

Finding Her Style

by notsosaintly

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Chapter One: A New Style

Chapter 1 of 2

Ginny's experience in kissing boys is certainly helpful to Hermione, who must learn to find her style. (Warning: femmeslash)

Disclaimer: Sorry, Jo, but I just can't keep my hands off your characters. This is all fantasy, and I am only using them to purge my demons. Wait, do I have demons? *ponders*

A/N: I decided to try my hand at femme-slash because I've never done so before. Strange as it is, I found this rather arousing. I think for me, it depends on *who* the same-sex partners are, not that it is same-sex partners in general. Anyway, I hope you enjoy. And those of you who are more familiar with this sort of activity, do let me know what you think.

A New Style

"I don't know, Gin. I just can't understand why I didn't feel anything when he kissed me."

Hermione lay across Ginny's bed, feet propped against the wall, hair hanging loosely over the edge. One foot teased the edge of one of the nameless Quidditch posters with which Ginny had wallpapered her room. She ran a file across her nails and wiggled her freshly painted toes.

"Maybe it's his technique," Ginny replied. "I have to admit, though, I cannot imagine anyone really *wanting* to kiss Viktor. I think it's his nose." Ginny zapped her toenails black with a definitive gesture of her wand.

"More likely his posture," Hermione laughed. "You always did have a thing about the way a man carries himself."

Ginny smiled. It was true. She always loved the way Harry walked as though he was so sure of himself. What made it even sexier was that he had no idea he exuded such confidence. The casual manner he had of throwing a comment at someone he passed in the corridor, whether it was a smile and a laugh or a flash of anger that made his eyes narrow dangerously, made her nipples tighten and the blood rush to swell that which she so desperately wanted him to touch.

"Mmm..." came Ginny's noncommittal reply. "Maybe you just haven't been kissed by the right guy."

Hermione turned her head towards Ginny, watching her spell her toenails a color that matched her hair. "Thinking about Harry again, are you?" she asked knowingly.

"Well, he was the best I've ever kissed." Ginny looked up. "Anyway, how did Viktor kiss? Because I am of the firm belief that if a man kisses right, a girl will most definitely feel *something*."

"Hmm... You may have a point there." Hermione sat up and swung her legs off the bed. "All right, then. He was very persistent. No, that's not the word. I would say he knew what he wanted and went right after it."

"That's not what I mean, and you know it," Ginny chided. *How* did he kiss? What exactly did he do? Don't analyze it."

"Right. This is not easy, Gin. You know I have a difficult time talking about this." Hermione's cheeks flushed pink and she sighed. "Okay. He put his mouth on mine, and then he sort of moved it around like... Gin, I can't do this." She covered her face with her hands in embarrassment, adding "I'm sorry I even brought it up."

Ginny hopped off the bed and padded around to stand in front of Hermione, grabbing her shoulders. "Would you put your hands down? I don't know why you are so embarrassed. You are talking to *me*. It's not like you are talking to Harry or Ron," she said, smiling. "Though it's high time you found out how well *he* kisses."

Hermione dropped her hands and blushed a little deeper. "You want me to kiss Harry? Well, if he's as good as you say..."

Ginny thwapped her friend soundly on the head with a bed pillow.

Laughing, Hermione held her hands up to ward off more pillow blows and yelled, "All right, all right! You know I'm only kidding!" When the giggles died down, she sighed in defeat. "Okay, no analyzing. Right. Well, he moved his mouth around, opening and closing it, and he, um, sort of thrust his tongue in and out like this."

Hermione looked up at Ginny while opening and closing her mouth, moving her tongue in and out slowly in what Ginny hoped was a bit exaggerated. It was horrifying at first, but the longer Hermione did it, the more amusing it became. When she collapsed against Hermione in laughter, Hermione's mouth snapped shut and she glared, pushing Ginny off her shoulder.

"Well, you *asked*!" she cried indignantly.

