren appeared. But he blew by that moment, and instead stopped the memory at a point when Harry and the three teen-aged witches were talking outside of McGonagall's office.

"Hermione," Roger said, "you know that I want nothing but the best for you. Since your mother and I trust your judgment so much, well...most of the time, what we want will overlap what you apparently want." He then hit the "play" button.

Hermione cringed, having put two and two together. She watched silently, and considered whether, given what had happened just a few minutes previous, she was disappointed that Harry wasn't there to see what he had missed the first time...

*Having just admitted that she'd been shagging with Dean Thomas, a teary-eyed Ginny stepped on to the moving spiral staircase and disappeared from view. Hermione and Luna then turned to each other and smiled, with each thinking about the absurdity of the situation that they were in. Hermione turned and asked Harry which of the two he wanted to shag, and Harry replied, "Hermione, as if you needed to ask." He then gave each of the two girls a hug, turned, and opened the door to the Headmistress's office.*

*Perhaps too focused on the mission to remember his manners, Harry walked in first, rather than step back and hold the door for the two girls. With his back turned, Harry wasn't in a position to see a smiling Luna as she turned and gave Hermione a "thumbs-up" gesture. And he certainly couldn't see Hermione as she pumped both fists in the air, silently mouthed a triumphant "YES!" and did a three-second long happy dance.*



# The Sweat of a Gladiator

## Chapter 3: Triple Pure

The magical wards that protected Hogwarts Castle made a portkey departure much easier than a return. Since there had been other times when the Headmistress needed Harry in her office while he wasn't near a floo location, the quickest and safest means of travel had therefore been thought out in advance.

Harry and Luna appeared directly in front of the closed gates of Hogwarts with a small pop. He immediately drew out his wand, summoned a miniaturized Firebolt that was hidden within the landscaping in front of the walls, and enlarged it to normal size.

“Bugger,” Harry said, after a second summoning spell came up empty. “Somebody forgot to put the other two back.” He mounted the broom, turned towards Luna, and said, “Sorry, but you'll have to ride double with me.”

Luna smiled as she swung her leg over the broomstick in front of him. When Harry reached around to grab the broomstick with both hands he was forced to wrap Luna in a tight embrace. She leaned her head back against Harry's shoulder, ground her bum back into Harry's crotch, and purred, “That's okay, I don't mind at all.”

“Minx,” Harry scolded with a smile. He then kicked off the ground and flew straight towards the unwarded window of the Headmistress's office.

They found her alone with her thoughts. Sitting on her desk was a gold collection blade and two dozen empty vials. Next to the blade was a small stone disk that had a centered circular indentation. After welcoming them back, the Headmistress took the consent form from Harry and informed the two that the hag was presently in the infirmary with Madame Pomfrey. She then showed how the sweat collection system worked.

It wasn't all that different from what they used in herbology, so it didn't take long for either to catch on. The collection blade was actually more like a flattened funnel that was open on one side. The dull edge of the funnel served as the blade; when it was scraped against the skin any sweat collected up onto the blade would fall down into the funnel spout. Each of sample vials, which attached to the base of the spout with a sticking charm, had an invisible one-way cap; fluid could be drawn in, but couldn't spill back out, even if the vial were held upside down.

Harry asked about the stone disk and was told that it was a calibration device of sorts. When a fluid-filled vial was set into the indentation and the right charm applied, the disk would evaluate the strength of the fluid and replace the magical cap with a solid one, with the measured result inscribed on the top. The Headmistress said that the disk could also be used to identify potions, and that Poppy had used it to confirm that the hag's antidote was indeed what Ron needed.

The Headmistress suggested that Luna might want to practice collecting some “normal” sweat while they waited for Hermione. When Harry indicated that he wasn't sweating at the moment, the Headmistress told him to work up a sweat. He blushed as he stole a glance at Luna and asked how exactly the Headmistress wanted him fulfill that request. McGonagall smiled at Harry's question, and gave him a choice: calisthenics inside of her office, or flying down over the Quidditch pitch.

The back of Harry's Firebolt cleared the windowsill in a flash.

Luna informed the Headmistress that they wanted to ask Susan Bones to be their back-up virgin, and suggested that if she agreed she should practice sweat collection as well. Shaking her head in resignation, McGonagall wrote out a quick note requesting Susan's presence in her office and gave it to Luna, with word that Susan was currently in class with Professor Flitwick. When Luna left, the Headmistress was once again alone with her thoughts.

They were a little more randy than those previous.

Luna only needed a few minutes time to run down to the Charms classroom and return with Susan. Luna had already told the Hufflepuff an abridged version of the past hour's events, and Susan had no problems at all volunteering for anything and everything Harry wanted her to do “for Ron and for the defeat of Voldemort.”

The flush in Susan's face and the hardening of her nipples when she professed her dedication to Harry's cause didn't escape the Headmistress's notice. Susan's complexion grew ruddier and points even perkier when the Headmistress then asked if she was a virgin. After a few moments time spent explicitly clarifying terms, a chagrined Headmistress admitted that she could not respond to all of the hypotheticals with any degree of assurance. It took a betrothal spell to provide a definitive answer (producing a halo that was intact, albeit markedly less lustrous than either Luna's or Hermione's).

Harry flew back through the window too late to hear Susan ask (hypothetically, of course) if a girl would still be a virgin if a female roommate enlarged her own tongue and used it as a penile substitute. He had put the Firebolt through its paces, and was breathing heavily. Now that there wasn't any wind to wick away his perspiration, sweat was starting to bead up on his face and neck. He was pleased that Susan was willing to help out as needed, and also thought it a good idea for her to practice sweat collection.

Harry was still panting a bit as he stripped off his shirt and undershirt to expose some practice skin. The two teens were panting a bit as well when his actions revealed a solidly muscular torso and well-defined pecs, built after a summer's worth of exercises and nutritional supplements. Luna immediately attached one of the bottles to the collection blade and started to scrape up Harry's arms and down his back. When Susan pouted and asked when it would be her turn, something clicked in Harry's mind and he asked the Headmistress if there were any restrictions on the number of vaginal sweat collectors. McGonagall thought for a moment then said she couldn't think of any, but that they only had one collection device.

Harry reached into his trouser pocket and retrieved his wand and a gold galleon. It took two tries for him to transfigure the coin into a second sweat collector (his first incantation was interrupted when Luna scraped over a ticklish area).



"Very impressive transfiguration skills, Harry," Susan replied, as she added a vial to the base of the new collector and put it to use. "The goblins put some serious protections onto their currency."

"Wasn't that hard," Harry responded. "They're interested in keeping wizards from transfiguring gold objects into galleons, and not the other way around."

Luna had completely filled a vial, and was swapping it out for a second when she said, "Looking pretty dry up top, Harry...think you'll have to show a little more skin."

Harry hesitated until he noticed that the Headmistress had decided to take a second look at the contract parchment, then let out a sigh of resignation as he undid his belt and let his trousers drop to his ankles. Susan and Luna actually squealed a bit in delight as they started to run their blades up and down Harry's muscular calves and thighs.

"Take care how high you scrape, girls," the Headmistress admonished, as she snuck a quick peek at the process. "Wouldn't want any other fluids escaping Mr. Potter just yet."

By the time that Harry had cooled down, the two teen-aged witches had managed to fill three containers. Satisfied with their collection skills, the Headmistress had Harry get dressed and reviewed contract terms with him until Madame Pomfrey and the hag returned to the office.

"Good news," Madame Pomfrey said, when the two finally returned. "The hag helped me put a stasis spell on Ron that buys us a little more time." She turned to Harry and said, "You now have until 12:45, Mr. Potter."

Harry looked down at the Muggle watch Hermione had given him for his seventeenth birthday and noted, "That's ninety minutes...good, I was starting to worry about Hermione's return."

"Putting your time to good use, though, I see," the hag said as she walked over to the desk and looked closely at the three vials. "Fresh sweat, Mr. Potter?" When Harry nodded, she took one of the vials, placed it on the stone disk, and cast a spell over the top. The vial was enveloped in a gold globe, which dissipated a few seconds later to reveal a new shiny brass cap on top of the bottle. The hag picked up the vial, read the engraved inscription on the cap, then looked at Harry with a bit of confusion.

"Who were you doing when this was sweat was generated?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I was flying on my Firebolt."

"No, not *what* you were doing, *who* were you doing? You must have been shagging someone."

When Harry restated that he had been riding a broom, rather than a witch, the hag scoffed. "Not possible, must be a mistake." She then tested the strength of the other two vials of sweat, scowling just as much when she read the inscriptions on their caps.

Meanwhile, Madame Pomfrey examined the first capped vial, looked up at Harry, then smiled in realization.

"Harry," she asked, "were you dueling when this sweat was collected?" When Harry said again that he had only been flying she stated, "And you're still a virgin, right?"

That question piqued the hag's interest. When Harry confirmed that conclusion (with no small amount of embarrassment), the Hogwarts nurse smiled in amazement at the hag. "Ten points were added for the gladiator's purity, and just think if he'd being fighting or shagging instead of flying." As Harry asked for an explanation, Poppy showed the vial to Headmistress McGonagall. After drawing in a sharp breath, she said, "Harry, it was true when I said that there are four grades of sweat. But there are also variations within grades that take into account the physical and magical strength of the warrior and what he was doing when the sweat was generated."

"Base score is ten points per grade, with up to nine bonus points per level" added Poppy. "Since you weren't having sex, the highest score your sweat should have gotten was around a 15."

The hag nodded in agreement "Ten for the virgin collection process, and five for being one of the strongest warrior wizards in the world...if you had been actually fighting with sword or spells it could have gone as high as 19."

"Well, what did Harry's sweat score?" Susan asked.

"Twenty-five points," replied the Headmistress, confirming that the same score was listed on all three bottle caps.

"So Harry's sweat scores higher because he's a virgin."

The hag nodded in agreement. "One time event, obviously, but if a virgin gladiator deflowers a virgin while a virgin collects his sweat the maximum score would be...Merlin, it'd be fifty-five! I've never seen sweat grade higher than forty-two."

"Is the difference that great?" Harry asked.

Madame Pomfrey nodded. "the difference is non-linear. A score of 40 is one-hundred times better than a score of 30."

Headmistress McGonagall looked down at the parchment in front of her. "The contract specifies a minimum grade of 44...double pure sweat from a very strong wizard."

So that means Harry doesn't have to deflower a virgin to hit the minimum score?" asked Luna.

"Or does it mean that we'll have better bargaining power with the world's most powerful sweat?" He turned to Madame Pomfrey. "I know that with all of the hoarding going on that your potion stocks are running low these days, right?"

The Hogwarts nurse nodded. "Almost out of Skele-Grow."

Harry turned to the hag. "Looks like it will be pretty easy for me to give you a 44, as specified in our binding contract. But what would it be worth to have a sample a hundred times more potent?"

As the hag silently tried to place a value on such a rare commodity Harry suggested that Poppy start making out a wish list and negotiate the best deal possible while he was out of the office. Meanwhile, Susan was still working out the processes in her head. "Excuse me," she asked, "but what happens to the sweat already on Harry's skin if he changes activities, or if he switches off from a virgin partner to a non-virgin?"

"What do you mean?" McGonagall asked.

Susan clarified her question. "If Harry worked up a sweat by riding a broom, then started shagging, would the sweat on his skin immediately after penetration be scored as 'broom sweat' or 'shag sweat'?"

Madame Pomfrey replied that it was whatever activity caused the sweat to break the skin surface that influenced the score, and that a blend of sweat would tend to produce an averaged score.

Luna nodded her understanding, and got confirmation that sweat produced during wizard duels and magical spell fights was only slightly less potent than the sweat generated by sex.

"Well then," Luna replied, "guess we now know how Susan and I can get Harry ready while we wait for Hermione's arrival." She then requested permission to start a new student organization. When the Headmistress asked what type of group she had in mind, Luna grabbed Harry and Susan's hand and smiled.

"Why, a Co-Ed Naked Dueling Club, of course."

The Headmistress's face turned a shade of red Harry had last seen under his Uncle's collar. "Miss Lovegood, I hope that you aren't serious," she flustered. "I also expect you to explain yourself."

"Certainly," Luna said matter-of-factly. She looked around the office and furrowed her eyebrow. "This might take a few minutes, maybe there's someplace we could sit?"

The Headmistress waved her wand and five chairs were conjured around her desk. They only needed three, however, as Luna chose to think out her comments while pacing, and Susan chose to listen to Luna's comments while wiggling on Harry's lap.

"You just gave us a rather detailed description on how the potency of a gladiator's sweat is measured," Luna began. "Did I hear correctly that Harry being a virgin is twice as important as the fact that he's one of the most powerful wizards in the world?"

Poppy thought for a moment, then agreed. "Ten extra points extra for his virginity, but only five points for him being so powerful a wizard and warrior."

"And that sweat generated while he was sparring with either sword or spell would be almost as potent as the sweat generated during sex?"

"Not if he was just sparring, dearie," the hag replied. "The potency is only boosted that high by the excitement and fear that a warrior experiences when he is fighting for his life."

"The Muggles call it an adrenaline rush, I think," added Poppy.

"Fair enough," Luna said. "But even if he's sparring, that plus his virginity would be worth more than his virginity alone, right?"

The hag nodded. "Aye, but even with those extra points the most powerful virgin wizard in the world couldn't score a 44, even if the sweat was collected by a virgin while he was battling for his life. There has to be some shagging involved."

Luna nodded, accepting this information while she was pacing with her eyes down on the floor. "I'd like to see the spell equations behind that statement," she replied, "but I'll grant that you are probably right that fighting alone isn't enough." She then looked up, walked behind Harry's chair, and put hands on both his and Susan's shoulders. "But what if we combined sexual excitement or acts just short of shagging with sparring and hexing?"

The Headmistress furrowed her eyebrows. "This is where the naked dueling comes in, I suppose?"

Harry felt Susan's buttocks clench and her hips thrust upwards a bit in his lap. "Oooh, I think I'm starting to like this idea," she said with a husky voice.

Her seat cushion shook his head. "I don't think that I do. You'd have to be a sick pervert to get sexually excited while you're hexing somebody, and I don't think that my shield spells would be very effective while somebody was trying to get me off with her hand."

"Or mouth?" Susan added, with a slight lilt of desire in her voice.

Harry looked at Susan. "Yes, or mouth, either. It might work for some sicko like Malfoy or Bella, but I don't think we need go any further down this path if I'm involved."

"Don't knock it until you've tried it," the hag said with a leer, "You never know just how much of a perv you might be."

Luna interrupted, saying "We're getting a bit ahead of ourselves, I think." She turned to Harry. "Do you trust me enough to at least hear me out?"

"Of course."

"Thanks, Harry," she replied with a smile. She then turned back to the hag and Poppy. "Is the potency of a warrior's sweat affected by the strength of his spells, or how much pain or damage he inflicts on an opponent during battle?"

Poppy and the hag looked at each other, before the hag shook her head. "Yes and no. There is a very slight boost if the wizard is using more powerful spells during the fighting, but the effect is the same whether the spell scores a hit or is shielded by his opponent."

"So if the opponent's condition doesn't affect sweat potency, why does it make a difference whether the sweaty gladiator is shagging a virgin?"

The hag scowled. "Because the gladiator is taking something away from the virgin...something magical and powerful. Why else would so many dark rituals require virgin sacrifice, or a virgin's blood?"

"You make it sound like deflowering a virgin is a Dark act," Harry said.

"That's because it usually is," the hag replied. "It's only a Light act when the maidenhead is offered in a truly consensual act. And given the number of arranged marriages within the wizarding world..."

"So if I deflower a witch and it's not truly consensual...if she's, say, only doing it as part of a business transaction...it's a Dark act? That's ridiculous!"

McGonagall looked at Harry with a pained look on her face. "It is what it is. Why do you think I was so reluctant to go down this path? Why do you think we've been looking for other ways to save Mr. Weasley's life?"

Poppy stood and put a hand on the Headmistress's shoulder for support. "Harry, you must think of it in terms of lesser of evils. Would you say that killing a sentient being is a Dark act?"

"Sure."

"And if you and Miss Granger were ambushed by Death Eaters, and the only way to save her life was to kill her assailant, would you do so?"

"Of course I would."

"And would you feel bad about it afterwards, even if the Dark act of killing was the only way to defend her life?"

"Of course I would...I mean, I'm pretty certain I would."

"I have no doubt you would," said the Headmistress. "That is the difference between us and the Death Eaters. You would willingly shoulder the burden of taking another's life, and live with the regret that came with that Dark act, because it would be the lesser of two evils."

Harry thought for a moment, finding it hard to believe that having sex with Hermione would be evil in anyway.

"Look on the bright side, Harry," Luna said. "If Hermione already wanted to shag your brains out then you have nothing to worry about."

"Yeah," Harry replied, "like that'd be the case." He thought for another few moments and then turned to Luna. "Well, as long as we're looking at choosing between paths painted in varying shades of gray, maybe we should flesh out the naked dueling idea."

"I agree," said the Headmistress. "Miss Lovegood, would you move the discussion along, please?"

Luna nodded. "Harry," she asked, "I know you wouldn't get off on inflicting pain on others, but is it possible that you might get aroused if your partner is getting off on the pain that you are inflicting on them?"

Harry took a minute to work through the semantics. "Just what kind of hex are we talking about here?"

The fact that Susan started to squirm and clench on his lap during this process suggested that she had figured it out before he did. He was therefore not really surprised when she responded.

"The spanking spell?" she asked expectantly. When Luna smiled and nodded, Susan squirmed even more. The busty blonde then asked, "Headmistress, may I ask another hypothetical question?"

McGonagall furrowed her eyebrows for a moment, then dropped her head down onto her hands and told her to proceed.

"Let's say...hypothetically of course...that a virgin female gets off on spanking."

"What?"

"Erm...this hypothetical girl, what if she knows from previous experience that, well...that the quickest way to a mind-blowing orgasm is for her to play with herself while somebody slaps her arse until it turns bright red?"

Harry choked out a cough while the Headmistress admonished, “Miss Bones, such language!”

“Sorry Headmistress, but we are pressed for time...should I take the time to think of more delicate phrasing?”

The Headmistress sighed deeply, and then caved. “Oh go ahead, Miss Bones...just try to be a little less colorful, please.”

Susan smiled brightly. “Thank you, Headmistress.” She turned to face Harry. “Does the thought of that, or the thought of witnessing that, excite you, Harry?”

Harry looked at Susan sternly, and said through slightly clenched teeth. “I'm quite certain that you can feel the answer to that question, Susan.”

The squirmy witch smiled, then replied (rather cattily), “Well of course, silly boy, but I thought a verbal response would be more appropriate than showing the others the rather pointed non-verbal response that you're giving me.”

“Oh, well, thanks...I guess,” said Harry, with no small amount of embarrassment.

“So, this hypothetical girl,” Susan continued, “she wants to enjoy that kind of painful bliss again, but the roommate that helped her the first time doesn't want to be caught, erm...red handed...by their other roommates.”

Luna interrupted Susan, saying, “So this hypothetical girl explains her problem to a hypothetical sixth-year Ravenclaw friend, and they go to the library and research a way to dampen down the force of a stinging hex and localize its effect to a small area of skin, right?”

“Now Luna,” admonished Susan, with a smile, “this is my hypothetical story. If you want to talk about how this hypothetical Ravenclaw tested the modified stinging hex on her friend's bum to great satisfaction, and how they renamed it ‘spell-spanking’, and how the Ravenclaw girl is fond of secretly spell-spanking her friend at odd and embarrassing times and places...well, you'll just have to wait your turn.”

“Fine,” said Luna, “so I imagine you'll end *your* hypothetical story by saying how the spank-spanked witch gets off on getting secretly whacked to the point of messy gushy orgasms while she's in public places like the library or Great Hall, right?”

Susan sighed a very happy sigh, and simply said, “Oh Sweet Merlin yes.”

Luna smiled, and said, “I thought so.”

There was a moment of silence in the Headmistress's office, as all of its occupants took a few moments to catch their breath.

“Yes, well,” the Headmistress finally said, “I'm glad that this is only a hypothetical. So your point, Miss Bones?”

“Well,” she said coyly, “I was wondering if a hypothetical Harry might get some sort of hormonal response if he were taught this hypothetical hex and used it to spell-spank me silly?”

“Spell-spank you, or a hypothetical student?” Poppy asked, with a partial smile on her face.

“Either.”

Susan turned to Harry then smiled. “Never mind, I think I know the answer, and let me say, there's nothing hypothetical with how the response is being phrased.”

Harry looked down, his face completely crimson by this point, and asked, “And just how potent would my sweat be if it was collected by one virgin female while I was sexually aroused by spell-spanking a second?”

“Good question,” said the Headmistress. “And one whose answer could be calculated, correct?” She then looked at Luna and Poppy, who both nodded.

“There wouldn't be enough time for them to complete the calculations,” the hag said.

“Then you could help them, I imagine,” said Harry.

The hag paused, then asked, “What's in it for me if I do help?”

Harry shook his head, then asked dismissively, “Does this whole sweat collection business work on any wizard?”

“Sure,” the hag replied, “but the sweat would be worthless. Has to come from a strong warrior-wizard to have value in a potion.”

“And what's the criteria for separating out the wizard-wheat from wizard-chaff?”

The hag didn't want to answer, so Poppy did it for her. “The wizard has to be strong enough to at least cast a corporeal Patronus.”

“Really?” asked Harry. “Isn't that interesting?” He returned his gaze to the hag. “Tell me hag, just how many of the wizards in Knockturn Alley are strong enough and smart enough and have enough happy thoughts stored to cast a corporeal Patronus?”

“Only a very few,” the hag replied quietly.

“And how many of these few are virgins?”

The hag snorted. “None, I imagine...shagging is how they get the happy thoughts in the first place...but I dare say that goes for any wizard that can cast the spell, regardless if they are a Light or Dark wizard.”

“Yes, I imagine you are right,” said Harry with a smile. Sensing that standing would no longer embarrass him, he scooted a reluctant Susan off of his lap and stood. “So do you think I'm unique?”

“Almost certainly.”

“What if I told you that I know of at least two other male students in this school that can cast a corporeal Patronus?”

The hag gasped. “And they are virgins?”

“I'm pretty sure they are, at least in the strictest sense of the world.”

“Then I'd say that you are sitting on a gold mine of sweaty teen-aged boys.”

“Yes, I'd say so too,” said Harry. “Quite an economic opportunity for someone of your...vocation. It's too bad, then, that one of these other two wizards will die unless you provide him with an antidote.”

“You mean that boy in the infirmary can cast a corporeal Patronus?”

Harry nodded. “Quite a friendly little terrier...not that you'd ever see it if he dies.”

The hag looked at Harry shrewdly. “What are you proposing, boy?”

Harry reached over and grabbed the contract that was sitting on the Headmistress's desk and ripped it in half. “A business partnership, of sorts. You give us the antidote to cure my friend right now, then help work out the math on this spanking option. I'm sure that when Hermione arrives that she can help as well. Tell me...how long will it take for Ron to recover once the potion is administered?”

“Only four or five days, I believe,” said Poppy.

“Great,” said Harry. “If it turns out that we can create a 40+ sweat sample without any shagging going on, we will provide you with five vials of that 40+ sweat within the next week. If, on the other hand, there really isn't any way of reaching that potency without shagging, then you will be provided two vials of triple pure sweat within the next week.”

“Triple pure?” Susan asked.

“Sweat collected by a virgin while a virgin wizard-warrior is shagging another virgin.”

“But you can only lose your virginity once,” noted Susan.

“Yes, and so can Ron.”

The hag scowled a bit. “And you can guarantee that this other boy would be willing to donate his sweat under those conditions?”

“Harry can't guarantee that,” Luna replied rather spiritedly, “but I am pretty certain that I can.”

Harry turned to the blonde witch and said, “Thank you, Luna.” He then turned to McGonagall and asked, “Headmistress?”

McGonagall took a deep breath, closed her eyes for two seconds, then nodded. “The most important thing is for Mr. Weasley to be given the antidote as soon as possible. It's a deal with the devil, but with terms that I doubt that Mr. Weasley would mind meeting if need be.”

Harry turned to the hag, who was busy working out the angles. “And the third wizard?”

Harry snorted. “Is not part of current negotiations. It's either one in the hand or two in the bush.”

“So to speak,” added Susan.

“But you leave open the possibility of a longer-term arrangement?”

Harry nodded.

The hag moved her head to and fro for a few moments, then reached into her bag and pulled out the vial of antidote. She tossed it to Harry, and then said, “It's a deal.”

Harry let out a deep sigh then handed the antidote over to Madame Pomfrey, who bounded out the door towards the infirmary.

The hag wrinkled her warty nose at the thought of handing out the antidote without something firmly in hand. “You should have been sorted Slytherin,” she told Harry.

Headmistress McGonagall straightened up and said proudly, “I'm certain that the Sorting Hat knew what it was doing when it placed Mr. Potter in my house.”

“Hem, hem...” came a voice from the corner of the Headmistress's Office.

Everyone turned in surprise to see the well-patched wizard's hat moving about on its perch.

"Perhaps I would have done so," the Sorting Hat noted dryly, "had I been placed on his other head."



# The Sweat of a Gladiator

## Chapter 4: Crises Averted

About twenty-five minutes before Harry negotiated the deal that saved Ron's life, Roger Granger politely declined his wife's invitation to help condom shop. It was therefore Hermione, Tonks and her mum that briskly walked down to the corner chemist (while still under the impression that they needed to collect some shaggy sweat before noon).

"So tell me Hermione," her mum asked along the way, "where on earth did you ever learn to do that little happy dance?"

"Forget where," Tonks piped in, "I want to hear *why* she was doing it."

"Sussh, Tonks," Hermione replied, "I'm certain you have a fair idea why."

"Well sure," the Auror replied, "Why else would you turn beet red whenever I tease you about how Harry makes your points all perky when..."

"Tonks!"

"Relax, Hermione," Emily Granger said with a smile, "your father can't hear us from the surgery, and it makes me feel a little better knowing that you actually like the boy you'll be shagging."

"Mum!"

"Oh, I'd say it's long been past liking Harry for some time now," Tonks said brightly. "Did you ever hear about the time I caught Harry and Hermione claiming innocence when they were..."

Hermione whipped out her mobile phone and pointed it at Tonks. "Stop right there, Tonks, or else."

The pink-haired Auror laughed. "Or else what, Hermione...you'll ring up a hex?"

"Better," said Hermione with a nasty-looking smile. "I'll ring up your Muggleborn father."

Tonks laughed again, although this time it wasn't quite as boisterous. "Go ahead, Hermione, I'm a twenty-four year old witch, and you couldn't tell him anything that would embarrass me."

"Oh yeah?" Hermione challenged. "Let's ask Mum's opinion...Hey Mum, did I ever tell you about the time I walked in on Tonks and Professor Lupin? She was dressed up as Little Red Riding Hood and bouncing up and down on the Big Bad Wolf."

Tonks let out a dismissive sigh. "Hermione, Remus and I are adults and there's nothing to be..."

"How about the time you used your metamorph skills to grow four more tits down your front and asked Remus if he wanted to suckle?"

"Hermione, language!" her mother admonished lightly.

"Sorry, Mum, just trying to accurately quote so that you have a clear idea."

Emily looked at Tonks oddly and said, "Thank you, but the imagery was clear enough."

"Or hey Tonks," Hermione added, "do you remember that night you told Remus that it was your turn to be the Alpha, and then you bent him over and supersized your..."

"Alright! Alright! I'll play nice!" Tonks said with a fluster.

Hermione gave her friend a satisfied grin and pocketed her mobile while her mother looked at Tonks with amazement. Tonks slowed down just a step and grabbed Hermione's arm. "How did you find out about that last two?" she hissed.

Hermione shook her head and smiled. "My lips are sealed."

Tonks leaned over and whispered into Hermione's ear, "Yeah sure, but only until *Harry Jr* . spreads them wide open, eh?"

Hermione's ears burned red. "Tonks!" she hissed back.

Mrs. Granger looked over her shoulder and asked, "What are you whispering about ladies?"

They had finally reached the chemist's storefront, and a melodic door chime announced their entrance.

"Saved by the bell," Hermione said brightly, as she followed her mum inside. As she passed by Tonks she lowered her voice and leaned towards her older friend.

"I'll have you know, Tonks, that his name is Mr. Phoenix."

Tonks's eyes went wide with surprise. "Harry named his wand Mr. Phoenix?"



Hermione shook her head slightly and gave Tonks the kind of serene smile she so often saw on Luna's face. "No," she whispered in reply, "I did."

It only took the young Auror a few beats to work out the metaphorical reference. Her resultant laughter swept all three into the store.

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Charlie Parker had run the corner chemist's for more than thirty years, and known the Grangers for two-thirds of that time. It was, in fact, his friendly demeanor and helpful advice that had convinced Hermione's parents to establish their surgery in that part of town. He and his wife Helen were frequent guests in the Granger household, and they had treated Hermione like the granddaughter he never had.

Once she realized which chemist they'd be visiting, Hermione had hoped that the combination of Charlie's advancing age and her relative absence over the past six or seven years would keep her from being recognized. Her mother, however, would have none of that.

"Morning, Charlie," Emily Granger said, "look who's paying us a visit today."

The chemist looked up and smiled. "Well, as I live and breathe, is that your daughter Hermione?" he asked. "I wouldn't have recognized you child, you've gone and grown up while I wasn't looking."

"Yes, she has become quite the young adult," Emily said with a grin.

"Nice to see you again, Mr. Parker."

"Hey now, young lady," he replied, "to you I'm always Grandpa Charlie."

"Okay, Grandpa Charlie, I'd like to introduce my good friend, Dora Tonks."

"Pleased to meet you Mr. Parker," Tonks said with an outstretched hand.

Charlie nodded his reply, saying, "Any friend of this fine young girl...say, did you know I was the source for Hermione's nappies when she was just a tyke?"

"Really?"

"Oh yes, quite often I'd deliver them when the wife and I visited her mum and dad's. Changed a few of them too...called it my 'full service' program."

Hermione, who had heard that story far too many times, tried to move the visit along. "Grandpa Charlie, I'm sorry that we can't stay and chat, but we're in a bit of a pinch for time, and we need to buy, erm...that's to say, well, my friend here is visiting with her, erm...husband, and they forgot to pack the, erm..."

"Do you sell condoms?" Tonks abruptly asked in a bright and cheery voice.

Charlie squinted a bit at Tonks, but was quick enough to recover his professional demeanor.

"Certainly, Mrs. Tonks," he said, as he came out from behind the counter. "Right this way."

Tonks let out a rather large snort at the sound of her mum's name, which caused Hermione to swat her arm once Charlie's back was turned. As he led the three women down an aisle, her mother softly chided her daughter, saying, "There's no need to be embarrassed about being responsible, Hermione."

"Mum!" Hermione hissed. Odds that the chemist's hearing aid was turned down seemed slim when she noticed that Charlie's head twisted back around towards them just a bit.

Charlie stopped in front of a display and turned towards the three. "Here you are, erm...Mrs. Tonks...if you have any questions..."

"Then we'll know who and where to ask," Hermione said with a smile. "Thank you, Grandpa Charlie."

The man smiled, "Anything for you, Hermione."

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Hermione decided that they had enough time to explain to Tonks the differences between regular and "magnum," lubricated and non-lubricated, latex and sheepskin, and thin and extra-thin. Given the circumstances, they had narrowed the choices down a bit, choosing "regular", "lubricated", "latex", and "as thick as possible."

The bushy-haired teenager tried her best to ignore a few of the choices, but Tonks was having too good a time embarrassing her not to ask, "Hey Hermione, what about these fruit-flavored ones?" That question was quickly followed by a short discussion between Tonks and Emily on the relative benefits of "ribbed, for her pleasure," and "studded, for her pleasure." It was left to Hermione to point out that it would be uncomfortable enough for her the first time without that extra friction.

"Maybe for you, Hermione," Tonks said with a grin, as she threw both boxes into their shopping bag. "You know," the Auror added, "that pensieve remote control idea was clever, but if you really wanted to rake in the galleons you'd invent the spell that would grow those bumps and ribs directly onto a wizard's wand."

Hermione snorted. “On a temporary or permanent basis?”

“Oh, temporary, of course,” Tonks replied with a smile. “Of course, you might have a hard time recruiting test subjects during the development phase.” She then picked a third box off of the display and cooed, “Ooh, here you go, Hermione, this one is smooth, but promises *‘Extended Pleasure.’* What’s it do, extend the length of the bloke’s willie?”

“Tonks!” Hermione snatched the box out of her hands and took a closer look. “*Latex condom with desensitizing cream .*” She nodded, saying, “Hey, this might actually help.”

“What’s a desensitizing cream?”

“Erm..some sort of topical anesthetic,” Hermione replied. “Numbs you up, so you don’t feel anything.”

Tonks frowned. “Well I know that you’re worried about the pain of the first time, but is it really necessary for you not to feel anything?”

“Silly Tonks,” Emily Granger replied. “The cream is inside of the condom, not outside. It’s for the guy.”

“Ah,” Tonks replied, “So if the bloke can’t feel as much, then he lasts longer?”

“Exactly.” Hermione looked at the box, then back to the display and frowned. “Looks like it only comes in one dosage. You would think that they’d have an extra strength version for teen-aged boys.”

“Yes, well you wouldn’t want to freeze it completely off, would you?” Mrs. Granger asked with a smile.

“Mum,” asked Hermione, as she handed her the box, “This desensitizer...is it anything like the anesthetic that you use in your dental practice?”

Mrs. Granger looked at her daughter a bit strangely. “What are you thinking dear, that I would stick a needle into Harry’s willie in order to numb it up?”

“No, no, no...nothing that drastic,” Hermione replied with a smirk, “although I could see that curbing his enthusiasm....I was thinking more about that soaked cotton swab you put up against a patient’s gum where you plan on sticking them.”

“Oh...well...let’s have a look,” her mother said, as Hermione handed her the box. She glanced at the fine print and said, “Benzocaine...yes, I thought so.” She then turned to her daughter. “I’m afraid that a penile Novocain dunking would work just a little too well for your needs, dear.”

“Why’s that?”

“Well, while Novocain and benzocaine have the same numbing effect and roughly similar chemical structures, Novocain has the added benefit of being a vasoconstrictor.”

Tonks furrowed her eyebrows. “Meaning?”

Dr. Granger turned towards the Auror. “It makes blood vessels constrict. Quite useful when you want to control bleeding, but rather counterproductive when you want to encourage blood flow to erectile tissue.”

Hermione snorted. “Viagra in reverse,” she observed. “Okay, so we can’t nip some of your numbing agents from the office. Is there a way that we can get something a little stronger than this benzocaine to slow Harry down long enough to get the sweat that we’ll need?”

Her mother thought for a moment before calling out, “Charlie?”

The elderly chemist once again came out from behind the counter.

“Charlie,” Emily asked, “Do you have any lidocaine-dosed dermal patches?”

The chemist looked down at the box of “Extended Pleasure” condoms in her hand, then back up at Emily’s face. “Yes, I do, Dr. Granger, although I’m not sure that they are an NHS-approved treatment for what you might be needing to fix.”

“Yes, well, there’s no time for Hermione’s friend...”

“Mum!”

“Erm, I sorry...no time for Mr. Tonks to undertake the traditional ‘squeeze and release’ regimen.”

“Really?” the chemist asked, now thoroughly confused. “Well, you certainly can proscribe a supply, but I’m also certain that the NHS insurance program won’t cover the cost.”

“Thanks, Charlie, that won’t be a problem.” As the chemist walked back behind the counter to check on his stock, Hermione’s mum started to muse. “Now....” she put her hand up to her chin in thought. “Might have to cut the patch down a bit, depending on his size, but that would affect dosage....Hermione exactly how large is Harry’s penis?”

“Mum, do you really need to know?”

Tonks and her mum looked at each other, then turned as one and said, “Yes.”

Hermione shook her head. She'd had her fill of their embarrassing antics, and thought that it just might be time to turn the tables. With a bit of evil grin, she turned her back to the chemist's counter, reached into her bag and pulled out the transformed stapler.

"Here, see for yourself."

"No!" exclaimed Tonks with a rakish grin. "Really?"

"Hermione?" her mum asked with some uncertainty. "You didn't hex it off, or petrify it...did you?"

"No, of course not...I just transfigured your office stapler."

"So this, erm...phallus...it's a replica, then." her mum realized with relief. She then chuckled. "You know, you really don't have to boost Harry's ego when he's not within earshot, dear."

"No, that's the real size," Hermione replied with a smile.

"Oh, well then..." her mum said rather quietly. "You might want to bring along a box of 'magnums' just in case." She then turned and called out, "Say Charlie, how big are those patches?"

"Looks like ten centimeters wide by eighteen long."

"Well he's got the length covered, then," Tonks said, giving Hermione a wink.

"Yes, I would say so," Emily replied. "But I don't think we should wrap it completely...maybe we should cut it into centimeter wide strips?"

"Why do that?" Hermione asked.

"Well, it'd give you some dosage control," her mum replied. "Put five or six on lengthwise, and if it numbs him so much he can't stay firm, you could just peel one or two off."

"Ouch," Tonks said. "That sounds painful."

"Hmmm," Emily thought. "I hadn't thought of that...the adhesive is pretty solid."

"Harry will love having them ripped off afterwards, then," Tonks snickered.

Hermione laughed. "I think Poppy could take care of that," she replied. "Seems like every year at least one male student fancies themselves a merry prankster and casts a sticking charm on a classmate's wand hand just before he tries to use the loo."

Hermione then asked a different question. "Mum, we won't have a whole lot of time to experiment... what if it works too well and Harry can't get it back up?"

"Hmmm...you're right," her mother replied. "It would be best to run a little clinical trial on another test subject."

Tonks looked around at the group and observed, "Nobody around here but us girls, unless you've got faith in the chemist."

"Well, Tonks," Hermione pointed out, "you can fix that, can't you?"

Tonks shook her head. "Sure, I could morph into Harry...even better than I used to, now that I've got some additional information on his bits. But that's not going to help test the plumbing."

"Oh yeah," Hermione remembered. "You'd have to be an animagus."

"Well then," Emily decided, "we could always enlist your father."

"Absolutely not, Mum!"

"Oh, Hermione, grow up," her mum chided. "It's not like you leapt fully formed from your father's head like Athena."

Hermione let out a huge sigh. "Well," she concluded, "we don't have time to do that test...we'll just have to go with what we have." She then looked at her watch and said with a bit of alarm, "Barely forty minutes remaining." She grabbed the desensitizing cream condoms, a tube of spermicidal cream, and a tube of lubricant and threw them into the bag.

"Sorry Mum, but we've got to run."

"I understand, dear." The chemist had just returned with the dermal patches, and rang them up along with the other items, doing his best not to imagine what his customers had planned.

With assurances that she'd be safe, and would return with an update later in the day, Hermione gave her mum a quick kiss and full bear hug, and ran out onto the sidewalk with Tonks close behind.

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It took a few minutes for Hermione and Tonks to get to their normal apparition point, and a few minutes more to wait for a lorry driver to finish a

delivery and clear out from what was typically a deserted alley. When finally in the clear, they apparated to the front gates of Hogwarts. More time was lost when their "Accio broom" commands failed to provide a quick commute to the castle. There were thus forced to waste another five minutes time to run from the gate to the front door. Once inside they split up; Hermione headed towards the Room of Requirement while Tonks made her way to the Headmistress's Office to provide an update.

It seemed that Murphy's law was fully in effect; they'd arrived at the castle right at passing time, and the hallways were filled with students making their way between their different classes. As she dodged and weaved her way up to the Castle's seventh floor, Hermione decided that it was a good thing that they'd taken up a regular exercise program over the summer. She also thought it somewhat ironic that with all of the running it'd be far easier to collect the sweat off of her skin rather than Harry's. She then made a mental note to ask why the sweat of a powerful warrior-witch wasn't just as valuable.

Hermione rounded the last hallway corner expecting to see an anxious Harry waiting for her in front of the Room of Requirement. She was therefore caught off-guard when she spied Dobby standing there. She glanced at her watch and noticed that it was still fifteen minutes before noon; not a lot of time to enjoy what they needed to do, but time enough to get the job done.

"Dobby," she called out in a panic, "Where's Harry?"

The house-elf smiled and said, "Mr. Harry Potter sir told Dobby to wait here for his `Mione. Said to tell you that he, Miss Luna and Miss Susan went down in the infirmary to check on Mr. Ron."

"What?" Hermione asked with alarm. "Is Ron okay?"

Dobby nodded. "Mr. Harry Potter sir got the antidote from the hag and saved Mr. Ron's life. He told Dobby to ask his `Mione to join them."

All color drained from Hermione's face, as she fought the urge to scream out in anguish. After gathering some inner strength, she thanked Dobby for his help and turned to run downstairs before catching herself.

"No need to rush about now," she thought, as her heartbeat still raced and sweat poured off of her brow from her run. She then began the long walk downstairs, desperately trying to piece together what might have happened.

Harry must have shagged Luna, with Susan collecting his sweat. That's what had to have happened, but the important question was why? They still had time...why didn't he wait for her? Did he change his mind about his choice? She recalled what Tonks had told them...that the hag was going to check on Ron's condition. Maybe there had been less time then they had thought? Maybe Harry didn't have time to wait for her? Despite all of Harry's assurances, all of her self-doubt and insecurities rose back up to the surface.

When she reached the infirmary's entrance she paused for a minute, deciding whether she even wanted to know what had happened...what Harry had done to save Ron's life, and *who* he had done. How would she ever be able to face Harry again, after all that had happened that morning? After all that they had done...all that *she* had done...stripping in front of him, trying to suck her own nipples, practically forcing him to strip for her, giving him a hand-job....

As she pulled her hand away from the door handle she grazed the belt pouch that held her chemist's purchases. She suddenly wanted nothing to do with them, and threw the boxes down onto the floor.

Now what? Gryffindor or no, she couldn't face Harry right then. But where to go? Back to her parents? Like facing them now would be any easier. With eyes cast firmly on the stone floor in front of her, Hermione walked towards the castle doors, accompanied only by her thoughts of what might have been.

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Hermione sat by the lake under her favorite study tree and welcomed the bracing November rains. It helped, of course, that she had cast a new and improved "bubblebody" charm; such were the benefits of being the smartest witch in her generation.

What the charm didn't help was the disappointment in herself. She'd worked hard that summer to develop a bubble big enough for three people (as their Horcrux hunt had sent them deep sea diving in the North Sea), but completely forgotten about the charm that morning. Had she cast that bubble rather than apparated away when they fell into the poison, then Ron wouldn't have swallowed the poison, and Harry wouldn't have shagged somebody else.

But the important thing was that Ron was now safe. Focusing on that fact helped improve her attitude as she sat by the lake. She even turned it into a calming Machiavellian mantra: "*The ends justify the means...The ends justify the means...The ends justify the means.*" But then her thoughts shifted from Ron to Mr. Phoenix, and the mantra evolved from "*The ends justify the means,*" to "*He bends me over just before I cream.*" And that lovely thought filled her mind so well that she failed to notice Harry's approach. Until, that is, he threw an opened box of condoms onto her lap.

"Did you mean to drop those?" he asked. "Because Poppy was thinking you might have been trying to make an anonymous donation."

Hermione looked down at the box, then turned towards Harry as he plopped himself down on the wet grass. She smiled and shifted the dry bubble of air to cover him. "Dare I ask why the box is opened?"

