

# The Prefects' Party

*by Keppiehed*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Harry doesn't think through all the problems with stealing his best friend's body for a party ... especially when he didn't ask her permission first. When he gets drunk, he finds himself in hot water!

**Warnings:** slash, femmeslash, role reversal, alcohol consumption

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**Prompts:** Can take place at Hogwarts or Grimmauld Place, Must involve a minimum of five characters, with at least one adult, and one student (of age, of course), A large dose of smut-can be edgy or deviant if you'd like, but nothing too dark and icky. Not all characters have to be involved here (although that earns you tons of bonus points), Must include the following: Twister (the game, not the natural disaster) a Muggle item that at least one person doesn't know how to use, a Polyjuice mishap, an embarrassing secret revealed, and most importantly, there must be two good things about Ron included. Can be in narrative or dialogue or whatever, but he must be painted in a good light on two separate occasions. He doesn't, however, have to actually be in the story.

**A/N:** For my very good (and patient) friend, Holly. Listen, I did the best with Ron I possibly could. You have to take into account that I wasn't bashing him. Also, a HUGE thanks to my beta, Grander\_fanfics, for your keen eye and helpful suggestions. Nothing like holding my hand through this one!

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"I have to admit, Ron ... I didn't entirely think this through beforehand," Harry confessed as they made their way down the corridor to the Great Hall.

Ron kept his eyes fixed firmly ahead. "Yeah, no kidding. I was just thinking about getting you to the party, not about how much you look ... like ... her ... " His gaze wandered towards the region of Harry's chest.

"Hey!" Harry snapped, not liking the direction of Ron's view. He had only had this body for a few minutes, but he was already feeling proprietary about it. And besides, it was opening his mind to some disturbing possibilities about Ron's proclivities that he had never even considered before. Did Ron have a thing for Hermione? No ... he shook his head to jar that distressing idea loose.

"Sorry, mate. I was just thinking, that's all," Ron said.

"Yeah, it's *what* you were thinking that bothers me!" Harry said shrilly. Now he could see why Hermione always sounded like that. His voice just wanted to naturally rise up when he got upset. It would be interesting to consider in another situation, but right now he was too unsettled to be intrigued.

"Could I just ... " Ron cleared his throat.

"What?" Harry snapped. He felt guilty for sneaking into Snape's storeroom and stealing a vial of Polyjuice just so they could attend a party. It was supposed to be in honor of the prefects of the four houses, to promote unity before school started for the term. Hermione had waved off the invite, and Ron and Harry had seen a chance for him to escape the confines of the Gryffindor Common Room where he had been hiding out sans invitation all week. Now, suddenly, with the pilfered body, Harry was aware of the glaring hole in this plan. He was a *girl*!

"So, can I?" Ron whispered.

Harry just stared. "I didn't catch what you were saying. I was a bit distracted by, oh, I don't know. The fact that I have boobs?"

"Can I touch them?" Ron blurted.

"What?"

"Can I touch your...her! Her boobs I want to touch her boobs!" Ron was almost shouting.

Harry winced. "Shhh! Will you keep your voice down? No, you cannot!"

Ron pouted. "Why not? They aren't even yours. If I were Cho, I'd let you feel me up."

"If you were..." Harry shook his head. This was too surreal. On second thought, this might be the only chance poor Ron ever got to feel a girl up, and they *were* best mates, after all. What could it hurt?

"She'll never know!" Ron wheedled.

"Okay, fine. But just for a second," Harry said.

Ron reached a hand out and cupped Harry's chest.

Harry didn't know where to look. He wanted to look away, up at the ceiling, but he was a lot shorter than Ron now. He saw him from a different vantage this way. Ron's face had softened, a pink tongue sticking out between his lips as he fondled Harry's breast. A thumb circled the nipple.

Harry felt a jolt shoot through him all the way to his...*Hermione's!*...core. He felt a pleasurable stab between his legs as Ron kept up the friction. He could feel Ron's fingers through the layers of his shirt, and he arched into the touch.