Ginny took a few deep breaths and collapsed next to Hermione on the bed. "Yeah, I did ask, didn't I?" Ginny giggled and tried to regain her composure. "He really kissed like *that*?"

"Yes. You think I'd make something like that up? I had never kissed anyone else before, so I had no idea he was that bad. Well, there was one, I nearly forgot...remember my cousin's friend, Tom, the one who forced himself on me over the holidays?...but he doesn't really count. He was drunk and ... well, let's just say kissing wasn't on the top of his list, and it was over before it had even begun."

Residual giggles escaped Ginny's lips. "You've really had poor luck, haven't you? I would say Tom most definitely doesn't count," Ginny said emphatically, hesitated a moment, and then gave Hermione her diagnosis. "I think your problem is that Viktor kissed all wrong."

Shocked, Hermione replied, "Wrong? How can someone kiss 'wrong'? Is there a book or something that tells you how to do it right?"

Ginny smirked. "You'd like that, wouldn't you. But no. No book, Hermione. Listen, perhaps *someone* would find his technique desirable, but you obviously did not."

"No, I suppose not." Hermione looked disappointed.

"Well, don't feel badly about it. I've kissed a guy or two... or three... okay, six, and one was just simply *horrible*. I couldn't get rid of him quickly enough." Ginny shuddered, remembering the bloke's gaping mouth that had left everything from her nose to her chin wet with saliva.

"You've kissed... Who did you kiss? What do you mean by *horrible*?" Hermione was taken aback. Ginny was a year younger than her, yet she had so much more experience.

Ginny looked at Hermione and laughed. "Really, Hermione. Get your nose out of a book every now and then. I think I detect a hint of jealousy!" There was no way on God's green earth she'd ever admit to having kissed Goyle. The only thing right she had done that night was perform an Obliviate spell...a little too forcefully, true, but she doubted anyone had really noticed. "Never mind who it was. He kissed like a fish, though. It was wet and... Well, let's just say it really was *not* my style."

"Style?" Hermione asked. "How am I supposed to know what my style is? I've only kissed two boys."

"One and a half," Ginny corrected her.

"Okay, one and a half," Hermione conceded.

Ginny looked thoughtfully at Hermione for a second. This conversation was getting nowhere. It wasn't as though she could toss a book at her friend with all the answers. How in the world could she explain this to Hermione when Hermione had nothing to go by?

"Well, I found my style through trial and error mostly," Ginny began. "If I like something, a way that turns me on, I experiment for a while. If I'm really lucky, a guy will follow my lead. Do you understand?"

"I understand, but it's not like I've got boys lining up at my door, Gin."

Ginny stared at her, wiggling fiery-orange toenails for a moment, and then looked up at Hermione's furrowed brow. "Okay. Here," Ginny said, reaching over and twisting Hermione to face her.

Ginny almost laughed at the expression on Hermione's face, as though she was about to learn something very important, except Ginny could tell Hermione had no idea what she was about to do. Little butterflies vibrated in her stomach as she leaned in, unsure of what Hermione's reaction would be. She answered Hermione's confused look with a light kiss on the lips. Hermione didn't move a muscle.

"You have to relax, Hermione. I'm trying to show you something," Ginny said quietly, tamping down the fluttering in her stomach.

Hermione's shoulders dropped, and she took a deep breath. Ginny smiled and kissed her again, this time adding a little more pressure with her lips, silently willing Hermione to follow along. Out of sheer reflex, Hermione kissed back, which seemed to surprise her a little, if the slight flinch she gave was any indication. This was new territory for Ginny, but she was finding it intriguing and a little exciting at the same time. She decided to experiment a little further and parted her lips slightly to pull Hermione's mouth into another kiss, her tongue ever so slightly flicking across the moistness, tasting her.

"Mmm... roast duck and corn," Ginny murmured, making Hermione giggle and relax even more.