"Oh, well...sorry, but we needed to use a few."

"What, did Ron suffer a relapse?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that...Mr. and Mrs. Weasley didn't have the slightest idea what they were. I was too embarrassed to tell them the truth, so I

passed them off as Muggle balloons.”

“And?”

“And Mr. Weasley wanted to see some inflated.”

“Oh my... and just how did you explain away the lubricant?”

“Muggle toothpaste.”

“Did you have to demonstrate that as well?”

“Thankfully, no.”

Hermione smiled, despite herself, and then asked, “So how is Ron doing?”

“About as well as could be imagined,” Harry replied. “He was actually lucid for a bit, until Luna whispered into his ear about the hag’s deal.”

“Was he upset?”

“Hard to say...his face turned white and then he fainted, but I think that was more because of Luna’s whispering than the poison...sent the blood from his big head straight to his littler one.

“Hmmm...guess near-death experiences force you to focus on what and who are important in your life.”

Harry looked at her very seriously, and said, “Yes...indeed they do.”

Missing the emotion behind that reply, Hermione tried to continue the playful banter. “Say, why don’t you give these condoms to the twins, since we don’t need them anymore.”

Harry looked at her a bit strangely. “Hermione,” he asked, “I know you won’t be quite as fertile six or seven days from now, but there’s still the risk, right? Unless you fancy a spanking, or changed your mind about doing it with me.”

Hermione jerked her head towards Harry and scowled. “Unless I fancy a *what* ? Unless *I* changed *my* mind? Oh, that’s rich!”

“What are you on about?” Harry asked. He looked at her for a few tense moments then realized why she was acting strange. “Wait a minute,” he said. “You don’t know what happened, do you?”

“What’s to know? You were pressed for time, Ron needed the antidote, so you shagged Luna and Susan collected some shaggy sweat...no doubt rubbing much more than that blade across your bum.”

Harry’s heart raced as Hermione’s misconceptions confirmed his realization. He broke out laughing, which caused Hermione to punch him in the arm. “Ouch...Hermione...Luna and Susan didn’t do anything, and...and you’re jealous, aren’t you?”

“What, me? Jealous of what?”

Harry shook his head with a grin that stretched across his face. “Here you were, all business-like, acting professional. Making the noble sacrifice for Ron when you volunteered to shag me, and then you played with your nipples, and wanked me off...and all that time you weren’t doing it because you *had* to, you were doing it because you *wanted* to!”

“No! Don’t be silly!”

“Of course you did...that’s why you were sitting out here in the rain wading knee-deep in angst...you, Hermione Jane Granger fancy me, and the thought that I might have shagged Luna or Susan nearly killed you.”

“*Might* have shagged,” she asked with a shaky voice, “you mean that you didn’t?”

Harry reached an arm around Hermione’s shoulder and pulled her body close enough to lean his forehead up against hers. “No, I did not.”

“Then how did...Ron’s still got the...I don’t understand.”

Harry thought for a moment about how he might explain the deal he brokered or Susan’s hypothetical story. “I’m afraid you still might not, even if I told you,” he explained. “It would sound too implausible.” He then gave her a quick kiss on the lips, stood, and pulled her up onto her feet. “You didn’t happen to bring the pensieve back with you did you?”

Hermione nodded absently, all of her focus on the tingling within her lips. “Got the bottled memory as well.”

“Good, because I need to show you something.”

“Should we head back to the castle, then?” she asked.

Harry gave her hand a squeeze and smiled. “Ron’s going to be stuck in the infirmary for a few days...why don’t you and I head home?”

Her mind racing at what might have happened now that what she feared might have happened didn’t happen, Hermione nodded, then let Harry lead her

out beyond the castle's anti-apparition fields.

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Harry and Hermione had been shocked when Kingsley Shacklebolt had brought word earlier that summer that the Muggle Prime Minister wanted to hear their opinions on the fight against Voldemort. The Muggle leader had described his disappointment with Fudge and Scrimgeour, and offered Harry the discrete but full support of Her Majesty's Muggle government.

And so it was that the "home" that Harry and Hermione apparated to was a thirteenth-century stone tower located within the Tower of London's curtain wall. The "Salt Tower" was one of the many smaller towers clustered around the "Tower" proper. Muggle Londoners considered it haunted (it was supposedly too frightening for even dogs to enter). But the government had encouraged that story, as the Royal Family's entire collection of magical objects had been transferred there after the last Goblin rebellion. While none of these objects were very valuable on their own, over the years they had collectively raised the ambient magical energy of the area to levels far above background. This high background masked the use of any magic (short of unforgivables) from the Ministry's remote sensors. It was, therefore, an ideal hiding spot from both magical enemies and Muggle trespassers.

They lived in the top half of the tower, above where the magical inventory was stored. While access to this part of the tower consisted of trap doors and ladders, it was easy enough to apparate in and out (though Ron still complained of the side-arming). The lack of Muggle utility services wasn't a problem either; the magical tent that they had pitched on the bare stone floor was roughly twice the size of what they'd used during the Quidditch World Cup, and provided very comfortable living quarters.

Harry and Hermione appeared with a small "pop" just outside the magical tent flaps. Harry ducked inside to retrieve the small wooden table he typically used to support the pensieve, then called for Hedwig (who had turned the tower's cap into a very nice home for herself). By the time Hermione had used the loo and found Crookshanks, Harry had already arranged for Dobby's help, enlarged the pensieve, and readied his wand to extract the memory that he wanted to share.

It was a procedure that they'd developed over time. Harry hadn't realized until he had inherited Dumbledore's pensieve just how rare a magical object it was. Smaller pensieves capable of projecting memories above the bowl were common enough (it was for this type of pensieve that Hermione had built her remote control). But few were capable of drawing the viewers directly into the memory, as Harry had done so many times with Dumbledore. This was due, in small part, to the risk that was taken each time a wizard or witch dove into a memory. The process was a very limited form of astral projection; the mind was transported into the pensieve, while the body was left behind. Within a memory, a witch or wizard had little contact with the physical world; their senses limited primarily to touch. This left the person vulnerable to an attack. You could always pull yourself out of a memory before it finished, but if you didn't recognize the danger until you felt the pain of a hex, you might well be dead.

It wasn't surprising that, given this exposure, Dumbledore had rarely let his pensieve out of his well-guarded office. To compensate for Hogwarts wards, Harry and Hermione had enlisted the aid of both of their familiars. Hedwig and Crookshanks were their eyes and ears, and had magical connections with their owners that could (if need be) break them out of the memory. Dobby's presence was added insurance; while he couldn't pull them out of the memory himself, he could quickly explain the situation if their familiars ever did.

When Ron was with them they usually projected the memories (as Pig wasn't any more reliable a sentinel than delivery owl), but whenever it was just the two they preferred to dive (as you could see far more and in far greater detail from within the memory).

When everyone was in place, Harry dumped the memory into the pensieve and swirled it with his wand, saying the incantation that would draw them into the memory. As he felt himself being sucked into the bowl and past the streaming bright lights he reached out for Hermione's hand. That they could hold hands within a memory (and often did, given how scary some of them had been) while their physical bodies weren't touching was one of the many things about the whole process that had caught his curiosity, but he had never really explored.

They landed feet on the floor in a corner of the Headmistress's office (that was another curiosity - the fact that they weren't supposed to be physically affected by objects within the memory didn't stop the memory-floor from providing solid footing). Harry had started the memory just as he and Luna had flown through the window. This meant, of course, that they soon had to travel with memory-Harry when he flew down to the Quidditch pitch for some sweaty exercise. When Hermione started to experience vertigo from all of the twists and dives and inverts, she closed her eyes and buried her face in Harry's chest. With a few minutes of memory time to kill, Harry decided to explore some of his questions with Hermione as he wrapped her in his arms.

"Hermione?"

"Yes Harry."

"I know you probably have your eyes closed, but can you feel my heart beating?"

"Sure...let me guess, you're going to claim it's from the snuggling rather than the flying."

"Well actually, it is. I can't really feel the wind whipping through my hair, but I can feel your warm breath on my t-shirt, and when I nestle my nose in your hair I can smell the lilac and vanilla fragrances from the shampoo that you use."

"So?"

"So do you think that the warmth, and the touch and the smells are real, or just inside my head?"

"Well...unless you managed to stick your nose into my hair back at the tower, it has to be inside your head...or more like inside a combined head, since we're on this trip together."

"That's what I was thinking as well. It feels sort of like a shared dream, only with parts that we can control."

"What do you mean?"

"Well...I can't change the altitude of that sloth move I just completed in my memory, but I can change the altitude of my hand down your back, and grab your..."

"Hey!"

"So tell me Hermione, did you just feel me grab your arse?"

"Of course I did you prat, and I suggest that you move that hand northwards unless you want me to..."

"Ooof!"

"...want me to squeeze your testicles any harder than I am right now."

"Okay, okay, truce...think that we'll have to ask Dobby when we go back whether he was forced to watch us cop feels."

"I doubt that he's seeing anything other than our stationary bodies."

"One way to find out, don't you think?"

When Hermione agreed, they pulled themselves out of the memory. As expected, they found themselves standing apart, and Dobby stated that neither of them had moved from their trance-like stance.

"Really, Dobby?" Hermione asked, as she gazed over at the front of Harry's pants. "You didn't see any body movement at all?"

Dobby blushed and he stammered a bit before confirming that half-way through the process Harry had developed an erection.

"Get off on flying, then, eh Harry?"

"No, no, no...no more than I do at the thought of Susan's ta-ta's. It was our embrace, and the smell of your hair, and the feel of your ar..."

"Alright, I believe you," Hermione said with a bit of excitement. "No need to go swear another wizard's oath."

Harry smiled, then suggested that they return to the memory. Hermione agreed, but only after he retrieved the old one and replaced it with a shorter memory that began after Harry had finished flying.

Once back inside the memory, the two held hands and let the scene play without comment until Susan started talking about spell-spanking.

"Why that little witch," Hermione muttered.

Harry smiled to himself, as her grip on his hand tightened. "Something wrong?"

"You might be a clueless teen-aged boy, Harry, but she isn't."

Harry watched as Susan jiggled and wiggled her bum on his alter-ego's lap. "No, that's clearly evident, but what does that mean?"

"It means that she knows that she's trying to take what isn't hers!"

"Oh." Harry didn't dare ask the obvious follow-up question.

"Hey!" Hermione shouted, "Stop that you bitch!"

"Erm, Hermione...you know she can't hear you shouting, right?"

"Yeah, but it makes me feel better all the same."

They had just past the point where memory-Harry more or less admitted to having an erection in the Headmistress's office when Hermione asked, "So does the thought of spanking Susan's naked arse really excite you, Harry?"

"No."

"Then why did you get hard after she was talking about it?"

"Because she was rubbing that arse against me the whole time she was talking!"

"So it was only a physical reaction, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Huh...wish I could totally believe that."

"Oh, Hermione," Harry said with exasperation, "what is it going to take for me to convince you that the only spanked arse I could even think about

getting off on is yours?"

Hermione snorted, then said with a bit of sarcasm, "Oh, Harry, that's so romantic."

The-Boy-Who-Lived whipped around to face Hermione, grabbed her free hand, and rammed it up against his crotch. "Tell me Hermione, am I hard right now?"

"Erm, no, not really."

"But I just heard Susan talk about her sticky finger play while her roommate spanked her silly, right?"

Hermione realized where Harry's line of questioning was taking her, and agreed with his conclusion even before he voiced it - a teen-aged boy could get hard from a clothes dryer if it was vibrating hard enough. Noticing that her hand was still trapped against his crotch, Hermione began to massage it lightly. "Yes," she purred, "and your point?"

Harry closed his eyes and held his breath for a few moments before opening them and staring right into Hermione's. "You know my point, Hermione...you're feeling it right now."

"Yes, it is getting rather pointy, isn't it?"

Harry looked down and noticed that both of Hermione's nipples were hard and straining the fabric of her shirt. He let go of Hermione's hand, and without dropping eye contact reached up and cupped the sides of her breasts, so that each thumb was directly over a nipple. That caught her breath, and as he ground each thumb in clockwise rotation he simply noted,

"So are you."

Hermione simply nodded in reply.

"Harry?" she said softly.

Yes, Hermione?"

"You're blocking my view of the memory."

Harry smiled and softly snorted at the same time.

"I think that I can fix that."

And before Hermione knew it Harry was behind her, his left arm firm against her chest as his right hand snaked down to her belt buckle. He buried his face in her hair, with gentle nips against her neck as his left hand squeezed hard on her nipple. His right hand snaked up inside her shirt and he began to lightly scrape her skin with his fingernails as he ground his crotch up against her backside.

As Hermione ground back against Harry and tried to control her ragged breath, he put his lips up against her ear and whispered a question.

"Can you see better now?"

Hermione whimpered and she nodded her head.

"Do you want me to stop distracting you?"

Hermione shook her head no.

While memory-Harry began talking with the hag, excited-Harry dragged an index finger horizontally along the top of Hermione's knickers. He thought that he'd gone too far when she pulled his hand away, only to discover that the only problem was that her other nipple needed his attention. So he deftly switched hands, and when Hermione undid her belt buckle and unbuttoned the top button of her jeans he knew where she wanted him to go.

Teasing her without mercy, Harry oh-so-slowly pulled the zipper down to its base. Drawing the flap to the side with the back of his hand, he softly placed the palm of his hand against her knickers. His thumb pulled down on the elastic band just enough to expose a thin band of pubic hair, which he began to play with lightly.

Every coo, every sigh, and every gasp from Hermione's mouth calmed Harry's fears that he was doing the wrong thing, and ruining what he had with his best friend. Every rotation of her hips as she ground up against his erection confirmed that she felt the same way that he did. And when he placed his hand against her knickers and felt how wet they were...

"Please, Harry!" Hermione whined as she once again grabbed his hand. This time, though, she drew it up only to the top of her waistband, in open invitation. Harry obliged, and Hermione let out her loudest gasp yet as he buried his hand inside her knickers.

This was the stuff of Harry's dreams, but only his dreams. Traveling in virgin territory (both for him and for her), it took some time, some patience, some gentle guiding, and lots of positive reinforcement before Harry found his rhythm. When Hermione showed just how appreciative she was by reaching back and grabbing Mr. Phoenix, it was all he could do to keep his control.

Well, actually, it was more than he could control, and he proved it with a warm and sticky release inside of his pants.



Hermione smiled to herself as she brought her hand back and refocused her attention on the magic Harry was performing within her pants. She bore down on his hand, closing her eyes and clenching her teeth, as Harry tried hard to give her what she had just given him. With their attention thus focused, neither noticed as memory-Harry tossed the antidote to Madame Pomfrey.

But they could help but notice when the completed memory started to pull them backwards.

“Noooooooooooo!!!!” Hermione cried out. She'd been so, so close.....

oo000000oo

When Harry regained his senses he immediately noticed several things:

- They had awoken apart, but both on hands and knees;
- They were both panting;
- Real-Hermione's nipples were rock hard, and her face flushed and sweaty;
- Dobby was looking at them both with dumbfounded amazement; and,
- The front of his trousers were rather wet.

They looked at each other, both wondering if what just happened had really happened (and if so, on which plane of existence). Harry then turned to Dobby and asked if he had seen any physical contact while their minds had been traveling. Dobby replied no.

He turned back to Hermione, and asked, “So what do we do now?”

The teen-aged witch looked at him, and glanced down at his stained pants. Looking up and catching his gaze, she squeezed her thighs together tightly and rocked back onto her heels.

“Harry,” she finally asked, “did anything just happen in there that you wouldn't want to have happen in real life?”

Harry gulped, then turned and said, “Erm, thanks for your help, Dobby. We'll take it from here.”

Dobby, whose eyes couldn't have gotten any larger than they were just then, nodded with a small smile and disappeared with a small “pop.”

Harry then looked back towards Hermione, and with all of the love and sincerity he could muster, simply said, “No.”

Hermione nodded as she rose to her feet. She then reached out for Harry's hand, and when it was given started to lead him to their tent.

“Well, then,” Hermione said with a smile, “I believe that you have some unfinished business.”



# The Sweat of a Gladiator

## Chapter 5 Montenegro

In the sweet and sweaty afterglow of a glorious almost-shag, Harry Potter gathered his thoughts and reached for his glasses. Because serious thinking and talking should be expected when you do these sorts of things with your best friend, and because he'd always found it hard to fully focus his thoughts when his eyes could not focus.

But the glasses were just out of reach on the nightstand, and his wand was...Merlin knows where his wand was. Probably with his trousers somewhere along the trail of clothing that led from the tent door to Hermione's bedroom. Of course, he could have just simply rolled over closer to the edge of the bed, but that would have disturbed Hermione's rest, and he didn't want to do that (particularly as she'd dozed off with her naked body draped perpendicularly over his). A wandless *Accio* solved the problem, and he was rewarded with a lovely view of Hermione's back, which was framed by a mass of brown curly hair at the top and a tan line at the bottom.

He considered the small triangle of pale white skin that sat just below that tan line and smiled. That triangle outlined the full backside extent of the thong bikini that she'd worn that past summer. It was the garment that had ended once-and-for-all her quasi-relationship with Ron, and inspired the first of those Hermione-filled wet dreams that Harry had sworn an oath over.

Looking back at how that small piece of fabric had accomplished these two feats, Harry concluded that it was all Ron's fault. Well, mostly, at least.

The three had spent two weeks scouring northern Albania for Voldemort's old haunting grounds, just after Bill and Fleur's wedding. They'd initially camped out, as the tourist accommodations in the area were rather medieval. But after two nights of driving rain and Hermione's campfire cuisine, Ron was ready to bail. So they'd moved their base of operations just over the border, to a Montenegrin resort along the Adriatic coast. It was by no means luxurious, but it had a pretty beach and a serviceable restaurant. Then, in self-indulgent surrender to the sun and sand, they decided to make it a working holiday, and planned to spend mornings at the beach before apparating across the border to explore the inhospitable Albanian terrain.

As they hadn't packed swimming costumes, they had improvised and transfigured their own. Ron went apoplectic when Hermione had modeled her handiwork. The bottom part of her costume was a dark green thong, and the top part was...well, it was non-existent. At least in concept - she had worn a t-shirt during the show, but stated her intentions to "do as the Romans do" (as the majority of resort guests were Muggle Italians) and sunbathe topless once they hit the beach.

Ron thought the costume indecent, and said as much. This, of course, only strengthened Hermione's resolve, particularly when he asked her what she thought his mum would think. When Ron put his foot down and refused to go out with her dressed that way, Hermione looked at him resolutely, threw a wrap around her hips, and grabbed Harry's hand.

That action prompted the mother-of-all-rows that night...the one that forced Ron and Hermione to recognize and accept their irreconcilable differences. Though they both pledged to work together to support Harry and remain friends, they abandoned all hope of ever being more than that for each other.

Harry felt guilty about the whole thing. He was quite certain that Ron wasn't upset with Hermione's costume per se; what bothered him more was the idea that she would be wearing it in front of Harry. Not just that first time in the hotel room, but afterwards, on the beach...and without the t-shirt.

Harry had dealt with Ron's jealousy before, but the problem this time was that it was fully justified. He had beaten down his arousal during Hermione's fashion show, utilizing thoughts of Neville's dirty socks and fears that his hard-on would betray his betrayal of Ron. But then Hermione's outstretched hand forced him to choose between the two, and he had taken it and left Ron behind.

And then he saw her behind, and more.

Harry's efforts to conceal his lustful feelings once they'd reached the beach all failed miserably. When she flipped off her t-shirt, he suggested that they couldn't risk sunburn on newly exposed skin. For her response Hermione smiled and grabbed a bottle of Muggle sunscreen from her bag. After forcing Harry to watch her rub lotion on her breasts, she laid face down on her towel and asked him to take care of her back. Then she decided she couldn't risk missing a spot on her legs and thighs, so she asked him do those parts as well. And of course that meant that she had to spread her legs a bit for him to have access to her inner thighs. That gave Harry a clear view of a few strands of dark curly hair as they peeked out from the sides of the thin strip of fabric.

It also gave him a raging hard-on.

Harry was worried, but not overly so, as Hermione's face was down on the towel and her eyes pointing away from his trunks. But then she flipped over to thank him and say that it was his turn. Harry dove for the concealment of his own beach towel on pretext of giving her access to his back. He fancied the idea that with his face down and eyes shut that he'd calm down a bit, but then Hermione straddled his back and settled her barely-covered bum on top of his own. Unfortunately, this trapped his erection in a terribly painful position. Perhaps noticing his discomfort, Hermione lifted herself up off of him and playfully asked Harry if he needed to "readjust." Placing the welfare of his bloodline above his own embarrassment, Harry reached down to do just that.

He thought it safe to luxuriate in the feeling of Hermione's oiled hands as they rubbed down his tense shoulders, so long as his boner was buried in the sand. He used the time to think up a new excuse to get her to cover up, saying he felt bad that she was far more exposed than he was. Unfortunately Hermione had an impish solution to that problem that differed from his; once glances up and down the beach convinced her that some magic could be safely cast, she transfigured Harry's relatively modest trunks into the smallest of Speedos. When she told him to roll over so that she could "do" his front he refused. She knew, of course, why, and humored him with the statement that it was a natural reaction that would go away once Harry got used to the situation. But then she moved her towel right next to his, so close that when she laid down the sides of her arm and leg

touched his.

It took a good half-hour for Harry to calm down enough for him to join Hermione for a splash about in the waves. But then a large wave knocked them both over and she ended up on top of him and they rolled about a bit before getting back up in time for the next wave. Harry took refuge in waist-deep water that concealed his arousal, but that cover was blown every time their bodies came together in a crashing wave. Which was quite often, actually...he accidentally on-purpose splashed and dunked and hugged her in a game that would have been quite innocent, had they each been seven rather than seventeen.

That first day established the pattern for their mini-holiday. Ron never mentioned Hermione's beach attire again, and chose to avoid the subject by completely avoiding the beach. For the balance of the vacation the three ate breakfast at ten. While Ron slept in until 9:45 each morning, Harry and Hermione were out of the room by six. They wore shorts and t-shirts during an hour-long barefoot run along the beach, and then stripped down to thong and speedo for sunscreen rubdowns. Frolicking in the surf and layabouts on the sand occupied their time until about nine o'clock, when they would share a rinse-off under a beach shower.

They had never talked about the beach attire (or lack thereof) during those two weeks in August, or of any feelings they had developed for each other. Harry had struggled with the "don't want to lose my best friend if she doesn't feel the same way" beast in the intervening months. He definitely had not wanted to pursue her so soon after she and Ron had split (out of respect for his best mate), but that excuse evaporated just as soon as Ron started spending time with Luna during their occasional trips to Hogwarts.

Ron and Luna...now there was some irony for you. He broke up with Hermione over that green thong, only to fall into the arms of a girl who accidentally broke her hymen with a vibrator? Well, at least he now seemed happy.

Harry had seriously considered confessing his feelings to Hermione for a couple of weeks, but never found what he thought was an opportune time. He therefore said a silent prayer to whatever Fates had created the fantastically implausible situation that they'd faced that morning. Now that he knew for sure that his feelings for Hermione were mutual, he was damn sure that he wasn't going to muck things up.

In a move that signaled he might actually be looking forward to talking things through with Hermione, Harry reached down, tangled his fingers in her hair, and began to lightly knead her scalp. After a few minutes time, Hermione was forced to acknowledge that she was awake when she let out a purr and pulled her knees up towards her chest.

"Oooh, Harry," she cooed. "Did anyone ever tell you that you had magic fingers?"

"I've heard it once or twice."

Such was the extent of their conversation for another few minutes. Harry added his other fingers to Hermione's scalp rub, while she began to gently play with his now-soft penis and undertake her own musing.

Hermione had always been very good at finding ways to motivate Harry Potter. Favorable comparison with Ronald Weasley's typically lackluster efforts was one of her favorite methods, whether it involved completing assignments or studying for exams. Unfortunately, this technique didn't seem very attractive now that Harry had completed such a brilliant start to a new course of study. For example, Hermione couldn't hear herself saying, "Oh, well done, Harry...you suck my nipples so much better than Ron ever did."

Well, actually, she could hear herself say it, and the thought was quite amusing. So amusing, in fact, that she couldn't help but let out a snort.

"Hey," Harry asked softly, "what's so funny?"

She flipped over, stopping mid-way to kiss the narrow strip of hair that stretched down from his navel. As she turned to face him, Harry scooted up onto his elbows. As a result, Hermione's cheek ended up resting on top of Mr. Phoenix. Neither one seemed to mind.

"Comfortable, Hermione?"

"Hmmm....yes, very."

"So really," Harry asked, "what was so funny down there?"

"Nothing bad," Hermione said a bit more adamantly, "I was just trying to think how to reward you for being such an attentive student."

Harry smiled. "I thought that you just did...though I must say, I was far from perfect."

"Hush now," Hermione replied. "You have a very talented tongue, and considering it was the first time...erm, sorry, it was the first time, wasn't it?"

"Hermione," Harry asked with a raised eyebrow, "I know you like to know everything about anything that interests you, but do you really want to talk about what Ginny and I did when we were together?"

She crinkled up her nose. "No thank you...no more than you probably want to talk about me and Ron."

"Madame, you are most certainly correct," he replied with mockingly crisp formality. "But just so you know," he added, "today has been full of firsts for me."

"First time for what, Harry?" Hermione teased. "You mean you've never had a girl wank you in her mum's office before?"

"Hermione," he gently chided.

"Okay, okay."

Hermione propped herself up and swung a knee over Harry's chest. Harry responded by trying to lean up and catch one of her hanging breasts with his teeth. But as he did, she tried to lean down and give him a passionate kiss. Both missed, and Harry caught her chin on his forehead.

"Ouch!"

"Oooph!"

Hermione leaned back on her haunches and straightened her back. "Sorry about that."

"S'okay."

Hermione then moved her hands to his chest and scooted back just enough for her bum to graze Mr. Phoenix, and for her still swollen labia to graze his pubes. "Guess we have some work to do on our choreography."

"Yeah, guess so," Harry replied nervously. "Erm, Hermione?"

"Yes, Harry?"

"We've still got our haloes, right?"

"I would think so....why?"

"Because your bum is playing with fire right now."

Hermione twisted her head around for a look over her shoulder. "Four times in three hours?" She wiggled back and forth. "Well, he is a phoenix, I guess."

"Yes, he is, and your roost is a rather tempting perch."

Hermione let out a giggle before covering her mouth. "Roost," she said, "I like that."

"Did you just giggle?"

"No, I most certainly did not."

"Did to."

"Did not."

"Hermione Jane Granger just giggled!"

"She did not."

"Roost!"

A pained look spread across Hermione's face as she tried to suppress an outburst. She failed miserably, and a long string of giggles escaped from her lips as fire dazzled in her eyes.

"Giggler!"

Hermione broke out into uncontrollable laughter at the accusation. Embarrassed by her reaction, she dove back down on top of Harry and buried her face in her chest, then cuddled up against his left side with a hand up to shield her face from his. He smiled and wrapped his arm around her. After a few seconds time, Hermione calmed down enough to place her shielding hand down onto his chest. A moment later she let out a sigh.

"Merlin help me, Harry, you're turning me into a giggling school girl."

"Well you are, aren't you?"

"Oh, well...technically, I guess, but you know what I mean."

"What, that you are acting contrary to stereotype?"

"Uh huh."

Harry kissed the top of her head. "I really don't mind," he replied, "and your secret is safe with me."

"Thanks." Hermione then let out a sigh of contentment and noted, "This is quite comfortable."

"Yes," Harry replied tenderly, "it is."

"A perfect fit," Hermione added.

Just like a phoenix on his roost."

"Harry, stop it!"

"Okay, okay" he said. "Shouldn't be surprised, I guess."

"What?"

"That we fit so perfectly."

"And why is that?"

Harry was about to say something about how she completed him, but was afraid that it would be too much too soon. So he tried to change the subject.

"Merlin, what an idiot I've been," he admitted.

"Why an idiot?"

"Because I've dreamed of doing this ever since Montenegro, and I think you have as well."

"I think you're right."

"What...that I'm an idiot, or that you teased me with that topless thong thingie because you fancied me?"

Hermione smiled. "Both."

Harry chuckled, and then asked, "Think that I have time for a nap now?"

"Hmmm...I still don't know all of the details about that deal that you made."

"Guess you weren't paying attention while we were inside the pensieve, huh?"

"Guess not."

"So....want to see it again?"

"You mean you and me dive back into pensieve-land?"

"Yeah."

Hermione slid her hand down Harry's chest and lightly grasped his semi-erect shaft. "I doubt my attention would be any more focused a second time."

"Hmmm...imagine you're right." Harry looked at the wall clock and wandlessly *Accio'd* the blanket that they had ripped off the bed.

"Give him a rest, will you?" he asked, as he spread the blanket over them.

"Do we have anything else scheduled for today?"

"Hmmm...got a meeting back at Hogwarts at seven-thirty...plenty of time."

"True, but I promised my parents that we'd let them know what happened."

"Oh, great," Harry whined.

"It'll be fine," Hermione said. "Daddy will be happy we didn't have to shag."

"True," Harry said, "but we might still have to, you know, in a week's time."

"Hmmm..." Hermione replied. "Guess that will give us some time to work on your control."

"Any specific ideas in mind, Miss Granger?"

Hermione smiled, thinking about the "squeeze and release" technique that she'd read about on-line. Harry was going to love that, for sure.

She gave Mr. Phoenix a loving squeeze, then asked, "Practice, practice, practice?"

Harry smiled and once again kissed the top of Hermione's head.

"Sounds like a plan to me."

oo000000oo

They rested for a little over an hour, then shared a shower and a plate of cheese and crackers. Hermione surprised Harry with the suggestion that

they go back to bed and nibble on the Stilton while they were still starkers. She reasoned that if they were eventually going to be shagging in Luna and Susan's presence that they best be comfortable in their own skin in places other than the beach.

As they lay facing each other, Harry asked if she was rationalizing again, and tempting Mr. Phoenix not because she had to, but because she wanted to. She replied by lightly teasing one of her nipples with the cheese knife's forked tip, and asking if he would rather dress and move to the dining room. The phrase "Only if I could eat you again, instead of this bloody cheese" immediately leapt to mind, but Harry paused, wondering if the line was too, well... "cheesy."

He said it anyway, and the risk was rewarded with an endearing giggle.

Once they'd finished eating crackers in bed, Hermione pushed him off with orders to retrieve the pensieve that they'd left outside the tent.

"You want it projected, right?" he asked.

Hermione nodded. "Don't think I could trust myself in a place where we could enjoy some guilt-free sex."

"You make it sound like a bad thing."

"Only because I actually have to pay attention to the memory."

"So you wouldn't mind going back in with me some time?"

Hermione smiled and gave him a reassuring squeeze on his knee. "I'm looking forward to it. But before we do we really need to make sure that what we do there won't tarnish your halo."

Harry's eyes lit up. "You mean..."

"Yes, Harry, I want to shag you senseless in the very near future, and if we can do it within the pensieve without risking pregnancy or loss of virginity...so much the better, right?"

Harry smiled and once again thanked those Fates. "Better make sure I choose a long enough memory this time," he reasoned.

"Please do," Hermione replied with a smile. "And maybe pick one that won't annoy me so much?"

"Right," said Harry. "No flying, and no Susan...more of a romantic background then?"

Hermione nodded. "Just don't think it has to be fluffy, though. I mean, the lakeshore, or the Astronomy tower, or even your bed would be so...cliche. A bit of naughtiness wouldn't be half-bad."

Harry snickered. "Let me guess, an hour-long memory of the two of us studying right next to the library's Restricted Section?"

Hermione's eyes lit up. "So that we could do it standing up, with me bent over and you behind while we were in between the stacks..."

"Sure you don't want to dive?" Harry asked, as he pointed to his temple. "I've already got that memory cued up for you."

She looked at him and pouted. "Yes I'm sure, you prat. Now go and get that pensieve."

Harry was still a little embarrassed at the thought of walking starkers about the tower, but aside from Ron, the only other people that could bypass the wards and pop in on them unannounced were Remus and Tonks, and he knew for certain that their on-duty shifts at Hogwarts didn't end until six.

Which is why he was caught completely off-guard when, just after walking out of the tent and into the tower proper, Tonks and Remus suddenly appeared with drawn wands and two small pops.

His first reaction was to cover himself. Unfortunately the closest thing at hand was the pensieve, and in his haste to cover himself up he brought the two-stone object to his crotch far faster than he should have. The pain from whacking himself in the balls forced him to drop the pensieve, which then landed square on his foot. And so Harry found himself greeting his unexpected guests naked, bent over in pain, and hopping on one foot.

"Oh look, Remus," Tonks observed dryly. "Harry's got a happy dance too." She then added, "Careful, there, Harry...wouldn't want to clip Mr. Phoenix's wings, would we?"

Other than expressing his relief that he hadn't left his memory in the spilt bowl, Harry didn't know where to start. Should he scream out in pain, scream at Hermione for disclosing his penis's new nickname, or ask Tonks and Remus what in Merlin's name they were doing there? He quickly transfigured the small table into a wooden shield to cover himself, then chose option three.

"Aren't you two supposed to be on duty at the castle?" Harry asked through clenched teeth.

"We are," Remus replied with a smile. "But you and Hermione left the grounds without telling anyone where you were going."

"Thought we had passes."

"You do, but Dobby said that Hermione seemed quite upset back at Hogwarts, and you promised Poppy that you'd check back within the hour, and you didn't."

Harry winced again as he acknowledged that point. He then called back inside the tent. "Hermione, Tonks is here, would you please bring out my

“dressing gown?”

Hermione shouted back, “If it’s just Tonks, no. You need to get used to your skin, and Tonks might need to be there during sweat collection.” As if she intended to lead by example, Hermione then casually threw open the tent flap and walked out in the buff. As soon as she saw Remus she let out a loud “Eeep!” and dove back inside.

“Why didn’t you tell me Remus was here too?” she called out.

“Why does it matter?” Harry replied. “You said we both needed the practice, and he’s as much of a virgin as Tonks is.”

“Hey,” Remus kiddingly chided, “I resemble that remark.”

Hermione quickly returned wearing a gown, and carrying one for Harry. She draped it over his shoulders, allowing him to drop the shield (once he turned his back to Tonks) and tie it shut with its sash.

“Oy, Harry, what’s with all the modesty?” Tonks asked. “It’s not like I haven’t already seen your stapler.”

Harry’s mouth opened in shock.

“Hermione, just what were you two talking about at the chemist’s?” he asked.

“Oh, nothing...and everything...you know, girl talk.”

“So when did you start doing ‘girl talk,’ Hermione?”

“About the same time you noticed that I was a girl,” she replied, before placing a light kiss on his lips. Hermione then cast healing charms on his foot and crotch, the latter eliciting snickers from Tonks.

“What’cha doing there...casting a reduction spell so that it fits better?”

Hermione responded by sticking out her tongue as Harry offered his thanks.

“So either of you care to share some news?” Remus asked, reading into the banter.

“Or are you two too busy sharing with each other,” added Tonks.

“As a matter of fact,” Hermione replied primly, “Harry was about to show me his memory of the deal he made with the hag...play nice and we might let you watch as well.”

“Didn’t realize that pensieve viewing required one to shed their robes,” said Remus.

“Probably depends on the memory they were watching,” quipped Tonks.

“Oh, you two are such the comedians,” said Hermione. “Here’s some advice...don’t quit your day jobs.”

Tonks and Remus held up their hands in mock surrender, then followed Harry as he picked up the pensieve and walked back inside the tent. As he had no intention of diving into the memory with Tonks and Remus, Harry placed it on the low table in front of the main room’s sofa. Remus’s eyes went wide as he took in the trail of clothing that led to the bedroom, but said nothing.

“See something interesting, Remus?” Hermione asked, as she brought four cold butterbeers in from the kitchen.

“Erm...no, nothing at all,” he replied after a nervous glance at Tonks.

Hermione chuckled. “Tonks threatened to cut you off if you said anything too racy, didn’t she?”

“Right in one,” he admitted.

Tonks and Remus made no effort to conceal their affection for each other as they plopped down on the sofa. If Tonks and Remus were surprised at the ease with which Harry and Hermione adopted the same positions on a facing love seat, they kept that to themselves.

They viewed the memory twice, with Hermione taking notes with quill and parchment the second time around. Remus looked rather uncomfortable during both viewings of Susan’s descriptive hypothetical, prompting Tonks to whisper a few naughty suggestions into his ear. Harry had his own control issues to worry about, but that was more due to the way Hermione’s gown opened when she hunched over to write than from anything that Susan said.

Hermione’s writing took her a bit beyond the projection’s end. They then asked Harry some clarifying questions to gain a better understanding of what he did, what he wanted to do, and who he wanted to do. The four of them spent a few minutes discussing the viability of a “Co-Ed Naked Dueling Club” (TM), and the challenges of adding a few more variables to the arithmetic equations that determined sweat potency. Hermione and Remus seemed excited at the prospect of working through the formulas. Harry, who thought that arithmancy ought to satisfy a foreign language requirement, was decidedly less so, and suggested that with access to the stone disk they could simply collect sweat under a variety of different conditions and calibrate on the fly until they found a combination that worked. Hermione thought that Harry was just trying to justify spell-spanking Susan in the name of scientific inquiry, but was forced to admit that Harry’s practical approach would do well in confirming their theoretical explorations.



Tonks loved the concept of a Co-Ed Naked Dueling Club (TM), reckoning that it would do more to combat the threat of Dementor attack than anything the Ministry could come up with. Everyone got the joke - with the price of a male student's admission to the club being the successful production of a corporeal Patronus, that spell would be practiced like none other within the upper grades.

Harry expressed his concern for the obvious. It was fun to dream and joke about it, but the Headmistress and Board of Governors would frown upon any student organization involving naked teenagers. But then Tonks said that it would be one effective way of promoting chastity before marriage (if only in the technical sense). Remus started to think out loud about the potential value of the sweat collected by the club (if not the galleons, then the potential trading value on the wizarding black market). And then, to top it all off, Hermione dropped a bombshell.

"You know," she said, "there already is precedent for something quite similar at Hogwarts."

Harry and Tonks looked at Hermione with shock. Remus looked at her with a bit more bemusement, and he asked, "N.E.W.T. level Ancient Runes?"

Hermione smiled and nodded her head.

"What does naked have to do with Ancient Runes?" Harry asked.

"Some of the N.E.W.T. level rituals require naked dueling dancing and chanting around the pentagrams," Hermione said matter-of-factly.

"And this happens in Hogwarts? During Sixth Year?"

Hermione shrugged her shoulders. "Yes, and yes."

"And this involves both male and female students?" Harry asked, with anxiety levels rising.

"Sometimes," Hermione replied. "The more interesting rune inscriptions only require naked virgin females, but they also teach us some minor ones that can use either males or females. I think that's only to put the males and females on equal anxiety footings."

"And you took part in this last year?"

"Of course, Harry," Hermione replied. "Everyone in the class participated."

Harry's mind raced as he desperately tried to remember which male students were taking Ancient Runes. He started listed them out loud. "So Terry Boot, Ernie McMillan, Draco Malfoy....they've all seen you naked?"

"Erm, sure," Hermione replied. "Don't forget Blaise, too. But not just me...Padma, Susan, Katie Bell, Alicia Spinnet, Cho..."

"Wait a minute...there were seventh year girls there too?"

Hermione nodded. "We had a combined class to make sure we had enough virgins to complete the rituals."

Tonks snorted. "So that was a problem, huh?"

Hermione chuckled, then said, "Yes."

Harry shook his head, not knowing whether to laugh or explode. "So why is it that I never knew about this?"

"Because you weren't in the class, Harry," Hermione replied. "And you never seemed to be that interested in Runes."

"My loss, apparently."

Tonks squinted a bit at Remus. "And I imagine things were no different when you were at Hogwarts?"

Remus nodded.

"Then why didn't you ever tell me?" Tonks asked.

"Well, erm..." Lupin stammered. He seemed to be at a loss for words.

"Don't be mad," Hermione interjected. "He didn't tell you because he couldn't."

"What do you mean?"

"Some sort of 'pain of death' promise not to reveal?" Harry asked.

"Oh, no, nothing so bad as that," Hermione replied. "The male students have to submit themselves to a modified obliviate spell. That way, they know how the runes are inscribed without having any memories of what their naked classmates looked liked."

"Or that they even participated, apparently," Remus added.

Harry turned to Remus. "You told me that my mum took Runes with you right?"

"Yes."

“Then you've seen her naked before?”

“Erm....I guess so.”

Tonks asked Hermione, “So why is it that you remember all this?”

“They don't make the female students accept the oblviate.”

“Why's that?”

Harry chuckled. “Probably for the same reason that the guys can't get up the Gryff girl dormitory stairs, but they can get up ours.” He then turned to Hermione. “So they can't remember what you look like starkers, but you know what they pack under their robes?”

Hermione nodded.

“So Malfoy, Blaise, Ernie, Terry ....you've seen them all?”

Hermione nodded. “It's no big deal, really.” She then looked off to the side, as if remembering something, then added with a giggle, “Particularly Malfoy's.”

Harry shook his head. “I guess we should focus on the fact that this sort of thing exists as precedent.”

Hermione nodded. “Although we'd have to work around the “no magic” rule...the boys couldn't be oblviated.”

“Would the girls have to know that?” Remus asked cheekily.

Tonks swatted his arm. “Yes,” both she and Hermione replied.

They all sat there quietly for a moment, before Remus asked Harry and Hermione, “So let's say this Co-Ed Naked Dueling Club (TM) gets approved....what's that mean for you two?”

Harry turned to look at Hermione, and she quietly returned the gaze. After a few moments of indecision on who would reply, Harry said, “Good question...the whole point of the club would be to collect sweat potent enough to make the hag happy without anybody shagging. But if it means that I'd have to spell-spank someone to do it...”

Hermione interjected. “Harry and I obviously have some homework to do. Unlike Susan Bones, I really doubt that I'd be sexually excited by corporal punishment, but we won't know until we try.”

Harry turned to her with a full blush and a priceless look. “Really?”

To Tonks and Remus's chagrin, Hermione shrugged her shoulders again and simply said, “Yes.” She then added, “Of course, the fact that I might not get off on it...”

“Or that I might not get off administering it to you,” Harry added.

Hermione nodded agreement. “That doesn't mean that Harry couldn't spell-spank someone else. Merlin knows Susan seems eager enough.”

Harry started to object, but Hermione cut him off. “No...I'm serious. We've got a debt to repay for Ron's life, and I'm just as ready now to do whatever it takes than I was this morning.”

Harry bit his lip rather than give her the reply on the tip of his tongue. He then changed tack. “I guess that we do have some homework then.

Hermione turned to Tonks and Lupin. “You two have any suggestions for us?”

“About what?”

“About how Harry and I can figure out if we'd enjoy some light S&M.”

Remus choked on something, while Tonks asked “And just why would you think that we'd be in a position to give you advice on that topic?”

Hermione smiled and shook her head. “Tsk, ts, Tonks...don't tell me that Little Red Riding Hood's never played spanky-spanky with her Big Bad Wolf.”

Remus turned a bit red and then turned towards Tonks. “And just what have you been telling Hermione?”

Harry commiserated. “More of that ‘Girl Talk,’ apparently.”

When it looked like she wasn't going to get anything out of Tonks, Hermione turned to Harry and said, “Harry, you had something that you needed to talk about with Remus outside of the tent, right?”