Ron's breathing was coming faster as he risked a little squeeze.

Hermione's body seemed to be rather responsive to that, Harry noted with surprise. He could feel the nipple hardening, and it felt as though a wildfire of lust swept through him. Ron looked appealing, the way he was standing there, massaging his cock...

What? Harry jerked back to reality and straightened up. That was *not* something he wanted to see! "Okay! That's enough!" He tried for a businesslike tone, but his voice came out dewy and romantic. Harry cringed.

Ron pulled his hand away. "Well, thanks for that. You're a real pal."

They walked together in silence for awhile, with Harry rolling his hips awkwardly every few steps. How did girls manage to walk with this kind of pelvis?

"We're almost there. Try and act like her, okay?" Ron said as they stepped around the corner. "Do you still have the potion?"

Harry held up the flask and shoved it in his pocket. He had enough to get him through the night.

"Ah, the last two are here! Fashionably late, I see. Now the party can begin."

Harry looked up and saw Professor Trelawney speaking to the assembled bunch of students. It didn't look like much of a party. He recognized Anthony Goldstein and Padma Patil from Ravenclaw, Hannah Abbott and Ernie Macmillan from Hufflepuff and...here he couldn't suppress a groan...Pansy Parkinson and Draco Malfoy from Slytherin. The Great Hall had been cleared of the usual arrangements, with one table set in the middle for refreshments. Harry recognized a big bowl of punch and what looked to be ice cream and birthday cake. The ceiling had been enchanted to show streaming confetti. The whole thing had the confusing and nauseating effect of a child's birthday party.

"Um, Professor Trelawney? Is this the party?" asked Harry. He startled himself to hear Hermione's voice coming out of his mouth.

The woman turned, her large owl eyes blinking at him from behind her glasses. "But of course, Miss Granger! What does it look like?"

"A mess," Ron murmured under his breath.

"I was selected by my colleagues as the teacher best suited to come and supervise this effort. An enormous honor, I tell you..."

There was a snort from somewhere in the assemblage, but the older woman didn't seem to hear it and continued, "...and as such, I got to select the decorations and food. Isn't it perfect? There are games, and I even have items that fit the theme! Tonight is "Muggle Night"!" Professor Trelawney announced proudly. "I have a trampoline for just this very purpose, and as you can see, there, I have a pony in the corner for rides," she gestured myopically. "So, what do you all say to that? Shall we get started?"

"You've got to be kidding me," Pansy spit venomously. "This is the stupidest thing I have ever seen!"

"You ... you don't like it?" Professor Trelawney's lip trembled.

There was silence all around, broken by some snickers over in the Slytherin corner.

Harry sighed. This was ridiculous to the point of insulting, but he couldn't bear the pained look on the professor's face. "No, it's nice. It's just a little ... *young* for us, that's all. But really, it all looks great. I can't wait to try ... that." Harry trailed off as his eyes fell upon the nearest object. He couldn't believe that was actually here at Hogwarts in a room full of near-adults. There was no way he was doing that, not with his classmates, not with Draco Malfoy, and definitely not with Hermione's body. No way.

"I didn't know Gryffindors were good at lying," Pansy taunted. "I'll have to remember that."

"Attempting a lie isn't the same as succeeding," Draco sneered.

The Professor looked bewildered. "Whatever do you mean?"

Anthony piped up sarcastically, "Come on, don't tell me you guys don't want to play?"

"Um, play? That's a game?" Ernie asked, his dubious tone speaking for the group. "What exactly is it?"

"Go on, Granger, give it a go. That is, unless you're a *liar*." Draco looked amused for the first time all night.

The gauntlet was thrown, and Harry couldn't back down now. That went against his very nature. As if he would back down from a challenge from Malfoy, that smarmy git! Suddenly, the idea that he could toy with Malfoy and the other boy wouldn't even know it appealed to him, and he could barely conceal the gleam that he knew must be in his eye. He shook off Ron's restraining arm. "Sure, Malfoy, but only if you aren't too much of a coward to play, too," Harry said casually.