Ginny released Hermione's shoulders, and one hand slid around Hermione's head, deepening the kiss. Hermione's mouth was coaxed open easily and Ginny took advantage of the situation and slowly traced along the inner edge of Hermione's lips with her tongue. When Hermione's tongue tentatively reached out with wary invitation, Ginny moaned in encouragement, both for Hermione's benefit as much as her own. It was surprising to her that kissing Hermione like this was becoming more interesting and exciting by the second. And that moan was all Hermione needed to loosen up completely; her hand reached out to draw Ginny closer, and they unwittingly broke apart. Their gazes met, their breath mingling on each other's faces.

"See what I mean?" Ginny asked breathlessly with glazed eyes.

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "Viktor never kissed like *that*. He just sort of... went in for the kill, you know?"

Ginny giggled at the image that produced. "Yeah, I know. So ... um, did that style work for you?"

"Work? You mean like..." Hermione looked hesitant, and Ginny knew her friend was slipping back into her usual self-consciousness.

"Yes, I mean *'like'*. Did it do anything for you?" Ginny asked.

"Um... Well, I think... er..."

Knowing her friend would be too shy to admit to anything, Ginny leaned in for another kiss, a little harder, a little more confident. Hermione greeted it enthusiastically, following Ginny's lead. Their tongues darted and twisted and danced more vigorously, seeming to enhance their connection, drawing each into the other more deeply. The groan of pleasure...much more intense than the one earlier...had Hermione suddenly drawing back, flushed and short of breath.

"I think that did something for me," Hermione whispered.

"Me too," Ginny whispered back.

Clearing her throat, Hermione looked down at her hands, which had fallen into her lap. "Have you ... erm, ever done anything like this before?"

"You mean kiss?" Ginny asked with a wicked smile, and Hermione's head jerked upward to see she was indeed being teased further.

It earned Ginny a swat on the arm. "No. You know what I mean."

"Oh, you mean kiss a girl? Nope. But I rather like it." Ginny suddenly grew very serious. "Do you wanna try again?"

Before Ginny could say anything more, Hermione pulled Ginny in for a fiercer, more determined kiss. Ginny couldn't help but moan again. She couldn't believe the feelings that were washing over her body. Even with all of her experience in kissing boys, it was *nothing* compared to this. Her hands moved slowly over Hermione's waist, gradually moving higher, wondering if Hermione was feeling everything she was but not entirely sure she should take the chance.

It was Hermione's tightening embrace that answered the question. With their chests so close together, Ginny could feel the pull as her nipples grew tighter and grazed across Hermione's. She teased Hermione's pert nipples with her own, brushing the very tips together with a rock of her body, sending shock waves as quick as lightning to her core.

Ginny had to break the kiss this time. It was too intense. Reluctantly, she pushed away from Hermione's searching mouth. Her breath was fire in her chest, and Hermione looked at her worriedly for a second, making Ginny worry that her friend would once again start feeling shy and uncertain.

"It's too much," Ginny gasped. "I... Wow."

Hermione tried to take a deep breath. "I know what you mean. I guess I... I guess I found my style, huh?"

"If anything, we've found a *new* style," Ginny agreed, inwardly hoping it was one she could explore and experiment with often.

"Gin?" Hermione's eyes looked straight into Ginny's. "How far have you gone with a boy? I mean, you said you kissed, but did you... did you..."

Ginny laughed gently. They had just shared the most amazingly intimate kiss, and Hermione still couldn't talk about kissing and all that went with it without stammering.

"It's all right. Really!" Ginny tried to dispel her friend's uneasiness. "I guess the farthest I've gone with a boy is letting him touch my breasts. Oh...I take that back. Harry touched me...well, *down there*, but it was always over my knickers, never inside. Not that *Ididn't* want him to go a little further and*really* feel his fingers against me."

Hermione's eyes widened. "Wow. I mean... Merlin. I am*really* inexperienced, aren't I?" Her hands once again covered her face.