Harry gave her a puzzled look. “Not that I recall, Hermione...”

“Sure you did, Harry,” Hermione responded sweetly. “Maybe if you take Remus outside you'll remember it.”

"Huh?"

Remus smiled as he stood up. "Harry," he said, "in situations such as these, you'll invariably find that the correct answer is 'Yes, Dear'."

"Oh." Harry then turned to Hermione, smiled and said with a sing-song voice, "Yes, Dear."

That earned him a punch in the arm as he got up. He followed Remus, and just before the tent flap closed behind him heard Hermione whisper, "Okay, Tonks, spill it!"

Harry and Remus walked over to a table and chairs set up on one side of the room and sat down. Remus looked at his empty bottle of butterbeer and said, "We should have grabbed a couple more of these on the way out."

Harry snorted, and declared, "Forget that." He then pointed his wand towards the tent and called out "*Accio Stouts*." A moment later two bottles of dark brown ale sailed out from inside the tent and landed on the table. Harry then cast the bottlecap charm.

"Thanks," Remus replied as he raised the bottle. "And cheers."

"Cheers."

They sat for a few seconds before Harry asked, "So Remus, you and Tonks are pretty happy together, right?"

Remus shrugged his shoulders and said, "Sure."

"Any advice on keeping Hermione happy? Or how to tell if you're in love?"

Remus sat for a minute and thought, before replying. "Harry, Tonks and I have really only known each other for what...three years? And semi-officially a couple since June?" He chuckled. "I think that we're still trying to find that out ourselves."

"But you have to have some idea."

"Well, there's no spell you can cast or potion to swallow to tell you that, Harry. Wizards and witches are pretty much in the same boat with Muggles when it comes to things like love."

"So how do you know if you're in love?"

"Oh," Remus said with a smile, "I think you know that one already. But again, if I were you....well, I'd try and find a place where just the two of you could figure that out without worrying that someone will apparate in at the wrong time."

Harry nodded, and finished off the last of his ale just as Tonks walked out from the tent and towards them.

"Come along, Wolfie," Tonks said with a grin. "We have business elsewhere." She then turned to Harry and morphed that grin into a leer. "And you, Professor Potter, have business inside."

"What?"

Tonks laughed. "You have business inside, *Professor* ....one of your students has been a *very* naughty girl and has shown up for her detention."

Harry almost had her meaning wrapped around his mind, but asked for some confirmation. "So, erm...*Professor Tonks*, if she were your student... what sort of discipline would you suggest?"

Tonks arched her eyebrows and smiled. "Oh, I think that you know *just* what she needs." She then grabbed Remus's hand and said, "And I'm thinking that I might just need the same thing, *Professor Lupin*."

Lupin raised one eyebrow, then turned to Harry. "Right then...time to go...talk to you tonight."

They then disappeared with loud bangs, as each was in a hurry to get someplace else.



# The Sweat of a Gladiator

## Chapter 6: Role play

Harry entered the tent somewhat tentatively. He discovered that the main living area had been transfigured into a close approximation of Headmistress McGonagall's old office...the one she used when she was still the Gryffindor Head of House. There was a desk, high-backed chair, a blackboard and bookshelf. A set of professor's robes were draped over the chair. The only major difference seemed to be Hermione's bed, which had been moved out into the room and off to one side.

Oh...and the manacles that were hanging from the middle of the ceiling...they were new. So were the canes and switches that were mounted on a wall rack behind the desk. Yes, Harry would have definitely remembered those had they been in Minerva's office.

Hermione was nowhere to be found, but as Harry spied a piece of parchment on the desk, next to a glass and opened bottle of firewhiskey. He could identify her handwriting at a distance, and upside down. He picked it up and began to read.

*Dear Harry,*

*If you haven't already figured things out, this is a role-playing game called "Head of House and Hermione." You need to pretend to be Head of my Hogwarts House, and I'll pretend to be a naughty student that needs to be disciplined for her behavior. Preferably with me bent over your knee and with your hand spanking my bum, but we've left you some choices. Tonks says that part of the excitement for her is not knowing for sure what Remus has planned each time they play this game. You probably didn't want to know that, but I thought it might overcome your fears about hurting me, or this being something horrible and aberrant.*

*I also have chosen a "safe word"...it's "chewing gum." Oh, that's right, you probably don't know about safe words...that's a coded signal that I'll use if I want you to stop whatever it is that you're doing. So if I start crying out and beg you, saying "Stop, stop please," I really don't want you to stop. If I do, then instead of "stop" I'll say "chewing gum." Get it?*

*Okay, so.... I'm a bit nervous about this, but we need to do this as homework, right? Oh, and we need to do it for Ron. He owes me big time. Just try and relax, maybe have a little fun, and remember how much I care about you and trust you. I mean, I really do. The firewhiskey might help with the relaxing bit...it burns the back of your throat, but the second one goes down easier than the first.*

*Whenever you're ready, just call out, "You may enter, Miss Granger."*

*Love,*

*Hermione*

*P.S. Please do not get upset if spanking me gets Mr. Phoenix flying. I won't think less of you. This is perfectly normal, actually... and apparently one of the more popular ways for couples to spice up their sex lives. Not that we need any spice (ha - ha). Really, Harry...I won't be upset with you in the least.*

*P.P.S. Please, please don't be upset with me if I'm the one that gets sexually excited by this game. I said earlier that I really didn't think that it would turn me on, but after talking about it with Tonks, and setting all this up...now, I'm not so sure. In fact, my knickers would be moist right now... if I were wearing any.*

"Sweet Mother of Merlin," Harry exclaimed. He sat the parchment down onto the desk and poured himself a stiff drink, which he quickly slammed against the back of his throat.

She was right about the burn.

Putting the glass down, Harry reached over and grabbed the robes. His costume, apparently. Harry snaked his hands through the sleeves as he thought about what was supposed to happen beyond that first line.

He hadn't a clue, other than the spanking part. But then, when had that ever stopped him from running headlong and half-cocked into danger before?

Harry put his hands on his hips, tried to scowl, and called out, "You may enter, Miss Granger."

Hermione walked in wearing every schoolboy's fantasy of what a slutty schoolgirl's uniform should look like. White shirt about three sizes too small, plaid skirt about twelve inches too short, thin white socks and Mary Janes. No bra to constrain the nipples that were already standing at attention. She had her arms behind her back and her eyes looking down at the ground.

Harry was a little conflicted about her appearance. While it had gotten the reaction out of Mr. Phoenix that she probably had expected, Harry wasn't so sure that he liked the costume...the slutty schoolgirl look was too close to the smart schoolgirl look Hermione had shown him for the past seven years. It was a bit cartoonish, and even distracting.

But there was a cause to rally around, wasn't there lads?

"Miss Granger," Harry said in his deepest, most authoritarian voice, "do you know why you have received this detention?"

"Yes, Professor."

“Why don't you tell me then, and we'll see how closely your story matches what your instructor said.”

“Erm, yes Professor,” she replied. “I was given detention for daydreaming in class.”

“What?” Harry asked. “You...daydreaming in class? How scandalous.”

“Yes, Professor. I agree. Won't happen again, Professor.”

“Well, we'll make sure of that last bit, Miss Granger,” Harry replied.

“Yes, Professor.”

“So tell me, Miss Granger, what were you daydreaming about?”

“Excuse me, Professor?”

“The subject of your daydreams, Miss Granger...what was so important that it could displace the efforts of our teaching staff from residing uppermost in that brain of yours.”

Hermione paused for a moment before smiling. “My boyfriend's cock, Professor.”

“What did you say, Miss Granger?”

“Harry Potter's cock, Professor...that is what I was daydreaming about.”

“And why is that, Miss Granger?”

“Because it's so damn big, Professor.”

“Language, Miss Granger!” Harry admonished, though not without a smile. She was good at being bad.

“So, Miss Granger, just what do you think that the punishment for daydreaming should be?”

“Erm...lines, Professor?”

“Lines? Is that all? Come now, Miss Granger...although... it might just be a good start.” Harry pointed towards the wall. “To the blackboard, Miss Granger.”

Hermione looked a bit confused at this wrinkle, but obeyed the order.

“Now, you shall write ten times on the blackboard, ‘I will not dream of Harry's huge cock during class’.”

Hermione snorted.

“Oh, you think that's funny?” Harry asked.

“No, Professor...sorry Professor.”

Hermione turned and reached down to pick up a piece of chalk. As she did so, Harry noticed that her ridiculously short skirt rode up a bit...just enough to expose the spot where bum met thigh. This got Harry (and Mr. Phoenix) rather excited, which he thought a bit odd. It wasn't as if he hadn't seen the whole thing before. But then, maybe it was the teasing part that was providing the excitement.

It was then that Harry decided to have a little more fun with this homework assignment

As Hermione began to write out the first line, Harry took out his wand and reduced the size of the blackboard. When he was finished, it was the same width, but was only eighteen inches high.

Hermione she stopped in mid-sentence and looked over her shoulder with an unvoiced question in her eyes.

“Is there a problem, Miss Granger?”

“Erm, no...no problem, Professor.”

“Then do not stop again, or it will be far worse than lines for you.”

Hermione turned back around with a slight shrug and started to write again. Harry then cast a hovering spell that allowed him to slowly move the entire blackboard down along the wall, towards the floor. As the board moved, Hermione had to move as well, bending over in order to keep writing in a straight line. This, of course, was the whole point, as it forced the skirt to rise up higher and higher, until it proved that Hermione had indeed left her knickers behind in the bedroom.

When the board dropped below waist level Hermione stopped writing, stood up straight and turned around to face Harry.

“Miss Granger, do you dare ignore my warnings?”

“No Professor, I just was wondering if you wish me to do lines on my knees.”

Harry thought for a moment. “No, Miss Granger,” he said with an evil grin, “You will write your lines while standing up.” Harry then dropped the blackboard all the way to the floor with a satisfying bang.

Hermione jumped at the noise behind her and arched an eyebrow. But she said nothing as she slowly turned around and looked down at the board's new location. As Harry expected, the board's new location forced her not just to bend at the waist, but to spread her legs apart and bend her knees as well. In this position, Harry was provided a full view of not only Hermione's naked bum, but her wide-open roost.

It was quite breathtaking, actually, for this was a perspective that he'd never before enjoyed. Harry thought back to that first day on the beach, when, in almost the same position, he had spied a few of her pubic hairs. That area, in between front and back, was now clean-shaven; when Harry had asked earlier about it, Hermione had called it a “Brazilian cut.”

Harry followed that strip of white skin up from her roost and into the valley between Hermione's cheeks. The strip disappeared under the hem of her skirt, where it should have widened out into Harry's favorite triangle of skin. Wishing a complete view, Harry stepped forward and placed the side of his wand against Hermione's bum (which caused her to jump again). He then slowly drew it upwards until he was able to flip the hem of her skirt up above her waist.

Harry stepped back to admire his handiwork, and noted with satisfaction that she wasn't kidding when she had written about moistening imaginary knickers.

He decided that it was time for some more mischief.

“Are you wet, Miss Granger?”

Hermione stopped writing and turned to face Harry contritely, with downcast eyes and hands in front of her skirt.

“Yes, Professor...sorry, Professor.”

“Is it your intention to drip all over my office floor?”

“No Professor.”

“Then I should think that you would want to dry yourself.”

Hermione softly snorted, then reached towards the desk for her wand.

“Oh no, Miss Granger, not with your wand...you will use that quill that's sitting next to it.”

Hermione looked tentatively over at the quill Harry had alluded to. It sported an oversized pink feather, some two feet long and six inches wide. Most impractical for writing, but Tonks had set it there with the comment that the sensation of the ticklish plumage on a freshly-spanked bum was quite electrifying. That Harry seemed to be putting the cart before the horse wasn't his fault... he didn't have a script to work off of. So she decided to stay in character and go with this turn of events.

As she picked up the quill she asked, “And how should I dry myself with this, Professor?”

Harry chuckled. “And you're supposed to be the smartest witch in your generation?”

Hermione's eyes sparkled as she cocked her head slightly as she offered the quill to Harry. “Do you want to dry me, Professor?”

Harry's mind raced at her question, but he'd had far too many wet dreams and scandalous thoughts about Hermione not to know exactly what he wanted her to do.

“No, Miss Granger, you will stand in front of my desk and dry yourself.”

Hermione's eyes locked with Harry's and for a moment he was afraid that he'd hear her say the code word. But instead, he watched breathlessly as she walked towards him, spread her legs to shoulder width, and lowered the quill so that the feather was pointing back between her knees. She then slowly...oh, so slowly...dragged it up her left thigh until the quill stem touched the hem of her skirt. After a moment's pause, she continued the quill's journey until the feather made contact with crotch. Harry couldn't see this connection, as her skirt was draped over each side of the quill. But her sharp intake of breath left no doubt that the feather had found its mark.

Harry was torn between watching the look on Hermione's face and watching the quill, as she began to pull it back and forth between her legs. He was also in a bit of pain, as his erection had gotten trapped awkwardly within his trousers. When he reached down to readjust, Hermione's eyes followed his hand and smiled. It was then that Harry realized that she might be just as excited about this play as he was. A bit of guilt tried to force its way into Harry's consciousness, but his lustful feelings beat it back vigorously. Time enough to worry later, he thought to himself, after this play's curtain had come down.

It was time for more mischief. He smiled as he asked, “Do you think your efforts are adequate, Miss Granger?”

In between slightly ragged breaths, Hermione quipped, “If the goal is teasing my clit, then most definitely.”

Harry shook his head. “Such impertinence, Miss Granger. Your goal is to dry yourself, not diddle yourself...and you would do well to keep your mind to that task.”

“Yes, Professor.”

“Do you take pride in your work, Miss Granger?” Harry asked.

“Yes Professor.”

“Do you think you are presently in a position to visually monitor your efforts, Miss Granger?”

Hermione paused, then looked down at her skirt. She wasn't quite sure she liked where this was going.

“No, Professor.”

“Then I shall provide you with the proper means to do so.”

Harry pointed his wand towards the lavatory and called out “*Accio Mirror* .”

He pocketed his wand as the rectangular mirror that sat over their bathroom sink came flying out and into Harry's hands. Harry turned the mirror on its side, and held it in front of his belly, with the mirror's base perched on top of his trouser tent.

Hermione looked down at the mirror as it sat on top of Harry's hard-on, then looked back up into his eyes. Harry once again wondered if he had overreached. But then Hermione said, “Professor, I believe that I have need of your desk to take advantage of your assistance.”

Harry smiled, then nodded his head. Hermione responded by walking backwards until her bum hit the desk. She then placed her hands on the edge and pushed herself up into a sitting position and scooted back. She closed her legs and pulled her knees up to her chest, so that her heels were almost touching her bum.

“Miss Granger?”

“Yes Professor.”

“You will look at me when you address me, young lady.”

Knowing what that meant, Hermione let go over her knees and, with more confidence than she had expected to find within herself, slowly spread her legs open until Harry could see both sets of lips.

Harry let out an out-of-character gasp at the sight before him. Neither one moved for five or six seconds; Harry was too busy being excited at the show, and Hermione was too busy being excited at providing it. It was Hermione that blinked, when she reached down to pick up the quill. Harry watched as she turned her gaze towards the mirror (or was it towards Mr. Phoenix? ...it was hard for him to tell).

“Erm, Professor, would you please tilt the mirror down a bit for me.”

Harry doubted that he could stay in character if he said anything just then, so he simply did as she asked. He then watched Hermione watch herself, as she began to tease her roost with the feather. When Hermione flipped the quill around and began rubbing the back of the tip against her nub, Harry almost lost it. Mr. Phoenix ached for freedom and some rubbing of its own, but Harry was a little afraid that if he did that he'd be breaking character and the story would end. As a compromise, he started to discretely scrape the bottom edge of the mirror against the top of his trouser-covered cock.

The phrase “once-in-a-lifetime” sprung to mind as Harry watched Hermione masturbate in front of him. Merlin, he hoped not. But just in case it was...

“Miss Granger, please evaluate your efforts to dry yourself.”

Hermione stopped her twiddling, and smirked.

“Sorry, Professor, but my efforts appear to be counterproductive.”

“I agree. Perhaps.... a different piece of office equipment would be more effective.”

Hermione looked around on the desktop. “I'm sorry, Professor, but I don't see any other office equipment.”

“That's because you saw fit to bring it into the bedroom.” Harry reached down to the desk and picked up Hermione's wand. Flipping it half-way around, he offered the butt-end to her. “Why don't you summon the stapler, Miss Granger?”

Hermione eyes went wide, wondering what in hell she had unleashed when she had suggested this game. But thinking “In for a penny, in for a pound,” she set down the quill, grabbed her wand, and did as she was told to do. A few seconds later Mr. Phoenix's ebony alter ego came flying out of the bedroom and into her hand.

Hermione grabbed the transfigured stapler at its base and brought it up towards her mouth. She smiled, then opened her lips and traced down the full length with her tongue.

“Wetting that stapler with your tongue won't make it dry any better, Miss Granger.”

Hermione smiled. “I'm sorry, Professor, but I assumed that you wanted me to dry both inside and out.”



“You are correct.”

“Then I thought a bit of moisture might be necessary for it to gain entrance.”

Harry smiled. “Miss Granger, from my perspective, you suffer no lack of moisture within the area in question.”

“Yes, Professor.”

Hermione brought the rod down in between her legs, and pointed it towards her crotch. With her eyes focused on Harry's, she then brought it back until it made contact and began rubbing in a clockwise motion. She closed her eyes as she thrust her hips upwards against the point of attack. When she opened her eyes back up, Harry saw fire and resolve.

Hermione changed from light small circles to firmer circles, and then to a top-to-bottom rub. After three times up and down, she stopped with the phallus poised at her entrance. Hermione gave Harry's tent the once over, then peered up at his face and gave a look of askance.

Harry's heart was racing, his mind was reeling...she was so incredibly beautiful, and he was so incredibly aroused. And that she trusted him so much to put herself in such an exposed and vulnerable position.....

Harry wanted to tell her then...right then...just how much he cared for her.

He didn't, though, because that's not something a professor was supposed to say to a student.

But Hermione knew that look on her face, and called him on it.

“What?” she asked.

“Erm, nothing, Miss Granger.”

“Oh yes it was...you wanted to say something.”

Harry paused, vacillating between truth and the game. He answered somewhere in between.

“What I wanted to tell you, Miss Granger, were three words that would be inappropriate if spoken by a professor to a student.”

Hermione raised her eyebrows along with her hopes.

“Three words, Professor?”

“Yes, Miss Granger.”

“Can you give me a hint, Professor?”

“Erm...no.”

“Starts with `I' and ends with `U'?”

Harry smiled. “Maybe.”

That, apparently, was the correct answer. Hermione's face broke out into a wide grin, as she squeezed her eyes shut, brought her shoulders up towards her ears and let out a “Squee!”

The squeal didn't last as long, however, for at the very same moment she rammed the transfigured stapler up and in.

It wasn't cute. Couldn't call it pretty at all. Harry thought Hermione's movements would be far better described as ferocious, or insistent, or hungry. Particularly when her other hand came in to play.

Harry was horny as hell at that point, but still attentive enough to be impressed with her coordination. Both hands working different motions ...kind of like that trick where you're supposed to rub your belly and pat your head at the same time.

He leaned the mirror against the side of the desk. With her eyes tightly shut, her head thrown back, and guttural sounds coming out from her throat she wasn't paying much attention to it. Besides, that left both of his hands free to do as they wished.

He reached out to touch her knee, but then remembered why they'd been playing this game. Were they still playing it? Did he still want to play it? Not really, but there was a purpose to this game, and if they stopped now they'd have ignored that purpose. Had a lot of smutty fun along the way, sure...but still have ignored the whole point.

Harry noticed that Hermione was beginning to hold her breath for longer and longer periods of time. He hadn't witnessed this phenomenon enough times to have any confidence in a pattern, but he did remember hearing the very same thing happening earlier in the day (he'd have seen it then as well, except that his face was buried in his work). It happened just a minute or so before...

He quickly tried to assess the situation. Did she still want to be spanked? Probably not, but did she want to do this again? Merlin, he hoped so. Maybe she wanted to finish herself off, and then get spanked? Sort of like the anti-cuddle? Harry doubted that. Besides, if she was going to get excited by getting spanked, that would just bring her off even better, right? He decided that he better say something that at least gave her an option.

“Erm...Miss Granger?”

Hermione opened her eyes, stopped her hands, and let out that breath she was holding so that she could respond.

“Yes, Professor?” she said, in a rather impatient tone.

“Erm...it appears that you are trying to delay the, erm...application of your...well, your disciplinary action. Is that your intent?”

Hermione breathed a few ragged breaths while she thought about it.

“No, Professor,” she finally replied. “I imagine that you should take care of that application before I take care of myself.”

Harry nodded, then removed his robes, which he threw over onto the bed. He then walked over to the desk chair, moved it in front of Hermione, and sat down. “Very well, Miss Granger...off the desk and over my knee.”

She thought about whether she wanted the ebony phoenix along for the ride. It sounded like a fun idea, but it might have made it difficult to balance on his lap, so she reluctantly withdrew the stapler from its cozy home and laid it down. She then scooted off the desk and walked to Harry's side. After flattening the front of her skirt with her hands, she leaned down onto Harry's lap.

Hermione found it hard to find her balance, as Harry's lap was rather pointy. Harry “helped” by reaching over her back and grabbing hold of her breast, with thumb and index finger tight on her nipple. He then placed the other hand on the back of her bare thigh, and slid it up until he could flip the skirt hem up and expose her bare bum. He noticed that as he did this that Hermione was squirming around on his lap, in an apparent effort to get his hardness right where she needed direct pressure the most.

He was polite enough to wait for her to find just the right spot. As he waited, he caressed one of her cheeks with his hand, and thought about what he was going to do. It had been great fun up until this point, but there really hadn't been any pain inflicted. Unless you counted pain of embarrassment, and Hermione had amazingly displayed little of that. What he really wanted to do was sod the spanking and start practicing a sweaty shag, but maybe Hermione was going to like this. Heck, if Susan did, and Tonks did...

Hermione interrupted his thoughts. “I'm ready, Professor.”

Harry raised his hand and thought about how hard and fast he needed to bring it down. This was supposed to be simulating a spanking hex, and not a tickle hex, or a groping hex. He decided on something that he imagined would sting if applied to his own cheek.

*“Smack!”*

He struck hard enough for his hand to sting a bit himself, and when he raised it back up he saw a pink mark that he'd left behind. He looked up at her head. Hermione did nothing and said nothing. She lay there still, with her head down. Didn't make a sound, actually, as she was holding her breath.

Without hearing the code word, Harry applied the same treatment to the other cheek.

Hermione remained quiet, but spread her legs and squirmed about on Harry's hard-on. He waited until she stopped squirming. He didn't mind...he had a beautiful view of his favorite triangle of skin.

Thinking that maybe he should try something different, he applied two slightly harder smacks, one right after the other. Hermione let out the deep breath, panted shallowly while she was squirming, then took in another breath.

Harry did the same thing three times in succession. Two sharp smacks, wait for her to rub herself on him, then repeat. Hermione didn't say anything, or cry out in pain, or beg him to stop.

Harry gave her two more smacks...the hardest ones yet, bringing him to an even ten (he'd been counting). The last one was kind of an exclamation point that evoked a sharp cry.

“Aaaaah!”

Harry froze, the sound bringing home to him the idea that he might be hurting her. Her cry also ended whatever enjoyment Harry had taken from watching her bum wiggle about, and from her roost rubbing against Mr. Phoenix. He looked down at the red marks he'd left on her skin and lost his erection.

Hermione must have realized he was going soft, for the smaller and softer he got, the harder she pressed against him, as if searching for the right friction. When she realized that she was vainly chasing after a ghost, she let out a soft chuckle, shook her head in disbelief, and grinned ruefully.

“Chewing Gum.”

Hermione twisted around to look up at Harry only to find tears in his eyes.

“Hey, Harry, stop that,” she quickly said. “It's okay...I'm okay, really.”

Harry shook his head. “Hermione, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm so...”

“Stop it, Harry,” Hermione scolded. “You did exactly what I told you to do...you did nothing wrong.” She then reached up to corral his head into an embrace. “We found out what we needed to find out. You don't get sexually excited when you spank me, and I find getting spanked more of a

distraction than a turn-on."

She rocked back off of his lap and onto her feet. Her momentum pushed her backside up against the front of the desk, which caused her to jump away from it. Putting both hands behind herself, she yelled, "Bugger, that hurts!" She then very gingerly hobbled around to the back of the desk, pulled open one of the drawers, and pulled out the jar of healing salve that Tonks had strategically pre-positioned. She walked back to Harry, twisted off the lid, and handed him the jar. Hermione then bent over Harry's knee and resumed her position on his lap.

"Harry, please," she told him. "Quit worrying, pull up my skirt, and make my boo-boo's feel better."

Harry followed orders, and began to enjoy the sensation of rubbing the salve on her bum. It brought him back to that beach (funny how often that was happening to him). As he applied the topical lotion, he asked, "So it was a distraction, huh?"

"Yeah," Hermione replied. "I was so close to an orgasm when you started, but rather than bring it to me quicker or harder, the spanking took me off focus."

"So it was counterproductive, like that feather, huh?"

"Guess so." Hermione then shook her head. "You and that feather...where did you ever develop that typed of inspired lechery?"

"Either inherited from Sirius or heard it from Seamus, I imagine," Harry said with a grin that Hermione couldn't see.

"Is that so?" Hermione replied. "I tried to get back with the program by wiggling in between whacks, but that wasn't going anywhere, and then you lost your erection and I figured what's the point?"

He nodded. "Makes sense to me." He then asked. "So getting spanked isn't a sexual turn-on for you?"

"No."

"So that means we'll have to shag to get that sweat?"

"Yeah...I hope you don't mind."

Harry laughed. "Oh, don't worry...I'll muddle through it somehow."

"You better plan on doing more than that, Harry Potter."

Harry laughed again. The redness in her cheeks was gone and the lotion completely absorbed by her skin, but Harry was still rubbing. "So explain something for me, Hermione," he asked. "You weren't turned on by the actual spanking, but you were plenty turned on before then, at the thought of getting spanked, weren't you?"

"Yes and no," Hermione replied. "I was pretty revved up before the swatting began, but it had nothing to do with the anticipation of getting spanked."

"Really?" Harry asked. "Why is that?"

Rather than answer that question, Hermione reached back and stopped Harry's rubbing. She then got up to her feet, and hopped back up onto the desk so that she was facing him. She then reached over to grab the transfigured stapler and began to drag it up an inner thigh.

"Because, Harry," she cooed, "I discovered today that I'm not a submissive masochist."

"I see....then what exactly are you then?"

Hermione smiled as she pulled up her skirt and flashed him.

"I'm a closet exhibitionist."

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Harry Potter didn't enjoy his third shower of the day nearly as much as the second. Hermione had washed separately, as they lived in a three bedroom/two bath tent.

The alone time did give him the chance to suss out where things stood. On one level, things were simple. Hermione didn't like getting spanked, and he didn't like spanking her. Therefore, they needed to shag in order to get the sweat they'd promised in exchange for the antidote. But right after that surface level there was so much more to consider.

Like Hermione's confession of exhibitionism. And the sight of her masturbating for him. Not just *for* him, but *with* him, if you considered the fact that the transfigured stapler was a full-scale model of his cock. Under other circumstances, these kind of thoughts would have led to his own masturbatory acts...but she had milked him for a fourth time that day after he helped her finish off her second, and any more attention paid to Mr. Phoenix would likely rub his skin raw.

"Now that's a symptom that I wouldn't want to ask Poppy to address," he thought to himself, as he finished rinsing off, then toweled and dressed. Harry found her back in the "office," dressed in a medium-length skirt and jumper. She was on her mobile talking to her mum; when she saw him enter, Hermione smiled and gave him a "just one minute more" signal. Harry nodded in reply, and then used the time to transform the play office furniture back into original forms.

"Yeah, Mum," Hermione said into her phone, "eight-thirty tomorrow morning will work just fine...no Mum, we can get there on our own...'we' as in Harry and me, Mum." She rolled her eyes. "No, Mum we're not joined at the hip."

"That can be arranged, though, Mrs. Granger," Harry called out.

"Ssshhh, Harry," Hermione scolded. "Stay over tonight?" she said into the mobile. "Well, I'll check with Harry, but I'm sure that'll be fine, just so long as you keep Daddy on a short leash." She smiled at her mum's response. "Well then, make it even shorter than normal...see you soon...me too...bye."

Hermione ended her call, pocketed her cell phone, and sighed. "Mum sends her love and congratulations."

"Congratulations about what?"

"About us, silly."

Harry furrowed his eyebrows a bit. After all of their naughty fun over the past few hours he'd be hard pressed not to think of Hermione as his girlfriend, but they hadn't officially discussed it yet.

"About us in what way?" he asked cautiously.

Hermione smiled. "Why about our engagement, of course."

"What?"

She walked up and gave him a quick kiss, then brought him into a bearhug embrace. "Our engagement, Harry," she replied, as she pressed the side of her head to his chest. "Surely you realize that I wouldn't have done any of that in front of you without planning on marriage?"

Harry looked down at the top of her head with a gobsmacked expression, then shook his head. "You're having me on, aren't you? Let me see your face."

He thought he heard the quietest of snorts from her, and when she kept her head buried he leaned back and gently turned her chin towards him with his hand. "Hermione?"

She looked up at him with a serious expression that she held for all of two seconds, before breaking out into giggles. "Gotcha, Harry!"

He joined in the laughter. "You are becoming a very silly girl, Hermione," he mock admonished.

She tamed the giggles down into a broad smile. "I am, and I blame it all on you."

Harry locked her back up into a bear hug and mused. He had, in fact, spent time in the shower wondering what his this all meant and where it was going. One of the paths his mind had traipsed down did involve Hermione and a white wedding gown. He thought it silly to even think about discussing this so soon after they had gone physical in their relationship, but maybe he could probe her feelings within this silly and disarming environment?

"You do realize, Hermione," he said, "that silly girls have been known to marry on short notice."

Hermione waited a beat to respond, then replied, "Yeah, guess you're right...but usually not unless their silly boyfriends have proposed to them."

He chuckled. "So am I your silly boyfriend, now?"

Hermione moved her hands down to his bum and gave a good squeeze. "More sexy then silly, but nobody's perfect."

Harry smiled and his eyes lit up. He snaked a hand up into her hair and gently twisted her head so that he could press his lips up against her ear.

"So if that's the case," he asked, "will you be my girlfriend?"

She responded by squeezing his bum even harder, and pulling him even closer. With a smile he couldn't see through the tangle of her hair, she nodded and said, "Yes."

Harry reached back, grabbed her groping hands with his, and stepped back so that he could look into her eyes. "Great," he replied. "So now that the boyfriend part is established, would I still need to be silly in order to propose marriage?"

She looked at him with an expression he thought was both lovely and loving, and nodded. "You would indeed be silly if you proposed marriage right now...we've got enough on our plate."

"Like what?"

"Oh, I don't know, maybe getting our first sweaty shag out of the way and getting that hag off of our backs?"

Harry smiled. "You know, Hermione, your dad might think it better to reverse that order and marry before the first shag."

She gave his hands a squeeze and stepped into another kiss before letting his hands go in a "time to change topics" gesture. "Oh, I'm sure that Daddy would think that...but you can ask him yourself if you're still uncertain. We're staying over tonight."

Harry nodded. "Guessed as much from your phone call...so what's planned for tomorrow morning?"

Hermione closed her eyes and shook her head, in an "I can't believe she did that" look.

"Mum scheduled an appointment for me with her gynecologist."

"Huh?"

"Gynecologist, Harry...you know, a woman's doctor?"

"Yeah, I know what a gynecologist is, I was more wondering why your mum would do that."

"Probably because her daughter is now a sexually active female," Hermione replied matter-of-factly. "She was worried that it was a 'close the barn door after the horse left' situation, but thought better late than never."

"But you haven't opened your barn door for my horse yet, have you?"

"Oh, nice, Harry...your pet nicknames are so endearing."

Harry laughed. "Hey, it was your Muggle metaphor, not mine....so did you tell her that Mr. Phoenix hasn't perched on your roost yet?"

"Not in those exact words, you git," she replied, "but yes, I did. She was very happy."

"But you did tell her that we'd still have to, right?"

"Erm, sure, Harry...I wasn't going to lie to her. She was happy that we didn't have to rush into it...now that I can visit the doctor before we shag, and we'll have some additional birth control options."

"Oh...I see. So Mr. Phoenix might not have to wear an overcoat?"

Hermione laughed. "Maybe not...might still be a good idea if it desensitizes and slows you down, though."

Harry nodded. "So when did you tell them that we'd be over?"

"Not until late tonight...eight or nine o'clock. We still have that meeting at Hogwarts to go to."

"Think that you'll still want to work on the spell-spanking calculations?"

"Not really," Hermione replied with a smile. She stepped forward and grabbed his crotch. "I'd rather spend the time working on your control."

Harry pulled her into another embrace, trapping her hand between their bodies. Reaching behind her, he snaked a hand up under her skirt. His eyes went wide when he realized that the bum he just grabbed was bare.

"You know that I'm not going to have any control at all if you start to run around without knickers."

Hermione gave Mr. Phoenix a playful squeeze, then leaned up and whispered into Harry's ear.

"Who says that I've only just started?"

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Harry and Hermione apparated to the gates of Hogwarts with a shared overnight bag shrunk-down and pocketed in his trousers. He had insisted that she pack a pair of knickers for propriety's sake (even if she had no plans on wearing them). This manifestation of her recent self-discovery was the topic of conversation as they walked up the path towards the castle.

"Hermione," Harry asked, as they walked hand-in-hand, "What exactly is a closet exhibitionist?"

She laughed. "Does sound rather oxymoronic, doesn't it?"

"Doesn't sound moronic to me at all."

"No, Harry...oxymoronic. Two words strung together that contradict each other...like 'jumbo shrimp,' or 'military intelligence,' or..."

"Or a brave Slytherin?"

"Yeah."

"Let's start with the exhibitionist part...you get excited showing your bits off in public?"

"Erm...not necessarily...right now I just know that I get excited at the thought of showing my bits off in public to you. The closet part means that I've kept it hidden."

"To everyone else besides me?"

"Yeah."

Harry smiled, thinking back to Montenegro. "So you got off on showing your titties on the beach, but only because I was seeing them, and not all the other blokes that were ogling you?"

"Oh, Harry...you don't need to overstate things. You were the only one ogling me on that beach."

Harry shook his head. "I disagree. You have lovely titties, Hermione, and I caught more than a few blokes perving on you when they walked by our towels."

"Really?"

"Yeah...it was even more obvious when you were turned over on your front...they didn't have to worry about you catching them staring at the way your thong lifts and separates your bum cheeks."

"Hmmm...funny you never told me this while we were there."

Harry paused for a moment. "Maybe I was afraid that if I did that you'd cover up more. Besides, it did seem that you were enjoying the attention."

"I was enjoying *your* attention, Harry," Hermione replied. "Hard not to miss just how poorly your speedo concealed your erection."

Harry thought for a moment. "So tell me, Hermione...if you knew I was turned on by your bathing costume, why were you so self-conscious this morning? Why did I have to throw out that wizard's oath to convince you that I found you sexually exciting?"

Hermione sighed and shook her head. "Different time, different place, I guess."

"I don't understand."

"Well...it's like this, Harry," she replied. "I thought that you liked what you saw on the beach, but I wasn't completely certain. There were other women that were wearing even less than I was, and it might have been them, or just the whole environment...that place and time."

She gave his hand a reassuring hand squeeze and continued. "It was on that beach that I realized I fancied you...realized that I probably always have fancied you, despite Ron and everything. I was hoping that you felt the same way, but you never really said anything about it after we came back to England."

"Yeah, I know," Harry replied. "I wanted to in the worst way, but I was afraid what might happen if you didn't feel the same way, and it was right after you and Ron split and that was awkward..."

"I understand, Harry, no need to apologize," Hermione said. "I was just saying that to explain why all of the self-doubts and insecurities came back that I thought I'd left behind in Montenegro with the other beach babes. I started thinking that you fancying me and my thong was just a dream."

"So when you went topless this morning in your mum's office..."

"I was afraid of finding out for sure that it was a dream."

Harry stopped walking and pulled her into a hug. "Oh, Hermione," he said. "I so sorry that you had any doubts."

"It's okay, Harry, really."

He pulled apart and started to walk again. "Glad to hear you say 'other beach babes,' though," he said.

"Why's that?"

"Because it implies that you recognize yourself as one."

Hermione snorted. "Yeah, you're right...it does."

He gave her hand a squeeze. "Just remember that you're *my* beach babe now."

"But we aren't at the beach, are we?"

They'd reached the front steps, and Harry paused before starting the climb.

"Then you'll just have to be my 'Gryffindor Sex Goddess'."

Hermione giggled.

"Hey, now," Harry admonished. "No giggling...you got an image to maintain inside."

Hermione frowned. "What...I can't show my newfound wild and crazy side inside the castle?"

"Nope."

Hermione looked around and over her shoulder. With nobody in sight, she turned to Harry, grabbed her skirt's hemline, and flashed him a view of

her Brazilian cut.

"Then I guess I'll have to just show it outside."

Harry let out a breath that contained bits of exasperation and sexual frustration.

"Let's go, Minx," he warned, "before Mr. Phoenix decides to warm your roost."

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Harry was surprised to find that the levels of sexual energy and frustration were only slightly lower within the infirmary's walls. With the danger to Ron's life past, his parents had returned to home and work, and Madame Pomfrey had turned her attention to the needs of her other patients. It was therefore only Luna that was at Ron's bedside, with half-drawn curtains that shielded them from the other's view. Luna sported a odd facial expression that combined a serene smile with lust-filled, hawk-like eyes, ready to pounce on its prey. Ron looked more like prey than predator, with wide-eyes that darted towards the point where Luna had slipped a hand underneath his sheets.

"Harry...Hermione," Ron said nervously, "How nice of you to visit." He glanced at Luna, expecting that she'd remove her hand from his upper thigh now that they had company.

His expectations weren't met in time to avoid their notice, causing Hermione and Harry to share Luna's smile.

"How is your patient, doing, Luna?" Harry asked.

"Oh, he's recovering quite nicely," she replied. "He's had three in a row without losing consciousness."

Hermione smirked. "Three what in a row, Luna?"

Ron, being terribly embarrassed, interrupted, "Erm...Luna's been looking after my blood flow issues."

"Looks like she's causing those issues rather than looking after them," Hermione quipped.

Harry looked around the edge of the privacy curtain towards Poppy, who was busy fixing a wheeze gone wild on two second-years. "So has Poppy approved of your treatment methods, Nurse Luna?"

"Oooh, 'Nurse Luna', that sounds like a fun game." She then asked Ron, "So do you want to play doctor?"

Ron smiled weakly and shook his head. "Maybe another time, Luna."

It was all Hermione could do not to laugh out loud and draw Madame Pomfrey's attention towards them. "Letting Luna grope you in the infirmary, Ronald?" she asked with mock admonishment. "My, my...and to think that you were so scandalized by my beach attire last summer."

Ron let out a grunt, allowing Luna to answer for him. "Ronald has matured a lot since this summertime, Hermione...I'd like to think that I've rubbed off on him."

"More like rubbed him off, I'd wager," Harry said cheekily, earning a punch in the arm from his girlfriend.

"Well," Luna replied brightly, "things have worked out since then for all of us, haven't they?"

Hermione smiled, and after looking over towards Poppy and her patients gave Harry an unexpected kiss.

"Yes, they certainly have."

"Oy, you two...not in front of me," Ron whined.

"Oh grow up, *Ronald*," Hermione said sweetly, "and be glad that it's Luna that will be watching us shag and not you."

Ron choked rather violently in reply, which brought Madame Pomfrey's attention to them. She briskly walked over before Hermione could elaborate, and stood by Ron's side with a curt look and pursed lips.

"Mr. Potter, Miss Granger, do I need to ask you to leave my patient alone?" she asked.

"No, Madame Pomfrey...sorry, Madame Pomfrey," Harry replied.

"And what brought about this coughing spell?"

Harry and Hermione looked at each other before Hermione replied, "I said something relating to the deal we made with the hag to save his life."

"Hmmmph," Poppy replied, one eyebrow raised. "You should now that his condition is frail enough without you providing him that kind of excitement."

"Sorry, Madame Pomfrey."

Poppy looked down at Ron. "Mr. Weasley, I believe that it's time for you to get some rest. Do you think that you can sleep on your own, or has your imagination been sparked so brightly that you require some 'Dreamless Sleep'?"

Ron smiled. "I think I can manage on my own, thanks."

Poppy nodded. "Come along, then, you three," she said. Torn between wanting to insure her patient wasn't disturbed and wanting to provide her patient some privacy, Poppy turned her back and walked away, hoping that the three wouldn't be far behind.

With the nurse's back turned, Luna leaned over and forced Ron's mouth open with her tongue. After a moderately intensive kiss, she rose up and looked at Ron's face.

"Promise you'll dream of me, Ronald?" she asked.

He gave her a rueful smile. "Would be bloody impossible not to, Luv."



## The Sweat of a Gladiator Ch 7: Pleasure Strip

With a half-hour's time to kill before meeting Luna and Susan for dinner, Hermione dragged Harry into the Hogwarts Library. Madame Pince looked up and frowned; Hermione's unlimited borrowing privileges had left a measurable dent in the collection, and she was no doubt back for more.

"What's it to be this time, Miss Granger?" she asked.

Hermione smiled. "Do you have any books on marriage customs within the wizarding world?"

After responding with a terse smile and an aloof cocking of one eyebrow, Madame Pince nodded and led them to a section that Hermione had never given more than passing thought to before. Along the way Harry took in the stares of the students who were following their hand-holding movements, and tried to give them a confident smile.

Madame Pince stopped and pointed at two shelves "Never thought I'd live to see the day that you'd be interested in this particular topic, Miss Granger," she whispered. "Congratulations."

Hermione muttered, "Thank you," but otherwise ignored the comment, as she was already busy reading book titles sideways.

"Looks like half of the books on these shelves have been checked out," Harry noted.

The librarian nodded. "It's very popular with the Sixth and Seventh-Year witches...almost as popular as the section on Quidditch is with the male students." Harry snorted, figuring that he could have found the library's Quidditch section in his sleep.

Hermione frowned, not finding what she was looking for amongst the titles present. "Do you have anything on wedding spells and rituals? I'm looking for information on the Betrothal Spell."

That produced a snort from the spinster. She smiled, and said slyly, "You and half the witches in the castle, my dear...come this way."

Madame Pince returned to her desk, and used an unlocking charm keyed to her wand to open one of its drawers. She pulled out a rather thin and dog-eared pamphlet titled, *"I Do, But I've Done it Before: the Betrothal Spell and Other Purity Charms,"* and gently handed it to Hermione.

"Pages have been magically repaired so many times it's a wonder there's anything left for the ink to sit on," the librarian muttered. "Mind you, that's a reference copy that can't leave the library."

Hermione smiled. "Of course, Madame Pince, thank you for your assistance." She grabbed Harry's elbow and steered him towards her favorite desk back by the Restricted Section. Looking over his shoulder as they moved, Harry spied a couple of students craning their necks in order to see where they were going. Thinking that nothing would be accomplished if the curious got any bolder, Harry cast a mild repulsion charm within the aisle, then joined Hermione at the table.