Malfoy frowned. "You think you can beat me at any game, Granger? Bring it on." He gave Harry an assessing look.

"Splendid!" Professor Trelawney clapped her hands. "Miss Granger can explain the rules, as she is familiar with Muggle artifacts. I must confess that I thought it was just a nice decoration. I didn't realize it was a game ... "

"Harry," Ron growled in his ear, "what in Merlin's name do you think you are doing?"

Harry looked at Ron in grim determination. "I am going to show Malfoy up, and now is my chance."

"Okay, so this is a game that Muggles play, Hermione?" asked Hannah doubtfully.

Harry flashed her a reassuring smile. "Sure, but I haven't played in years. We need a caller, someone to spin the arrow. The rest of us will be participating."

"I'll be the caller," Anthony volunteered. "I've played Twister before, so I'll enjoy watching you bunch." He grinned. "This should be good."

"The rules are simple. Just do what Anthony calls out. If you hit the ground, you're out. The last one standing wins." Harry couldn't help glancing over at Ron, who looked a little dubious.

"Wait, Hermione, I don't understand. What do you mean, hit the ground? Can you explain?" Padma asked nervously.

"Right hand red!" Anthony said.

"You'll get the hang of it, don't worry. Just don't move your hand once you put it down," said Harry.

"Ohhhh, I get it," said Ernie. He stood in front of the row of reds and bent over.

"I don't want to play," said Hannah.

"Come, children! What fun! Everyone plays!" Professor Trelawney insisted. "If my joints allowed, I would, as well. Alas, I have some regrettable sciatica..."

"Left foot blue!" Anthony interrupted.

Everyone scrambled to stretch their limbs around. It didn't take long for the bickering to begin.

"Ow! Will you get your arse out of my face, Macmillan?"

"It isn't my fault that you have such stumpy legs! Go around, why don't you?"

"That's my hair!"

Anthony chuckled. "Left hand yellow."

Now the complaints started in earnest.

"Hey! That was *my* circle!"

"I didn't see your name on it, you stroppy cow."

"I'm slipping! Call the next one, Goldstein!"

Anthony was laughing too hard to spin the wheel. "You guys should see yourselves! Malfoy, the day I thought I'd see you with your arm around a Weasley like that..."

Draco glared. "If you don't spin that damned arrow, I am going to cram it down your throat, Goldstein. Don't think I won't remember this."

At that moment, Hannah's stocking foot slipped out from under her. As she went, she took Pansy out with her. They both hit the mat in a tangle of limbs.

"Oof!" Hannah winced.

"You ... you ... cheater!" Pansy shrieked. "You knocked me over on purpose!"

Hannah just shook her head.

"A slice of cake, girls? It's chocolate chip!" Professor Trelawney chirped.

Pansy got up in a huff. "This is a stupid Muggle game, anyway."

"Left foot green," Anthony announced.

There were collective groans from the group as everyone re-assembled themselves in a new, twisted tangle. It didn't take long for Ernie and Padma to lose their balance, and soon it was only Harry, Ron and Draco left.

"Why don't you just give it up, Granger? The entire school has heard how limber you are, but you still aren't going to win," said Draco. The weak insult lost any of its sting when Harry looked up and saw Draco's face hanging upside down. It was getting rather red and puffy.

"Is that the best you can do, Malfoy? The blood must have left your brain," Harry retorted.

"Right hand red."

The shift in position made Harry come into more intimate contact with Draco, and he suddenly realized how his comment might have been taken. A wicked thought came to him, and he couldn't resist innocently shifting his...Hermione's...hips up against Draco's. When he arched up, he heard Draco's breath hiss in sharply, and Harry was shocked to feel an answering hardness against his...um, Hermione's...plump backside. His eyes flew wide open in surprise, and in that moment, the both of them froze.