Ginny was silent for a while, sympathetic to her friend's mortification. Then, coming to a quick decision, she moved back a little on the bed and pulled her jumper over her head, tossed it to the floor, and unhooked her bra, letting it fall off her shoulders. Hermione's head rose slowly out of her hands, and she watched as Ginny's fingers worked at the buttons on her own shirt.

"What are you... Oh!" Hermione stammered in surprise as she suddenly became aware that Ginny was sitting in front of her topless and the girl's burnished-red nipples were staring her in the face.

She let Ginny continue unbuttoning her shirt, to Ginny's immense pleasure and relief, and seemed to barely notice when her bra was unfastened. Her clothes joined Ginny's in a heap on the floor. Ginny stared at her friend's heavy breasts, larger than her own. They'd undressed in front of each other before, but Ginny had never seen her friend's breasts in the light she was now seeing them. She couldn't help herself; leaning in, her mouth closed around a nipple, her hand cradling the fullness surrounding it, and every sense seemed to heighten and yearn for more input, especially when Hermione began to moan.

Ginny suckled the tight nipple, pulling it in and releasing it rhythmically, swirling her tongue around the dark circle of skin that surrounded it. She experimented, sucking in a little more, taking more into her mouth, kneading the flesh that she held cradled in her hand. Her other hand found the other breast, so woefully neglected, and with Hermione's whimpers of encouragement, her hands went to work, grasping both breasts and massaging them, sometimes softly, sometimes more vigorously, while her mouth and tongue continued their pleasurable task, making sure to pay equal attention to both gorgeous breasts.

When had they fallen back to lay upon the bed? Ginny wasn't sure. Then suddenly they were looking at each other with eyes heavy with need, breath exploding upon each other's cheeks. Ginny's hands slid from Hermione's breasts and moved slowly over her abdomen and the waistband of her shorts. When they reached her pubic bone, she added a little pressure, noticing that Hermione had stopped breathing. Quickly, the shorts were unfastened, and Ginny slipped a hand inside, cupping Hermione's mons, sliding her fingers lower into the heat and massaging the small, swollen nub of flesh she discovered there in tight little circles.

Hermione's whimpers nearly became cries. Her breath expelled itself forcefully and erratically as she alternated between holding her breath and gasping for air. Her hands were all over Ginny, as though frantically looking for something and entirely unable to concentrate on one area for very long. Even though Ginny's body positively ached to be touched, it was so incredibly stimulating to be the one giving pleasure and watching Hermione's reaction. Ginny pulled Hermione's shorts and knickers down with one hand and tossed them aside, then hooked a leg around Hermione's thigh, trapping her legs open as her fingers glided helplessly through the moist valley.

Ginny's hips involuntarily flexed as she let the tip of her finger slip inside of Hermione ever so slightly. It was tight, her finger refusing to go in very far, but Hermione bucked into her hand as though wanting to impale herself upon it. Ginny's other hand jumped into the fray and began circling the pleasure point the other had abandoned. The ensuing rhythm of circling and delving fingers, the warmth and moistness that seemed to pour out of Hermione: it was too much for Ginny, who couldn't help but grind her own pubic bone against Hermione's thigh. Every so often Hermione would push her leg against Ginny in response, letting her know she knew Ginny was in need, though she was utterly unable to create the rhythm Ginny so desperately wanted. Ginny groaned when Hermione's legs suddenly spread wider, pushing against her needy flesh, and tensed, feet pushing down and hips rising from the bed. Hermione cried out and seemed to bear down, and then suddenly Ginny felt her finger being grasped and released, grasped and released, grasped and released, over and over and over as it was trapped by Hermione's brilliantly intense orgasm.

Ginny continued to massage Hermione's inner walls and clitoris, bringing her friend back down to earth. Unfortunately, Ginny felt nowhere near the earth herself and was desperately rubbing her aching center against Hermione's thigh, wanting her own release. Taking Ginny's lead, Hermione pushed Ginny on her back and wasted no time removing both shorts and knickers to display a riotous gathering of ginger curls surrounding Ginny's swollen and equally burnished flesh. Hermione pushed her fingers against Ginny's already moist cleft and rubbed Ginny's clit with quick strokes, rolling it, pinching it, reaching lower with each stroke until Ginny's hips were begging for more.