He chose a chair opposite hers, and then leaned forward, asking, "Do you think we could be any more obvious that we're a couple now?"

Hermione thought for a moment. "Is that something that you'd rather hide?"

"Of course not," replied Harry. "It's just that...well, during the two minutes we were in the stacks with Madame Pince at least five students got up and left...no doubt to spread some juicy gossip. I don't mind when it's the truth, but I'm sure it's already beyond that."

"Really?" she asked. "What would they be gossiping about?"

"Oh, come on, Hermione," Harry said. "You could have been a little quieter when you asked Madame Pince for that marriage customs book."

Hermione smiled. "Yes, I imagine that I could have. Hope that you're not too mad at me."

"Merlin, no."

"Because I'd be happy to make it up to you."

Harry was startled when he felt a toe start to snake its way up his leg.

"Behave, Hermione," he warned.

"Alright," she replied with a little pout. "Want to lean over my shoulder and read with me?"

"Erm, no thanks," Harry replied. "Don't trust myself not to start nipping at your ear."

His girlfriend smiled, then reached down her jumper top.

“Hermione!” Harry hissed.

“What?” she replied innocently, as she pulled out the shrunken rucksack that she wore at the end of a chain. Harry just shook his head.

Hermione expanded the rucksack, opened the flap, and looked inside. She pulled out a quill and some parchment and placed them on the desk. While rummaging for her inkbottle she pushed the quill off of the desktop with an elbow.

“Oh drats,” she said with a smile. She leaned forward, so that her breasts rested on top of her arm, and asked, “Harry, be a dear and retrieve my quill for me? I think it rolled underneath the desk.”

Harry squinted a bit at Hermione. Her toes had left his trouser seam, and from the way she had squirmed in her seat he was quite confident that her knees were presently spread far apart. Deciding it was time to tease the teaser, he *Accio* 'd the quill without getting up from his chair and handed it to her with a smile.

“Oh you're no fun,” Hermione pouted.

“Later, Luv,” he promised. He then asked, “So are you going to tell me why you want to know more about the betrothal spell?”

“Sure...I just wanted to get a good idea of how much fun we can have without losing our haloes.”

Harry smirked. “I would think it would be easier just to write down everything that Susan disclosed when the Headmistress asked if she was a virgin.”

Hermione wrinkled her nose. “Oh, that might be a good start, but I'm confident that I could think of a few things that she hasn't.”

“Oh I don't know,” Harry replied. “She does have a good head start.”

“As far as you know.”

Harry's eyes went wide, before Hermione reassured him.

“I'm kidding,” she said. “Just because she's ahead of me in acting on her thoughts doesn't mean I haven't stockpiled a few myself.”

Harry chuckled, then shook his head in a bit of disbelief. “I am a lucky bastard,” he noted.

“And don't you forget it,” admonished Hermione.

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The next ten minutes passed relatively quietly. Hermione took notes at a furious pace as she made her way through the pamphlet's text. Harry used the time to reread a letter that Neville had sent the day before about the DA. With the three of them away from Hogwarts more often than not, Harry had decided to take on more of an advisory role to the group, which was now an official school organization four times the size of the original. Neville now was the leader, and Harry had been very pleased at how his friend had risen to the task.

Harry was considering whether a Co-Ed Naked Dueling Club (TM) would be better off on its own, or act as an offshoot of the DA, when he heard his girlfriend swear like a sailor.

He looked up and scolded her.

“Sorry,” she responded. “Still...*bugger* it all!”

“Really, Hermione...you wouldn't want to be kicked out of your second home, would you?”

She let out a deep sigh, and then dropped her quill on the desktop.

“Harry, we can't do it in the pensieve.”

“What?” Harry asked. “I thought we proved that we could have pensieve-sex.”

Hermione reached up to massage her temples. “Well, yes, Harry...we can shag in the pensieve. The problem is that if we do, I'm pretty sure that we'll both lose our virginity.”

“Outside of the pensieve as well as in?”

“Yes.”

“Even if Mr. Phoenix doesn't come close to your roost in real life?”

“Afraid so.”

“Can you tell me why?”

Hermione renewed the silencing charm on the table, and then began to explain.

The pamphlet that she'd been reading described not only how the betrothal spell work, but why it had been developed in the first place. For many centuries the virginity of a witch was prerequisite to the consummation of an arranged marriage. A witch that lost her virginity before marriage was considered an outcast, disowned by her family and treated little better than a squib. The ability to mask the scarlet status of a young witch had therefore been a very marketable commodity. Healers had developed a spell that would repair a broken hymen for a hefty price, but after a few too many apparently "virgin" births a countermeasure was developed.

The Betrothal Spell acted as a type of *Veritaserum* ..it looked into a witch's mind to determine whether she had smutty memories that contradicted a physical inspection. This was the reason why it worked on Hermione and Luna, even after their "accidents;" so long as they knew they were still virgins, the spell revealed them as same.

Harry frowned. "Why couldn't a witch just have her memories "fixed" with an obliviate spell at the same time that her hymen was repaired?"

Hermione gave him a rueful smile. "Because how a girl loses her virginity is one of her strongest and most deep-seated memories, Harry. The obliviate spell needed to upend and erase it would need to be so strong that more often than not it would erase every other memory as well."

"Including the memory that she was a witch that could perform magic, and the knowledge of how to do magic?"

Hermione nodded. "Making her a squib, which is worse than being an unmatchable non-virgin witch."

Harry thought. "So you think that if this kind of spell is smart enough to suss out a shag memory, that my sweat would as well?"

Hermione nodded. "Both of us would remember what we did in the pensieve."

"Happy memories, I hope," Harry said, earning him a smile from his girlfriend.

"So what now?"

Hermione paused in thought. "So now, we work on your control in real life, with fingers and hands..."

"And a mouth, too?"

"You'd be so lucky, Potter."

"Yes," Harry agreed, "I would."

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Harry and Hermione were oblivious to what lay ahead as they packed up and made to return the betrothal spell pamphlet to Madame Pince. In the twenty minutes time since they had disappeared into the stacks, the number of students "studying" in the library's main area had doubled. The two most obvious rumor-spreading fish-out-of-water types were Pavarti Patil and Lavender Brown. They knew Harry and Hermione well enough to realize what it meant when other students who had tried to spy on the pair returned from the stacks dazed, confused, and clueless, and had staked out a position near the library's exit.

The two let out small squeals when they spotted Harry and Hermione leaving the book stacks hand-in-hand. They rushed up and flanked the pair. Lavender responded to Madame Pince's shushing by casting a mobile cone of silence spell (given its utility during gossip sessions, it was the only charm that Lavender was anywhere close to being able to cast nonverbally).

"So, Hermione," Pavarti asked, with a smile, "what's new?"

Hermione looked at Harry, who rolled his eyes and projected an "I told you so" expression towards her. She then sighed and tried to humor Pavarti. "Oh, same old thing, fighting Dark Lords, staying up on my reading..."

"Yes, we can see that," Lavender quipped, as she tilted her head to take in the pamphlet title. She smiled, "Care to explain the hand holding, Harry?"

Harry snorted at Lavender's directness and smiled. "We got hit with a disabling hex that forced my wand hand to be stuck to Hermione's?"

Lavender giggled as she grabbed Harry's arm and squeezed. "And just who threw that hex at you, Harry," she asked rather breathlessly, "Cupid?"

Hermione gave her dorm mate one of Luna's patented serenity smiles. "Right in one, Lav...and the hexes will be flying in reverse direction if anybody tries to replace my hand with hers."

Lavender let go of Harry rather quickly. "Okay, okay," she replied.

"I'd ask you to feel free to spread that warning around," Hermione stated, "if I didn't already know that you'd be doing it anyway."

"Why we'd be happy to spread the news," Pavarti said. "Anything we can do to support the war effort, and Harry...and you of course, Hermione."

It was Hermione's turn to roll her eyes as they reached Madame Pince's desk. She laid the pamphlet down and mouthed a silent "thank-you" to the librarian, as she was standing outside of their moving silence cone.

Harry and Hermione left the library with the two witches attached to their sides. As they walked down the hallway Pavarti asked, "Any particular reason why you were reading that pamphlet, Hermione?"

"Yes," Harry replied brightly. "The two of us were trying to figure out if we could have guilt-free mind-blowing sex inside of a pensieve and still be considered virgins."

Lavender snorted. "There are easier ways than that, you know,"

Harry tried to appear cross. "Did you actually think that I was serious?"

Lavender and Pavarti looked across at each other for a moment before replying (in unison), "Yes."

Harry and Hermione shook their heads with resignation. Hermione then said, "Look Lavender, I will neither confirm or deny our intentions with that book. But on the off chance that you do know something about it, we'd be interested to hear."

"You mean you weren't able to immediately figure out that pensieve-sex still counts?" Lavender asked.

Hermione stopped and stared at Lavender rather incredulously. "How did you know that?"

Lavender shrugged, "Pavarti and I practically memorized that text during fifth year as we looked for ways around it."

"Why whatever for, Lavender dear?" Hermione asked with false sweetness.

Pavarti giggled. "Why, to ensure that our virtue is still intact on our marriage day, silly."

It was Hermione's turn to giggle. "No offense, Pavarti, but after all of the boytalk I've overheard you sharing with Lavender it's hard for me to imagine either of you two passing a betrothal spell test."

Pavarti pouted, "Hermione, I'm disappointed that you think so little of us." Then she winked. "Knowing the ins and outs about how a wizard can be in and out without tripping up that damn betrothal spell is something we've thought about for a while now."

Hermione snorted, while Pavarti grabbed her arm conspiratorially. "Not to change the subject, but we heard a very racy rumor today that you are the proud owner of a transfigured Muggle stapler."

Both Hermione and Harry mentally swore at Tonks. Rudely.

"Ridiculous. Why would I want such a thing?" Hermione asked cautiously.

"Given the supposed size of that monster, what witch wouldn't?" Lavender quipped. She grabbed Harry's arm again and said, "Sorry if we might be talking about you in the third person, Harry." Pavarti and she broke out into loud giggles that bounced off of the cone of silence's invisible walls.

"Is there a point to bringing this unfounded piece of gossip to our attention?" Hermione asked.

"Why yes, I do believe that there is," Lavender replied. But before she had the chance to elaborate they rounded the corner of the hallway and found themselves at the entrance to the Great Hall. A large crowd of students were queued for dinner and the chance to spot them. Someone shouted "There they are!" and all heads turned towards the four Gryffindor students. There was an immediate cacophony of shouts and noises and applause. A bright flash went off, revealing the vantage point that Colin Creevy had staked out with his camera.

"Bugger," swore Harry, under his breath.

Lavender pulled on Harry's arm. "Perhaps we should find another place to continue this conversation?"

Harry nodded, as part of the crowd started to surge towards them. All four turned tail and ran.

He led the three witches down one hallway and then another. Thanking the Fates that this new hallway was empty, he ducked behind a suit of armor and opened one of the secret doors that he'd found using the Marauder's Map.

"Come on," he admonished. They followed him and scrambled into the hidden passageway.

Once Harry closed the door, the passageway was pitch black.

"Hey!" Hermione said sharply as she grabbed a hand. "Whoever is squeezing a bum has caught hold of mine, not Harry's."

"Think I didn't know that, Hermione?" Harry said sweetly in her ear.

Lavender and Pavarti, who wouldn't have minded a little groping of their own, settled for a good giggle as Harry cast a *Lumos* spell to show the way.

After they had traveled fifty feet or so, Hermione decided to pick up the interrupted conversation. "So Lavender, what were you saying about the Betrothal Spell?"

Lavender thought for a moment before remembering her train of thought. "What if we were to tell you," she finally said, "that Pavarti and I have an ironclad way of getting around purity charms?"

I would say that I'm not surprised," Hermione said with a bit of curtness.

"What sort of way would you be talking about?" Harry asked with a bit of curiosity.

"Well," Pavarti replied slowly, as she prepared to set the hook, "it might be that we have the female equivalent of that stapler."

"What would that be?" Hermione snarked. "A transfigured donut?"

"Better," replied Lavender, "A custom-fitted artificial vagina."

"Blechhh," said Hermione.

"You mean one of those anatomically-correct muggle blow-up dolls?" asked Harry.

"No, something much more life-like," Parvarti claimed. "It's an adhesive strip."

"Huh?" asked Harry.

"An adhesive strip doesn't sound very life-like to me," Hermione stated.

"Depends entirely on who it's stuck to, and where," Lavender replied.

Harry turned a corner, and led them to a spiral stone staircase. After a few moments of silent climbing, Harry turned and said, "Okay, so you've caught our attention...what would this adhesive strip have to do with any transfigured stapler Hermione might have?"

"Notice that he isn't denying it, Lav?" Pavarti asked.

"Hard not to," Lavender replied. "Speaking of hard," she said, "Pavarti and I were thinking about an exchange."

"What?" asked Hermione, "You want me to give you the stapler?"

"Oh, no," Lavender replied sweetly. "But thanks for confirming it exists."

Pavarti nodded. "We don't want it...we just want to see it, and maybe transfigure copies, and then we'll show you our Pleasure Strips."

"Pleasure strips?" Hermione asked.

"Copies?" Harry asked.

"Sorry, Hermione, that's what they're called," Pavarti explained.

Harry shook his head. Just how in Merlin's name did he get involved in this conversation? He stopped at the head of the stairs, turned towards Lavender, and asked, "What makes you think that if there was a transfigured stapler that Hermione would be carrying it around with her right now?"

Lavender said nothing in reply. Rather, both she and Pavarti turned and looked expectantly at Hermione. Hermione, for her part, just stared at the ground and bit her lower lip.

"Hermione?" Harry asked.

She looked up at her boyfriend rather guiltily. "Well, you never know when something like that might come in handy," she explained.

Harry shook his head and walked down a new hallway as the laughter echoed around him.

Once things calmed down behind him, Harry asked, "So you two will show us this artificial what-ever, but only if Hermione shows you the stapler?"

Lavender nodded. "Just think of it as 'I'll show you a copy of mine if you show me a copy of yours'."

Harry shook his head. "Fine...just so long as I'm not there to witness the exchange."

"Why Harry," Lavender said as she batted eyebrows. "Just what do you think we'd be doing once we get your stapler and our pleasure strips together?"

Harry didn't dare voice what he was certain they would do, if Hermione let them. "So are you two carrying your strips along too," he asked, "or do we have to go somewhere for you to retrieve them?"

"Oh, Harry, it's not like we wear them all of the time," Pavarti replied sweetly.

"So they're in your dorm room, then?"

The two witches nodded.

Harry turned, put his ear to a bare wall, and after listening for a moment opened a hidden door.

"We're just down the hall from the Fat Lady," Harry stated, as he pointed out the door towards a much more familiar-looking passageway.

Harry stepped out into the hallway and allowed the three witches to pass. As Lavender gave the password Hermione turned, grabbed Harry's hands, and pulled him into a kiss.

"Sure you don't want to see what these two are up to?"

Harry sighed, then shook his head. "I might want to see it sometime if you'll share the memory, but I don't think I want to be a part of it...you run along."

Hermione smiled and gave him another kiss. "Thanks. You know, my wild side might just become good friends with these two....where will you be?"

Harry pulled his invisibility cloak from his rucksack. "Think I'll go find Neville...got a suggestion for him."

Hermione cocked her head. "That suggestion wouldn't involve Susan, would it?"

Harry replied, "She would be so lucky."

"Sure," Hermione agreed, "but the real question is whether Neville will get lucky, right?"

Harry kissed the top of her forehead.

"Go on, they're waiting," he said. "Just remember that I'll want to live vicariously through your memories later on."

"Should that make me less naughty or more naughty?"

"What do you think?"

Hermione looked down at his trousers and smiled. "I think that Mr. Phoenix has already answered for you."

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Harry had a fair idea on what he and Neville would find after he completed his "walk & think" in front of the Room of Requirement - it wasn't the first time he'd been there with thoughts of a quiet place to eat and talk. The Room was sentient enough to know that familiarity lent itself to comfort, and opened the doorway into an unoccupied but cozy-looking pub that Harry knew well.

"Nice place you thought up, Harry," Neville said as they slid into a corner booth.

Harry nodded. "It's the spitting-image of a pub that Ron, Hermione and I like to frequent."

"A quiet bit of the Muggle world when you need a break from the Wizarding one?"

"Something like that," Harry said with a grin. He then called for Dobby.

The house elf appeared instantly, wearing an apron and a bar towel draped over a shoulder. "Yes, Mr. Harry Potter, sir?"

"Something from the kitchens, please, Dobby?" Harry asked.

"Right away, Mr. Harry Potter, sir," Dobby replied. He then asked, "Will Harry Potter's `Mione be joining Mr. Longbottom and Mr. Harry Potter?"

"No, Dobby," Harry replied. "Hermione is spending some time with her dorm mates." He paused, and then said, "Which reminds me...Hermione won't have eaten either...will you please bring something for the three of them to eat to her room?"

Dobby's big eyes grew even larger, and his lower lip began to tremble. "Erm..Mr. Harry Potter, sir...", He looked down and grabbed his ears.

"Dobby," Harry said, "Care to tell me what makes you reluctant to bring Hermione some food?"

Dobby nodded. "Dobby loves Harry Potter's `Mione. Dobby would do anything for her, and bring food to her but..."

"Dobby, have you had some kind of bad experience in their room?"

The house elf bobbed his head somewhere in between a nod and shake. "One time Mr. Harry Potter asks Dobby to bring food to her room, but his `Mione wasn't there. But Miss Brown and Miss Patil were, and...Dobby would be a bad elf to say anything more."

"Dobby," Harry asked with some worry, "Lavender and Pavarti didn't make you *do* anything to them or for them, did they?"

Dobby shook his head. "Oh, no...they were laid down under a bright light, with no clothes on."

"Oh," said Harry. "Were they upset that you popped in on them that way?"

Dobby slowly shook his head again. "No, Harry Potter sir. They's asked Dobby to oil them down and be their `Towel Boy."

Harry laughed. "I don't know if that would qualify as abusive treatment or not...would it be easier if I asked Winky to bring them some food?"

Dobby nodded excitedly. "Thank you, Mr. Harry Potter, Sir, that would be fine."

Harry thought for a moment. "Do you still have that keg of real ale I smuggled into the castle last visit?"

Dobby nodded.

"Then pump out four pints for Neville and me, and have Winky bring a round to the girls."

"What if they don't like Muggle ale?" Neville asked.

Harry thought. "Then bring the extras back here, okay Dobby?"

Dobby nodded, and then disappeared. He returned a moment later with four full pint glasses on a bar tray, which he levitated in between the two young wizards.

Neville grabbed a glass from the tray, then looked at the remaining three and asked, "Are we splitting these, or...?"

Harry snorted as he grabbed a glass with each hand. "Yeah, thought we'd save Dobby from making another trip." Taking a deep breath, then exhaling, he added, "Besides, after these two I'm planning on switching over to firewhiskey."

Neville laughed as he grabbed the other pint. "Long day, then?"

"That would be an understatement," Harry replied. "Amazingly wonderful day, in a lot of ways, but long and eventful." Thinking of his impending visit to the Granger's, he added, "And it's not even close to finished yet."

Neville nodded, thinking better of pressing for details. That his friend had sought him out meant that Harry had something to get off of his chest, but past experience suggested that Harry would want to do it on his terms, and at his own pace. Neville took a sip from his glass, and then decided to prod very, very gently. "Well that would explain the spike in 'Trio rumors' today."

Harry looked at Neville with a bemused expression, just as Dobby returned with two plates of steaming hot pub grub. He thought about fishing the sieve from his pocket, but decided against it. There wasn't time to show him what happened, and he didn't quite trust himself to edit out the more embarrassing personal bits.

"Neville," Harry said, "It's important for you to know what's really going on."

Neville gave Harry a "I'm listening" kind of nod, which encouraged Harry to provide a ten minute summary of the day while they ate...the poison pool, the negotiated deal with the hag, the revised deal with the hag, and the decision that Hermione and he had made to forego the spell-spanking option. While he did mention that all of this had forced Hermione and him to realize their feelings for each other, he left out all of the revealing bits about their bits that had catalyzed their discovery.

Neville listened to the amazing story with rapt attention. Not just because it was a compelling yarn, but because he knew Harry had a reason to be telling him these things. Halfway through the story he figured out where his role might come to play, but said nothing until Harry finished the recap.

"So let me see if I've got this straight," Neville finally said. "You were on the hook for one vial of, erm....'double pure sweat' is what you called it, right?...but then you made a deal to provide five vials of the stuff in exchange for the antidote now, and an extra week's time to collect it."

Harry nodded. "Either five of the 'double pure' stuff, or two of the 'triple pure'...our choice."

"And this 'triple pure' sweat could be collected from either one extra-sweaty virgin wizard warrior, or two normal-sweaty virgin wizard warriors?"

"Yes," Harry acknowledged. "The sweat can only be collected from the time the virgin wizard, erm...enters the witch until the time he comes. Our hope is that with a week's time, and some practice, Hermione and I can stretch that time period out long enough to allow Susan and Luna to collect multiple vials."

"But if you don't last long enough, or if something goes wrong...."

Harry smiled. "Then we'll need another virgin wizard that can cast a corporeal Patronus."

Neville nodded, barely able to contain his excitement, "And that virgin wizard would need to...work...with two virgin witches to get that second vial?"

Harry gave a confirming nod. "Probably three...two to collect the sweat."

"So...have you lined anyone up for the job, yet?" Neville asked off-handedly.

"Erm, no," Harry admitted. "I knew for sure that you and Ron could cast corporeal Patronuses when I made the deal, but I guess I sort of assumed that one or both of you would not only still be a virgin, but would be willing to lose the virginity if need be."

The "if need be" part brought a laugh from Neville, as he drained his first pint and took a healthy nip from his second.

"Harry, you do know that I've only come close to casting a fully-formed Patronus that one time when I worked with you, right?"

Harry nodded. "It was corporeal, though."

"Barely," muttered Neville. He took a draw from his glass, and then added, "All you could tell from looking at it was that it had four legs and was bigger than a breadbox."

"Still," Harry replied, "that's better than most wizards can do. And I'm certain that you could do better with proper motivation."

"If you say so, Harry." Neville thought for a moment, then asked, "So would I need to furnish my own virgin witches, or would they be provided?"

"Neville," Harry said with mock shock, "such a thing to ask!" He then took a dramatic pause before replying. "The whole point about brokering that second deal was to avoid asking anyone to do something that they wouldn't want to do otherwise. Everyone would be working on a completely consensual and voluntary basis."

"So right now," Neville mused, "The cast of characters involves you and Hermione, with Luna and Susan collecting sweat?"

"Yeah," Harry confirmed. "Luna and Ron would be a second couple, but not for a while...it'll be four or five days before Poppy will let him out of the infirmary."

"Thought you had a week?"

"We do," Harry replied. "But during that time, research is needed on the spank-sweat option, and Luna and Susan need to practice collecting, and Hermione and I need some alone time to work on, erm...my control."

Neville chuckled. "So you need a sweaty stand-in, until Ron gets out of the infirmary?"

"You'd be far more than a stand in," Harry replied. "There some work to be done with the spell-spanking that I want no part of. You might be the star of that show, if it suits your fancy."

"But you wouldn't need me to be the back-up virgin with Ron and Luna available, right?"

Harry snorted. "Again, I'm not sure. I assumed that you and Ron were qualified, erm...virgins, but I never really did confirm that point with Ron...imagine I should confirm that you're...erm...qualified as well."

"What do you mean, Harry," Neville said with a smile. "You've seen my Patronus."

"You know exactly what I mean," Harry replied.

"Yes, Harry," Neville replied. "As much as it pains me to say it, your assumptions about my love life, or lack thereof, were correct."

"And that's something you'd be willing to change?"

"What teen-aged wizard wouldn't?"

"Erm...Colin Creevy?"

"Good point," Neville snickered. "Not that there's anything wrong with that."

"Agreed."

"So about my earlier question, then," Neville asked. "You and Hermione are together...congratulations, by the way, about time you wised up...and Luna and Ron are a couple, but me and, well...who?"

"Ah, yes..." Harry agreed. "The million galleon question." He gave his good friend an appraising look. "Neville," he asked, "do you know just how much you've taken to your leadership role within the DA?"

"Nothing that I could have done without your help," Neville admitted.

"Don't sell yourself short," Harry replied. "I haven't been around the Castle much this autumn, but I have noticed how well you carry yourself during the training sessions. Hermione has too."

"Really?"

"Yes, and if what Hermione's told me is true, she's not the only witch in the group to have noticed your transformation into a tough and buff wizard."

"You're putting me on, Harry."

"No, no...I'm not, really. Look, it's not for me to notice these things...I'm that clueless git that took forever to realize how much Hermione and I fancied each other, right? But she's said that...well, maybe you should tell me. Are there one or two witches that you might fancy...ones that you've spent some extra time with arms around them making sure that their wand movements are correct?"

Neville hemmed and hawed for a moment before admitting, "Maybe."

"And maybe if we were to ask Susan Bones, Lavender and Parvati to consider working with you that the one you might fancy would be on that list?"

Neville smiled. "I'd say more than `might' fancy, Harry." After a moment, he added, "and maybe more than one." He then frowned, adding "But wouldn't these witches need to be virgins as well?"

"Yes," Harry replied. "they would...but you've never been one to believe the rumor mill, right?"



Certainly not."

"Good, then," said Harry. He added, "Anyone else I should include in that list?"

Neville paused for a moment and thought. "Well, maybe...Padma Patil...just in case?"

Harry smiled as he nodded and looked down at his watch. "It's half-six, no time like the present." He quickly took a quill and some parchment from his rucksack and scrawled out messages to Hermione, Luna and Susan. He then called for Dobby, and asked him to deliver the messages with Winky's help.

Five minutes later Hermione entered the room with Lavender and Parvati. Harry and Neville stood to greet them.

"Thanks for the food and drink, Harry," Hermione said brightly, as she placed her hands on his hips and gave him a kiss that elicited giggles from the other two witches.

"My pleasure," Harry replied, as he allowed Hermione to scoot past him into the booth.

"Yes, Neville," added Lavender, "you two were very thoughtful." She grabbed Neville's hand and gave him a chaste kiss on the cheek as she slid into the booth opposite Harry and Hermione. Neville stood gobsmacked and blushing, forcing Parvati to push him into the booth next to Lavender. She then scooted into the booth on Neville's other side.

"So how was your little talk?" Harry asked.

"Very revealing," Lavender quipped.

"I'd say more breathtaking than revealing," Parvati added.

"We imagine you might think so as well," said Lavender, giving Harry a wink.

Harry closed his eyes and shook his head slightly in resignation. "Helpful all around, then?" he asked, with a glance towards Hermione.

She smiled. "You'll see that it was very helpful."

Harry left it at that, as just then Susan Bones arrived. A moment later Luna arrived from Ravenclaw Tower with Parvati's twin sister. Harry enlarged the booth and had Dobby bring a round of ales and butterbeers. The newly arrived witches all offered Harry and Hermione their congratulations, which Harry accepted with some amount of bashfulness.

After a few more minutes of chit-chat, Susan decided to cut to the chase. "So, Harry, you mentioned in your note that there were some things that needed to be discussed and planned?"

Harry nodded. "So there are, ladies...Neville, would you please join me out on the dance floor?"

The request brought some laughs and cat-calls as the two young wizards scooted out of the booth and stood before the group of teen-aged witches.

"I'm betting that all of you have at least a rough idea of what's happened today, and I'm trusting that Luna and Susan will be able to fill you in on the details while Hermione and I are away from the castle."

"You mean we won't have Hermione's help with the arithmanic equations?" Luna asked.

"No," Hermione said. "Harry and I will be out of the country for a few days."

"Really?" Harry asked.

Hermione nodded. "Later, Harry."

His "Yes, dear," reply drew giggles and grins from his audience.

"So, as Hermione and I will be gone, we need to ask some or all of you to help pick up the slack with the tasks at hand."

Susan squinted a bit and cocked her head to one side. "Ahh...so I take it that Neville is the mystery virgin gladiator?"

Harry nodded while Neville looked down at the floor self-consciously.

"So you're assuming that while you're gone that he'll stand in your place, and that we'll..."

Harry shook his head. "No, Susan, I'm not assuming anything. I just thought that I bring you all together to lay out the possibilities. It'll be up to any or all of you to decide what to do from there."

Lavender Brown looked at the two wizards with circumspection. "Well, are you certain that all of us are qualified?"

Harry snickered. "Fair question, Lavender. I can't cast the betrothal charm to prove everyone's virginity, but perhaps Neville can demonstrate that he's a powerful enough wizard for the job?"

Neville looked at Harry rather sharply. "What are you doing?" he asked Harry out of the corner of his mouth.

Harry smiled, then leaned forward to whisper something into Neville's ear. Whatever he said brought a smile to Neville's lips, and he nodded. Neville took a few steps away from Harry, drew his wand, and after five seconds of closed-eyed concentration, yelled out, "*Expecto Patronum!*"

A corporeal life-sized Siberian tiger sprang out of Neville's wand-tip and let out a roar that drew "oohs" and "aaahs" from his audience. The tiger turned towards Neville and bowed his head slightly, before running a lap about the room just over everybody's head.

Neville looked just as surprised as everyone else.

Harry smiled as he drew his wand and summoned his own corporeal Patronus. The stag that leapt from his wand tip trotted over and lowered his antlered head to the tiger's. A few seconds later the stag raised its head back up and the tiger roared once more. The tiger then proudly sauntered over towards the witches, stopping in a hover a few feet over the table. It then sat back on its haunches and swished its tail over Susan Bones's head.

When the witches all looked up, Lavender, whose head was directly under the feline's belly, cried out, "Titan's testicles! Neville's tiger is hung like a horse!"

This observation elicited confirmatory expressions of appreciation from the other witches.

"Wow, Neville," Susan said, "when you produce a fully-formed Patronus you produce a **fully-formed** Patronus."

Harry chuckled. "And you know what they say, Susan, about a wizard with a well-endowed Patronus."

Parvati snorted as she stole a glance over at Harry's stag. "By Merlin he's right. Lavender...compare Harry's stag with Hermione's stapler!"

"Stapler?" asked Padma. "I thought that Hermione's Patronus was an otter."

Parvati reached over and grabbed her sister's arm, with a promise to explain later. Meanwhile, Susan began ogling Neville Longbottom in an entirely new light.

An alarm chime sounded from Harry's wristwatch. He glanced down, then announced, "I'm sorry we can't stay and chat, but Hermione and I are needed elsewhere....Luna, can I place the continuation of this conversation in your hands?"

Luna smiled and nodded her head, saying that that it might be better to have Susan's hands wrapped around the conversation, so that they couldn't be roaming elsewhere. Harry laughed out loud, then clapped an astonished-looking Neville on the back.

"Good luck, mate...not that I think you'll need it."

Hermione and Harry then left the room and started to make their way to the Headmistress's office. Along the way, Hermione asked, "Just what did you say to Neville to make his Patronus shine?"

Harry chuckled. "I suggested that instead of thinking about the happiest experience in the past that he concentrate on just how happy he *would* be if he were to get sweaty with any or all of the other girls."

Hermione shook her head in wonder and smiled. "Harry, I'm starting to get seriously worried about your Slytherin side."

"I thought you liked my snake."

"Prat." A beat later Hermione asked, "So is Neville really well-hung?"

"How would I know?"

"Well," Hermione reasoned, "You do have gang showers in the boy's dormitories, right?"

Harry snorted. "Okay...I'm confident enough to bypass the indignation...but it's not like I've ever seen him, erm...excited."

"But if you extrapolated from soft to hard, maybe using Mr. Phoenix for comparison?"

Harry thought for a moment. "Well if that's the case, then I'd say that that the maxim I made up about a wizard and his Patronus actually holds true for Neville."

Hermione smiled. "Thought so."

Harry tried to change the topic. "So I take it from Parvati's comments to Padma that you showed them the stapler?"

Hermione shrugged. "It was part of the deal."

"And, erm...were copies made?"

Hermione used the hand not entwined in his to grab his arm in reassurance. "Don't worry, Harry...you'll see. They thought it was amazing."

"I'm more worried about what they'll *do* with it, rather than what they *think* of it."

What...afraid that they'll go into the magical dildo business?"

"No."

"Come to think of it, it would be a very profitable enterprise," Hermione teased. "That stapler would be a very popular model...you could even provide an endorsement."

"Yeah right...I can see it now...witches lined up wanting me to autograph their copies."

"No worries there...they wouldn't want the ink to wear off in the wrong place."

Harry shook his head and sighed.

"Of course," Hermione continued, "Lav and Parvati might want to diversify. Wouldn't put it past them to have a full-scale Neville version by night's end."

"Oh great," snarked Harry. "Why don't you suggest that they get copies of all the great wizard's wands...witches could start trading them like Chocolate Frog cards!"

Hermione nodded, as if she were seriously considering his comment. "They'd need some catchy marketing, though."

"What, the product isn't good enough to sell itself?"

"Oh, of course it is, Harry...just that they'd sell better with distinct model names."

"What, something like *The Phoenix*?"

Hermione shook her head. "That's my pet nickname Harry...I wouldn't dream of lending it out."

"Well, that's reassuring."

"Better just to call it something like the *Harry 2000*."

Harry snorted. "Well if you're going to rip-off broom names the *Neville 2000* has a better ring to it."

Hermione smiled. "Now you're getting into the spirit, Harry."

"So instead of riding on a *Nimbus*, witches would be encouraged to ride on a *Neville*?"

"Why not?" Hermione asked. "I'd daresay that I'd rather ride on Mr. Phoenix than on a broom any day of the week."

"That can be easily arranged, you know."

"Yes, Harry, I know." Hermione then stopped in the middle of the hallway and pulled him into a tongue-probing kiss. When she pulled back to catch her breath, she asked, "Just promise me one thing, Harry,"

"What's that?"

Hermione cooed as she brought her lips next to his ear and whispered.

"A very bumpy ride."

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It was 10:30pm later that night when Hermione led Harry to the guest bedroom in her parent's home, having been at the Grangers for a little more than a half-hour's time. They'd suffered through a tedious meeting of nearly the entire Hogwarts staff, convened by the Headmistress to discuss exactly what to do about the sweat collection needs. Harry quickly saw the benefits of independent action, as Professor Slughorn, Professor Vector and Madame Pomfrey all jockeyed for control of the sweat research. He finally had stood and stated that he and Hermione were needed elsewhere, and would be away for most of the week. Harry suggested that in their absence, any decisions made by the staff should be discussed with Neville, Susan and Luna. He then dragged Hermione away from the table before she or anyone on the staff had time to object.

A short brisk ride on his Firebolt took Harry and Hermione outside of the Hogwarts wards, where they apparated to The Leaky Cauldron. Hermione used the bar's floo connection to make a private call, telling Harry only that she'd explain after he saw her pensieve memory. They then took a short cab ride to the Tower, where they had a car parked for under-the-magical-radar transit. With the city's street long past rush hour, it only took thirty minutes time for Hermione to drive them to her parent's suburban residence.

Harry's fears for a chilly reception at her parent's house turned out to be totally unfounded. He thought that it might have helped that, after they had explained (in a highly edited manner) all that had transpired since the morning, he had asked to talk with Mr. Granger privately. During that conversation, Harry asked for his permission to "court" his daughter. Roger Granger mentioned it somewhat odd to be asking permission to court a girl he was already living with, but said that Harry's concern meant a lot to him. He even congratulated Harry for his newly admitted relationship with his daughter.

It was her father's words that were the front of Harry's thoughts when he noted, "Well that went better than I thought."

"I'm not surprised, they both really do love you like a son, you know."

"Yeah, I know," he replied, as he bent over to open the enlarged overnight bag and removed his change of clothes and bathroom kit. "It's kind of nice, actually."

Hermione smiled as he sat next to her and pulled him into a kiss and embrace.

"Hey!" Harry said with mock seriousness after they broke contact. Taking care to observe a parental request, he whispered, "Not with the door open, you minx."

"Oh you're no fun."

"Well if that's what it takes to keep me in your parent's good graces," Harry replied, "then call me Mr. Boring." He then stood up straight and retrieved his pensieve from his pocket. Enlarging it with his wand, Harry asked, "So is it 'later' yet, Hermione?"

She smiled as she pulled out her wand. "Oh, I suppose so."

"Should I call Dobby?"

"That's okay," Hermione replied, as she focused her thoughts. She pulled a silvery strand from her temple and cast it into the pensieve, which Harry had set on the bed. "I'll keep watch while you dive in."

"Awww," Harry pouted. "Don't want to do some pensieve-petting?"

"I didn't say that," Hermione replied. "You were the one worrying about what my parents might think if they walked by...need I remind you what the two of us looked like after we pensieved this afternoon?"

"Good point." Harry then waggled his eyebrows. "Anything you want to disclose before I see it with my own eyes?"

"Just what do you think we did, Harry?"

"Well, you were asking about being naughty."

"Oh, please," Hermione replied. "File those three-way girl-on-girl-on-girl ideas away in your dreams."

"Who says they aren't already there?"

"Perv."

"Tease."

"Go," Hermione commanded, "before I fish that memory out."

"Yes, Dear," Harry replied, earning him a swat on the arm as he turned his focus to the pensieve's bowl.

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Harry's field of view slowly resolved to reveal a space that was similar in size and layout (if not decor) to his own seventh year dormitory...a bit more pink, and a lot less Quidditch on the walls. Hermione, Lavender and Parvati were spread out within a small sitting area that consisted of a couch, club chair and low table. It looked as if they were sitting where a four-poster bed should have been, and a brightly lit vanity sat in lieu of a desk, leading Harry to conclude that Hermione had allowed her dorm-mates to make use of her space.

An open bottle of firewhiskey and half-filled glasses in the hands of each of the three witches suggested that they'd been drinking even before Harry had sent the round of ales to their room. Lavender and Parvati had also taken the liberty of shedding their school robes, and traded their uniforms for flannel pajama bottoms, fluffy slippers and hoodies.

He watched as pensieve-Hermione put her glass down onto the low table and got the ball rolling.

"Alright, you two," Hermione said. "I should warn you that I intend to share a pensieved memory of everything from this point on with Harry. You should act and talk as if he's in the room with us, because in a way he will be."

"You mean he's got a pensieve like a barrister or the DMLE?" asked Parvati, who had heard wireless dramas describe such things on the WWW.

"Even better," replied Hermione. "He's got Dumbledore's big pensieve...the kind that you can dive into, and walk around in."

Lavender thought for a moment. "Does that mean he can open up my knickers drawer and take a peek inside?"

"No," Hermione replied. "He can't manipulate anything that's part of the memory, so he'd only be able to see what's in plain sight."

"Well then, we'll have to fix that," Lavender said with a wink, as she lept up and dashed over to the other side of the room. She opened the top drawer of her dresser, pulled out a lacy black bra in one hand, a teal-colored silk slip in the other, and shouted, "**Here you go, Harry, have a good look!**"

Hermione shook her head and sighed. "No need to shout, Lavender...he'll be able to hear you just fine. Even if you whispered, he can walk up right next to your lips to listen."

"Really?"

"Sure," Hermione replied. "He could even walk inside you, as if he were one of the ghosts."

"And see what I could see with my eyes?" Lavender asked.

Hermione nodded. "He can even see what I can't right now...the pensieve memory will show him the entire room, and not just my field of vision."

Lavender smiled, then dropped her undergarments onto the floor, and pulled the waistband of her pajamas out in front of her. Looking down, she announced, "**Good view of the knickers I'm wearing and more, if you want, Harry.**"

Hermione coughed loudly, stood and turned to face her dorm mate squarely, with hands on hips. "You didn't forget what I said about any witch that wanted to replace my hand with hers, did you Lavender?"

"Of course, I didn't," Lavender said sweetly as she winked at Parvati and let the waistband snap back.. "Just having a bit of fun."

Parvati smiled as she took her friend's cue and, with Hermione's back turned, grabbed her sweatshirt-covered breasts and pinched her nipples for the invisible audience of one. She then dropped her hands innocently back down to her lap before winking back at Lavender and adding, "Yeah, Hermione, just a bit of fun."

"Any particular reason why you two would want to tease Harry?" Hermione asked.

Lavender smiled. "Oh, we're not teasing Harry, Hermione...we're teasing *you*."

"Yeah," added a smiling Parvati, "You're so much easier to fluster now that you've got a boyfriend to protect."

Hermione shook her head as reached for her glass of firewhiskey and emptied it. Realizing that it was her third drink of the day, she wondered if circumstances prompted the firewhiskey, or the other way around.

"Okay, you two, we did come up here to do more than gossip and drink?"

"We did?" Lavender asked.

"Yes, Lavender, we did...now, you two were talking about your `Pleasure Strips'?"

"And you were talking about your transfigured stapler?"

Hermione nodded as she opened her enlarged rucksack. Looking up and noticing that the other two hadn't moved, she insisted that the displays occur simultaneously. Lavender and Parvati sighed before they retrieved fist-sized golden boxes out of their chest of drawers. Returning to the sofa, they laid the boxes down on the table. Hermione did the same with her rucksack, and on the count of three each witch revealed her treasure.

Pensieve-Harry's eyes followed the phallus as Lavender snatched it from the table and shared a careful and caressing inspection with Parvati. His focus thus distracted, he didn't see Hermione reach into the boxes and pull out two thin flesh-colored strips of material and spread them out on the table. By the time he did notice, Hermione had already cast several diagnostic spells on the two objects, and was presently prodding one of the two strips with the tip of her wand.

Harry got down onto his hands and knees and crawled into the table's image to get a better view of the strips. He quickly realized that Lavender and Parvati had accurately described them: three-dimensional anatomically correct representations of a female's vagina. And based on the differences in labia size, shape and skin color, Harry bet that each wasn't just any old vagina, but a hairless full-scale model of their owner's real bits.

He watched with fascination as Hermione laid Lavender's strip down onto the table top and spread the faux outer labia with her wand tip. When she gave a tentative push, the wand tip disappeared without resistance, only to reappear when Hermione quickly pulled it back out.

Hermione smiled in realization as she pushed the wand back in, this time halfway down its shaft. Harry, who had yet to share that realization, ducked his head down under the table to see where the wand went, only to find an undisturbed undersurface. Amazed, he popped his head back up to find that Hermione had picked up Lavender's Pleasure Strip with one hand, and was pumping her wand in and out of the strip with the other. Again Harry noticed that the back side of the strip showed no disturbance as the wand disappeared.

Hermione then interrupted Pensieve-Harry's thoughts with a question. "Can I steal you two away from my stapler long enough to answer some questions?"

Lavender noticed what Hermione had been doing and quipped, "Well it didn't take you long to figure that out...do you want me to provide the sound effects that go along with that motion?"

"No thank you," Hermione replied. "I've heard you making those kind of sounds before."

Parvati chuckled. "So what do you want to know, Hermione?"

"I guess my first question is where does the wizard's wand go when he slips it inside these things?"

The other two witches looked at other and shrugged, before Parvati admitted, "Haven't a clue."

"Haven't a clue?" Hermione asked incredulously. "Do you know what the insides of these fake vaginas most likely are?"

"No."

"They're probably either portals into a parallel universe, or worm-holes to a different part of our universe."

Lavender and Parvati looked at each other and shrugged again.

"So?"

"So?...So when a wizard sticks his willie inside it's probably appearing out of thin air in that other world!"

Parvati thought for a moment, then asked, "And?"

"And? And what would you do if all of a sudden a disembodied penis appeared right in front of your face?"