Harry's mind spun out. What was going on here? Did Draco like Hermione? Did Harry have a thing for Draco? He pushed the thought from his brain, dismissing the idea almost before he even thought it. It must be the strange effect of being in another person's body that was doing this to him, and the fact that it was a girl's body made it even worse. As for Draco's end of all of this...well, he couldn't handle thinking about the ramifications of that right now. It was just too strange to bear even thinking on. If he ever got out of this, he was going to keep this whole thing to himself. He felt beads of sweat pop out on his brow.

"Left foot blue."

In the sudden scramble, Harry and Draco felt the contact and wanted both to prolong and immediately stop it. Their limbs got wrapped up in the panic and Harry felt himself falling before he could do anything about it. The next thing he knew, he and Draco were lying on the mat.

Draco jumped up. "Thanks a lot, Granger. That was entirely your fault."

"Mine?" Harry was outraged. "I was on the bottom!"

"Right where you belong, if you ask me," leered Draco.

Suddenly, they both fell silent when they realized that the whole room was watching and listening to the entire exchange. Harry felt his face go three shades of red. Damn Hermione for being so fair-skinned!

Draco scowled and slunk over to Pansy.

"You mean, I won?" asked Ron.

"Yeah. Nice one, mate," Harry said. "I mean, Ronald," he hastily corrected. Who knew Ron had a gift for Twister?

"That was marvelous, just marvelous!" Professor Trelawney said. She was entirely too excited, in Harry's opinion. He was exhausted merely from looking at her. He didn't think he had another Twister in him, even for her sake. "And now I have another treat...it's something called 'Pin the Tail on the Donkey'" she said slowly, reading the box.

Draco stood up. "You know, Professor, I'm about ready to turn in. That really wore me out. I'm sure you will allow me to congratulate you on a splendid soireé?"

Professor Trelawney blinked. "Hmmm?"

Draco motioned behind his back for Pansy, who jumped up and put what Harry recognized as a falsely sweet smile on her face. "Delightful, ma'am. Please allow us to clean up as our gift to you. To show you how much we enjoyed ourselves."

"I don't understand ... " Trelawney trailed off.

Draco stood in front of her and spoke loudly and clearly, as if he was addressing an idiot child. "Go to bed, Professor. We are going to stay behind and clean up, and then we are going to bed as well. Thank you, and good night."

"It's ... it's all done, then?" She seemed confused.

"What?" Ernie piped up. "I don't want to clea..."

"Shut up, you idiot," hissed Draco under his breath, the smile never leaving his face. "Yes," he said louder, again speaking to Trelawney. "It's all over, I'm afraid. Off to bed, now."

As if on cue, Padma yawned and stretched. Hannah got up and suggestively shuffled around. Harry narrowed his eyes.

"Well, young Malfoy, if you're sure ... ." Trelawney started towards the door. "You'll clean this up and then go right to your dormitories?"

"Of course. Don't trouble yourself further about it." Malfoy's grin was so oily; Harry was disgusted.

"Well, I am much relieved, I must say. Fun was had by all, wasn't it? Maybe we can do this again. I certainly had a wonderful time." Professor Trelawney kept babbling as she shuffled off. She didn't bother turning around as she left the Great Hall.

Draco kept smiling and nodding until she was out of sight.

Harry took the opportunity while everyone was watching the professor's exit to turn his head and take a discreet sip of the Polyjuice Potion.

"What gives, Malfoy?" Anthony groused. "Now we have to clean up all this sh..."

Draco withdrew his wand and muttered a spell that vanished everything in the room in a few quick sweeps of his wrist. "Quit your complaining, Goldstein. The old bat is off our backs, right? Here," and he tossed a bottle at the other boy's head.

Anthony caught it reflexively. "Firewhisky! Where'd you get this?"

Draco shrugged negligently. "Just because Ravenclaws don't know how to party doesn't mean that Slytherins don't come prepared."

"I don't know about this, Draco," Hannah said uncertainly.

"Trust a Hufflepuff to chicken out," Pansy scoffed.

"Leave her alone," Ron said.