"Ah, yes!" Ginny cried as Hermione's other hand found her entrance and a finger pushed inside, adding its strokes to the other's above.

The rhythm became erratic, between Ginny's thrusting hips and Hermione trying to pay attention to the girl's swollen clit as well as exploring her depths. Hermione pressed her own thighs together in time with her strokes, as though trying to recreate the same intensity Ginny's fingers had brought and which, now, Ginny was enjoying so thoroughly.

Ginny's cries started out low and grew in intensity as her heels pushed into the bed, and Hermione pumped a little faster. "Yes! Yes! Oh, gods! Yes!" she cried in time with each thrust. Then, finally, Ginny's hips froze, and she could feel Hermione's finger deep inside of her being squeezed rhythmically as it continued to thrust through her orgasm. Hermione's mouth fell upon Ginny's in a heated kiss, and Ginny welcomed it hungrily as her body slowly began to relax.

It wasn't until they heard a bump against the doorframe that they realized Ginny's door had never been warded. The two girls, fully nude, Hermione's fingers still entwined in red nether curls, turned their heads simultaneously toward the door. Hermione's hand quickly abandoned its task, making Ginny fully aware of the coolness of the room as it hit her heated flesh, though they still held onto each other tightly.

There in the doorway stood Ron, mouth agape, face flushed, with a rather large erection outlined against the sheer fabric of his shorts. The girls looked at each other, wide-eyed, and couldn't help but giggle.

Chapter Two: Gaining Experience

Chapter 2 of 2

What happens when the girls are "discovered" finding Hermione's style? (warning: incestuous thoughts, voyeurism)

Disclaimer: Okay, so JKR would have never done this to her characters. It's a children's book, so I would hope not. But since we're all adults here, I've taken the liberty to satisfy the older and more imaginative readers who enjoy a bit o' smut to read at the end of the day.

Author's Note: I suppose I should warn you now. A reviewer for the first chapter (which had been a completed one-shot) inspired me to edit the story (quite a bit) and to go on to answer the question, "What did they do to Ron?" So, Arabella Bloodgood, here is your answer. To all, read the warnings please. I marked 'incest' for incestuous thoughts; there is no incestuous touching or sex. If it bothers you, and if your curiosity doesn't get the better of you, turn back now.

Gaining Experience

The look on Ron's face was priceless. Ginny had never seen him so speechless, so incoherent, so... well, *schard*. In all fairness, she had seen all of her brothers sporting stiffies in the morning as they ambled down the hallway to use the bathroom just outside her door. To be honest, it had become a kind of obsession to watch for them approaching the bathroom soon after they had woken up. It didn't really bother her, just sort of amused her. She'd heard both Fred and George occasionally in the mornings, after one or the other had gone into the bathroom, moaning softly behind the door. She had sent an Extendable Ear beneath the door one of those times and had heard the meaty thump-thump of flesh meeting flesh and the near-silent hiss of profanities as the thumping slowed and then ceased. It had been fantasy-fuel for a few years, and more than one orgasm had been achieved with merely the remembered sound of her brother wanking.

Having seen her brothers, any of them, really only at half-mast and always through clothing, she had been unaware of any of their true sizes. Ron's, even though she was viewing his through a layer of nylon shorts, was pretty darn impressive.

Ginny decided to play it up a bit, and Hermione seemed comfortable and willing to continue as one of her hands continued to caress Ginny's hip. Ginny had brought her legs together, out of self-awareness more than decency or any concern for the state Ron was in, but one of her hands ascended to fondle Hermione's breasts. Ron stood there as though Petrified. *Almost like a Greek statue with a rock-hard erection*, she thought, *and way too many clothes*.