"Erm....give it a good firm shake?"

"And what if you were a carnivore, rather than a witch?"

"Hmmm....guess it'd depend on how hungry I was."

"Exactly!" Hermione cried out. "Don't either of you care about the possibility of a boy losing something rather important inside one of these things?"

Parvati shrugged. "Well, Poppy has helped more than one boy whose bits have been hexed off before, hasn't she?"

"Besides," Lavender added, "it did come with a money-back guarantee."

"Oh, I'm sure that'd be comforting to the wizard in question," Hermione snarked back. After a bit of scowling, she calmed down to ask a few more basic questions.

"So where did you get these things?"

"South India," Parvati replied. "From a witch that works at my uncle's wizard resort in Kerala State."

Hermione nodded, recalling that Lavender had accompanied Parvati during a visit her relatives that past summer. "So your uncle helped you get these?"

"Oh, no," Parvati replied with a smile. "It was Mum that arranged all of it."

"Your mum?"

"Sure," Parvati said. "Maintaining one's technical virginity is even more important in India than it is here in England...these things have been used as protective devices for more than two hundred years."

Lavender added, "Her mum talked to mine, and both figured out that with the uncertainties of the war that the Hogwarts broom closets would be busier than normal this autumn." She shrugged her shoulders. "Guess they decided that this was an effective safeguard."

Parvati nodded, adding, "It's also the ultimate in 'safe sex' devices."

Hermione snorted. "So does the guy even know?"

Parvati smiled. "Boys are clueless to begin with, but why don't you judge for yourself?"

"How?"

"By using a finger instead of that wand, you silly girl."

Hermione initially cringed at the idea, but got over her insecurities with thoughts of objectiveness and scientific inquiry. She put her wand down, and with a great deal of caution inserted the tip of her index finger.

She jumped when Lavender let out a loud moan.

"Oh, that's not funny," Hermione said, after she realized she was being teased again. She had her answer with only a fingertip's worth of observation, but pushed in and up to her second knuckle just to be sure.

"It feels just like it should feel," she said with amazement. "Even the angle is right."

"Of course it is," Parvati replied. "That's the top of the line model. Custom made and fitted."

Hermione nodded as she compared the two strips. "I can see the differences in the details." She then noticed that Parvati's model was longer than Lavender's. "So what's with the extra length?" she asked Parvati.

Lavender jumped in with the reply “Parvati's mum sprung for the super-deluxe extended version.”

“Extended?”

Lavender gave Hermione a wicked grin. “It has an extra hole.”

Hermione paused for a beat before letting out an “Ewww!”

“Oh Hermione, don't be so prudish,” Parvati teased. “After all, that extra hole is why the thing was invented in the first place.”

“How so?”

Lavender snickered. “The story goes that the first strip was created by a witch whose wizard husband wanted to have anal sex.”

“Oh, that makes sense,” Hermione replied. She then smiled, and asked, “So do they come with instructions on when to fake cry in pain and how to walk stiffly afterwards?”

“Oh sure,” Parvati said saucily. “They have a class for that after the final fitting.”

“Really?”

“No.”

Hermione laughed a bit at her own innocence, then asked. “Is there a reason why they're hairless?”

“Makes for a tighter fit,” Parvati replied.

“Do you really use adhesive then?”

“Just the magical kind,” Parvati replied. “Whole point is the avoidance of pain, right?”

“Well, that and deception,” Lavender added with a grin.

Hermione gave Lavender's strip a closer look. “So does it mold itself over the real curves and ridges?”

“Absolutely,” Parvati replied enthusiastically. “Tight enough for the guy never to know the difference, even when his face is buried.”

“Want me to demonstrate?” Lavender asked.

“Erm, no, that's quite unnecessarily,” Hermione replied. “So the tongue disappears too,” she decided, before asking, “And you really don't feel anything when the wand is pumping away?”

“Just the external pressure,” Lavender replied. “Like someone's giving you a good rub through your knickers.”

Another question popped into her head. “So if the witch that's wearing one of these really doesn't feel any internal friction from entry, why is it called a ‘Pleasure Strip’?”

“Oh, that's talking about the wizard's pleasure.”

“But he really shouldn't notice the difference, should he?”

“Well sure, if it's a custom job that's attached to a witch in the right place. But think about some wizard stuck out in the middle of nowhere without a witch in sight and with urges that need fulfilling.”

“What?” Hermione asked. “So a wizard will buy a generic version of one of these to replace or instead of the real thing?”

“Sure,” Lavender replied. “Why not? It isn't any different than a witch who buys a dildo, right?”

“Erm, guess I never thought of it that way.”

Lavender smiled, saying, “All's fair in love and sex toys.”

At that moment Winky appeared in the room with a tray of food. The memory began to fade just as the three witches put their toys away to make room for their dinners, and a moment later Harry found himself pulled back into the guest bedroom.

“Welcome back,” Hermione said. She was lying on the bed with her torso propped up by her elbows.

“Good to be home,” Harry replied with a smile, as he tilted the bowl towards Hermione and she retrieved her memory. As Harry shrunk down the pensieve she asked, “So did you learn anything?”

“Other than it's impossible to tell whether Lavender's carpet matches her drapes?”

“Yes,” Hermione said, “other than that.”

Well, it sounds like a fun toy....if you can get your hands on one."

"Lavender offered to lend me hers."

"Ugghhh," Harry replied, "You did politely decline, of course?"

Hermione reached over and pulled Harry's head into an embrace. "Of course I did, silly...no real need to, after that floo call I made."

"I suppose you booked a vacation for the two of us to visit India for a few days?"

"Better than that...I got Parvati's mum to see if she could jump the year-long queue of witches waiting for their own fitting."

"Really? So how long would it take?"

"Oh, only a day or so...we leave tomorrow afternoon, right after my doctor's appointment."

"How'd you manage that?"

"Mr. Patil's high up in the Indian wizard consulate. He's going to arrange for us to use their open portkey connection between London and Delhi."

"So if it only takes a day for the fitting, when are we coming back?"

"Five days from now."

"And we'll use those extra days to..."

"To practice, of course," Hermione said with a smile.

"So when do we pack?"

"Oh, no need to pack anything," Hermione replied. "It's an all-inclusive resort, right down to the robes and sandals."

Harry pouted. "So does that mean you won't be bringing the green thong?"

Hermione smiled. "The beach there is clothing-optional."

Harry let out a soft laugh. "Perfect for the budding exhibitionist."

"Is that a complaint?"

Harry kissed Hermione on the forehead. "Most certainly not."



## The Sweat of a Gladiator Ch 8: Co-Ed Naked Dueling Club

A bracing wind hit Tonks and Moony as they opened one of the castle's rear doors on the morning of the sixth day after Ron's accident.

"Still wonder why those two didn't want to meet at the front gates," Tonks said.

Lupin spotted Hogwarts's Groundskeeper walking towards them with two large paddles in his hand and smiled. "Perhaps they sent Hagrid a less cryptic message."

"Mornin'" the half-giant said, once he closed the distance. "Fine day for a bit o' flyin', isn't it?"

"Only if you're a penguin," Tonks snarked as she pulled her hood closer to her face.

As the three scanned the southern horizon a large BOOM crackled through the air above the castle. Tonks and Remus crouched and pulled their wands as a shimmering ellipsoid rushed over their heads. They tracked the blur as it raced out over the Forbidden Forest, and banked into a graceful arc that brought it on a return path towards the castle.

Tonks stole a glance at the half-giant standing next to her and swore. Hagrid hadn't flinched a bit, and was sporting a wide grin as he raised the paddles above his head and began waving them back and forth. Apparently his message *was* more detailed.

When the elongate orb of air cleared the edge of the forest's treetops it shimmered brightly, revealing something that you didn't see everyday, even within a magical world:

Snakes on a motorcycle. Wearing sunglasses.

Tonks took aim at the sight of a man-sized King Cobra maneuvering the flying machine, only to have Remus pull down her arm. When she turned to ask why he simply explained, "That's Sirius's bike."

Tonks shook her head in a bit of frustrated disgust as she turned back to watch the "snake" with four arms, four legs and an extra head steer the bike into a silent and smooth landing.

The passenger released her grip on the driver's torso and pulled back the hood of her snakeskin jacket. A cascade of sun-kissed brown curls settled out around a deeply-tanned face that was accented by black wrap-around Oakleys and a diamond nose stud. As the driver set the kickstand she jumped off the bike, pushed her sunglasses up onto her forehead, and gave the welcoming party a brilliant smile.

"Hey guys," Hermione called out.

"That's a rather Slytherin entrance, isn't it?" Tonks called back, as she, Remus and Hagrid walked towards the couple.

That got a laugh from Harry as he swung his leg over the seat and pulled the snake head-shaped hood back from his face.

"Better snakeskin than griffon feathers, eh?"

Tonks chuckled as she closed the distance and gave Hermione a hug.

"Look at you, all pierced-out and leathered-up," she exclaimed, as she dragged her hands down the supple leather sleeve. Both teens wore close-fitting hooded jackets and skin-tight dark-brown trousers. Harry's jacket looked like the material had come straight from the head and hood of a huge snake.

"Where in Merlin's name did'ya get them clothes?"

"Picked them up in India," Harry replied nonchalantly, "from a Naga that didn't need the material anymore."

Remus shook his head and chuckled. "Nagas, Harry? Thought you two were supposed to be on vacation?"

Harry laughed. "Yeah, we did too...but you know how it is, trouble just seems to follow wherever I go."

"Aren't Nagas supposed to be even more resistant to magic than dragons?" Tonks asked.

Harry shrugged his shoulders and nodded.

"So how did you manage that, Harry?" Remus asked.

Harry smiled as he drew the hood back over his head, drew the Sword of Gryffindor from its hidden scabbard, and poked it through a small gash in the top of the hood.

"Decided to keep it simple," Harry explained. "Through the mouth and up into the brains worked with the basilisk, so..."

"Sounds like a story t' tell o'er spot o' tea," Hagrid commented.

"Another time, Hagrid, we promise," Hermione replied. "Right now we've got unfinished business inside the castle."

"Fair enough," the half-giant replied with a roguish grin.

Harry threw a set of keys Hagrid. "Besides," he said, "Thought you might want to check out the tinkering that was done on the motorbike."

Remus snorted. "I was wondering about that," he said. "Don't remember Sirius ever traveling that fast."

"He could have," Hermione replied with a smile, "if he had been strong enough to hold on during the ride."

"Either that," Harry added, with a grin, "or if he'd managed to get himself engaged to the smartest witch of *his* generation."

Tonks let out an involuntary shriek. "Engaged?" she cried out. She immediately reached out for Hermione's hand.

"Harry, that was supposed to be a secret," Hermione said, in a reproach that was softened by a warm smile. Shaking her head in resignation, Hermione tapped her wand on the back of her hand and muttered an incantation that revealed (if only for a few seconds) an obscenely huge red star sapphire surrounded by eight flawless quarter-caret diamonds.

After hugs and handshakes all around, Harry and Hermione once again promised Hagrid to tell their tale at a later time. The half-giant started the motorbike and sped off and up into the air as the other four headed back towards the castle.

"Engaged, huh?" Remus asked. "Don't think you're doing anything hasty, do you?"

"Erm...not really," Hermione said cautiously. "We've had more time to consider it than you might think."

"Oh," Remus replied, with a bit of confusion. Deciding to resolve that point later he then asked, "So how was the flight up?"

"A bit long," Harry replied. "Four hours was enough to stiffen my leg back up."

"Four hours?" Remus asked. "But that's how long it used to take Sirius to get from here to London."

"Four hours from India," Harry explained. "Oh, and Hermione and I did stop for lunch in Istanbul."

"India?" Tonks asked. "Why didn't you just portkey?"

"Erm...gained a little more notoriety down there," Harry explained. "There was some concern that using the Indian ministry's long-distance portkey for the return trip wouldn't have been safe."

Remus raised an eyebrow. "Notoriety for the same kind of reasons, Harry?"

The young wizard shrugged. "Again, it's a rather long story."

"So how have things been here?" Hermione asked, hoping to change the topic.

Tonks snorted. "A bit chaotic, no thanks to you two," she replied. "Between the faculty all puzzling over your sweat equations and the students starting a business based on sweat and spanking spells and corporeal patronuses..."

Harry snickered. "So you were right about presenting a strong incentive, eh?"

Remus shook his head. "And then some....talk about stories to tell."

"Yeah," Tonks chimed in with an evil-looking grin, "Especially the part where Remus got his sweat scraped by a virgin witch."

"You, Remus?" Hermione asked with surprise. "Thought there'd be some pretty strong rules about students and staff doing that sort of thing."

"There are," Tonks replied with a wink. "I said 'virgin witch,' not 'virgin student witch'."

"That's enough, Nymphadora," Remus said with a scowl.

"So who was it, Remus?" Harry asked brightly.

"Never you mind."

"Oh, come on, Remus," Tonks chided, "it was all in the name of magical inquiry." She turned to the two students and said not so *sotto voce*, "Let's just say that there was ample opportunity for his bum to be 'pince'd'."

Harry let out a belly laugh that forced him to stop and lean down on his favored leg. "Oh....that's funny, and...and that hurts a bit."

“Serves you right,” Remus muttered. As they had reached the castle entrance Remus asked, “It’s still a bit before lunch...at least in our time zone... any immediate plans you two?”

Harry nodded. “Imagine I should make my way to the infirmary...got an inch worth of medical notes for Poppy to pour over, and some doting to endure.”

“And I need to find Luna and Susan,” Hermione added. “Shall we split up and meet in the Great Hall in an hour?”

“Sounds good to me,” Tonks said. “I want to hear all about how he proposed to you along the way.” After Hermione gave Harry a good-bye kiss, Tonks excitedly grabbed her arm and pulled her down a ground-floor hallway.

Remus closed his eyes for a second and shook his head. “Harry, I do hope you didn’t set the bar *too* high for the rest of us.”

“Tonks dropping hints, then?” Harry asked with a smile, as the two made their way towards the infirmary.

“Dragon-sized ones,” Moony replied, with a tight-lipped grin.

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Harry was glad to see that Ron was no longer an infirmary patient as he limped over to his usual bed and took a seat. Remus confirmed that the red-haired teen had been discharged, noting that neither he nor Luna had been seen much over the previous twenty-four hours.

When Remus called to Madame Pomfrey she bustled out from her office and scowled at the sight of her favorite and most frequent patient.

“Mr. Potter, what is it this time?” she asked. She didn’t wait for an answer as she drew her wand out and began casting diagnostic spells.

“Snake-bite,” Harry replied simply.

“I see,” Poppy replied. “And just when did this happen?”

“Erm...real time, or body time?” Harry asked.

That brought a snap to the necks of both Remus and Poppy. “Both.” The nurse school nurse replied, not bothering to wonder how Harry’s exploits made the question relevant.

“Well...both four days ago and four months ago.”

“Didn’t you break all of the time turners a couple of years ago?” Remus asked.

Harry shrugged. “We broke all of the *British* ones.”

“At least that makes sense, given the readings you’re showing,” Poppy stated. “Right then, let’s see what they did with the wound.”

Harry nodded and began undoing his trousers. But then he stopped, after remembering just how little he was wearing underneath.

“Come now, Mr. Potter, don’t tell me you’ve become shy all of a sudden, what with the sweat that will need collecting.”

“Erm...no Ma’am,” Harry replied rather reluctantly. He then pulled his trousers down to his ankles, revealing the briefest of red silk briefs (closer in cut to a thong than boxers).

Remus stifled a laugh, and promised himself to save the chiding for later. Poppy was more interested in the two fist-sized scars on his left thigh spread almost a foot apart. “What sort of snake could do this?” she asked.

“Erm...this one,” Harry said, as he lifted the hood of his jacket back over his head. For emphasis he pulled a six-inch long fang from his pocket and held it up to where it used to be attached.

When Madame Pomfrey gasped, Harry patted *her* shoulder for comfort. “Better that I’m wearing *him* than the other way around, eh?” He then handed her the medical records that the Indian healers had sent along, as well as a vial of the anti-venom potion that he had been given. With strict orders not to move from his bed until she returned, Poppy took the notes and potions back to her office for review.

Remus helped Harry pull his trousers up, asking, “So, Harry...your choice in clothing, or your fiancée’s?”

“Hermione’s, thank you very much,” Harry replied.

Remus waved towards Harry’s thigh. “So with all this...did you two have any time to, erm...do what you had planned to do while you were away?”

Harry smiled. “A bit,” he said. “Not as much as I’d have liked to, but...”

“Enough said,” Remus replied.

Harry nodded, then couldn’t resist asking, “So, Madame Pince, eh?”

Remus shook his head a bit and closed his eyes at the memory. “In the name of magical inquiry, they said...if you ask me Tonks just wanted an

excuse to have me learn that blasted spanking spell.”

“Thought you two were well beyond the virgin part.”

“We are,” Remus replied. “But our arithmancers claimed that they needed to calibrate the full range of potentialities.”

“What kind of range are you talking about?”

“Well, from no experience, to something more than that,” Remus said. “They had calculated what the sweat potency would be for non-virgin wizard sweat collected by a virgin, and wanted confirmation.”

Harry smiled. “And so...you played some spanky-spank with Tonks while our esteemed librarian scraped your bum?”

Remus sighed. “My bum, my thighs, my back....she was very efficient.”

“Efficient, eh? Sounds like she'd practiced that sort of thing before.”

It was Remus's turn to laugh. “You don't know just how spot on you are.”

“Spot on what?”

“That Madame Pince had done that sort of thing before.”

Harry furrowed his eyebrows. “What are you on about?”

“Madame Pince is a retired virgin,” Remus explained.

“Retired virgin?” Harry asked. “You mean it was her job, or something?”

“Exactly,” Remus replied. “Turns out that she was part of the Sisterhood of the Circle...a group of virgin witches that hire themselves out whenever somebody needs a certain kind of ritual.”

“And a witch could make a living doing this?”

“Apparently.”

Harry shook his head. “You think I'd seen it all after six years in the wizarding world, but...”

“Yeah, know what you mean,” said Remus with a chuckle.

Harry then asked, “So how did it go with the student virgins? Did they get the sweat up to where we needed it?”

Remus shook his head. “Neville and Susan got some potent enough to trade for a full infirmary medicine cabinet, but not high enough to make the hag happy.”

Harry smiled, recalling the bit of matchmaking he had engineered before his trip. “And what's this about students starting a business selling sweat?”

“You'll have to ask them,” Remus replied. “They've formed some sort of co-op, but they're pretty tight-lipped about what goes on to get the sweat that they're collecting.”

“Probably a wise move,” Harry said. “So Hermione and I are still on the hook, then, eh?”

Remus nodded. “I'm afraid so.”

Harry paused, then concluded, “Well, not like it's the end of the world, or anything.”

“No, I can't say that it is,” Remus said with a smile.

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When Harry entered the Great Hall to meet with his friends for lunch, he wasn't that surprised to discover that Hermione and they were sitting at the Slytherin table. Or more precisely, where a large chunk of the Slytherin table would have been had more than a dozen bothered to return to Hogwarts that Fall. The long table had been broken into three, with the middle section removed to create a buffer area between the Slytherin House table proper and a “common” table open to members of any house.

It hadn't take long for the DA to claim it as its own; while the proximity to the remaining snakes was provocative, the chance to mark the enemy's “turf” was too tempting. Of course, given the fact that almost every non-Slytherin above third years was now in the DA made it impractical for the entire membership to eat there regularly, but at least a few of the original “Old School” members could always be found sharing a meal and some gossip. Given Harry and Hermione's return, the table was packed with those waiting to hear firsthand about Harry's limp and Hermione's nose piercing. They somehow managed to keep the engagement (and ring) secret.

In turn, Harry and Hermione pressed their friends for details about the Co-Ed Naked Dueling Club (TM). Neville begged off saying too much, other than there was going to be a meeting that afternoon and a small initiation ceremony for new members. Ron had apparently been initiated the day previous, and when Harry asked him whether you had to be naked for the ceremony, Ron's smiled and replied, “You might not be naked, but the troll

will be.”

That brought a laugh from those that could recall those anxious moments just before their First Year sorting ceremony, and Harry chose not to push the issue. He was, however, able to learn more about DA activities over the past week. A few more male students had managed to produce a corporeal patronus, including a rather precocious third-year Ravenclaw had conjured a stallion that had made him an instant legend (and improbable heartthrob) within the castle. But as he was all of thirteen, the Headmistress had not allowed him to become involved with any sweat-gathering activities. Ernie MacMillian and Justin Finch-Fletchley had both gotten their silvery mist to resolve, but subsequently declined to take the halo test. Lavender and Parvati were all too willing to note that the two Hufflepuffs had girlfriends that also weren't in the program, leading to some idle chatter about “hufflestuds” (from the boys) and protected honor (from the girls).

That left Seamus Finnegan as the only other male student to join Neville, Ron and (soon to be initiated) Harry in the Club. Mr. Finnegan had actually thought himself ineligible for the program, only to be surprised to find that his one-night stand with Lavender Brown's pleasure strip didn't count. It had been rather easy for him to forgive Lavender's subterfuge when he parlayed his new-found virginity into a corporeal rabbit and a ticket into the Club.

Neville then told Harry and Hermione there were another half-dozen males who were close, and that Terry Boot (who had chosen to eat with his Ravenclaw housemates) would probably “go corporeal” that afternoon.

Harry let out a rather dismissive “hurrumph,” while Hermione cocked her head inquisitively.

“Has Terry been pre-qualified with the halo test?” she asked.

When Neville nodded, Hermione said, “Well that's a bit of a surprise.”

Susan Bones jumped into the conversation. “As big-headed a git as he is?” she asked. “Terry talks a good game, but it doesn't surprise me one bit that he hasn't gotten any.”

Harry smiled. “Why Susan, I fear your warm and fuzzy Puffiness has been corrupted by your Gryffindor tablemates.”

Susan reached across the table to grab Harry's forearm. “Why Harry, I'll take that as a complement,” she cooed.

Hermione placed her arm around Harry's shoulders and started playing with his messy black hair in a none-too-subtle attempt to mark her territory. “So,” she asked, “what's this afternoon's schedule?”

Neville replied, “I've got the Room booked from 1pm to 3pm for the DA, then from 3pm to 5pm for the Club. The Headmistress then has it reserved for you and Hermione the balance of the evening, if you want it.”

Harry and Hermione traded quiet glances (as they had planned on holding a “dress rehearsal” with Luna and Susan). Hermione finally nodded, and told Neville, “That sounds like it might work, unless you plan on wearing Harry out before dinner.”

“Oh, Neville won't wear Harry out,” Susan replied. She smiled and for the second time reached across the table touched Harry's arm. “But we witches might.”

Hermione glowered with just enough dramatic flair to betray her true reaction and said, “Don't make me learn that spanking spell any sooner than I need to.”

Susan stuck out her tongue and said, “Promises, promises.”

After lunch, Harry and Hermione once again went separate ways; she went looking for her arithmancy professor to talk shop, while he honored his promise to Madame Pomfrey to return for more testing. Harry's leg was acting up again, though, so he decided that he needed to take a fifteen-minute rest along the way.

The way station just happened to be the library.

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Harry was able to escape from the infirmary and make his way up at the Room of Requirement a few minutes before the end of the DA meeting. A quick glance around the area (which was set in the “standard” DA training configuration) showed that Hermione wasn't there yet. Those students that were in the room were dressed in Muggle training and work-out clothing (including a few witches that had followed Hermione's lead and started to wear form-fitting spandex shorts and unitards), and gathered around Terry Boot as he displayed his corporeal patronus (it was, to nobody's surprise, a rather vain-looking owl). The Ravenclaw's success earned him a hearty cheer from the other wizards, and somewhat more restrained applause from the witches (particularly those that Harry guessed were in the Club).

Neville ended the session with the announcement that the next meeting would start up in five minutes. Everyone grabbed their gear and headed towards the exit, where tables filled with fresh fruits and iced beverages now stood to each side. Those students not involved with the next meeting grabbed something to eat or drink on the way out, leaving the others behind to cool down and chat in small groups.

Harry made his way over to Terry to offer his congratulations, and to tell him that he was glad that he wouldn't be the only wizard being initiated that afternoon. Terry gave him a disinterested half-nod, then made his way over to Seamus Finnegan for some hints on what would happen next. Luna Lovegood then walked over to Harry with bottles of ice water in each hand and a third partially stuffed down the front of her spandex shorts.

“You should drink something, Harry,” she said, as she handed him a bottle. “Need to keep your fluids replenished, you know?”

Erm, thanks, Luna," Harry replied. He found it hard to keep his eyes away from the third container. Thoughts that it was just a temporary storage space were dispelled once the blonde Ravenclaw made no effort to remove it with her free hand.

"Such a wonderful Muggle invention, these plastic water bottles," she said, as she twisted off the cap of her drink and took a sip. "Quenches your thirst *and* provides localized heat relief."

"Why not use a cooling charm?" Harry asked.

Luna shrugged as she grabbed the exposed neck of the bottle trapped in her tights and began to roll it from one side of her crotch to the other.

"This feels much nicer than a cooling charm," she explained. "And it's just the right size to cool my insides as well. Would you like to see?"

Harry sprayed the water he'd been trying to drink and coughed a couple of times.

"Erm, maybe later," he stammered, looking furtively about the room for Hermione (who still wasn't there) and Ron (whom he spotted with his back turned to them, talking casually to the Patil twins).

Luna smiled, and said, "Okay, Harry," as if his evasiveness was in fact an affirmative response to make note of in her planner. She pulled the bottle out from her shorts and pressed it against her cheeks and forehead as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Harry shook her head in amazement. Had any of the other witches in the room pulled that stunt it would have been an obvious come-on (obvious even to a clueless git like himself). But with Luna, one never knew.

The blonde witch then excused herself, telling Harry that she needed to get the Room ready for his initiation. Walls sprang up behind her as she walked towards the opposite side of the room, enclosing the other students in what looked to be a small reception area. That only he and Terry seemed to pay much attention to this change told Harry that it wasn't the first time this had happened. Neville later confirmed this suspicion, saying that Luna had been in charge of the Club's floorplan from the very start.

The new space was about fifteen feet square, with plush carpeting and wood-paneled walls. A set of green French doors sat opposite to the Room's exit, and a large mahogany table sat in front of the French doors. Wooden pegs to each side of the French door held exactly one-dozen white robes, which the other students were donning over their work-out clothes. He heard Terry ask if they should don the robes as well, but was told that he needed to wait until he signed the membership agreement.

With the new focus on what was to come, Harry took stock of the club's membership. He already knew the involved wizards...Neville, Ron, Seamus and, now, Terry. On the girl's side there was the Patil twins, Lavender, Susan, Su Li and Lisa Turpin. When Luna came out from the French doors to grab her own robe there were only three left...one for Terry, himself, and...

"Just where is Hermione anyway?" Ron asked Harry. As if on cue, she rushed into the room from the outside corridor.

"Sorry I'm late," she said. "Professor Vector and I kind of got lost in some equations, and..."

"No worries," Neville replied, as he, Susan and Luna took positions behind the wooden desk. He then gestured for the three initiates to stand in front of the table as the others formed a semi-circle behind them.

"Before you three go through our little welcome ceremony, we need you to take a look at the Club rules, as well as the business agreements and disclosures.

Luna laid four different pieces of parchment out onto the table for inspection.

"My, you've been very busy," Hermione said with admiration.

Neville nodded. "Headmistress McGonagall said that this research project was a special service for the school, and that it justified releasing us from class and homework this past week."

"It also counts as extra credit for our potions, arithmancy and wizard finance classes," added Padma Patil.

When Hermione took a closer look at the first scroll, Susan explained that it was a membership role similar to the one used to establish the original DA.

"So it's a magically-binding document?" asked Terry.

"Yes," Neville replied. "While the existence of the Co-Ed Naked Dueling Club isn't a secret, what goes on behind the green doors most certainly is. You'll be bound not to disclose any of the club's activities, or talk about anything or anyone you see behind the doors to anyone not already in the Club. Even if you decide at some point to leave."

"With a handful of exceptions, of course," Luna added. "The Headmistress, Madame Pomfrey, Professor Vector and Madame Pince aren't officially in the club, but they know more or less what's going on."

"Why those three?" asked Terry.

"Erm, well the Headmistress because...she's the Headmistress and in charge of ensuring the safety of her students. Madame Pomfrey supervises the...well, I guess you call it 'product' packaging and distribution, Professor Vector is helping with the arithmanic calibrations and Madame Pince is our club advisor."

Harry laughed to himself when Terry asked about Madame Pince's involvement. Terry got a far less complete answer than what Moony had provided.

Hermione, who had begun reviewing some of the contract language, looked up and asked, "What about this new business?"

"Yes, it's called *Co-Ed Naked Dueling Club (TM) Enterprises, Ltd*," said Neville.

"Otherwise known as CNDC," added Luna.

"Otherwise known as *Cee -N-Dick*," quipped Susan, causing the other witches in the room to break out into laughs.

"Erm, yes, well..." said Neville, trying to move on, "You'll find out more about the business after you sign. For now, I can tell you that the erm...potion ingredients produced during Club activities are quite valuable. Initially we've been bartering this stuff to replenish the infirmary's medicine chest, but we'll soon be in a position to sell our produce, as it were, on the open market. Profits earned by the co-op will be evenly divided by its members based on membership enrollment periods and individual contributions."

Business talk soon turned into a discussion of the Club rules, as codified in the binding agreement. The new initiates had to assert that they were of legal age, and that they would be engaging in Club activities on a voluntary and consensual basis.

"Does this consensual clause mean that we agree to do what anyone else in the Club wants us to do?" asked Hermione with a frown.

"No, it doesn't," Susan replied. "Whether you're on this side of the green doors or beyond, 'No means no.'"

"That said," added Neville, "the name of the organization sort of speaks for itself. You will be dueling, you will, at times, be naked, and you will be naked in the same room as members of the opposite sex. Also, if you're a wizard you can expect to have sweat collected from just about every available square inch of skin, while if you're a witch..."

"You'll be collecting that sweat?" asked Hermione.

Susan gave Hermione a saucy grin. "That, or helping boost its, erm...potency."

"Which brings us to the part about the wild almost-sex, Neville," quipped Lavender from the side, drawing a laugh.

"Hush, Lav," Neville chided. He then turned to the three new initiates and reassured them that nobody would be forced or pressured into doing anything, or with any specific someone.

Harry nodded, with no small amount of relief over the idea that he (or, more importantly, Hermione) wouldn't be forced to fool around with the other members. The predatory looks that Susan had been broadcasting in his direction were beginning to get unnerving.

Padma Patil step forward and said, "Look, we've put this whole thing together on the fly in less than a week, and have actually only met for four sessions. A lot of this we're still making up and revising as we go along, but the bottom line involves trust. We need to trust each other, or this will never work."

"Although the binding contract would have something to say about anyone violating trust," Luna said matter-of-factly.

Hermione furrowed her eyebrows. "You borrowed some of my ideas on the DA agreement?"

Luna nodded. "There's a different penalty for breach of contract, but basically, yes."

Terry didn't like the sound of that. "Something worse than what Marietta got hit with?"

Luna shrugged her shoulders. "Depends on your perspective. One the one hand, other students won't be able to see the curse like they could on her forehead."

"What's the other hand?" asked Harry.

Susan smiled. "The reason other students won't see the curse is because it will affect a body part that usually isn't visible."

"Unless you're taking a pee," noted Luna.

There was much wincing and leg clamping in response.

After a few more questions and comments, Harry, Hermione and Terry signed the documents and were given their ceremonial club robe to wear over their Muggle clothing (training suit for Terry, leather jacket and trousers for Harry and Hermione).

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Beyond the green door, Luna had created a large room similar to their DA training area, except that there was only a single dueling platform that was bordered by comfortable leather chairs, love seats and couches. Beyond the furniture was a wall with six more green doors. The three initiates were instructed to stand next to each other on the platform while the others took seats in front of them.

"So now it's time for your initiation ceremony," Neville said with a smile. "Although it's not really an initiation ritual, so much as an introduction to the way this club works."

As he paused for affect Harry noted that Neville's public speaking skills had been taken to another level, even more than what he'd developed for the DA.

"This is, as the name implies, a dueling club. We have duels with each other. It is also co-ed in that the duels typically involve a witch paired against a wizard."

"And for the naked part?" asked Terry.

"Ah yes... since this club is an extension of the DA, we've built training opportunities and incentives into each match."

He then yielded the floor to Susan, who explained the rules of engagement.

"It's really very simple...it's a duel, but the only spell you can use is the paint ball jinx."

"Paint ball jinx?" asked Terry (who had been raised in the wizarding world and unaware of the term).

Susan stood and called out "*Tinctura !*" as she stabbed her wand towards the male Ravenclaw. A galleon-sized greenish-grey blob spat out from her wand's tip and hit him square in the chest. A moment later she scourgified the splatter marks.

"Think you can handle that jinx?" she asked.

Terry snorted as he drew his wand and threw the same spell back towards her. But she dodged to the side before the paint could tag her and the blob struck the back of her chair.

"And that's how it's played," she replied with a smile. "One offensive spell, no defensive shields, and a clear indication if you are hit or not."

"But what's the practical use of that kind of duel?" asked Terry.

Harry snorted, and wondered how Terry got sorted into Ravenclaw. "Pretend that it's an AK...it's duck, dodge, or die."

Susan smiled as she nodded her head. "Except the penalty for getting hit with paint is a little less lethal."

"But a little more embarrassing," added Neville.

"What...you have to strip naked if you lose?" asked Hermione.

"Eventually," Susan replied with a grin.

"It's like strip poker," blurted out Ron.

Susan nodded. "Each match contains eleven individual rounds. Each person starts with five pieces of clothing and loses a piece each time they lose a round. A round ends when a duelist is hit. The match stops, some clothing is lost, then you bow and start all over again.

Harry did the math. "Eleven rounds but only ten pieces of clothing combined?"

Susan's eyes lit up. "Oh, yes...I guess there is more than one spell involved."

"The spanking spell?" asked Hermione.

"Exactly," replied Neville.

"What happens if a person loses the first five rounds straight?" asked Terry.

Luna replied, "Each match has eleven rounds, and each loss after five earns you a spanking."

Harry let out a low whistle. "So you've been doing this for a few days, then?"

Neville nodded.

"What's been the most lopsided score?"

Luna smiled. "Ronald beat me 9-2 yesterday. It was a very enjoyable experience."

"Yeah, but you went easy on him because he's your boyfriend," snarked Lavender.

Hermione asked, "Do you get to pick your opponent, then?"

All of the older members nodded. "For the first time, yes," said Luna.

"Except that a person can't duel more than once per day," added Neville.

"So everybody duels each day, then?"

When the answer was yes, Harry asked a logical follow-up. "So what happens when there's an imbalance in the number of witches and wizards?"



Neville gave Harry a slightly embarrassed look. "With you three we'll be even-up, but up to now, once all of the wizards have been paired up the remaining members duel witch-on-witch."

Harry let the phrase "witch-on-witch" bounce about his brain for bit before saying, "So, Neville, before Ron and Seamus it was just you and the girls?"

His fellow Gryffindor shrugged his shoulders and gave Harry a slightly embarrassed smile.

"Why Neville, you dog!"

Hermione snorted and then said, "So everyone gets to watch the duel?"

Susan nodded. "After you've been initiated, yes."

"We figured that we're all eventually going to see each other naked during the sweat collection process, and that the crowd can provide some extra incentive to do your best," explained Neville.

"That makes sense," said Harry.

"So what about the sweat collection?" asked Terry, who had only recently been told about the Club's origins and purpose.

"More on that later," Susan replied with a smile. "If you happen to break into a sweat during your duel we'll collect it and score it, but the testing program and collection events are really separate from the dueling."

"Enough talking," exclaimed Lavender. "Let the games begin!"

Her request met the crowd's approval.

"Right, then," said Neville. He turned to the three initiates and said, "You'll draw to see dueling order. First drawn gets to pick their opponent, then second, and third."

Susan added, "After that, you can use one of the smaller rooms behind us and add or subtract bits of clothing until you get to five. Shoes and socks count as one, by the way. Someone will come get you when it's your turn. Any questions?"

Seeing none, Neville pulled a bag out of his pocket and held it in front of Hermione. She gave Harry a "here it goes" look and pulled out a ball labeled "2." Neville next turned to Terry, who let out a "Whoop!" when he drew the "1" ball, leaving the last ball for Harry.

"Just like the First Task," he said with a grim smile.

"Okay, so Terry first," said Susan. "Before you pick, is there anyone in the room that wants to withdraw from consideration?"

When nobody raised a hand or said anything, she turned and told Terry that he had his pick of the witches.

Harry shook his head as Terry, being the smart-arse that he was, made a big production of sighing, and holding his chin in his hand as if it was the most important decision in the world. Harry had never really been in the gossip loop, and knew even less about who-liked-whom now that he was no longer an in-house student. At least Harry's decision was easy...thinking that turn-about was fair game, the only question in his mind was how badly and obviously he'd throw the match to Hermione.

Terry, he reasoned, would probably pick Lisa Turpin...not because Terry fancied her, or thought her the prettiest of the bunch, but simply because she was (in Harry's opinion) the weakest duelist, and (therefore) the one most likely to lose her knickers to him. But apparently, Mr. Boot had something else in mind.

Terry smiled broadly, then loudly declared, "I choose to duel...Hermione Granger."

The announcement raised eyebrows, blood pressures and wands, as a dozen different witches and wizards cried out some version of, "What the hell was that?"

The Ravenclaw quickly found himself standing alone, as Harry and Hermione reflexively backed off a few feet in case they decided their wand arms needed room to swing freely.

Terry seventh-year shrugged his shoulders. "I pick Hermione," he matter-of-factly restated.

Harry stood in front of Hermione and glowered at the young wizard. Susan Bones, speaking the thoughts of many within the room, then said, "Merlin, Terry, for somebody so smart you sure are an idiot."

"What's the big deal?" Terry asked defensively. "You just said I had my pick of any witch in the room, and Hermione is a witch."

"She's also is Harry's girlfriend, you dolt," Lavender replied (not having yet sussed out the engagement).

Terry stepped back a bit, amazed at the negative reaction he was getting. "I thought that this was some sort of co-operative, with people working together?"

"It is," Neville replied dryly, "unless somebody is digging their own grave."

Susan then announced. "Will anybody lower their wands for a moment?" Getting a favorable response, she then turned to Hermione. "You don't have to do this, you know...this is one of those consensual decisions."

Hermione nodded as she stepped to Harry's side and focused her glare at her challenger.

"Give me one good reason why I should say yes."

Terry smiled weakly. "It's nothing personal, Hermione," he explained. "You are the logical choice."

"How do you figure that, Boot?" Harry asked through gritted teeth. "Hermione's not the weakest duelist in this room and you know it."

"Yes, that's true," Terry replied. "But this isn't a normal duel...only one offensive spell and no shields. Seems to me that experience dodging paint balls will be more much important than raw skill, and Hermione is the only witch that wouldn't have that experience advantage over me."

Su Li suddenly stood up and walked right up in front of Terry. "You just want to see Hermione starkers, is it?"

"Not at all," Terry replied. "Well, yes, a bit, I guess," he added, "but I'd be seeing her bits even if I chose somebody else."

"Again, how do you figure that?" Hermione demanded.

"Erm, no offense, Hermione," Terry said. "But since I go first, I would get to stay and watch your duel after mine. And if you picked Harry, then...."

"Then you imagine I'll lose, is it?"

Terry shrugged his shoulders as he turned to face Su Li. "It's logical, can't you see that?"

"Logic?" Sue Li loudly asked. "Is that all you go on, then?"

"Well, I am a Ravenclaw," Terry explained, as he reached out for the witch's hand. "Besides, Su," he added, "it's a little early in the relationship for the two of us to be spanking each other, don't you think?"

Su Li slapped Terry's hand away and folded her arms in front of her. "No, Terry," she replied, "it's too late for you think about the two of us doing anything." She then turned, grabbed her bag of gear, and ran out of the room in tears.

"What'd I say?" Terry asked in confusion.

Speaking on behalf of the remaining pissed-off witches, Susan Bones shook her head, and said, "Sue Li didn't deserve that, you arse."

Hermione then walked up and icily told Terry, "And the only thing you deserve, you wanker, is the thrashing that I'm going to apply on your arse."

Terry cocked his head. "So you accept the challenge, then?"

Hermione glanced over her shoulder at Harry, who gave her a short nod of acceptance. She smiled in response, then turned her attention back to the Ravenclaw wizard and said, "Game on, arsehole."

This response broke the "somebody is going to die" tension within the room and a cheer went up in support of Hermione's decision. Once the noise died down, Susan turned towards Harry, smiled and said, "Well, since Hermione has accepted Terry's challenge, it's your turn to pick a witch."

The sidebar conversations that had been taking place stopped immediately as everyone focused in on Harry, and the fact that he would need to duel somebody other than Hermione.

Harry sucked in a breath as he tried to gather his wits about him. He had been so proud of Hermione for standing up to Terry that he had completely forgotten the dilemma that her decision would create for him. He caught Hermione's eyes and she gave him an "it's your decision" gesture.

"Great," he thought to himself. "Just enough rope to hang myself."

Harry then looked around the room and said, "Susan asked if there was somebody that didn't want to duel, but maybe I should turn that question around....is there anyone that wants to duel me?"

The initial response to this question was nonverbal, as every witch in the room looked not at Harry, but at Hermione.

"Oh, don't be shy," she said with a bit of exasperation. "I more or less picked Terry rather than Harry, so I'm not going to hex anyone who raises their hand."

With that reassurance, the remaining five witches in the room all raised their hands and looked at Harry with hope and expectation, figuring that Harry's bad leg presented a unique opportunity to best him in a duel.

Ron asked Luna, "What are you doing with your arm up?"

He was serenely ignored.

"Well, that helps narrow down the decision, doesn't it?" Harry said ruefully.

Once the nervous laughter died down, Harry tried to do some mental damage control. Hermione knew, more or less, his opinions on each of the witches, having gone down the list to find an “alternate virgin” way back on Day One. Susan’s eagerness and Luna’s relationship with Ron ruled them out. He still hadn’t said three words to Lisa Turpin, and while that might reassure Hermione, he didn’t like the idea of spanking or being spanked by a near-stranger. Which left the Patil twins and Lavender. He thought he had picked up on Neville’s interest in Padma before the trip, and Lavender and Parvati had been a bit too eager to see his stapler.

Realizing that he had just ruled out every possible option, Harry made what he thought was the only rational choice.

“Erm, thanks, everyone, but Hermione’s the only witch for me, so I’ll have to take a pass.”

Harry’s decision was almost as popular as Terry’s. There were cries of dismay and disappointment from the witches, while the wizards looked at Harry with disbelief. The only reaction that Harry was interested in, however, was the one on his fiancé’s face.

Which was not something he had much time to examine, because that face was quickly buried in his neck as Hermione threw herself into his arms.

“Oh, Harry,” she murmured. “I love you.”

Harry patted her back, and said, “I love you too, Hermione.”

Hermione sniffed back some happy tears and pulled away from Harry just enough to catch his eyes.

“Okay, you said the right thing,” she told him. “Now make your choice.”

“What?”

“You have to do this, Harry,” Hermione explained. “You more than anyone have to be in the program.”

“Why is that?” asked Harry.

She explained with a smile. “First, this was your idea, and second, you are the only wizard we can use for our “before and after” comparisons.”

“Before and after what?” Harry asked.

Hermione smiled as she grabbed her fiancé’s bum with both hands and pulled him into another embrace. She then stood up on her tiptoes, so that she could whisper into his ears.

“Before and after shagging my brains out, Loverboy,” she cooed, as she ground her crotch into Harry’s nagahide-covered thigh.

“Really want me to do this, then?” he asked.

“Yes, really.”

Harry’s eyes lit up, and he buried a few kisses into Hermione’s hair. Then, he broke the embrace half-way, so that one arm was around each other as they faced the others in the room.

“Well, then,” he announced, “since Hermione insists that I go through with this, I’m going to choose....to ask her to choose for me.”

“Awww,” said the crowd of witches (both in disappointment, and admiration for his display of diplomatic boyfriend skills).

Hermione gave Harry a cock-eyed look of assessment, before smiling and nodding her head. She then looked over her options, and after a few seconds decided.

“Harry chooses Susan.”

“Yesss!” the pig-tailed Hufflepuff cried out, as she pumped her fist into the air and bounced up and down in excitement.

Harry gave Hermione a quizzical look. “Susan? Really?”

Hermione smiled and shook her head. “I’ll explain later,” she told him sweetly.

“Okay, then,” Neville announced, “we have our matches.” He then pointed towards the back of the room. “If you four head back and get your outfits sorted out, we’ll probably call the first pair out in fifteen minutes or so.”

Terry cocked his head and said, “Can’t imagine it’ll take us that long to count out five pieces of clothing.”

Neville smiled. “No, I don’t imagine it will either.”

“So what’s the extra time for?” Terry asked.

Ron gave the Ravenclaw an evil-looking smile. “That will be for sorting out all of the betting on just how badly Hermione is going to spank your arse.”

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The derisive laughter was still echoing in Terry's ears as the four combatants left the platform. When he noticed that Hermione was holding Harry's hand and leading him into a room he demanded, "Hey, where are you two going?"

"Into a changing room, like they told us," Hermione replied.

"You can't go into the same room," the Ravenclaw whined. "That'd be cheating."

"What?" Harry asked. "How could sharing a changing room be considered cheating?"

"Well, you two could discuss strategy, or something," Terry replied.

Hermione shook her head in disgust. "Of all the stupid things...plan on asking for rules clarifications the next time a Death Eater pulls a wand on you?"

Harry chuckled. "Doesn't matter, Hermione...let's just take these two next to each other." He then turned towards Terry and asked, "Fine with you?"

Terry didn't respond, so Harry gave Hermione a kiss, wished her luck, then entered his own private changing room. He waited all of fifteen seconds before he locked the door and pulled a small black ball out of his coat pocket. When he softly tossed it eye-level against the wall that separated his room from Hermione's, it burst out into a portable hole big enough for him to stick his head through.

He caught Hermione with her back turned to him, already stripped down to her black thong.

"Mind if piss off Terry and watch you dress?" he asked.

Hermione smiled as she turned to face Harry.

"If you wanted to make a glory hole you should have aimed a little lower," she replied.

Harry chuckled. "I imagine I might need to conserve some fluids for tonight."

Hermione giggled. "Swapping spit would be no net loss," she noted. She then walked over to the wall and pulled her boyfriend's head down for a passionate snog.

When they broke the kiss to breathe, Harry asked, "So is it 'later' yet?"

Hermione snorted. "I guess so," she replied. "I picked Susan because she's the one most likely to enjoy a good spanking."

Harry nodded. "And you aren't going to be upset that I'll be the one giving it to her?"

"If I did, I wouldn't have picked her," Hermione replied. "Relax, Harry," she said. "I don't have any doubts about your feelings for me."

"So what if I do well enough to spank her a few times, and she gets all orgasmic and shakes her bum in front of me, and erm..."

"Harry," Hermione reassured him. "I trust you completely. But Mr. Phoenix...well he does have a mind of his own, right?"

"I'm not going to use that as an excuse."

"But you are still a teen-aged boy with all the right kind of hormones," Hermione replied. "It's one of those reptilian brain things you really can't control."

"So it's okay, then?"

Hermione shook her head. "Harry, it's a natural reaction. Just don't touch her with anything other than a spell and it's fine."

"Well, then, guess it's okay if you get wet knickers at the sight of Terry's willie."

Hermione laughed and gave Harry another kiss. "You don't have to worry about that," she said.

"Why?" Harry asked. "You don't think you'll win enough rounds to see it?"

"No," Hermione replied, "because I've already seen it."

"What?" Harry asked reflexively, before his brain engaged. "Oh, yeah," he then said. "NEWT-level Runes."

Hermione nodded. "You'll see that it's no big deal."

"How?" Harry asked. "Sounds like I won't be able to watch you duel."

Hermione smiled brightly. "Pensieve memory, silly-boy," she replied. She then took a couple of steps back into the room and asked, "Any suggestions on how I can put Mr. Boot in his place?"

Harry smiled as he watched Hermione reach up and run her fingers through her hair.

"I figured you already had something in mind when you accepted the challenge."

"I did," Hermione replied, as she casually reached behind her and adjusted the back of her thong. "But I thought I'd see if you had a brighter idea."

"As if I could have any rational thoughts with you standing there like that," he said

Hermione smiled as she cupped a naked breast in each hand. "Would it help if I turned around," she asked coyly, as she gave him a different view.

"You know better than that," Harry replied with a grin. He then closed his eyes for a few seconds, and said, "Doesn't sound like it's that much different from some of the training we've been doing."

"Yes, but Terry's been using the same regimen as well," Hermione replied as she turned back. "I want to have an edge that will guarantee me the chance to spank the smart-arse raw."

"*The* smart-arse raw, or *his* smart-arse raw?"

"Both."

Harry opened his eyes and grinned, "Well, distraction is always an option."

Hermione returned the smile as she turned and reached down for her wand, making sure to wiggle suggestively. "Think he'd like my bum, then?"

"It'd be a great distraction," Harry replied with a smile, "but not exactly the best dueling form on your part."

Hermione turned back around with wand in one hand and some of her clothing in the other. "Well I'll have to be a little more creative, then, won't I?"

Harry watched with wonder and awe as Hermione transfigured some of her clothing. While doing this wand work, she asked, "So what are your plans for dear Susan?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I'm thinking that with my leg she's going to have to throw a few matches if she wants to get spanked."

Hermione nodded. "That is an issue," she replied. "Last thing we need is you hurting your leg any more before we collect your shag sweat."

"Figured you'd be more worried about my third leg," Harry quipped.

"I am, but you aren't planning on using Mr. Phoenix to dodge Susan's spells, are you?"

"Good point," Harry replied. "You know, I could just throw all of the matches. It'd save my leg for sure,"

"But not your pride, or your bum," Hermione noted. "No, you've got to make at least some effort," she concluded. "Wouldn't be sporting otherwise."

"Halfway, then?" Harry asked.

Hermione looked up from her work and asked, "Still wearing your red knickers?"

Harry smiled as he pulled his head out of the hole. The hole disappeared, only to reappear a few seconds later two feet down the wall, providing a view of Harry unfastening his fly and dropping his trousers down to his ankles.

"What were you saying about glory holes, honey?" he asked.

Hermione walked over to the wall, reached down, and dragged her fingernails up Harry's bare thigh. Once she reached the crimson tent she shook the pole a bit and asked, "What did you say about conserving fluids, dear?"

Harry pulled back so that he could squat down and look at Hermione through the hole.

"I'll take some of yours if you take some of mine." he leered.

Hermione giggled. "Later, Harry."

"Is that a promise?"

The barely-dress witch laughed as she reached down and held Harry's cheek in her hand. "No, Harry...from the looks of the research protocols, I can say that it's a certainty."

A knock on her door interrupted their banter.

"One minute, Hermione."

Hermione looked at the door, then turned back and gave Harry a kiss. After a quick final bit of wardrobe adjustment, she threw on her unaltered nagahide jacket and said, "So what do you think?"

Her boyfriend let out a low wolf whistle. "I think his tongue will get in the way of his wand movements."

Hermione giggled yet again (having accepted the "giggler" side of her personality whilst on holiday), and said, "Oh Harry, you say the sweetest things....now scoot!"

Her fiancé reluctantly pulled the portable hole away from the wall, leaving Hermione only enough time to shake out her hair before Luna opened the door and escorted her onto the dueling platform. Susan was already there waiting her turn (and to watch the first match, as she wasn't a newbie initiate).

Hermione's focus along the way to the platform was set on a tote board that showed a variety of wagers put down on her initiation duel. The two-dimensional grid had rows numbered from zero to down to eleven and these rows were labeled "Hermione's wins."

She was pleased to note that nobody was betting she'd win fewer than six rounds.

The column headers described associated outcomes of the duel (similar to the Weasley Twins's World Cup bet on "Ireland, but Krum catches the snitch). Some of these categories were as whimsical as they were reassuring. For example, Lavender had put a galleon down on the square marked "Eight wins, and Boot cries like a baby." Ron was banking on "Nine wins, Boot tents his knickers," and Neville's hopes were riding on "Nine wins, and both of Boot's wands discharge."

While Hermione was inspecting the betting board, everyone else was busy inspecting her outfit. Her nagahide jacket was completely buttoned, and hid whatever was worn underneath. The matching snakeskin trousers, however, had lost most of their inseam, and been converted into a pair of tight leather shorts (cut high enough on the thigh to expose a hint of cheek). Covering the space formerly hidden by trouser legs were socks that had been transfigured into black silk hold-ups (or thigh-highs, as they were known in the States).

"Merlin," said Ron. "You look dressed for sex."

Hermione shook her head and smiled as she pulled her wand from her jacket sleeve, "No Ron, I'm dressed to hex."

"Close your mouth, Ronald," Luna told her beau, "or the nargles will come nesting."

"Erm, yes, rear....I mean yes, dear," Ron replied, as he shook his head to clear his muddled mind.

Meanwhile, almost no attention was paid to Terry Boot as Seamus escorted him to the platform. He was wearing boots and a battle robe that gave little indication on what lie underneath.

Not that anyone cared.

As Hermione stood to face Terry on the stage he said, "Looks like you've already lost a few rounds of clothing."

She smiled sweetly in reply. "No, I just thought I'd give you something to look at, since this is all the skin I plan on you seeing."

Neville snorted as he stepped up to provide the count. "Got the trash talking out of the way, then?"

When both duelists nodded, he ordered them to bow, then counted down from three.

**"3-2-1-Duell!"**

Terry shot out three paintballs in a row at waist height. All three sailed over Hermione's head as she had immediately dropped to the floor and fired her shots from a prone position. Her three ball set was in a triangle pattern, one on each side of Terry, and the third aimed for his feet. Terry had jumped to his left after firing, and was caught in the chest with a splat of paint.

**Hermione 1, Terry 0.**

Terry scowled as he shed his paint-slicked robes.

**"3-2-1-Duell!"**

Terry aimed low, thinking Hermione would try to outsmart him and use the same move twice. Instead, she held her fire to see where he was aiming, then leapt over his shot and into a forward roll. She came out of the roll with wand arm out and fired point blank at Terry's crotch.

"Ooof!"

**Hermione 2, Terry 0.**

Shaking his head, Boot *Scourgified* his shorts and kicked off his shoes and socks.

**"3-2-1-Duell!"**

Hermione turned to slim her profile and ducked. But Terry seemed willing to keep aiming low until he got it right and nicked the front of Hermione's jacket with his paintball.

"Yes!" he cried triumphantly.

Hermione stood up, shook her head slightly and called out. "Good shot, Terry."

**Hermione 2, Terry 1.**

Temporarily sticking her wand down her left stocking, Hermione unbuttoned her jacket and casually threw it over to Luna.

The response to what she wore underneath could be properly classified as “shock and awe.”

Foregoing a t-shirt, Hermione was presently displaying a pierced navel and a black leather bra. Which wouldn’t have been all that titillating, except that this bra was a lace-trimmed cupless creation that supported each of her uplifted and uncovered breasts with a leather shelf.

“Sweet Mother of Merlin!” shouted Ron, speaking on behalf of all of the wizards in the room.

“What’s wrong?” Hermione asked innocently.

“Wa...wa...wa...what happened to the rest of your brassiere?” Ron asked.

“What, you don’t like it?” she replied.

It was Terry’s turn to stammer. “Wa...wa..wa...why are your nip...nip...what are those silvery things?”

“You mean my nipple piercings, Terry?” she asked with a smile. She used her off-hand to grab the knut-sized platinum hoop that pierced her left nipple and matter-of-factly said, “Just some jewelry I picked up in India.”

She then turned towards Neville as she toyed with the ring. “I guess I was assuming that jewelry didn’t count as clothing...are they okay?”

Neville gave her a simple wide-eyed nod. “They’re bloody brilliant,” he exclaimed.

“Great then, shall we continue?” She then turned to face Terry and returned his slight bow with a deeper bow that, when combined with a shimmy, sent her lemon-sized breasts jiggling from one side to the other.

“3...erm....2...wha..wha..-1...do..do...do..da..da...”

“Neville!”

“Erm, yes Luna?”

“Would you like me to take over the count?”

“Erm, yes, Luna...that might be best.”

Luna replaced Neville on the center of the platform.

**“3-2-1-Duel!”**

Hermione’s shot hit a stationary Terry square in the chest. His brain was still wrapping itself around the idea of a nipple-pierced bookworm.

**Hermione 3, Terry 1.**

“Terry?”

“Terry?” asked Luna with a knowing smile, “You need to lose a piece of clothing.”

Terry shook his head, then shook his head once more as he slipped off the paint-stained t-shirt.

Hermione decided it was time to show that her nipple rings were wide enough for her to slip her wand tip into.

“Makes a nice holster, don’t you think, Terry?”

**“3-2-1-Duel!”**

**Hermione 4, Terry 1.**

Terry either forgot or ignored the paint splatter on his stomach as he stripped down to his boxers.

“Hey, Terry!”

“Erm...yes Hermione?”

“If you don’t pick up the pace, you’ll never see my other piercing!”

“What?”

**“3-2-1-Duel!”**

**Hermione 5, Terry 1.**

“Bollocks!” Terry stammered, as the crowd erupted into laughs and catcalls.

“Hey Terry,” teased Susan, “no worries, it’s nothing any of us haven’t already seen before.”

“What are you on about?” asked Ron.

Luna turned to her boyfriend and explained that all of the witches and Terry were in the same Ancient Runes class.

“So?”

“So...that means that we’ve all seen each other naked during rituals,” Terry said ruefully. “Although I don’t remember any of the details.”

With great reluctance and no small amount of embarrassment, he bared himself to his classmates.

He was rock hard.

As rocks go, it was on the gravel side of the size scale.

“Yes!” shouted Ron.

“Ron,” said Lavender, “Don’t you think it a bit odd that you’re happy to be see Terry’s boner?”

“Odd-schmod,” Ron replied. “If he keeps it up, I’m on pace to win forty-six galleons.”

“Me to,” Neville replied brightly. “He just needs a bit more stimulation...aim low, Hermione!”

“Hey, Terry, it sounds like some wizards like the looks of your wand.”

“Oh that’s rubbish, they’re just greedy bast...”

**“3-2-1-Duel!”**

**Hermione 6, Terry 1.**

It was hard to dodge spells with one hand covering your crotch.

“Damn it!” Terry cried out, looking down at his paint splattered thigh.

He then asked, “So do I get spanked now?”

“No,” Luna replied innocently. “It stings more sweetly when they’re bundled together at the end.”

And so it went. Hermione eventually ran out of naughty distractions, and Terry pulled himself together well enough to win the last duel, forcing Hermione to make the somewhat meaningless gesture of removing her shelf bra. Terry never did manage to tame his erection, and in the end, the final score was:

**Hermione 9, Terry 2.**

“I win!” Ron shouted, jumping up and down.

“Hold on to your knickers, we aren’t done yet.” Neville said.

“But I’ve got the square for nine wins and a woody!”

“Yes,” Neville replied, “But I’ve got nine wins and a money shot, and there’s still the spankings to go.”

“Hoping Boot’s a sick bastard that gets off on spanky-spank, then?” snorted Ron.

“What are you saying about people who enjoy a bit of spanking?” asked Luna.

Ron quickly backtracked. “Erm, sorry, Luna...it’s sexy for witches to like it...it’s the blokes that get off on that are the disturbed wankers.”

Lavender looked over towards Terry’s exposed crotch and pulled her wand out. “Wouldn’t be able to tell one way or the other with his dick painted off-white,” she snarked, just before she banished the pigment.

“Right, then,” said Luna. She walked up to Terry and asked, “Would you like to borrow my ball gag during the flogging?”

“Ball gag?” Terry asked with alarm. He quickly lost his erection.

“Keeps you from squealing like a pig, and heightens your sense of sexual submission.”

“Erm, thanks, but no thanks,” Terry replied weakly.

While Luna was giving Terry some additional unsolicited advice on timing Kegel contractions, Hermione asked for some help learning the spanking spell. There were plenty of volunteers to help stand close behind her and show her the proper wand movements. She selected Neville, who was a true (but nervous) gentleman that completed his instructions without unnecessary skin contact. The spell itself was straightforward, but involved an intent-based strength modifier that varied the severity of the slap.



"So how strong should I be making the spell?" Hermione asked.

"Strong enough to sting like hell, but not hard enough to break the skin," Susan replied.

Hermione frowned. "Well how in Merlin's name am I supposed to know how strong that is?" she asked. "It's not like I've cast this before."

"Oh, well, that's no problem" volunteered Lavender Brown. "I can help you calibrate."

Without thinking twice Lavender walked in front of Hermione and turned her back. Hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her work-out shorts, she smoothly pulled her knickers down to her ankles and bent over at the waist.

With her bare bum sticking up in the air, she told Hermione to start casting low-powered spells and work her way up.

Hermione shook her head in an "I can't believe I'm doing this" gesture and complied with Lavender's instructions. It took her six tries before she got the right strength level.

She wasn't surprised to learn that her former roommate enjoyed getting spanked far more than she did.

With her lessons completed, Hermione turned and gave Terry an evil grin.

"Your turn, Mr. Logical...bend over."

**oo00OO00oo**

The four spansks were administered swiftly, and without too much need for a healing spell. Ron and Neville were disappointed to learn that Terry didn't get off on getting smacked. Nobody had their money on "Nine wins, but he takes it quietly without showing wood," so the pot rolled over to the next round.

While Terry retrieved his clothing and tried to regain some of his dignity, a new tote board was constructed for Harry's initiation. Susan was sent back to her changing room when the betting began. She wasn't very happy about this, but understood why it was necessary.

Some serious side bets were being placed on the over/under interval for Susan to attain orgasm, and nobody wanted to tempt her into faking it at a fiscally opportune time.

## The Sweat of a Gladiator Ch 9: Calibrations

Harry Potter sprawled out on a conjured couch as he waited patiently for his fiancée to kick Terry Boot's arse.

He would have bet the vault that Hermione would outduel her opponent even if it had been an even pitch. But with her thinly veiled plans to unleash her "mammaries of mass distraction"...that was so much icing on the cake, and more welts upon Boot's bum.

He knew the exact moment when his fiancée shed her jacket during the duel, even without getting up to sneak a look; the roar of the small group of witnesses came through quite clearly. He laughed when he imagined the different reactions from both witches and wizards. If only within this small, close-knit group, Hermione's stereotypical characterization as a school-marmish bookworm should be forever dead and gone.

Of course, Harry had recognized that Hermione had blossomed into a vivacious and sexy witch ages ago, back on the beaches of Montenegro. Even more so on the beaches of Kerela State, where she seemed happiest when she was wearing nothing more than the jewelry that adorned her body piercings.

The thought of those piercings, and the memory of how she had obtained them brought a smile to Harry's lips and a strain to the front of his trousers. It was supposed to be only the nose, and Harry had originally been opposed to anything that would "distract from her perfect natural beauty" (boyfriend words that he was amply rewarded for). But Hermione persisted, saying that she had assurances that it was completely reversible, and that a nose stud would be a wonderfully visible reminder of the time and place where he had proposed to her (as nose piercings were relatively common amongst South Indian women).

Hermione had visited the "piercing witch" while Harry was still in hospital recovering from his serpentine battle bites. The small hut hidden within a grove of cinnamon trees didn't look like a sterile environment, but the witch that ran the shop was quite welcoming, and patiently answered all of Hermione's questions. She soon discovered that there were many benefits to having a witch do your body art - topical numbing potions, infection-preventing healing salves...and the potions that really could instantly reverse the process and magically close existing openings. The nose hole took all of thirty pain-free seconds to complete, which made it quite a simple decision to get a little more work done (as long as she was already there).

After the nose it was cartilage on her left ear, and then her navel. The witch tried to convince Hermione to do her tongue, claiming that it would drive her fiancé wild during fellatio. But Hermione resisted, knowing full well what her dentist parents would say about that sort of thing. Next was the sales pitch for a pierced clitoral hood, combined with a charmed ring that would provide "guaranteed stimulation and orgasmic satisfaction on demand." Hermione was intrigued, but had to politely decline, as the piercing would have certainly interfered with her newly fitted pleasure strip.

By that point, getting her nipples done seemed like a pedestrian afterthought. Of course, Harry didn't think so. He had gone bonkers when Hermione returned to his hospital room to show off her new jewelry, and responded physically in a way that required a discrete *Scourgify* spell.

The memory of Hermione flashing her nipple rings while he was still sick in bed made Harry nearly as hard now as he had been back then. And that got him wondering how many of the wizards out in the main room were having similar reactions. Harry did consider the possibility that Ron and the others had learned to control themselves during previous Club activities (just like he had quickly learned to do acclimate on the Adriatic Coast). But knowing his mates and the visual impact of those piercings, he doubted they'd be able to keep their wood down.

That the witches in the other room were willing to shed their clothes and submit to spankings... Harry had decided that was a wonder all on its own. Although he did understand that most of the female students were taking NEWT-level Ancient Runes, and that they'd all been nude in front of each other and in front of male classmates. And while NEWT-level Divination Classes didn't involve naked tealeaf readings, Harry had every confidence that Parvati Patil and Lavender Brown were comfortable in their own skins. How could they not be, with the outfits they wore at night while hanging around the Gryffindor Common Room?

This led Harry to imagine what each of the other witches would look like without clothing, and he began to worry again about getting hard while dueling Susan, despite Hermione's reassurances. It had been one thing to become acclimatized to the sight of Hermione and other female beachgoers lounging about in only their thongs. But none of these other women had sat on Harry's lap, and ground her bum down onto his crotch, and described just how powerful their orgasms had been when a female roommate spanked their bare arse beet red.

All of these thoughts got Harry painfully hard, which is something that a still topless Hermione immediately noticed when she came to fetch him for his duel. With her hands on her hips, and a smile her lips, she asked, "So, the idea of getting Susan naked getting you all hot and bothered?"

Harry blushed as he swung his legs around and sat up in an attempt to lose his erection within the loose fabric of his trousers.

"No," he said, "Well, I dunno, maybe a bit... I was mostly thinking about how you were putting your nipple rings to work against Terry...your idea *did* work, right?"

Hermione smiled as she closed the door and walked over to the couch. She placed her left hand on Harry's bulge, and leaned forward so that her

Breasts were hanging free in front of Harry's face.

"Was there any doubt?" she asked.

Harry smiled as he pulled his head up and lightly caught a breast between his lips and flicked her nipple ring with his tongue, causing her to moan and tighten her grip.

"Never," her mumbled, as he started to grind up against her hand.

Hermione chuckled, and, after giving Harry a few seconds to lavish attention on her other nipple ring, pulled away from his reach.

"Keep a lid on it, Mister, I've got money on you keeping your control during the duel."

"Well then," Harry said with embarrassment, "short of a freezing charm, it'll take a few moments for me to go soft."

Hermione grinned. "Who said anything about soft?" she asked. "I want you to walk out there just hard enough to make every other witch drench their knickers with jealousy."

Harry's eyes lit up "Say, if you really want them to be jealous," he said. He reached into his jacket and withdrew his wand, and with a word and small gesture the concealment charm on Hermione's ring finger was cancelled.

"Are you sure about this?" Hermione asked.

"Absolutely," Harry replied.

Hermione let out a "squee," then jumped onto the couch and gave him his favorite kind of snog (Harry on his back, with a topless Hermione straddling his hips and leaning forward so that he could play with his "toys"). When they finally broke for air, Harry modified his response.

"Abso-fucking-lutely!"

Hermione smiled and said, "Now there's a word for the day!"

She then stood, took Harry's hand in hers, and helped him up. Using her free hand to adjust Mr. Phoenix's position, she created an impressive trouser profile that wasn't too obscene. They then rejoined the others in the sitting area adjacent to the dueling platform.

Hermione was betting that Lavender Brown would be the first to notice, but wasn't sure whether that attention would be paid to her ring or Harry's trousers. But as her former roommate was waiting to see how Harry had dressed for the duel, the choice should have been obvious.

"Merlin, Potter," Lavender called out. "Nice tent!"

Harry chuckled. "Who wouldn't get hard," he replied, as he led Hermione around front of the furniture, "when his fiancée is the sexiest witch in her generation?"

The word "fiancée" caused all sorts of shouts and squeals of delight as witches shifted their hungry gazes from Harry's hard-on to Hermione's left hand. They rushed over to have a closer look at Hermione's now-visible engagement ring, and pushed her down onto a couch so that they could goggle and shoot questions from all different angles. She was all too happy to show off her ring, and to describe the romantic setting in which Harry had proposed.

Harry took a step back and allowed Hermione some well-deserved limelight. His mates gathered round and shook his hand and slapped his back, but his attention was still on Hermione. The fact that she was topless yet in close physical contact with the other witches (as they pulled her hand one way then the other) was quite stimulating, and brought a firmer bulge to Harry's trousers.

Seamus noticed. "Hey Harry, aren't you used to Hermione's jewelry by now?"

Susan Bones's eyes twinkled as she shifted her gaze from Harry's crotch to Seamus's face. "I think the answer is obvious, don't you, Mr. Finnegan?" She then turned back to Hermione and told her that she could cover up now that her duel had finished.

"Why would I want to do that?" asked Hermione with a smile. "I thought we were supposed to be getting used to being naked in front of each other." As if to emphasize this point, she stood up and pulled out her wand. Her shorts and thong were then dispatched to her rucksack, unveiling her hairless pubic area (the "landing strip" had been sacrificed for a better fitting pleasure strip). Hermione then nonchalantly sat down and leaned against the seat back, with her engagement ring hand resting on her stocking clad thigh. That she had talked about being naked but somehow forgot to banish her black silk hold-ups and boots was, in Harry's opinion, incredibly hot (and entirely intentional).

"Merlin, Hermione, where's your tan lines?" asked Susan.

Hermione looked down at her crotch, and then made a show of looking underneath each bum cheek and inside the elastic of each stocking. She then shrugged her shoulders and said, "Guess I must have left them back in India."

"Woo-hoo, you go girl!" said Lavender.

Lisa Turpin leaned over the couch and quietly asked, "I thought you told Terry that you had another piercing?"

"Couldn't really hide a piercing down there without any pubes," joked Parvati.

Hermione ignored her former roommates, and instead turned to face the Seventh-Year Ravenclaw. She smiled thinly and then said, "You seem very observant, Lisa."

The witch blushed red with embarrassment as she lifted a strand of honey-brown hair away from her face and pushed it behind an ear. "Maybe, erm...you want me to join you?"

Hermione snorted. "I think that would be an excellent idea, Lisa," she replied. "But won't you need something to strip off during your duel later on?"

"Erm...yes, I guess you're right," Lisa replied. She then stepped away from the couch with even more embarrassment over having asked the question.

Luna, who had been sitting to Hermione's left, nodded in agreement and squeezed her friend's naked thigh. "Well on that point at least I can join you, Hermione." She pulled her wand from the twist in her hair, and while still seated banished her clothing.

Harry really wasn't trying to stare, but found his eyes inexorably drawn to Luna's and Hermione's bodies and their thigh-to-thigh skin contact. Luna had small but plump breasts, and as she was sitting he could just see the hint of blonde pubic hair that was visible above her closed-legged lap.

"Luna!" Ron shouted. "What are you on about?"

"Hermione is right," Luna replied serenely.

"But...but what about your duel?"

"You and I aren't dueling today, Ronald," Luna informed him. "You've still got some curves to calibrate and I'll be scraping sweat for you."

Ron swallowed nervously. "That means..."

"Yes, Ronald," said Luna. "That means that you don't need to keep your clothes on for a duel, either."

"Erm me...naked?" Ron stammered. "You mean starkers...right in front of Hermione and all of the others?"

"What's the big deal, mate?" Harry asked with a grin. "It's not like they didn't see all of you yesterday, right?"

"Actually, we didn't" Lavender replied, with obvious disappointment. "In fact, none of these guys have gone Full Monty for us."

"That's not exactly true," Neville replied defensively. "I was starkers when I was spell-spanking Susan."

"Yes, but that wasn't with any of the other wizards around," Parvati noted. "And it wasn't the group...just you and Susan, with Luna and Padma collecting sweat."

"What about the calibration curves?" asked Seamus.

"Again, that was just you guys and the scrapers," Padma replied.

Harry was confused. "But they had initiation duels, right?"

"They've always been just a little bit better than we have," replied Lisa Turpin. "Never gotten any of them out of their knickers, much less spanked them."

"Oh," Harry replied. "But then there's Ancient Runes, right?"

"Erm, Harry, dear, Terry was the only wizard here that was in that class."

"Oh, right."

"What's all this about your Runes class, then?" Ron asked Luna.

Luna giggled as she placed her hands on her knees and spread her legs apart, with nary a thought of how much more of a show she was providing for the wizards standing in front of her. "Harry's probably talking about the times when all of the virgin witches in the class dance naked around ritual circles," she said.

"What?" asked Ron.

"Oh yeah," Padma teased. "First it's the dancing, and then we drip hot wax from the candles all over our naked bodies."

"And don't forget the cunnilingus ritual," added Lisa with a smile.

Ron, Seamus, and (to a lesser extent) Neville adopted fish out of water gobsmacked expressions as they followed the discussion.

"You really do all that in Ancient Runes?" asked Ron in wonder.

Hermione smiled sweetly as she touched Ron's cheek and nodded. "It really is a shame you chose to take Divination, Ron."

"You got that right," he replied.

Ron's brain was too busy spinning to notice Harry as he desperately tried to keep a straight face. The only wizard in the Club that would actually know the truth was Terry, and he wasn't saying anything. In fact, as Harry looked around he couldn't find Hermione's dueling partner at all.

"So speaking of Runes, where is Terry?" he asked.

Harry's question brought out some derisive comments and a few jeers.

Hermione explained, "Terry was asked to leave the Club until he grew up and apologized to Su Li."

"But he did have a corporeal patronus," Harry said.

"He also had a stick up his arse that none of the witches wanted to pull out," said Neville. "Doesn't matter if he has the strength of a gladiator...there weren't any volunteers to collect his sweat."

"And speaking of sticks up arses," said Hermione, "we were talking about equal opportunity for wizards to get and stay naked?"

"Yeah, that's right," said the other female students (in various forms and variants).

Hermione reached out for Harry's trouser-covered leg and said, "I know that Harry will strip down and join us, Luna, even if he does win the duel and keeps his clothes on...right honey?"

Harry started to object to being volunteered that way, but then he felt Hermione's hand running up and down his leg and decided that there would be benefits for going along with her program.

"Erm...absolutely, Hermione," he replied.

This announcement got a uniformly positive response (at least from the witches), but pressured Ron into following his girlfriend's naked footsteps. He tried to deflect this attention to himself by mentioning that there still was an initiation duel to be had. That call was seconded, and Harry and Susan soon found themselves face-to-face on the dueling platform.

It turned out to be more like face-to-cleavage, as Susan had decided that it was a good time to bend over retie her shoelaces. Seeing her breasts almost fall out of her scoop-necked t-shirt forced Harry into his "beach occlumancy" exercises. He focused inward, and created a mental wall of Neville's dirty socks stuffed into Umbridge's tea cups to separate his libido from his eyesight.

With "things" under good-enough control, Harry announced his intention to forfeit the first four rounds of the match, so that he could limit further injury to his leg.

This caused an uproar...not about duel protocols, but over the wagering on the match. It was noted that Hermione had been the only one to bet that Susan would win at least four duels, and there were cries of collusion and bet-rigging. Hermione scowled, and replied that she could swear on her magic that she had no certain knowledge of Harry's plans (which was sort of true, if you emphasized "certain" rather strongly). She also said that she'd be willing to either call all of the bets off, or to use her winnings to help underwrite an engagement party. She asked for a vote, and since there were more witches than wizards in the room, the party won (to the chagrin of Ron and Seamus).

Harry used the betting scandal distraction to calm Mr. Phoenix as he stripped down to his crimson briefs without too much attention. Or so he thought. The blokes certainly didn't care to see just how well he filled out his silk undies, but from his fiancée's perspective all of the other witches made it a point to keep track of Harry's progress. The staring started with first sight of his sculpted pecs and tight stomach (toned during a couple of time-turned months of swimming and physical therapy), and got really intense when he carefully pulled the front of his trousers out and over his briefs.

To one side of Hermione, Padma was expressing disappointment that Harry's nipples weren't pierced, while Lisa Turpin was standing behind Padma with a glazed expression and a crotch that was flush (and fidgety) against the upholstered edge of the couch. Meanwhile, on the other side, Hermione caught Parvati and Lavender whispering furiously, then watched as they pointed their wands at each other's laps and cast spells.

Their "notice-me-not" charms worked, but only to a point. While nobody could take direct interest in the fact that the two witches had slipped their hands inside their own knickers, Hermione was smart enough to notice how their breath was shortening, how their sofa cushions were moving rhythmically, and how their hands had disappeared *somewhere*. She smiled, and briefly considered casting a discrete *Finite*, before realizing that it was actually a trick that might come in handy.

Particularly when she noticed the small drop of pre-cum that had blossomed onto the front of Harry's briefs.

Once the betting scandal discussion settled down, Susan expressed her disappointment in the fact that Harry had limited the number of potential spankings. But in the spirit of fair play she decided to forfeit four rounds as well, and to match Harry's clothing count.

First she kicked off her shoes and socks, Then, Susan lifted her t-shirt up and over her head, "accidentally" catching the bottom of her breasts as she raised the hem, so that they bounced rather brightly on the rebound. Harry noticed that her black lace bra was a much more substantial garment than any of Hermione's unmentionables, but was quick to appreciate the required level of support for a 34D brassiere.

Susan smiled with false modesty as she slipped her bra straps off of each shoulder, then covered herself with one arm while she reached behind and unhooked herself. The sudden slackness in the fabric caught Harry's eye as Susan brought her other arm around front, so that each arm held the bra in place as she leaned forward and freed her breasts from their cups. She then slowly leaned back upright and stared straight at Harry as she let her hands go to her sides and let her bra drop to the floor.

Harry noticed red lines that criss-crossed Susan's skin where her undergarment had battled gravity whilst trying to restrain her heavy grapefruit-sized breasts. Each was capped with a pink nipple that was as wide as Harry's thumb, and almost as long. He was certain that Susan's bra must have been charmed to conceal her prominent points, because Harry certainly would have noticed otherwise.

"You do realize that a banishing spell would have been quicker, don't you, Susan?" quipped Lavender.

"And take the risk she'd banish a little bit of her breasts along with the bra?" asked Neville with amusement.

"It'd take more than a little bit to be lost before anyone noticed," snarked Parvati.

"Are you quite finished, ladies?" Susan asked with a smile. Getting no intelligible response, Susan untied the drawstring on her spandex shorts and stripped them down to her ankles, letting her breasts swing freely as she bent over. The shorts were tight enough to take some of her sheer white knickers with them, so that the back flipped half-way down her arse. She giggled as she reached up and readjusted herself before stepping out of her shorts.

Susan's figure could be used to define the word "buxom," with curvy hips to match the curves of her breasts. Her sheer knickers rode high on those hips, slimming down to a string that was just a bit thinner than the sides of Harry's briefs. The waistband was trimmed in lace, and decorated down the front with a column of small white bows. While this bit of decoration hid Susan's folds from view through the sheer fabric, they weren't wide enough to hide all of her pubic hair, or the fact that, like Luna, she had no need for magical hair dyes.

Once she finished stripping down, Susan picked her wand back off the floor and stood up, shifting her weight slightly from one foot to the other. She looked over to Harry, who had been semi-hard when she started to strip and had managed to stay that way. She then shifted her gaze to the other wizards in the room.

"Like what you see, boys?" she asked.

The other witches laughed, as Seamus and Ron had suddenly found need to stand up from where they'd been sitting and move directly behind the furniture. Neville, on the other hand, made no attempt to hide his appreciation for Susan's charms. He waited until he caught her eye and replied, "Your confidence adds to your beauty, Susan...I'll be sweating high today for sure."

"Oh, you say the nicest things, Neville," Susan replied sweetly. She then said, "So the match score stands at four-all with three rounds to play, right?"

Harry smiled as he nodded and brought his wand up in a salute.

"Milady," he replied, and bowed deeply.

Susan smiled and jiggled her dangling breasts when she bowed low just as Hermione had.

Unfortunately (but, she would admit, predictably) Susan's actions failed to distract Harry, as he had entered into his "battle mind" state, in which his senses focused only on that which was needed for him to survive. Neville counted down to zero, and she fired a paintball directly at Harry's chest. He dodged just enough for the paintball to pass by his side. Harry's return volley sent four balls out in a diamond pattern. Susan had also moved to the side after firing, but wasn't able to react quickly enough to dodge the ball sent in anticipation of that shift. It struck her square on the upper arm.

"Ouch," she said. "That would have felt better if you had aimed for my bits."

"But why would I want to cover those beautiful orbs with paint, Susan?" Harry replied.

"Careful, Hermione," Susan replied brightly. "Your fiance is flirting with me."

"No, he's just being truthful," Hermione replied. "Although calling your breasts 'orbs' sounds like he's been reading Harlequin novels behind my back."

Hermione's response drew a laugh.

"Oh, well, time to get naked," Susan said with poorly disguised glee. She hooked a thumb into each side of her knickers and pulled them down to the floor. After stepping out of her panties she picked them up, and tossed them towards Harry. Whether by practice or by sheer dumb luck, they landed straight onto Harry's wand like she'd been playing a ring toss game.

"A present, Susan?" Harry asked.

"To the victor goes the knickers," she replied.

"You know, Susan, ladies are supposed to show knights their favor by throwing scarves at them, rather than their underwear," Hermione replied.

"This cuts to the chase though, doesn't it?" Lavender replied.

Harry laughed as walked over to Susan and transferred her knickers from his wand tip to hers. "Milady," he said nobly, "Though I am honored by your support, my heart belongs to one who has already graced me in similar fashion."

"That's funny, Harry," Parvati said. "Knights are supposed to wear the signs of their lady's love...don't see you showing off Hermione's knickers on your lance."

"You must be blind, Parvati," Ron quipped. "Skimpy as those red shorts are, it's clearly Hermione's knickers that Harry is wearing."

Susan pouted, but only for a second. She then walked over to Neville and raised her wand so that her knickers were a few inches away from his nose. “Brave Sir Neville,” she asked, “whilst thou carry this sign of my favor upon the field of battle?”

Neville smiled. “Suppose you want to tie it around my lance yourself?”

“Oh, no,” Susan replied in mock horror. “I certainly wouldn't want to cut off any of that lovely blood flow.” She then pulled the knickers off of her wand and stuffed them down the front of Neville's sweatpants.

“Close enough,” Susan announced.

Harry laughed along with the others at Susan's antics, but said nothing as she returned to her station for the next round. It was then he'd noticed that her trimmed pubic hair did a poor job of hiding two very large and puffy lips. But that caught his eye for only a second, as Susan tried to up her distraction level by proving that she (unlike Hermione) could easily caress her breasts with her tongue.

“Oh, sorry, Harry,” Susan said when she saw he had noticed. “I always duel better with wet nipples, don't you?”

Harry laughed at Susan's comment, and decided that was good enough reason to lose the next round. Susan hit him square in the chest. He smiled, banished the paint from his pectorals, then stuck his wand behind an ear (just like Luna liked to do) so that he could use both hands to strip off his shorts.

Hermione decided that Harry's “shock and awe” attack worked even better than hers did. Unlike Terry's penis, which shrank down to nothing when he wasn't aroused, Harry was almost as long soft as he was hard. And so there was quite a bit dangling when he stepped out of his shorts. The other girls lost all sense of decorum at the sight and flat out gasped when Harry stood up straight and smiled.

“Merlin's testicles, Hermione,” exclaimed Lavender, “you weren't padding when you transfigured that stapler, were you?”

“No,” the Muggleborn witch replied rather proudly, “I wasn't.”

Harry resisted the opportunity to banter with Mr. Phoenix's admirers, and was actually more interested in the reaction of his mates. The sight of his penis was nothing new to the three, thanks to Gryffindor Tower's gang showers, so if they were shocked it must have been over how eager the witches had been to verbally express their appreciation.

Harry looked over to Hermione and shrugged his shoulders. She rolled her eyes, then nodded slightly towards Lavender and Parvati (Harry couldn't tell why, though, for Parvati had just decided to cast a *Silencio* and to extend the notice-me-not over the entire couch). She then nodded to the other direction, where Harry saw clear evidence that Padma's and Lisa's bras had no magical restraints on perky nipple displays. He snorted, shrugged his shoulders again, and turned to Neville.

“Shall we finish this?”

Neville nodded as he looked towards Susan. She nodded with eyes still fixed at Harry's crotch. When Neville's count got to zero, she shook out the cobwebs, and while Harry stood there, turned her wand on herself.

The paintball, fired at close range, stung her left nipple enough for her to cry out in pain.

“I lose,” Susan announced.

There were cheers and everyone clapped (except for Lavender and Parvati, for their hands were still busy). Neville announced that Harry should get the spanking over quickly so that the other Club members could get on with their own duels.

When Harry asked the same question that Hermione had voiced about spanking spell strength, Susan eagerly volunteered to assist in calibration. Hermione, however, surprised everyone in the room when she informed Harry that he already knew just how hard to spank. When he gave her an uncertain look, she said, “Just make it as strong as that last slap on my arse, Professor Potter.”

This prompted an excited chatter of questioning, during which time Hermione explained (to Harry's slight embarrassment) how they had experimented with role playing in order to determine whether spanking sweat would be a viable substitute for shagging sweat. Although she took care to omit the parts involving lines, staplers, and quill feathers, Hermione did describe her outfit, and how her “Professor” had pulled her over his knee, lifted her skirt, and spanked her bare bum.

Hermione didn't mention the part about rubbing herself on Harry's erection, but Susan didn't need that kind of clue to consider the potential for some painful pleasure. She let out a “squee” as she conjured a straight-backed wooden chair behind Harry, then used a summoning spell to drag it across the floor and catch him behind the knees (forcing him to sit down). She then quickly ran around and bent herself over Harry's lap, daintily moving his semi-hard penis to the side so that she didn't hurt it when she settled her weight onto his lap.

“Is a naked bum okay, Harry?” Susan asked. “Or should I *Accio* my school uniform for you to play with?”