"Do you like what you see, Ron? We could continue, you know... I can continue; can you, Hermione?" she asked, looking at her friend.

Hermione uttered an "Oh yes" before dipping her head forward to capture Ginny's lips with a not-so-chaste kiss.

The groan from the doorway was sheer agony, and Ginny loved it and deepened their kiss even more. Hermione seemed more eager now than before, which really had Ginny wondering about her friend's proclivities. She liked to be watched, apparently, though Ginny suspected being watched by Ron, whom Hermione had been secretly lusting after for a long while, had a lot to do with it.

Ginny already had Hermione's nipples tweaked to a state of hardness that rivaled Ron's, and she could feel Hermione's thighs, which were flush up against hers, rhythmically pressing against each other. Yes, Hermione was definitely turned on by all this. The hand on Hermione's breast began its descent toward the curls that covered her more intimate parts. Once it reached its destination and fell into a casual rhythm of slide and circle, Ginny broke the kiss.

As Hermione's head fell back to the bed, an look of utter bliss upon her face, Ginny glanced at Ron, who was now leaning against the doorframe for support, one hand rubbing his erection over his shorts. A wet spot had appeared on the fabric where it was repeatedly being stretched over the tip of his hardness, and his eyes were glued to what Ginny's hand was doing.

So, feeling a bit naughty and wanting to tease Ron as much as she possibly could, she coaxed Hermione's legs wider, bending her knees so that they would fall to either side and expose the folds of her sex.

"Like what you see, Ron?" she asked as her bewildered brother seemed to drink in the scene before him. "Have you ever done this to a woman? It feels so lovely, you know, to be touched this way... But *this* feels even better."

At that, Ginny stopped circling Hermione's clit and slid a finger up and down a few times, gathering moistness, before pressing a finger deep inside so that it disappeared completely. Hermione's back arched, and Ginny thrust her finger in and out for a minute before having a second finger join the first.

Ron whimpered at the doorway, and both girls looked toward him now. Ron had his entire cock fisted through the thin, sheer nylon fabric and was pumping it determinedly. Hermione's eyes were heavily lidded, but she forced herself to speak through her increasing lust. "Curl your fingers a bit, Gin. Ah!" she shouted as her friend complied and apparently hit the right spot. "Again! Oh!"

Hermione was diminished to cries of joy as Ginny continued to thrust her fingers just the way her friend liked it. One look at Ron told her he was losing control. He had a maniacal look in his eyes, wild, like he needed to find a place to put his aching cock and it pained him not to do so. Still able to tease Ron through her own rising passion,

Ginny spread her legs and with her other hand started stroking her own clit frantically.

"Gods, yes, Hermione! Come for me, love. Come on," Ginny chanted. "Look at Ron. Watch him!"

That encouragement was all Hermione needed, and within seconds of raising her head to watch Ron pumping his thick cock through his damp shorts, she was coming, gripping Ginny's fingers forcefully.

Ginny couldn't care less anymore if her brother was standing there wanking off or not, she was now whimpering uncontrollably while her finger busily worked below. "Oh, oh, oh, it's too much. I need more. Please, oh gods, I..."

She looked up suddenly as her fingers were pushed away and watched as Hermione's head plunged downward, her mouth connecting with and enveloping her clit. The most blessed feeling overcame her as Hermione's lips and tongue set up a rhythm of licking upward, twisting, pulling, and sucking, then starting the whole process over again. It left Ginny in a kind of limbo, enjoying the intense sensations.

Her eyes opened to see Ron had stepped farther into the room, still stroking his now exposed cock, having pushed his shorts out of the way. Ginny's eyes widened at his length and his girth... and the redness of it all. He stood behind Hermione and watched as Hermione's tongue performed its magic between Ginny's spread legs. Then, he suddenly seemed to realize that Hermione's arse was directly in front of him as she knelt before Ginny and bent forward to tend to her friend's needs. The groan that escaped his lips was ragged and raw. His pent-up lust pushed him forward the last couple of steps that separated him and Hermione, and he cried out as he grabbed Hermione's hip with one hand and spent himself across her back with the other.