Shocked that Susan had just adjusted him, it was all Harry could do to spit out, “It's fine.” From an excitement standpoint, it was both better and worse. Better control in the sense that it was Susan, rather than his fiancée on his lap, but worse because they were both naked and Susan was already stiffening up Mr. Phoenix as she “adjusted” herself for maximum stimulation. Harry looked up at Hermione, who smiled and pointed out that with only one spank to deliver that it didn't really matter if it was a spell or his hand...there wouldn't be enough sweat to warrant scraping. With that blessing in hand, and with a confirmatory “thumbs-up” from Neville, Harry delivered Susan's punishment. His hand stung, her arse reddened, and Susan's moaning was clearly discernible above the “oohs” and “ahs” from the crowd.

Susan was kind enough to stop squirreling just long enough for Harry to soften before she leapt up and thanked him with a kiss on the cheek. Which made Harry nervous, until she walked over and thanked Hermione in the same manner.

With the initiation over, it was time for everybody else to get involved in their club activities. As Luna had hinted, Ron had not yet completed the potency calibration for his sweat. Hermione began chatting with Lisa about the arithmancy involved, but not loud enough to drown out Luna asking Ron if he wanted to do the collection right there. When Ron asked what was involved, Luna (who was still nude at this point) reached her hand into his shorts and started to fondle him. He quickly grabbed her hand, lifted it out of his sweatpants, and led her to a private changing room. Before she left, Luna had the Room add two additional dueling platforms to the main room, and converted each of the changing rooms into approximations of the Muggle saunas that she had discovered during her Scandinavian Snorkack hunts.

Left behind in the main room were the three naked Club members that had already dueled, and six clothed members who had not. This made the math rather simple, with Susan, Hermione and Harry serving as judges for three separate paintball duels. Rock-paper-scissors was used to match Seamus against Parvati, Neville against Padma, and Lisa against Lavender. No random games were necessary to divvy up the judges; Susan and Hermione colluded and with evil grins pushed Harry towards the witch-on-witch duel.

Lisa and Lavender had moved to the far platform, which gave Harry a clear view of the three concurrent duels once he took his position as their judge. Being the judge for a duel with only one possible spell and obvious evidence of hits and misses wasn't that hard, so Harry's eyes had opportunity to move around the room. He took that opportunity often, so as to not dwell too long on Lisa and Lavender's clothes shedding. Of course, the fact that Hermione was judging with her back turned to him was incentive as well, as she frequently wiggled her bum for his benefit.

Hermione was on the far platform, with Seamus and Parvati. During that duel, Seamus learned that nipple piercings could be just as distracting on a judge as they were on an opponent. Parvati won 7-4, and was roundly congratulated by the other witches for keeping her knickers on and forcing her wizard opponent to strip starkers. Seamus was gracious and good-humored in defeat, and not all that shy about revealing an averaged-size erect penis and pubes that were just as curly as the hair on his head. He also was bold enough to ask that he receive his spankings as Susan did, and since witches in the club didn't have to practice their spanking spells, Hermione allowed it. The only twist was that Parvati delivered the blows while Seamus was bent over Lavender's lap (once her duel had been completed).

In the center platform Susan judged the duel between Neville and Padma. All three seemed very friendly and helpful during the match...so much so that whenever someone lost a round, their opponent and judge both helped clean off the paint and remove an article of clothing. Harry thought Neville wasn't trying all that hard to win. It would have been hard to fault him, though, as Susan and Padma's hands roamed rather freely whenever Neville lost. The one round that Harry couldn't help but laugh over was when Neville was left only with his boxers. Susan's knickers were hanging halfway out of his waistband, and Padma suggested that they should count as clothing as well. Susan agreed, and told Neville that he either had return the sign of her favor, or lose his boxer shorts. Not wanting to disappoint his lady, Neville smiled and stripped down. Susan then made the wicked suggestion that Neville wear her knickers in place of his boxers, but given that both Susan and Padma were starkers at that point Neville was quite hard. He therefore decided to "wear" the sign of his lady's favor by letting those knickers hang off the end of his erection. Neither Susan or Padma minded, and Neville ended up winning by a 7-4 score. Padma insisted not just on spell-spanking but having Neville "calibrate" his spells on her bare bum. This, of course, was a joke, since Neville had been spell-spanking for the past four days, but he was chivalrous enough to honor his opponent's request.

And then there was the match that Harry was judging. The first odd thing he noticed was that Lisa and Lavender were both shooting brown-colored paint balls. When the first hit splattered against Lavender's t-shirt, Harry asked about the difference. Lavender smiled, smeared a finger through the dark brown goo, and then licked it clean, explaining that chocolate syrup was a lot more fun to clean up than white paint.

Harry had been quite proud of the fact that Mr. Phoenix had behaved during the initial rounds of the match. But then Lisa Turpin guessed wrong, got clipped by a chocolate ball, and was forced to strip off her shorts. The navy blue knickers she was wearing were not incredibly sexy, or sheer, or thongy. They were, in fact, rather conservative in cut when compared to what the other witches were wearing (or had already been forced to take off). But even with this ample coverage, Lisa's knickers were unable to restrain the thick tangled mat of hair that lay underneath. Harry's eyes and Mr. Phoenix's interest were immediately drawn to thin lines of curly pubes that peeked out the sides of the panties. It reminded Harry so much of that first day on the Montenegrin beach with Hermione, when he caught sight of her renegade pubes and fell immediately head-over-heels rock-hard in lust.

It almost made Harry yearn for the pre-pleasure strip "good-old-days," when Hermione still had a bit of hair down there to tease and play with. And it most definitely made him hard. Fortunately, Hermione's back was still turned and nobody made much of Harry's condition (whether because they were too polite, or too afraid that he'd hide it away if he was called on it).

When the score became tied at four Harry was able to compare Lavender's large, brown-nippled breasts against Lisa's smaller cone-shaped set. Lisa then caught Lavender with a syrup ball flat against the definitely-not-flat chest in Round Nine. Lavender smiled, and began to clean off the chocolate with her fingers rather than her wand. She made it a point to wipe her nipples clean first, which created an interesting contrast of pink against chocolate brown. Lavender then redoubled Mr. Phoenix's interest by asking Lisa if she wanted to help. Lisa agreed, and started dragging her fingers along the bottom curves of Lavender's breasts, and licked her fingers clean once they started to drip.

It was the stuff of school-boy fantasy (unless, a small voice in his head reminded him, that boy was a member of Harry's fan club). Lavender was quite appreciative of Lisa's help, and told Harry that there was more than enough room for his fingers, or better still his tongue, to join in. Managing to keep his response down to only a slightly noticeable twitch of his erect penis, Harry politely declined.

Once Lavender was cleaned-up, and able to proudly display her clean-shaven crotch, Harry counted down the next round. It was Lisa's turn to catch chocolate on her breasts (what a surprise, Harry thought), and Lavender's turn to help with some cleansing caresses. Lisa didn't wait for the clean-up to be completed before dropping her knickers and revealing her mass of untrimmed pubic hair. Harry thought he heard Lisa inviting Lavender to clean up a drip of chocolate that had trailed down into her navel and beyond, but the witch just smiled and shook her head. Harry wasn't all that disappointed, however, for the sight of Lisa cleaning chocolate sauce from her own pubes was erotic enough by itself.



Lisa whispered something into Lavender's ear just before they separated for the final round. Her opponent giggled and nodded her head, causing Harry to wonder just what the two witches were up to. He soon found out when, after counting down to zero, Lisa and Lavender aimed their wands not at each other, but at Mr. Phoenix, and fired direct hits that lathered Harry's erection in chocolate sauce.

"Sorry, Harry," said Lavender, "bad aim...why don't you let us clean that up?"

As Lisa and Lavender approached Harry he rolled his eyes and motioned them to keep their distance.

"Oh, you're no fun," Lavender said disappointingly. "At least," she sighed, "there's the spanking to be had."

Harry shook his head, wondering how he got into this terribly delightful mess. "Hitting the judge disqualifies a duelist, so you both lose that last round and need to spank each other once."

"No, Harry," Lisa said with a smile. "According to the rules of the International Dueling Confederation, if a duelist is disqualified from a multi-round match the official score is recorded as the worst-possible loss."

Harry snorted. "So you are saying that each of you just lost 11-0?"

"Oh, I think you're right, Lisa," said Lavender brightly. "Each of us needs to be spanked eleven times, and I, for one, insist that it's the judge that administers the punishment."

"I agree," Lisa said slyly. "Although it will be kind of messy bending over Harry's chocolate covered lap."

Lavender giggled and added, "Not to mention bumpy."

A voice from behind them announced, "I'll take care of both of those problems ladies, thank you very much."

Harry looked up at mouthed a silent "Thank You" to his fiancée as she approached him.

"Oh, don't thank me yet, Harry," she replied with a wink. She walked up and wrapped her thumb and index finger around the base of his chocolate-covered erection. Then, Hermione squeezed her fingers together just enough to scrape off the sauce as she pulled them forward towards the head. Once her fingers cleared the tip, Hermione held them over her open mouth and let the sauce drip onto her outstretched tongue.

She then licked her fingers clean and announced, "Yum," before banishing the balance of the splatter. Turning to Lisa and Lavender, Hermione said, "That was fun, but Harry needs his sweat curve data, and the chocolate would get in the way of the scraping."

Lavender shook her head. "And I imagine you'll be walking Harry through the process?"

"You bet your chocolate-covered bum I am, Lavender-dear," said Hermione sweetly. She grabbed Harry's hand (waving her engagement ring around as a reminder), and led him towards one of the sweat collection rooms.

"Sorry girls," she said over her shoulder, "You'll just have to spank each other."

Harry jutted out his lip in a fake pout and said, "Gee, Hermione, can't I at least stay and watch?"

His fiancée shook her head and smiled. "You've had enough fun with them...now it's my turn."

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A blast of dry heat hit Harry when Hermione opened the door to what was now designated as a "sweat collection room." She gave Harry's bum a slap and said, "Inside, Mr. Candy Bar."

Harry entered the room and spotted a small wood-fired stove and a platform of large round rocks that sat off to one side. Cedar benches were pushed up against each wall, and a small pile of towels sat right next to the door. Hermione grabbed a towel as she passed by Harry, spread it out onto one of the benches, and sat down facing him.

Leaning back to rest her elbows on the ledge, she said, "Close the door, Harry, you're letting all of the heat out."

Harry chuckled to himself as he complied, then stood back in front of Hermione. "So I suppose the heat is supposed to help generate the sweat?"

Hermione nodded. "We're on an accelerated testing schedule, what with having to go right to shagging before tomorrow noon."

Harry cocked his head. "What sorts of testing do you have in mind?"

"Why validating our arithmantic equations predicting sweat potency, of course."

Harry nodded, not completely certain what that meant. Hermione picked up on this and explained.

"Harry, do you remember all of the discussion about double pure sweat and sweat potency back on day one? And the questions about whether spanking sweat could be just as potent as shag sweat?"

"Erm, sure...you said it was a lot more complex than just sweat, pure sweat and double pure."

"Exactly," Hermione replied. "Well, while we were away there's been a lot of people working very hard on making sense of the magical basis for

gladiator sweat potency. There has never really been any serious study, with predictive hypotheses and testable results, so it's all very exciting....Professor Vector's been having kittens over it all."

Harry snorted. "So is she a cat animagus too?"

Hermione shot a foot out and kicked Harry lightly in the shin. "Stop it...anyway, there's been an awful lot of sweat collected under different conditions, and we've collected a mountain of raw data. No time to make complete sense of it, but one thing we do know is that there is more to sweat strength than shagging vs. not shagging."

"What...are you saying my sweat would be at least slightly more potent if I was just snogging a virgin witch?"

"That's right, Harry," Hermione said brightly. "There seems to be a correlation between sweat strength and level of sexual activity, although it's decidedly non-linear."

"So," said Harry dryly, "that's why I'm in here, rather than watching two naked witches spank each other?"

"Of course," Hermione replied, as if the answer should be obvious. "The degree of non-linearity also appears to vary between individuals. So to pursue that kind of relationship, the Club has developed some uniform protocols for each wizard....it's basically a four-point curve."

"Four points?" Harry asked. "And do any these points involve me playing with your points?"

"Erm, unfortunately, no," said Hermione. "Although we might try that in a supplemental study."

"Well good on that, I say," Harry replied. "So what's the first point?"

"You've already done it...sweat during completely non-sexual activities...in your case it was riding on your broom."

"It could have been a whole lot more sexual if you had been riding with me," Harry snarked.

"Stop, Harry...we're short on time," Hermione admonished. "Moving on, non-sexual is one endpoint, while shagging a virgin, of course, anchors the other side of the curve."

"That makes sense," said Harry. "So what kind of fun is involved in getting from point A to point D?"

Hermione smiled as she looked down at Mr. Phoenix (who had been altogether disinterested in the technical discussion). "Point 2 involves sweat collected during solitary sexual stimulation."

It took Harry rolled a moment to figure it out. "You're going to scrape while I wank off?"

Hermione smiled and nodded vigorously.

"And I can't get any help from you?" Harry asked.

Hermione looked up at Harry's puppy-dog eyes and caved in. "Well...I can't make any skin contact, but I might be able to do something else to get Mr. Phoenix happy."

When Harry cocked his head in interest, Hermione smiled, spread her legs, and trailed a finger from her left breast down towards her lower lips.

"Come on, Harry," she purred, as she began to make lazy circles with her fingertips, "I know how much you like watching me get myself off."

Both Harry and Mr. Phoenix responded positively to that assertion as he grabbed his now-erect penis and began to stroke.

Just as soon as Hermione spotted a light sheen of sweat on Harry's body she stopped her own stroking and jumped up to attach an open vial to the base of her scraper.

Harry groaned in disappointment.

"Oh, don't stop, Harry," Hermione cooed, as she stepped behind him and dragged her tool across his shoulder blades. "That's just what I need right now."

"What I need right now is the sight of your fingers buried inside your roost," Harry whined.

"Hush, Harry," Hermione replied. She then leaned up to his ear and whispered. "Be a good boy and play with yourself, and I'll be sure to scrape the sweat off of Mr. Phoenix."

Harry was a good boy, and Hermione kept her word, and ninety seconds later the vial was full. Quite satisfied with her efforts, Hermione separated the vial from the scraper and capped it tightly. She had started to attach a second vial when she heard Harry let out a low, guttural groan, one that she'd heard many times before. In response, she set the scraper down, reached over and gave a firm pinch to the end of Harry's penis.

Harry's eyes flew open (they'd been shut in concentration while he had been stroking himself) and he let out a cry.

"What did you do that for?" he demanded.

"Sorry, Harry, but you can't get ahead of yourself."

Hermione then finished attaching the second vial, and turned to face Harry, this time from the front.

“If it's any consolation,” she told him, “we can move on to the third point.”

Harry arched an eyebrow. “I think I might like that enough to forgive you,” he replied.

Hermione smiled, and pushed him to one side of the room. “Now, I'll need a little more room for this step,” she explained. Once she had positioned Harry so that his knees were up against a bench she got down onto her knees and grabbed hold of Mr. Phoenix.

“You remember this position, don't you Harry?”

Harry groaned and smiled at the same time. “So you're going to jerk and scrape at the same time?”

Hermione nodded. “Unfortunately, I'm not going to be able to reach your upper body from this position.”

Harry paused and then asked, “Is that a problem?”

Hermione replied, “Yes, it will take me much longer to collect a full vial of sweat.”

Harry looked down as Hermione's hand deftly stroked Mr. Phoenix and asked a predictable follow-up.

“Is that a problem?”

Hermione smiled, and shook her head in response. She did, however, let go of Harry long enough to reach over and grab another empty vial. She offered it to him and said, “I will need your help, though, as my hands will be full.”

Harry took the vial and said, “Sure, what can I do?”

With a wicked grin, Hermione said, “Catch any spare fluid that shoots out the end...we can use it for some independent calibrations.”

Harry was quite happy to comply with this request.

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Just after Harry and Hermione had begun their sweat collecting, Ron and Luna returned to the main room wearing only their smiles (one serene, the other rather nervous). It had taken a bit of doing on Luna's part to convince Ron to stay naked, but her predictions that everybody else in the room would be that way were borne out. Parvati had been the only one to survive their duel with their knickers (not counting Susan's panties presently tied loosely around the base of his Neville's penis), and she had managed to “misplace” them whilst watching Lisa spell-spank Lavender's bum).

“It's about time we saw your other patch of red, Weasley,” Parvati loudly announced.

Ron blushed and tried to cover himself, but Luna smartly slapped his hand away.

“Ronald is just a little self-conscious about the size of his penis,” she matter-of-factly explained.

“Bloody hell, Luna,” Ron exclaimed.

Luna ignored her boyfriend's lament.

“Salty Carrot really is much easier to see, though, when it's happy,” she explained to everyone.

“Salty Carrot?” chortled Seamus. “Blimey, Mate, I hope that's her name for it and not yours.”

Ron got even redder in embarrassment.

“Of course that's my name for his penis,” Luna replied. “Ronald isn't flexible enough to know whether his penis tastes salty or sweet when it is inside of his mouth.”

She then gave Ron's arm a reassuring squeeze and added, “Although you did say that my lips tasted salty right after I performed oral sex on you, didn't you Ronald?”

Between the roars of laughter and the hands that covered his face, it was hard to tell just how many times Ron said “Bloody Hell.”

Neville showed some pity and asked Luna to modify the room for a sweat-collecting spell-spanking. She nodded, and banks of large stone fireplaces appeared along the walls. Each was lit with a raging wood fire that provided loads of heat and the only available illumination (once Luna banished the ceiling lights). She next added some “mood music,” with the sound of bagpipes carrying across the room. (Hermione later asked Luna why she had selected bagpipe music, and was informed that it simply was the best music to send shivers down a witch's spine and into her folds). Luna finished off her changes by mentally “building” two modified broomsticks that were supported on wooden platforms at the ends of two of the dueling platforms.

These broomsticks stands were co-designed by Susan and Luna to support a witch while she was being spell-spanked by a wizard. Hermione and Harry later compared them to muggle kiddie-rides one might find in a shopping area. Except these rides weren't built for anyone under the age of consent.

Susan chose the closest broom and swung her leg over. There wasn't a saddle to sit in, but there were stirrups for her feet, hand grips down towards the front and a small, donut-shaped leather pillow that supported her head when Susan leaned forward and rested her body along the wooden shaft. Her breasts hung loose to either side of the stick. So did her lower lips, once Susan reached down and spread them properly.

With her clitoris now in direct contact with the smooth wooden handle, she announced, "Thanks, Luna, this thicker diameter is a much better fit."

"I aim to please," Luna replied. She then added, "I do have few more changes for you." And with that, Susan's broomstick automatically shortened so that the base of bundled branches buffeted her bare bum.

Next came the animation.

"Oh...Merlin, Luna...a vibrating broomstick?"

Luna walked over to Susan and placed a hand on the Hufflepuff's jiggling bum.

"Do you like it?" she asked. "You should be able to control the broomstick's angle and vibration speed by twisting your handle grips."

Susan squealed in delight as she cranked up the frequency and adjusted the stick angle to a spot that was just right.

"Bloody fantastic, Luna," Susan gasped.

Luna nodded, then turned to Susan's so-called punisher. "Neville, will you line yourself up and make sure you've got a clear shot at her bum?"

Neville willingly complied, and reported that his sightlines were perfect.

Ron finally got his mind past the image of witches rubbing themselves on broomsticks and noticed that there was one more contraption than the day previous.

"So who else is getting spell-spanked today?" he asked.

Luna turned to him and smiled. "Why me, of course, Ronald." And as if to stifle any discussion on the matter, she walked over to the adjacent broomstick and climbed aboard.

"Bloody hell," Ron exclaimed.

After a brief discussion, Lavender and Parvati volunteered to collect Ron's sweat and led him to a spot ten feet behind Luna's bum. At the same time Lisa and Padma grabbed scrapers and moved into position behind Neville and Susan. This left Seamus Finnegan as odd-man out, and he looked rather uncertain what to do. Lavender took pity on him and led him over to the couch that was still "notice-me-not" charmed. She suggested that he sit back, enjoy the show, and masturbate in relative anonymity.

She was even kind enough to start him off with a helping hand.

As Luna was facing down and had her back turned, she had to ask whether her boyfriend was in the required physical state for sweat collection.

"His sweat is a little clammy, but it will do," replied Parvati.

Lavender, who had returned to her post with scrapers and vials, then added, "And his Salty Carrot isn't a sprout anymore either."

"Great," said Luna. "Just so you know, if he starts to go South, I've always found that sticking a finger up his bum helps keep Ronald nice and hard."

There were five "bloodies" in front of the "hell" that a flustered Ron spat out amidst all of the jovial commentary on that advice.

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By the time that Harry and Hermione had finished their work and returned to the main room, Susan and Luna sported bright red bums and were working on the beginnings of second orgasms. The other witches were working furiously to collect the sweat dripping off of Ron and Neville's bodies. Harry and Hermione watched as spell after spell was cast and smack after smack was applied. Neville ended up donating four vials of sweat before Susan used her safe word. He immediately dropped his wand and rushed to her side with a healing balm that he lovingly applied to each welt. On the other platform, Lavender and Parvati ended up collecting three full vials of Ron's sweat before Lavender scraped a little too closely to his balls and sent him off the ejaculatory edge.

Ron was extremely embarrassed, but Luna jumped up off of the broomstick and gave him a reassuring hug. After telling Ron that she was certain his sweat would be just as potent as any other wizard's, she cooled the room back down to a comfortable temperature and conjured towels and cold water bottles for everyone's use. Nobody blinked when Luna's "use" of the water bottles involved sitting her sore bum down on top of a row of four.

For the next few minutes the unspanked witches busied themselves labeling vials and recording their observations and comments into a log book. Somebody asked Harry if he planned on having a go at spell-spanking, but he declined, saying that it wasn't something that Hermione cared for, and not something he'd do on any other witch. Susan moaned, and it was hard for anyone to tell whether this was in disappointment or in relief as the murtlap began to take effect.

Ron's stomach growled and announced that it was dinner time. It was then resolved that Harry and Hermione would return to the room after eating and collect the shag sweat necessary to placate the hag. There were questions about the number of observers, and it was decided that, as it was

an instructional exercise, the collection process would be open to all Club members.

A discussion then broke out on the most efficient means of collecting sweat from a shagging wizard. Mindful of the need for Harry's sweat to be generated mostly through sexual physical exertion, Susan suggested they shag standing up, with Hermione facing Harry and her arms around his shoulders while he held her up by her bum. They did some experimental positioning and realized that Harry's leg wouldn't be strong enough to support Hermione's weight. Hermione thought of leaning over a bed and Harry taking her from behind, but that wasn't deemed exertive enough to produce sweat. Luna then suggested a complex system of ropes and pulleys attached to a harness. It was a hard concept for her to explain, but with the capabilities of the Room of Requirement at their disposal, it wasn't hard at all to gin up a working prototype that called on Harry to pull down on ropes to move Hermione up and down on Mr. Phoenix. It was easiest to do when he was on his back and Hermione was hanging directly above him, but that made sweat collection problematic.

Without an obvious solution to that problem at hand, Hermione suggested that they break and think about it over dinner. There were more than a few cries of disappointment from those who were ready to see Harry and Hermione shag straight away, but Luna was able to mitigate most of those negative feelings when she asked the Room to create a half-dozen shower stalls against the side wall.

Harry marveled at Luna's creative imagination. The back wall and shower floors were tiled in black, with gold fixtures and muted lighting. The six stalls were separated from each other by translucent glass walls that were long enough and deep enough to create a dry staging area in front of each spigot. Within this area was a wide bench, a bin for soiled clothing, stacks of white fluffy towels and shelves that were filled with a variety of magically-scented soaps, oils, and shampoos.

The-Boy-Who-Lived wasn't all that surprised to notice that there weren't any doors on the shower stalls. It took him just a while longer to divide the number of club members by the number of stalls and to conclude that most of them would have company. This was quickly confirmed when people started to pair up. As Hermione and he walked hand in hand towards one of the middle stalls, Harry noticed Ron with Luna enter a stall, while Neville was being dragged by both Susan and Padma into the stall next to their own ("*Yes, I was right, that lucky bastard!*") he thought to himself). On their other side, Seamus and Lavender were holding hands and exchanging soft words. With these couplings in place, Lisa and Parvati had showers to themselves. Harry was too busy thinking about the chance to scrub Hermione's breasts to wonder whether these two witches were happy to be on their own.

"It seems like I've been waiting for the longest time," he said, as they stood in the dressing area and he trailed fingertips up and down her thighs. He then leaned forward and grabbed a nipple ring in his mouth. While pulling back on the piercing with his teeth, he wrapped one hand around Mr. Phoenix and dove the other in between Hermione's legs.

"Merlin, Harry!" Hermione exclaimed, as her knees buckled. "*I so* want to shag you senseless right now!"

Hoots, hollers and words of encouragement from the other stalls demonstrated just how well her voice carried over the glass dividers.

Harry laughed as Hermione ducked her head with (at least a show of) embarrassment. He had planned on teasing her about her pre-shower wetness, but instead dragged her directly under the shower spray. After a wet tight embrace and powerful snog, he broke lip contact and said, "We've got more than enough scrapers next door if you really want to, love."

Hermione snorted as she pushed him away. "We can't, you git...you just rinsed off at least a couple of vials of sweat."

"More where that came from."

Hermione put her hand up resolutely. "No, I will be strong. We'll do it right, right after dinner."

Harry gave her puppy dog eyes. "Are you sure?"

Hermione nodded as she gave him a predatory look and lathered up soap in her hands. She grabbed Mr. Phoenix and nodded. "You, on the other hand," she said, "should have another release before dinner to maximize your staying power."

Harry smiled as he lavished sudsy attention onto Hermione's shoulders and breasts while she played with his slickened pubes. He couldn't help but notice the sights and sounds coming from the adjacent stalls. Luna's idea of privacy glass was uniquely her own. The barrier was a living, flowing dance of translucency and transparency, with blobs of clear glass forming and dissolving like the insides of a muggle lava lamp. The voyeur-friendly creation was unpredictable and semi-chaotic; the only pattern that Harry could discern was that there was never enough clear glass at the same time to see both a face and some naughty bits.

Unless, of course, a face was right up against those naughty bits.

It was relatively easy for Harry to track the movements of Neville and his two companions; Padma's light brown skin and dark brown nipples contrasted sharply against Susan's freckled complexion and nearly-translucent pink areolas. And with the walls barely six and a half feet high, the accompanying soundtrack helped lend form to what could be seen and almost-seen. Soft moans and urgent gasps suggested that many of the club members were finding similar ways to relieve the sexual tension that had built up within both themselves and their shower buddies.

Harry pulled his soapy fiancée into a tight embrace, and teased her bum with a fingernail as he whispered, "You do realize that whatever we do here will be heard and almost seen?"

Hermione smiled into his shoulder as she reached down and cupped Harry's balls.

"Abso-fucking-lutely," she whispered back.

Harry chuckled as he grabbed two handfuls of bum and ground against her.

“Right now,” he said softly, “I think I'm watching Neville suck on Padma's tits while Susan rubs Padma's back and bum.”

“They make a cute trio,” Hermione noted sweetly. “Jealous?”

“Of Neville?”

“Yeah.”

“Not with you here,” he replied.

“Oooh,” Hermione replied, as she dragged her finger across Harry's soapy arse cheeks. “You might get lucky with that kind of answer.”

“Think so?”

“And the word of the day is?”

Harry smirked. “Abso-fucking-lutely?”

“You got it.”

“So,” Harry said, “now I'm watching Susan reach in between the other two and she's stroking Neville....tell me what you see over my shoulder.”

Hermione went on her tip-toes, which just so conveniently gave Harry's hand easy access to her lower lips from behind. She let out a “Eep!” in surprise and ducked back down under his shoulder.

“What did you see?” Harry asked.

“Seamus,” Hermione said into his chest.

“Why so embarrassed?”

“Because I could almost see him smiling back at me.”

“And where was Lavender?”

“Marking her territory.”

“How's she doing that?”

“By sucking him off.”

Mr. Phoenix twitched big-time.

“Oh,” Hermione said, “you like the idea of Lavender sucking Seamus?”

“No,” Harry replied, “I like the idea of you doing that to me.”

Hermione smiled as she hugged Harry close.

“Would you like me to suck on Mr. Phoenix, Harry?”

Harry twitched again, betraying his true feelings when he replied, “Maybe later, when we've got some more privacy.”

“That's not what Mr. Phoenix is telling me,” Hermione cooed.

“Yeah, well he does have a mind of his own.”

“I like the way he thinks sometimes,” Hermione replied. “ And I don't mind almost being seen if you don't.”

“Are you sure, honey?”

“What's the word of the day?”

“Merlin, how did I ever get so lucky,” Harry asked.

Hermione chuckled. “The Fates felt so bad for fucking you over with that prophecy that they sent me to help balance the scales.”

“Fates?” Harry asked. “Nah, if anything you were Heaven-sent.”

Hermione gave Harry another squeeze on his bum. “There you go again,” she said, “saying things that should be rewarded.”

“No, I mean it,” Harry said.

“So do I,” Hermione replied. “Just one thing left for you to decide, then.”

What's that?"

"Do you like the current view, or want to watch Seamus and Lavender?"

Harry snorted. Mr. Phoenix twitched again when he heard a yelp of surprised pleasure and barely made out the sight of Padma bending over and burying her face in Susan's crotch.

"Here's good," he replied.

Hermione smiled as she broke the embrace to retrieve her wand from the bench. She turned the spray of water coming from the shower head into a fine mist of droplets, banished the soap from Harry's crotch, then aimed lower to cast a cushioning charm on the shower floor. Hermione dropped her wand as she dropped to her knees and grabbed Mr. Phoenix for an opened-mouth lick that extended from the base of Harry's testicles up to the tick of his tock. He gasped as she brought his bits back down closer to body perpendicular and started to tease the head with the tip of her tongue. It was all Harry could do not to violate the trust she was showing and to grab hold of the back of her head and thrust.

Harry sighed happily and closed his eyes tightly, as she grabbed Mr. Phoenix with both hands, and enveloped the balance with her mouth. He didn't dare open them at first, afraid that she might get scared off by his attention. She bobbed back and forth for a while, then began using her tongue to play with the head on each back stroke.

When Harry grew confident enough to open his eyes he looked down in loving wonder to see Hermione looking straight up at him. Her lips smiled around his width, as he reached down and lightly rubbed her scalp with his fingertips. In response, she let go of the hand closest to her lips and relaxed her throat in an effort to take even more of him inside her mouth.

"Merlin, you're beautiful, Hermione," Harry said with awe. She pulled back in response, so that she could tease the underside of his balls with feather-light kisses.

Harry heard a small gasp as Hermione's action revealed the full length of his erection. He turned towards the sound and discovered that they were being watched.

A very naked Lisa Turpin had, at some point, entered the front of their shower stall, and was presently facing them whilst leaning against a dividing wall. One hand was buried in her crotch, while the other covered her mouth in shock at having been caught peeking.

Harry's eyes traveled from Lisa's feet, up through the partially covered unruly patch of brown curly hair, and then to her breasts, whose sickle-sized nipples were hard to the point of being angry. He finally raised his head to lock eyes with Lisa's, as each of them tried to quickly decide what an appropriate response should be to her intrusion. Harry's thoughts, of course, were both muddled and sharpened by the sensation of Hermione's tongue and lips as they continued to suckle Mr. Phoenix. Lisa looked embarrassed, but at the same time emboldened, and she held her position almost in a challenge for her right to watch.

Harry then looked down to where Hermione had continued to plant kisses on his underside. Her eyes were closed, and he doubted she knew. Harry almost hated the thought of telling Hermione, but with Lisa frozen in place like a doe in the headlights he felt he had no choice.

"Erm...Hermione?"

"Yes, Harry," she replied, eyes still closed as she played her tongue on him.

"Erm...would it bother you to know that somebody is watching us right now?"

"Mmmmm" Hermione moaned with eyes still wide shut. "Neville and the girls enjoying the show, then?"

Harry looked up and tried to make sense of the glimpses of interlocked limbs and lips next door. "No, they seem to be focusing on each other," he replied.

He then turned to see that Lisa, who had decided to reveal a slight smile when she dropped her hand to her chest and teased a nipple with her thumb and forefinger.

"Harry's probably referring to me, Hermione," Lisa said boldly.

Hermione opened the one eye closest to the stall front. She then looked up and caught Harry's eyes with an expression that was practically dripping with sex. Hermione smiled, grabbed Mr. Phoenix by the base and turned towards the front of the stall.

"So, Lisa...you like to watch?" Hermione asked, as she slowly stroked Harry's penis.

Harry couldn't believe what he was hearing, as his brain tried to wrap around the possibilities. He turned and caught the tail end of Lisa nodding in response, while she brazenly used her index finger to pull each of her lower lips to the side in order to provide clearer access to her clitoris.

"You can look," Hermione informed Lisa, "but the only touching you get to do is on yourself. His willie is mine....all mine...got it?"

Lisa nodded.

"And another thing," Hermione added, as she waved towards the stall shared by Neville, Padma and Susan. "I don't know and don't care if you swing both ways ...but you should know that I don't, and that the same ownership privileges apply to Harry and my bits."

The Ravenclaw witch once again nodded in understanding.

“Good,” Hermione replied. “Now, as long as you're invited, you might as well be comfortable...bring the bench up for a closer view.”

Lisa nodded, almost submissively, as she kicked the bench around so that it was parallel to the shower front. She then stepped over and sat down with her legs spread to shoulder length, each foot stretched out to rest upon the low tile barrier of the floor drain.

While Hermione maintained her stroke, she clucked her tongue against the roof of her mouth in slight admonishment. “Don't be shy, Lisa...give us a chance to get to know you a little better.”

Lisa caught her breath, nodded, and brought the bench up to the very edge of the stall. She then lifted her left leg up so that her heel rested on the bench edge. With her knee pointed out, this action caused her hairy folds to yawn open and to frame her engorged nub.

Hermione smiled, then pulled Mr. Phoenix around so that it was facing her rather than Lisa, and wrapped her lips half-way down his length. She bobbed back and forth a couple of times before releasing him with a satisfying smacking sound. She then looked up at Harry and buried him as far down into her throat as she could take without gagging. Backing off, she returned to stroking the base of Harry's penis while she sucked on the head.

Soft mewling sounds caught both Harry's and Hermione's attention, and they turned to watch Lisa as she pinched down hard on one of her nipples and rubbed her clit at such a furious pace that individual fingers were indistinguishable within the blur.

“Oh...Merlin!” Hermione said to herself, as she lost all control and patience and buried two fingers deep inside her own folds.

Over the course of their tantric vacation, Harry and Hermione had enjoyed many mutual masturbation sessions. They also learned to give and receive oral stimulation. But never had Harry witnessed Hermione touch herself while she held him in his mouth (she'd always been too afraid of losing control and biting down on accident). And if that wasn't the kind of visual cues to get the semen flowing, there was the naked girl he barely knew just a foot away with four fingers buried somewhere he couldn't see.

While Harry loved Hermione's blow-jobs, he had always needed to concentrate on what she was doing and what it felt like. There'd been more than one occasion where her mouth got too sore to continue before he came. But combine her tongue with the sight of both Lisa and Hermione masturbating?

Lights out.

“Ahh.. Hermione I'm about to....”

Hermione smiled as she sucked and grabbed even harder on Mr. Phoenix. Deciding not to reward their new friend with a money shot, she milked him with her lips and eagerly swallowed what he offered.

Harry's eyes were focused on Hermione, so he heard, rather than saw Lisa when she almost fell off the bench during her own orgasm. They both turned and watched Lisa's beautiful agony for a bit before catching each other's eyes.

“Merlin, Harry, you taste good,” Hermione announced with smug satisfaction.

Harry snorted in wonder, looked towards a recovering Lisa, then returned his gaze to Hermione and shook his head. He pulled his fiancée up to her feet and said, “Now it's my turn to test the cushioning charms.”

Harry got down on his knees and pulled Hermione's crotch towards his face. She squealed as she almost lost her balance.

Ten minutes and two orgasms later (one per witch), Harry stood back up with a goofy grin on his face. Hermione returned the smile as she turned to Lisa and asked “Care to join us for a wash-up?”

Lisa's eyes went wide. She shook her head slightly, grabbed a towel from the shelf, and wrapped it around herself as she ran out of the stall.

Hermione shrugged her shoulders. “Her loss,” she said.

Harry shook his head. “Hermione, were you inviting her to join us in a three-way?”

His fiancée slapped his arm. “Of course not, you perv...so what did you think about Lisa's interests?”

Harry smiled as he reached up and tweaked one of Hermione's nipples. “I think that it's you shy quiet book lovers that I have to worry about.”

“Moi?”

Harry nodded. “Not that I'm complaining, mind you.”

“Good,” Hermione replied. “Now let's actually use this shower for its intended purpose.”

Harry let out a hearty laugh.

“What's so funny?” asked Hermione.

Once Harry caught his breath, he replied. “It's just that...just that Luna was the one that made these showers. Somehow I think we've already satisfied their intended purposes.”



Harry then leaned back against the divider, giving Susan and Padma an interesting view of his bum pressed up against the glass, and said, "You know we could always have Dobby bring some food up."

Hermione shook her head, casting drops of water off from her mass of brown rivulets. "We could use a break from this room, and we've got some sweat scores to report to Professor Vector."

Harry relented, and quickly finished rinsing off. He then helped Hermione towel dry, and they dressed in the clothes that had been magically cleaned and pressed while they had showered. As they walked out of the shower stall they exchanged knowing looks as they passed by their coupled (and tripled) classmates. When he got to the end of the row, Harry pulled on Hermione's hand and stopped her. Hermione looked inside the stall and smiled at the sight of Lisa, whose hair-covered lips were exposed from the rear as she bent over to step into her knickers.

"Lisa?" Harry asked.

The Ravenclaw jumped up in fright as she pulled her panties up and twirled around with one arm draped protectively in front of her breasts.

"Suddenly shy?" asked Hermione. "No matter," she continued. "Harry and I were wondering if you'd care to join us for dinner"

"You...you want to eat with me?" Lisa asked.

Harry smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "There's probably a joke somewhere in there about wanting to eat with you after you watched Hermione and me eat each other out, but....we really would like to learn more about you than the fact that you like to watch."

Lisa's eyes lit up.

"Not that there's anything wrong with that," he added with a roguish grin.

The Seventh-Year nodded. "Give me a minute Harry, while I finish dressing."

Harry and Hermione snorted at Lisa's sudden bout of modesty. Neither of them were snarky enough to protest and claim that they liked to watch just as much as she did. They politely turned their backs, and waited for their dinner companion to join them.

## The Sweat of a Gladiator Ch 10: Collected Payment

Harry, Hermione and Lisa were halfway to the Great Hall when the sound of running footsteps caught up with them.

"Hermione! Wait!"

The three stopped and glanced over their shoulders as Lavender Brown and Parvati Patil ran up to them breathing heavily.

"Yes, Lavender?"

"Parvati and I, erm...well, we were wondering about your news..."

"And whether we can spread it without our bits growing boils," Parvati added.

Hermione caught on just a hair's breath before the others did. "You're worried that news of engagement might be a Club secret covered by the non-disclosure agreement?"

Lavender and Parvati both nodded.

"I see," Hermione said with a slight smile. She rather liked the situation...for once there was something tangible in the way of her roommates spreading some gossip. She then turned to Harry and asked what he thought.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Wouldn't matter to me if they shouted it from the top of the Astronomy Tower, but...we were keeping the ring hidden for a reason, right?"

Hermione nodded. "Yes, but...it might be unrealistic to expect these two to have the willpower to sit on this news, and then they won't be able to sit at all."

Lisa offered her opinion. "They should honor your request either with or without the threat of a hex hanging over their heads...*and* tails, for that matter. But as for whether or not the hex would kick in...there might be a fine line between a Club secret and a secret that was revealed during a Club meeting."

Parvati and Lavender's eyes brightened at this possibility.

"Not," Lisa added with a smirk, "that I'd be willing to risk the chance of a pus-covered puss to find out."

Hermione nodded, then looked to Harry. He replied with the prototypical "It's up to you, Dear," shrug.

"Well, it's bound to get out sooner or later," Hermione replied. "I do want to tell my parents first before they read about it in the *Prophet*."

Harry smiled. "After this morning's trip, a bike ride down to your parent's house would be a piece of cake."

"Speak for yourself, Harry," Lavender said with a smirk. "I can think of one very *big* reason why Hermione might be a little sore in the saddle tonight."

Parvati and Lisa nodded in agreement, Harry rolled his eyes, and Hermione grew a rather sly smile. Little did the other witches know just how well the transfigured stapler had paved the way during their trip to India.

Hermione finally relented and released her former roommates from any binding oaths they might or might not have made regarding the engagement. Lavender and Parvati squealed with delight, and each gave Hermione an enthusiastic hug before bouncing off towards the Great Hall.

Harry said, "Well, I think that any chance we had for the three of us to get to each other better at dinner just ran off with those two...might I suggest an alternative dining locale?"

"Not fifteen minutes out the door and you already want to drag us back to the Room of Requirement?" asked Hermione. "Just what do you expect to be on that dinner menu, Mr. Potter?"

Harry waggled his eyebrows. "You know, I did just have an amazing appetizer there, but I was actually thinking of the kitchens."

Hermione swatted his arm and gave a weak-looking pout before grabbing both Lisa and Harry's arms and leading them down towards their new destination.

"Okay, Harry," she said sweetly along the way. "Just don't plan on tickling any peaches other than the ones on the portrait entrance...it might just spoil your pudding."

The Hogwarts house elves happily welcomed the three into the kitchens, although a few looked at Hermione suspiciously. Dobby and Winky popped in at the news, and made a delicious meal. Lisa used the relatively private setting to tell them about herself, and within six minutes Harry knew more about the witch than he had learned the previous six years.

The Turpin family had immigrated from Eastern Europe when Lisa was two years old. Like many naturalized citizens, her family was fiercely patriotic and enthusiastic about their adopted country and its government. Her parents, therefore, had accepted Fudge's lies and the *Prophet*'s libel as gospel truth. It wasn't until her father was killed in a random Death Eater attack that past summer that reality sunk in...that the Ministry wasn't omnipotent, and that everyone needed to learn to defend themselves and their families.

With her mother's blessings, Lisa joined the newly-expanded DA and was working hard under Neville's tutelage. She also was helping Madame Pince in the library, under a work-study program that a sympathetic Headmistress had arranged to cover tuition payments.

Harry then asked how she got involved in the Co-Ed Naked Dueling Club (TM). Lisa had been the first to join beyond the initial core of Neville, Padma, Parvati, Susan, Luna and Lavender. While her admittance made the gender imbalance that much greater, Neville hadn't seemed to mind, and Professor Vector had suggested that Lisa's expertise in arithmancy would be a benefit to the club. She also was in NEWT-level Runes, so they knew she qualified as a virgin witch willing to participate in naked rituals.

Lisa then stated that her reasons joining were both professional and personal. As a book-loving student employee of the library, she knew Madame Pince almost as well as Hermione did, and the librarian had been quite candid about the potential to turn Club membership into a virginal vocation. The potential profit sharing was also attractive, as it would help her family. But then Hermione asked about personal reasons, and Lisa suddenly got very shy and quiet.

Determined to get some measure of the girl who liked to watch, Hermione tried a different angle and asked Lisa to describe some of the things that had happened during previous Club meetings. She expressed specific interest in how it was everyone was so comfortable in their own skin, and not all embarrassed about engaging in and watching public acts of almost-sex. It was easier for Lisa to talk about her actions within the context of the group, and she provided descriptions and observations that were almost anthropological in approach. She had, in fact, developed several working hypotheses.

First was the fact that they were normal teenagers being asked to engage in a school-sponsored activity that allowed for safe and respectful ways to explore what they already were thinking about all the time. That the school actually benefited was also a great rationalization. More than one witch, in fact, had stated that Neville ought to win a Special Services award, given how hard he had worked those first few days when he was the only wizard in the club.

Harry snorted, stating that it was the kind of self-sacrifice that even a male Slytherin would be willing to make. Lisa nodded, and said that the encouragement they'd gotten from the Headmistress and their professors had been especially attractive to those Club members involved in relationships. Instead of risking detentions by sneaking off to the Astronomy Tower or a broom closet, couples like Ron and Luna, and Seamus and Lavender now had a safe place to snog and more. It was an even bigger benefit for Neville, Susan and Padma; Lisa confirmed that they'd been exploring some type of shared relationship, and said she couldn't imagine what kind of repercussions those three would have faced had they been caught in a group snog outside the Room by Filch or a faculty member.

When Hermione asked how that reason related to Lisa's involvement, the witch balked. She said that Sue Li had been asked to join when it looked fairly certain that her not-so-secret boyfriend Terry Boot was going to "go corporeal." Lisa, however, didn't have a wizard (or witch, for that matter) to partner with within the club. She'd never really dated, and all of the wizards within the Club were taken (as Lavender had declared Seamus out-of-bounds even before he was initiated). This, at times, made her feel left out. When Harry asked if that afternoon's showers were one of those times, Lisa simply nodded. Hermione thought she almost had a tear in her eye, but the Ravenclaw's mood changed back from emotional to analytical, because she had not yet revealed her crowning hypothesis to explain the Club's naked dynamics.

Lisa called it the "*Cape Diem* Effect."

As Lavender and Parvati's mums had predicted, Hogwarts was presently a rather sex-crazed institution, as students looked for comfort in the arms of others in the face of death and Death Eater attacks. There was every expectation that Voldemort would attack Hogwarts sometime that school year, many of the students feared that they wouldn't survive that attack. Given that concern, "saving" themselves for marriage seemed like a rather quaint idea. As a result, the term "friends with benefits" had been imported from the Muggle world into the Hogwarts vernacular, and the contraception spell was being used so frequently that it was almost showing up on the Ministry's magical sensors, despite the masking cover of the school's levels of ambient and active magic.

Lisa laughed when she noted that the way things stood presently, couples looking for a place to snog or more were more afraid of not finding an empty broom closet, rather than getting caught once one was found. In that sense, the Room of Requirement and Club meetings were guaranteed release points, with the only price of admission some nudity, some spanking, and some company. Nobody seemed to think it was a bad trade.

They were dancing around the topic of what took place within the shared shower stall. But by this point, the dinner plates had long been emptied and removed from their small table, and Hermione was getting fidgety at the thought of discussing the latest results with Professor Vector. So there was an unspoken agreement to table the topic of voyeurism, as Hermione and Lisa headed off to the Arithmancy professor's office, and Harry made his way to the library to kill time before their scheduled shag.

Along the way he wondered whether Lisa would be any more candid with Hermione without his presence. Not that he minded the thought (as some of the imaginary conversations running through his head were quite arousing). Being alone at that point in the day actually suited his plans rather nicely; as did the additional knowledge that he had gained during dinner. Harry took a slight detour and found an empty classroom in which he

scribbled out a lengthy message on a spare piece of parchment. He then called for Dobby, and asked the house elf to quietly deliver the note and wait for a reply. Ten minutes later, and with reply in hand, Harry continued on towards his destination.

The-Boy-Who-Lived kept his invisibility cloak pocketed, deciding that he had a few minutes before the engagement news spread from Great Hall to library. His guess proved right; while there were some sharp whispers across tables and a few heavy sighs, nobody accosted him when he entered the library. As Harry made his way back into the stacks, he caught Madame Pince's eye and was rewarded by a curt nod and a slight smile.

Fifteen minutes later, Hermione found Harry sitting at "their" table, where he was reviewing a parchment filled with tables and graphs.

"What's that, Sweetheart?" she asked, as she sat down across from him.

Harry looked up and smiled. "Copies of the CNDC's business plan."

"Found anything interesting?"

"Yeah, actually I have," he replied. "It's the same format and layout of the plan that Fred and George put together last year for their shop...they must have gotten some help from the goblins."

"Do they have a market analysis and sales projections?" Hermione asked.

Harry nodded. "With gladiator sweat as the active ingredient we will be able to significantly increase available supply and cut prices on aphrodisiacs."

"Production costs?"

"The break-even cost of replacing current active ingredients with standard virgin spank-sweat is roughly 300 galleons/ounce," Harry replied. "At the 150 galleons/ounce price point, we should capture 90% of the existing market within two months. And that percentage will only increase as the market expands."

"And the market will expand because prices will drop?"

Harry nodded. "It will become an affordable luxury for the average witch, and something that the well-off ones could use on more than an occasional basis."

Harry flipped from one scroll to the next, noting, "They don't have anything here about the triple pure."

"There's nothing comparable on the market right now," Hermione replied. "We'll need to insure that the customer doesn't get too much of a good thing."

Harry laughed. "Is there such a thing as too good of an orgasm?"

"There is if it sends you into cardiac arrest," she replied. "So there will likely have to be some dilution factor thrown in for safety purposes. And a fair bit of testing."

"Don't imagine there will be a shortage of volunteer test subjects," Harry said with a grin.

Hermione snorted. "Well, I won't be standing in that line," she replied.

"Who needs an aphrodisiac when you're shagging the King of the Gladiators, eh?"

Hermione shook her head and sighed. "Guess we'll find that out soon enough."

Harry waggled his eyebrows and smiled, as he stuck out his leg and began to drag this toe up Hermione's calf. "Nervous?"

"Not really. Just want to get it over and done with so that we get this monkey off our backs."

"Won't exactly be the most romantic atmosphere, will it?"

The Muggleborn witch shook her head. "No, I can't say I ever imagined my first time to be in front of Ron and an audience ...but it's necessary, right?"

Harry nodded again and gave her a rather enigmatic smile.

"So speaking of audiences," he asked, "where's Lisa?"

"Not sure," Hermione replied. "A message came for her while we were in Professor Vector's office. She said that she'd try to meet us here if she had time before the meeting."

Harry nodded. "Did you two have a chance to talk about...things?"

Hermione snorted. "A bit...she apologized for peeking, and I told her that it was a good dry run for when everyone watches tonight."

"Dry run?" Harry asked. "Funny, I seem to remember you being rather wet."

"Oh, hush."

"So did you sort out whether she was more interested in you or me?" Harry asked with a roguish grin.

Hermione sighed and closed her eyes. "As if you needed your wicked imagination to be goosed any more," she replied. Hermione then added, "But to answer the question, I don't think she knows herself."

"Really?"

Hermione shrugged her shoulders. "She said she really got turned on watching me, but that she didn't want to `do' me as much as `be' me."

"A nipple-pierced role model?"

Hermione snorted. "Crude, but essentially accurate...Lisa is a smart witch that loves books more than make-up, and seeing me live well outside that stereotype gives her the confidence to think that she could as well."

Harry nodded. "So are you okay with that?"

Hermione hemmed and hawed a bit before answering. "Yes, I guess. It is a bit unnerving to think that she's getting off on the idea of being me when we're, erm...intimate, but at the same time it's rather flattering to be a role model for something other than academics, and I don't have any reason to worry about you responding to her interests, right?"

Harry reached over and grabbed Hermione's hand. "No matter how many eyes are on me, I'll only have eyes for you."

Hermione drew her hand back in mock horror. "Oh...more of that Harlequin sweetness."

Harry laughed quietly, and then said, "Okay, it's syrupy, but true."

"So speaking of eyes on you..."

"What, Hermione?"

"Well, I guess I was wondering just how inflated your ego got when the girls got off on seeing you starkers."

"Oh, did you really think they were?"

"Either that or they got hit with self-inflicted itching hexes in opportune spots."

"Well, it's not like Ron and Seamus didn't grow stiffies when you banished your knickers."

"They'd probably get hard watching varnish strip."

"True, but that doesn't mean that they haven't filed away the memory as wanking material."

"And that doesn't bother you?" Hermione asked.

Harry smiled and shook his head. "How could mere mortals not dream of such a vision of heavenly beauty?"

Hermione groaned. "You're pushing it, Potter."

"Tell me, though, how did you feel when you took off your jacket during the duel?" Harry asked.

Hermione's eyes lit up. "Rather powerful, actually. And definitely moist at the thought that I had done something that shocking and erotic in front of everyone."

"So the exhibitionist side of you was satisfied?"

Hermione paused in thought, and then said. "Only partially, I think. I mean...you weren't there, of course, and I love driving you wild when I strip down. But on the other hand, it was unexpected, and almost illicit in the sense that I was half-naked while everyone else was clothed."

"So that was a bigger turn on than when everyone was starkers?"

"I guess so," Hermione replied. "It was almost expected at that point...like being nude on a nude beach."

Harry nodded. "So you'd rather be someplace where it'd be out of place...like, say, the library?"

Hermione's eyes twinkled. "Don't get me started, Harry, because you won't have time to finish."

Harry smiled as he pushed his chair back, walked around the table. Cocking his head out to spy down the empty stacks, he leaned over and gave his fiancée a proper snogging.

"Stop, Harry...someone might see."

Harry snorted as he reached down and pinched Hermione's right nipple. "And you've started to worry about that sort of thing when?"

"Time and place, Mr. Potter."

"You're not fun," Harry teased. He then informed Hermione that he needed to use the loo. Soon after he returned, Hermione heard the sound of broken glass and the shrieks of students, as they were enveloped by the smoke and smell of three top-of-the-line dung bombs.

Madame Pince shouted "Clear the room," as several *Finite* and banishing spells were cast in a desperate attempt to clear the air. But as the prank involved the latest in cancel-resistant charms, these efforts failed.

Hermione gave Harry a "What have you done now?" look before shouting "Bubble heads!" She then cast the charm on herself. Harry followed her lead, and then followed her as she ran down the book stack to assist in the evacuation. Hermione's first stop was the librarian's desk, where she cast the bubble-head charm on Madame Pince (who was never strong on that subject herself). They then helped other students as they tried to find the nearest exits...with such poor visibility, Hermione intimate knowledge of the library proved an invaluable navigation tool.

Once the main area was empty, Harry suggested that Madame Pince search out Professor Flitwick for help while he and Hermione searched the stacks for stragglers. He started on one end, and Hermione the other. Given the low visibility, they literally ran into each other in the middle of the stacks.

"Find anyone?" Harry asked, as he picked Hermione up off the floor.

"No, you?" she asked.

Harry shook his head. He then tried to pull her into a kiss, only to be bounced back by the positive air pressure of their individual sweet air bubbles.

"Argh...it's like we've got fishbowls over our heads," Harry lamented. "Why don't you cast your expanded bubble-charms?"

Hermione nodded, then cast the same spell that had kept them dry by the lake, and alive when they were touring the stratosphere by motorbike. Her bubble-head expanded into a "bubble-shack," six-feet wide, ten-feet long and seven-feet high.

Harry smiled, and then cancelled out his own charm so that he could step into the expanded air pocket.

"Ah, that's better," he said, pulling Hermione into a snog.

"What, getting tired of smelling your own breath?" Hermione asked with a smile.

"No, I missed the sweet smell of yours," Harry replied.

"Trying to flatter your way into my knickers, Mr. Potter?" she asked with a smile.

Harry smirked. "What if I said yes?"

Hermione squeezed Harry's bum with both hands. "I'd say that you didn't have to work that hard."

Harry's eyes twinkled. "So I figure it will take Madame Pince at least fifteen minutes to get help, and thirty before they come looking for us."

Hermione wrinkled her nose. "Why would they need to come looking? Have plans to hang out inside the stink clouds?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders as he nibbled on an earlobe. He then whispered, "All I'm smelling right now is the sweet smell of your shampoo."

"Yeah," Hermione snarked, "well, all I'm feeling right now is the pointed prominence of your penis."

Harry smiled, then started trailing kisses down the side of Hermione's neck. He brought a hand up from her waist and began to tease a nipple.

"Is...that...a....complaint?" he asked, punctuating each word with a kiss.

Hermione slowly shook her head, but then pulled away and said, "Harry, we're too close to meeting time to do this."

Her boyfriend smiled as he pulled her back into an embrace and began to address the other side of her neck. "Might be for me, but nothing says you have to limit yourself before show time."

Hermione moaned, and said, "But you'll just get all excited and frustrated, won't you?"

Smiling into her neck, Harry let his hand drag down the front of Hermione's shirt and replied, "If it happens, we just push the meeting time back an hour."

"Wouldn't...oh...be fair....oooh...to the others, erm...would it?"

"We have a right to be selfish once in a while, don't we?" Harry asked. He then reached out and pulled a book off from a shelf. Using it to lightly swat her bum, Harry added, "Besides....I know all of your deepest and darkest fantasies...."

"Oh, Harry...you...are...so...evil!" Hermione groaned, as she ground against Harry's thigh.

"I'll take that as a yes, then?"

Hermione paused, then surrendered to temptation and murmured an affirmative response.

Harry chuckled as he stepped back, drew his wand, and banished all of Hermione's clothes. The unexpected exposure caused her to gasp and reflexively cover herself as she nervously looked over her shoulder. Harry closed the gap between them and spun her the rest of the way around, so that she faced the billowing gas cloud as he grabbed hold of her thighs and pulled his erection tight against her naked bum.

Leaning over Hermione's shoulder, Harry dragged a hand up her flat stomach and cupped a breast.

“Trust me?”

She nodded, then moaned as his other hand snaked its way in between her thighs. With hands thus secured, Harry gently pulled both his fiancée and the air bubble that was centered on her magical core into the Restricted Section.

Once there, Harry released his grip so that he could step in front of Hermione and pull her into another embrace. Hermione then asked, “Did you plan all this, Harry?”

“Who, me?” he replied with a grin.

Harry set his wand on a bookshelf, then pulled out a random book.

“*A Compendium of Incan Curses*?” Hermione asked, as she glanced at the cover. “Is that supposed to be sexy or something?”

Harry smiled. “Don't judge a book by its title,” he instructed. He then positioned the leather-bound book so that its cover just touched the tips of her nipples, and began moving the book in small circles.

“Oh!” Hermione replied, before narrowing her eyes and pursing her lips.

“Turned on by the way the book feels?”

Hermione nodded.

Harry smiled, then brought the book back so that he could flip the pages past Hermione's nose.

“Turned on by the way the book smells?”

Hermione closed her eyes as she took in a deep breath. The smell of old parchment and ancient inks was intoxicating. She purred in response.

“And the sound as I flip through the pages? And the sight of where you are, and how you are?”

“Oh, Harry...yes,” Hermione replied in frustration.

“Good,” Harry replied. He then pulled the book down from Hermione's face, and used it to tease her breasts, catching nipples and rings in between pages as he snapped the book open and shut.

“Have I forgotten a sense?” Harry asked.

Hermione nodded. “Taste.”

“Oh, yes,” Harry replied with a grin. “Taste...well, I don't suppose Madame Pince would approve of you eating one of her books.”

Hermione smiled as she shook her head and reached out with both arms to drag her fingertips back and forth against the shelved books.

“But maybe they are clean enough to eat off of?” Harry asked.

The point was lost on Hermione until Harry placed the book in between her legs, so that its spine was flush against her folds, and slowly pulled the book up towards him. There was more than enough wetness for Harry to taste when he dragged his tongue down the book's spine.

Deciding that she wanted to taste something as well, Hermione used her wand to banish Harry's clothes, and applied a cushioning charm to the floor in front of him. But Harry stopped her from dropping to her knees, telling her that he had a different position in mind. He then opened the book that he was holding and captured Hermione's left hand in between the pages.

Her eyes went wide when Harry cast a sticking charm that held Hermione's hand within the pages of the book. They went even wider when he reshelfed the book spine-first on the top shelf of the adjacent stack. He then pulled a different book from the facing top shelf and repeated the action, so that Hermione's arms were stretched high enough above her head to force her onto the balls of her bare feet.

“Tying me down?” Hermione asked.

“Maybe,” Harry said with a grin. “Although given the method I'd say it's closer to binding you.”

Hermione closed her eyes, secretly thrilled by the idea of being trapped naked and open within the stacks.

The next bit of Harry's plan involved some improvised seating. Harry smiled as he ducked under Hermione's outstretched arm, kissing a sensitive area on her side.

“Oh, that tickles,” she cried out, as she twisted and tried to bring her arm down. The books held firm though, and kept her hands immobilized.

“What are you doing back there?” Hermione asked, as she tried to look over her shoulder.

Harry grinned as he traced a finger down her spine. “Patience,” he said. He then pulled out an entire shelf of oversized books and stacked them underneath Hermione's bum.

“Ooh, I like that,” Hermione said, as she wiggled her bum onto, then against the top of the stack.

Harry smiled as he pushed the stack (and Hermione) forward, so that her feet left the ground and she was stretched more horizontally than vertically. He then ducked under Hermione's arms once more and pulled a foot up to his lips. She squirmed on her perch as Harry pressed his thumbs into the arch of her foot and began to massage it. A few moans and mews later, Hermione swung her other leg up and set it on Harry's shoulder.

“This one, too?”

Harry smiled and nodded as he blindly reached for a book and used it to trap the foot that he had just paid tribute to. He then stuck the back cover flat against the front of a shelf (as reshelving would have twisted the ankle into a painful position). With one foot thus secured, he turned his attention to the other. After some massaging and toe-sucking (and tickling, as Harry was feeling rather impish), Harry bound that foot within a book, and secured it to the shelf opposite the other.

Hermione was now stretched out in a reclined spread-eagle position, with her hips three feet off the floor and her legs spread wide. Harry stepped back to admire his handiwork. She was pulling against her restraints, but not so tightly as to indicate any real desire to be released.

“Standard safe word?” Harry asked.

Hermione shot Harry a brief look of panic, before relaxing enough to nod her head.

“Good,” Harry replied with a smile. “I'll be within earshot so long as you yell loud enough.” And with an evil grin he quickly recast the bubblehead on himself and disappeared into the fog.

“Harry?” she cried out nervously. Hermione found herself in a rather exposed situation. Starkers in the stacks, spread-eagled with her legs and labia wide-open...possibly even dripping a bit...What would Madame Pince think? What would Professor Flitwick think, for that matter? It was one thing to be bare-arsed in front of her peers, but in front of the male faculty? Hermione's mind was racing in between thoughts of calling the scene off and speculating whether her exposed clitoris would be at eye level for her diminutive Charms professor.

Books started appearing through the fog, as if the dungbomb and bubble spell had no effect upon reshelving charms. The first two books shot over her head, but the third approached from waist height and struck the outside of her leg. It wasn't hard enough to hurt...in fact it felt rather nice as the book dragged up her leg and over her breast before continuing unabated towards its destination.

More books appeared, each on intersecting trajectories with her body. Some appeared to linger as they roughly scraped against exposed skin, and take detours towards more sensitive parts of her body. When a rather thick volume struck the inside of her right thigh Hermione thought to trap it between her legs. The charm's efforts to liberate the book were rather stimulating as the spine dragged against her roost before finally making its escape.

The very next book to appear out from the mists caught Hermione's eye not because of its trajectory so much as its teeth. It was “*The Monster Book of Monsters*” text that Hagrid had assigned back in second year, complete with two eyes, a mouth, sharp teeth, and a rather large tongue. Hermione almost wet herself when the book landed flat on her belly and growled.

“Erm...Harry?” Hermione called out.

Not a moment later Harry appeared out of the cloud in front of her and stepped up in between her legs.

“Yes, Hermione?”

The book snapped its teeth together, causing it to jump a bit (and causing Hermione to jump a bit more).

“Would you...did you know about this book?”

Harry smiled. “Oh, yeah, one of Hagrid's favorites, what about it?”

“Well, it looks rather hungry.”

“Oh, yeah, well...how was it that you calmed one of these books down?”

“Rub the spine, I think.”

“Right, spine rubbing...let's give it a go, eh?” And with a wink Harry carefully grabbed the biting book, flipped its mouth towards him, and lowered its spine against Hermione's crotch. As he rubbed the book's spine up and down against her folds the book calmed down, and its growls were replaced with something more akin to moans. Which is what Hermione began doing, as she twisted and ground against the pressure, searching for more direct stimulation.

When another biting book appeared over Harry's shoulder and landed on Hermione's chest, Harry quickly dropped the now-content text and grabbed this second one. While he began to soothe it, the first book flipped itself towards Hermione's face and smiled a rather evil-looking smile. It then raised itself up on edge, opened its lips, and lightly clamped down on an exposed breast.



“Oh!”

“Everything okay, Sweetheart?”

“Erm, fine,” Hermione stammered, as the book’s tongue shot out and began to play with her nipple ring.

When the third biting book appeared out of the fog Harry grabbed it out of the air, as the second book bounced up Hermione’s torso to join the first as it lavished attention on her other piercing. As this third book calmed down, Hermione heated up, and was close to release. The soothed book scooted up to join the other two, but not finding a convenient place to latch onto there decided to move farther up and start nibbling on an earlobe. A few seconds later the fourth and final biting book took its station on the opposite ear and neck.

“Oh, Merlin, Harry, I am so close, don’t stop!”

Harry smiled and dragged his fingers up and down her inner thighs as he replied, “Seem to be fresh out of books that require soothing.”

“Damn it Potter, that doesn’t matter....Go down on me!”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Harry said, with a smile and a salute. He then reached, grabbed her hips with both hands, and pulled her crotch up to his mouth. Meanwhile, four different sets of literary lips sent chills up and down her spine as they continued to nip and nibble. The sensations were overwhelming, and it took Hermione no time at all to achieve release as she bucked hard against Harry’s face and her body shook involuntarily.

“Harry....Harry....stop!” she cried out, as the sensations became too much.

Her fiancé smiled as he banished the biting books and stepped back from his work. Hermione caught her breath enough to say, “Merlin, Harry, that was wonderful.”

“I’m glad.”

“Why don’t you free my arms and legs so that I can reciprocate?” she asked.

“Sorry, Hermione, but I’m just getting started on you.”

“Don’t know how much more I could take.”

Harry’s nodded as he gave his attention to one of the upper bookshelves. He retrieved a rather modest-sized volume that was normally not part of the Restricted Section. Harry moved back in between Hermione’s outstretched legs and held the book in front of her face.

“*Hogwarts, a History?*” Hermione asked. “Rather thin, isn’t it?”

“Not if it’s the Third Edition,” Harry replied with a smile. “Didn’t have nearly as many Goblin Wars to write about.”

“Well that’s nice, Harry,” Hermione said, “but what do you plan on doing with it?”

Harry smiled and asked, “You know how Ron always jokes about you getting off on this book?”

Hermione nodded as she shut an eye and cocked her head.

“Well, I thought I might take his words more literally.” And with that statement Harry used his wand to transfigure the text into a serviceable dildo.

Hermione cry of “I can’t believe you just did that!” morphed into a series of guttural moans and whimpering as Harry plunged his handiwork inside of her and began to stroke back and forth.

It wasn’t as detailed as Hermione’s transfigured stapler, and the length to width ratio wasn’t optimized. But, as she later told Harry, it was good enough.

*Merlin, was it good enough.*

Once Harry got a rhythm going he kicked the bookstack out from under Hermione so that she was dangling by arms and legs. He reached around her waist and held her up, taking some of the weight off of her trapped limbs. He then changed tactics and, rather push the book in and out while Hermione stayed relatively still, held the transfigured book still and pulled her bum up and down onto it. While the sensations were similar, Hermione rather liked having Harry holding her tightly around the waist.

And she really liked the second orgasm that came with *Hogwarts, A History* buried deep inside her.

Once Hermione caught her breath she looked at Harry and realized that he had broken out into a sweat. She bit her lip, and twisted her hips away from Harry.

“Wrap it up, lover, you’re losing sweat.”

Harry, who had been too focused on Hermione’s thrashing about to notice, glanced at his bare arms and smiled.

“Guess we found a good position for sweat collecting, then.”

Hermione smiled and said, “Think we could move the library to the Room of Requirement?”

“We could.” Harry said, as he withdrew the transfigured book from her folds. “Then again, we could also move the Room here.”

“How’s that?”

“Collect the shag sweat,” Harry replied. “Right here, and right now.”

Hermione clamped her thighs together and raised her eyebrows.

“You mean shag for real, Harry?”

“Abso-fucking-lutely.”

“What about the instructional viewing?”

“Pensieved porn.”

“Oooh, there’s an idea,” Hermione cooed. “Too bad we don’t have sweat scrapers.”

“Would you be willing if we did?”

“Why...let me guess, you really did set this up.”

Two figures dressed in gauzy white robes emerged from underneath Harry’s invisibility cloak and stood silently behind Hermione’s head with scrapers and vials in hand. Harry stepped in between Hermione’s outstretched legs and dragged the tip of his erection against her inner thigh.

“Who, me?” he asked

Hermione nodded as she looked behind Harry, first to one side and then the other. Not seeing anything or anyone besides the fog, she dropped her head backwards for an upside-down view behind her.

Madame Pince and Lisa Turpin smiled from underneath their hoods.

Hermione jerked her head up to give Harry a look of disbelief. But then a smile broke out on her face as the rational side of her brain kicked in. It wasn’t what she was expecting. It was much, much better.

She looked straight into Harry’s eyes and said, “Let’s do it.”

“Brilliant,” he replied, as the two virginal sweat collectors stepped up and ducked underneath Hermione’s outstretched arms. Madame Pince stood to the side, right next to Hermione’s outer thigh. Lisa, however, never reappeared into Hermione’s view.

“Lisa?”

Hermione jumped when she felt somebody pinch her bum.

“Down here, Hermione,” Lisa replied.

Madame Pince then explained that given their positions, it would be most efficient for one scraper to focus on Harry’s upper body while the second did just his legs and bum. She then stated that she and Lisa were ready when Harry and Hermione were.

Harry was suddenly anxious that something would go wrong at this final step in the plan. Hermione’s eyes, however, were as reassuring as her words.

“I want you inside me, Harry.”

He nodded, took a deep breath, and gave the tip of his penis a firm squeeze between thumb and forefinger. They had practiced maximizing his staying power using the pleasure strip, but knowing that it was real this time made it all the more exciting.

Mr. Phoenix rubbed it up and down Hermione’s outer lips, looking for the right angle of entry. It was different with the pleasure strip, which provided gripping pressure no matter what angle and from what position he poked in. Fortunately, Harry had practiced using the transfigured stapler, and it only took a bit of coaching for him to get to where he needed to be.

“Ready?”

Hermione nodded as Madame Pince and Lisa placed the dull edge of their scrapers against Harry’s skin.

Harry pushed forward and filled Hermione at a slow and deliberate pace. Once Harry’s penis penetrated past the place where her hymen would have been (save for the ski accident) they were officially shagging, and the blades began traversing his bare skin.

For all the times she’d bounced upon the transfigured stapler, Hermione’s eyes rolled towards the back of her head at the electrifying sensation of being filled by living hard flesh.

Having been intimate with her pleasure strip, Harry was no stranger to this modified missionary position. Yet the differences were so strikingly and glaringly obvious. This was Hermione that was accepting him, not some foreign bit of magical deception. Hermione that was welcoming him.

Hermione that was clamping down on his shaft as he buried himself within her.

"Bloody hell!"

"Language, Mr. Potter," Madame Pince automatically chided.

The admonishment froze Harry's hips, as he dropped his head and gave Hermione a reproachful "ooops I've done it now" look. She silently held his attention for a few seconds, before losing it and breaking out into a series of snorts and giggles. She was quickly joined by Harry and Lisa.

"Hold still, Mr. Potter, it's hard to scrape a moving target."

Harry froze and apologized. "Yes, Madame Pince. Sorry, Madame Pince."

Hermione almost gained control of herself before surrendering to the absurdity of the situation.

"Oh, Merlin," she cried, in between belly-laughes, "This is so....."

The adjective was lost to laughter.

Harry rather liked the way Hermione's laughter caused her breasts to jiggle, and her hips to buck up and down. It was, therefore, with some reluctance that he told her that her laughter wasn't helping his control.

"Okay, Harry...I'll be good...bend down and give my lips something else to do."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Madame Pince stated. "Can't be mixing your sweat with hers, my boy."

Lisa piped in from below. "Can hardly call him a boy given the size of his wand, can you, Madame Pince?"

The head librarian sighed just a bit and replied. "Focus on your work, Miss Turpin, and take care that your free hand doesn't wander."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Lisa," said Hermione, "are you goosing my Harry?"

"I think she's more worried that I'm goosing myself," the Ravenclaw quipped. She then reached up with her off-hand and grabbed Hermione's bare hip.

"See everybody, I'm behaving myself."

Hermione, remembering that Lisa was sitting on the floor somewhere underneath her bum, asked, "How *is* the view down there, Lisa?"

"Rather breathtaking."

"Less chatting and more chaffing, Miss Turpin."

"Yes, Madame Pince."

By this point the two virgins had scraped all of the available sweat from Harry's still form, and Madame Pince instructed Harry to work up a fresh batch of sweat. He waggled his eyebrows at Hermione before he started to do knee bends with her still impaled on his pole. Their hips rocked back and forth as Harry supported Hermione's weight with his upper thighs, with the motion forcing Mr. Phoenix to slip in and out of her folds without any real effort on his part. The sensation of tightening testicles and the feeling that he was starting to lose control hit him hard enough for him to withdraw and employ the pinch technique

"Come on, Harry, get that heart rate up," said Hermione. "I want to see you all hot and bothered."

"Oh, not aerobic, enough, eh Hermione?" Harry asked with a grin. "Well let's try this exercise." And with that statement he placed his hands under her bum, and began to lift her hips up and down to his face, taking care to lick her clitoris on every up stroke.

"Harry," Hermione stated, "That's really...erm....quite lovely...but you need to stay hard."

"Don't worry, Hermione," Lisa called out. "I'll keep an eye on that situation for you."

"I'm sure you will," Hermione quipped.

After a few minutes of "crotch lifts" Harry was breathing hard and once again had a good sheen of sweat on his body. At Madame Pince's instructions he lowered Hermione back down into her spread-eagled position and reburied Mr. Phoenix. He pumped back and forth slowly, only pulling back a couple of inches on each stroke. It was the kind of motion that kept his erection firm and the drive to his orgasm firmly on track.

Madame Pince finished filling her first bottle of sweat a few seconds faster than Lisa (she had both more experience and more skin to work with). Once Lisa completed her first fill she scooted out from underneath Hermione and scampered over to her rucksack. She then pulled out the potency stone and set it upon the floor in order to do a field check of Harry's sweat strength

While Lisa was doing this work, Harry conjured a couple of water bottles. He was about to hand one to Hermione before realizing that she was in no position to hold it to her lips. He held it out towards her head and asked, "Fancy a drink, Hermione?"

“Yes, please,” she replied.

Harry reached out and held the top of the opened bottle to her lips. Hermione took the bottle neck between her teeth and tilted her head back. The water, however, came out faster than she expected and she started to choke. Harry immediately pulled the bottle away from her lips, and while Hermione was recovering her breath decided to put the rest of the bottle to good use.

The ice-cold water had an immediate physical effect on her nipples.

“Ahhh!” Hermione cried out, in between coughs. “Harry, stop it!”

“Yes Ma'am,” he saucily replied. “Here, let me clean that up for you.”

Hermione decided that Harry's tongue was a rather pleasant absorbent.

“Madame Pince,” she asked, “You've no plans to collect sweat from Harry's hair, do you?”

When the librarian shook her head, Hermione asked Harry to release the sticking charms that were restraining her arms. Not wanting to stop his play time, Harry blindly reached for his wand while his lips were still firmly wrapped around her nipple. He then impressed Hermione by successfully summoning her perch of stacked books back underneath her bum and casting *Finite* spells with incantations mumbled against her breast. With her hands thus freed, Hermione's weight settled back down onto the book stack, and her fingers buried themselves into Harry's hair as she held her lover's head against her chest.

“I love you, Harry James Potter,” she declared.

Harry looked up at Hermione's face and smiled. “I love you too, Hermione ***Jane*** Granger.”

Madame Pince spoiled the tender moment by announcing that both vials of sweat had met the minimum requirements.

“Fantastic,” Harry said. “We're done then, right?”

“Erm, if you want to be,” Hermione replied.

“What, you don't think I want to finish this with you?”

“Of course not, Harry,” Hermione replied tenderly. “I was just thinking that this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, and you're still hard, and sweaty, and you do have spare vials, right Madame Pince?”

When the librarian nodded, Harry said, “But we could finish this just the two of us...me and you.”

Hermione smiled. “You're so sweet, Harry, but there'll be lots of other private times...so, as long as they're here...”

“Okay, okay, you've convinced me,” Harry replied. “But maybe we should have Madame Pince run the vials up to the Headmistress's office to settle up with the Hag?”

Hermione shifted her eyes from Harry's face to Madame Pince's, and then down to Lisa's (who had moved to one side once Hermione's perch had been repositioned). Taking in the slight smile on Lisa's lips, she returned her gaze to Madame Pince and asked, “Would you mind?”

“Not at all, dear,” the librarian replied. “I trust that you'll use the appropriate cleaning and drying charms after you're done?”

Hermione smiled and nodded. Madame Pince then stepped up and grabbed Hermione's hand. “I'll leave you to it, then, Dear. Take care, and congratulations...to the both of you.”

The engaged couple expressed their thanks for the well wishes as the librarian handed her scraper to Lisa.

“Perhaps you can scrape with two hands, Miss Turpin?” she asked. “Wouldn't want an idle hand to wander too far afield.”

“Yes, Madame Pince,” Lisa replied with a smirk. She then stood up and took Madame Pince's sweat-collecting station as the matron disappeared into the cloud.

“Thanks for staying, Lisa,” Hermione said.

The Ravenclaw smiled and replied, “Would it come as a surprise if I said that it was my pleasure?”

“No, it certainly wouldn't,” Lisa replied with a giggle.

“Erm Hermione...set to go, then?” Harry asked. “I'm afraid I've lost all patience, and don't plan on pinching anymore.”

“Sounds like a plan to me,” Hermione replied, she then pulled him into a deep kiss.

Harry used his hand to guide Mr. Phoenix back inside Hermione, and Lisa began to scrape both his chest and back. Once he knew he was on the right track he let go of himself and used both hands to pull Hermione's head forward into a kiss. They snogged fiercely as Lisa struggled to work in between the lover's bodies.

Help me out, guys,” Lisa said. “You’re mixing sweat.”

“Oh, sorry,” Harry said sheepishly.

“Maybe a different position, Harry?” Hermione asked.

“What do you have in mind, lover?”

“Release my legs and I’ll show you.”

Harry withdrew his penis, then drew his wand to release the sticking charms that had kept Hermione’s legs fixed in place. Hermione drew her legs together, then hopped off of her perch and grabbed hold of Mr. Phoenix.

“Follow me, you two.”

Hermione led Harry by his penis out of the Restricted Section and back towards their table. She banished the chairs to one side, then turned to face Harry and Lisa with her bum resting against the table’s edge.

“I’ve always wanted to come on this table,” Hermione explained.

Harry gave her a roguish smile. “I thought you said you’ve secretly played with yourself here before?”

Hermione gave Mr. Phoenix a playful squeeze. “Okay, fine...I’ve always wanted to be bent over this table and shagged senseless.” And with that clarification, she turned and bent low enough that her nipple rings and forehead rested on the table top.

With her legs spread just wider than shoulder width, Hermione gave Harry and Lisa a clear view of both her swollen labia and a clitoris that had risen well above its hood. Hermione reached back in between her legs with one hand and used two fingers to spread her outer lips even farther apart than they already were. She then wiggled her fingers and said, “Anytime you’re ready, Harry.”

He turned to Lisa and they exchanged bemused expressions. Harry then stepped up behind Hermione, grabbed hold of her hips, and brushed the tip of Mr. Phoenix up against her buried fingers. Once she guided him inside her, Lisa once again began to scrape.

The new position felt different for Harry...not better, mind you, but different. Hermione appreciated the difference as well, particularly when Harry moved his hands from her hips to her bum and spread her cheeks out.

“Oh, Merlin, Harry,” Hermione groaned. “You’re so big this way.” To show her appreciation, she then reached farther back with her hand and began to fondle Harry’s testicles.

“Erm...Hermione,” Harry groaned. “That feels amazing, but.....not..helping ....control...”

His fiancée smiled to herself (her head was still down on the table) and pulled her hand back so that she could fondle her clit while Harry pumped in and out of her. He looked down in wonder, loving the way he could see the full length of Hermione’s bum, back and neck, and the way that her (now) sweaty curls hung down onto the table. The only thing he didn’t like about this position is that it kept him from watching her face as she grimaced and cooed and pursed her lips in pleasure. But as he was a wizard, the remedy was soon in hand.

“Look up, Hermione,” Harry said.

Hermione pulled her outstretched hand towards her side so that she could prop herself up on one elbow. This allowed her to raise her head up and look into a large mirror that Harry had conjured in front of her. She smiled as she caught Harry’s eyes through the reflection.

“Erm, Lisa....how are things going?” she asked.

“About one and a half right now, Hermione,” Lisa replied.

“Top it off at two, then,” Hermione replied. “I think we’ve tortured Harry enough.”

Hermione saw Lisa nod her head and smile in the reflection as she scraped sweat from Harry’s arms.

“Hold still, Harry,” Hermione instructed. When Harry complied, she closed her eyes, took in a sharp breath and then held it, focusing completely on the orgasm that was building within her.

Harry could feel Hermione’s fingers diddling furiously on her outside while he was inside. It was more than enough to keep him primed for his own release. Hermione then released her breath and began to pant shallowly as involuntary muscle spasms started to travel up and down her legs.

And then it hit. Hard. Hermione shot her buried hand out to help support herself as waves of pleasure rolled up and down her body. She cried out at the top of her lungs, “Harry!” as the walls of her vagina contracted rhythmically against Mr. Phoenix.

Lisa somehow managed to focus on her work, and yelled out, “Done!” once her two vials were filled. She stepped back from the couple and quickly capped the vials to protect their precious contents. Meanwhile, Hermione had come just far enough down from the peak of her release to reach back and grab hold of Harry’s balls.

“Come inside me, Harry!”

Harry responded with his hips rather than his lips, and began banging in and out of his lover at a pace he knew he couldn’t maintain. No longer

constrained by necessity, he allowed himself to let go to the love and to savor the pleasure and the sensations. Hermione responded to each forceful thrust with a cry of "Yes!" that was carried on a shallow exhale of breath. This was modified on occasion with variants appropriate for the situation (e.g. "Oh, Yes!" "Merlin, Yes!" and "Fuck, Yes!")

At around the fifteenth exclamatory, Harry felt the tell-tale signs of imminent release, and loudly proclaimed that fact as he picked up the pace. Hermione gave his balls a firm squeeze before extending the hand out to brace against Harry's thrusting.

Harry came as he thrust as deep as he could inside his lover and reached out to pull her into a sweaty embrace. He cried out her name, and thrust with each pulse of released semen.

Once spent, Harry withdrew completely. Hermione's cries of disappointment were nipped once Harry picked up one of her legs and told her to roll over.

Harry was too impatient to try and reinsert his slickened semi-hard penis. He wanted, no...he desperately needed Hermione's embrace. And so he pounced down onto her, pinning his penis against her crotch as he wrapped his arms around his lover, pulled her breasts tight against his chest, and buried his face into the damp curls of her hair. Hermione, however, would have none of that, and reached down to put Mr. Phoenix where he needed to be. Once Harry was inside her again she wrapped her legs around Harry's bum and locked her ankles together.

The two lovers spent what felt like an eternity in this position, whispering words of endearment, and expressions of love and wonder at what they had finally done. Neither noticed Lisa as she packed her sweat-collection gear into her rucksack. She quietly stood to the side, waiting respectfully for Harry and Hermione to regain consciousness of the world beyond their embrace. She had thoughts of her own release, but decided to keep her hands to her sides, not wishing to sully the moment of intimacy.

Eventually Hermione did come to her senses, and she turned to Lisa and held out her hand. The Ravenclaw tentatively walked forward and took hold with her own, as Harry twisted around to look up as well.

"Thank you, Lisa," Hermione said.

Lisa smiled shyly and nodded her head.

"Do you want some alone time?" she asked. "I can bubble-head and leave, but thought you might like some help tidying up in the stacks."

Hermione turned to Harry and squeezed his bum with one hand. "Ready for another go, loverboy?"

Harry smiled as he reached down gave a tentative thrust with his hips. He then pinched a nipple ring and replied, "Abso-fucking-lutely."

Hermione grinned as she turned towards Lisa and said, "We're not going anyplace for a while, but there's no need for you to go."

"Really?"

Hermione nodded. "And don't think you have to be dressed just on our account."

Lisa's eyes went wide as she slipped her robes over her head. She wasn't wearing anything underneath that might conceal her hard nipples and sopping-wet pubic hair. Not that Harry could have told you this...he had his face once again buried against Hermione's neck and was nibbling an ear.

"Harry," Hermione chided, "you are such the gentleman, but I don't think Lisa would mind if you saw her starkers again...would you Lisa?"

The Ravenclaw snorted and shook her head as she dragged a hand up her thigh. Harry, however, didn't take the bait, and kept his head down.

"Lisa," Hermione asked, "what did you do with the scrapers?"

"Packed them away, Hermione."

"Have any empty vials left?"

"About a half-dozen, I think," Lisa replied.

"Well get set up, we've got a second-time shagging event to constrain."

Lisa smiled as she opened her rucksack.

"Oh, and Lisa, if you wanted to collect one-handed..."

Lisa nodded in understanding as she absent-mindedly dragged a finger through her dark mound of short and curly hair.

Hermione's questions caused Harry to raise his head.

"Why in Merlin's name would we still need empty vials?" he asked.

"Oh, Harry," Hermione replied sweetly. "Did you think your sweat donating days were done once we finally shagged?"

"Erm....yes, actually."

Hermione shook her head and sighed. "Sorry, Mr. Potter, but you aren't off the hook yet."

"How's that?"

"Why, there's so much more research to conduct," Hermione replied brightly. "Now that you're not a virgin, we need to check your wanking potency, and hand-job potency...never did do a hummer vial, did we Lisa?"

"Erm, no, we didn't."

"Plus there's a need to explore potency as a function of time since loss of virginity."

"Might be differences between different locations," Lisa offered.

Hermione nodded. "That's right...so much to explore, and you're our first and only 'before and after' gladiator."

Harry snorted. "So, all of this shagging, it's to be done in the name of magical inquiry?"

Hermione nodded. "Do you mind?"

Harry paused, then shook his head. "Anything for you, sweetheart. Just promise me once thing."

"What's that, Harry?"

"That we be done collecting sweat by our wedding night."

Hermione smiled as she rubbed her engagement ring with her thumb. She then turned to Lisa and asked, "Think we can complete our protocols in six weeks?"

Lisa paused, and then smiled. "We could, but that would probably require multiple sweat collections each day."

Hermione nodded, then turned back to Harry. "So, think you're up for shagging three or four times a day over the next few weeks?"

Harry looked down incredulously at Hermione, then turned and gave that same look to a smirking sweat collector. He then leaned down, so that his lips were right next to Hermione's ear, and confidently whispered the word-of-the-day.