Ginny's eyes had been glued to Ron's cock the entire time. Her breathing started to come quicker as Ron's hand started pumping faster. She urged Hermione to stop licking and remain at her clit, telling her to suck and pull and flick her tongue, yes, just like that. Oh! And as Ron's semen pulsed from his cock and landed across her friend's back, some even getting into her hair, Ginny came so forcefully she could feel her orgasm liquefy and gush from her body.

As the three friends came slowly down off their high, Hermione lifted one hand to gather her hair and pull it over her shoulder, feeling the stickiness of Ron's come in her hair. She licked a bit off in experimentation, and that had Ginny sitting up to turn her friend around so she could help clean off her back.

She was distracted, however, as Hermione, who was now facing Ron and his rather diminished member, took Ron's hand and licked the come off his fingers, paying attention to each finger and between each finger. By the time she had his hand cleaned off and reached for his cock to start cleaning that as well, he had already started to harden again.

Ginny, knowing it was her turn to watch, completely forgot about the white streaks now drying on Hermione's back and eased backwards on her bed to get comfortable while Hermione started to suck Ron's cock deep into her mouth. And once again, her fingers sought to satisfy the ache that was building deep in her core....

Later that evening, after the three of them had cleaned up and gone down to dinner with the family, and where there seemed to be no end to the ribbing Ron received from his brothers for looking so smug, Ginny and Hermione lay in their respective beds in Hermione's room, staring at the ceiling, and talking.

"So," Ginny said and paused a moment. They hadn't spoken of what had occurred earlier that afternoon yet, and she was eager to tease her friend a little. "Do you think you have discovered your style yet, or do you think some more experimentation is in order?"

Hermione turned her head toward Ginny and looked at her across the moonlit room. "I think I may have found a style I'm quite fond of," she replied honestly, "actually a couple, to tell you the truth. Still... I think perhaps some, erm, revision may be in order. I mean, I wouldn't want to forget anything."

"Afraid someone's going to test you?" Ginny chided, knowing exactly what Hermione was trying to get at but deciding not to make it easy. If playing hard to get worked on the boys, it had to work on the girls.

"No! It's not that!" Hermione responded, quickly falling for Ginny's bit of a joke. "It's just I...well, you see..."

"Hermione," Ginny stated firmly now. "You've kissed me. You've made me orgasm more times than I can count...and, yes, I'm counting the ones I gave myself when I was watching you and Ron. Hell, you've even had your mouth on me *down there*. And you're going to tell me that you're still too shy to tell me what it is you want?"

Hermione sat up in bed, back straight, and stared at Ginny, who didn't move a muscle and didn't even dare to breathe. "Fine!" Hermione shouted. "I want you to make me come with your mouth. It seems I'm the only one who hasn't had that particular pleasure today."

Pleased that she had made her friend finally say what was on her mind, Ginny sat up, swung her legs off the bed, and padded over to Hermione. They stared at each other for a few seconds, as though sizing each other up, and then Ginny pushed Hermione backwards with one hand, forcing her to lay back on the bed. She crawled between Hermione's half-spread legs and drew her knees upward. Then she pushed the already short nightgown up past Hermione's hips.

When Ginny saw Hermione wasn't wearing any knickers, a sudden warmth spread throughout her core, and she liked her lips in anticipation.

"You knew this would be happening, didn't you?" Ginny asked her friend, who smiled up innocently at her.

"Well, I figured you wouldn't be able to resist. And if you did resist," Hermione shrugged, "at least I wouldn't have to be dealing with my knickers. They get in the way, you know."

"Why you little tart!" Ginny exclaimed, laughing.

"You're one to talk," Hermione said, joining in the laughter, but she sobered up quickly and commanded, "Now, get down there and eat me till I come."

"And such language too," Ginny teased before complying with much enthusiasm.

~ fin (and I mean it this time)