"Oooh, what are you, her boyfriend?" Pansy mocked.

"What are *you*, five years old?" Padma shot back. "Can we just get started, please?"

"Sure. That is, unless the Gryffindors are too good to drink with the rest of us," Draco said.

Harry looked up to see Draco's eyes on him, and he felt a wave of heat flare up in his chest. Whether it was from anger or something else, he didn't pause to consider. "Are you calling me out, Malfoy? Because I'll beat you at anything you lay before me, drinking included."

"See, Granger, I wouldn't have figured you for a drinker," Draco said. He gave Harry a speculative look.

"Easy, Harry," Ron muttered. "Remember what you're doing!"

"Yeah, well, there's a lot you don't know about me, isn't there, Malfoy? So bring it on!" Harry said impetuously, throwing Draco's words back at him.

Harry knew his target hit the mark when he saw the kindle of competitiveness spark and catch in Draco's eyes. "You're going down, Granger," Draco warned.

"I guess we'll see which one of us ends up going down this time, won't we, Malfoy? And let me give you a hint: it isn't going to be me this time!" Harry couldn't resist taunting him.

Hannah rolled her eyes. "All this trash talking, but are you just going to sit around and drink, or what? You're talking about beating each other...is there going to be a drinking game or something?"

"Oh, yeah!" Padma chimed in. "You know, I think we should stick to the theme. It's Muggle Night; let's play games that Muggles do at drinking parties! Hermione? Tell us some!"

"I'm not playing a game that Mudbloods do," Pansy said nastily. Her words made everyone fall silent.

"You ... you ..." Ron sputtered.

"Great comeback, Weasel," Draco laughed. "Pansy is right; I'm not playing a stupid Mudblood game. That's beneath us."

Pansy beamed.

Harry felt his temper slip, and he sensed that Ron was about to pound Draco into a pulp. "That's because you're just afraid you can't win," he forced himself to say nonchalantly. "It's okay, Malfoy, it would be terribly embarrassing for you to lose at a Muggle game. We can play something else, just for you." He tried to make his tone sound as sweet and conciliatory as he could.

"What?" screeched Draco.

Anthony snorted.

"Yeah, I know. You just can't hack it. Don't let it bother you, not every wizard can. It's understandable that you and your girl are too ... *pansy* to try anything new. Just let it go." Harry tried not to laugh.

Pansy bristled in outrage, her face a mask of perfect fury, but she couldn't form any words.

"Nice comeback, Parkinson." Ron laughed.

Draco's nostril's flared. "We'll play any game you can think of, Granger, and I will beat your arse twice over at it. Prepare to eat your words."

Harry nearly shivered when he saw the look of intense hatred that crossed Draco's features. The thought that he had just made Hermione a new enemy suddenly crossed his mind. Well, there was nothing he could do about it now. Harry drew in a deep breath. "Let's see ... my cousin plays Spin the Bottle, Truth or Dare, Seven Minutes in Heaven and I Never."

"I've played Truth or Dare before. That's lame," Padma said dismissively. "How about 'I Never'? What's that?"

"Okay, it's easy. You sit around in a circle and take turns. You say something you haven't done, and anyone in the circle who *has* done it takes a drink," Harry explained.

"What? I don't get it. Where's the fun in that?" asked Hannah.

"Harry, what are you doing?" whispered Ron.

Harry shook his head. "It's my chance to totally embarrass Malfoy, don't you see?" he said quietly.

"Don't forget, you are messing with Hermione's body!" Ron growled back.

"Yeah, yeah ... it'll be fine," Harry shushed him. To the group at large he said, "You'll see, it's easy and it's more fun than it sounds."

"Fine by me, let's just start drinking," Ernie said.

They assembled in a circle.

"Who goes first?" asked Ron.

"It's Hermione's game, she should," said Padma.

"It's Draco's Firewhisky, he should," Pansy shot back.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Fine. Draco, be my guest." He crossed his arms in front of his chest smugly, ready to hear what Draco would start with, before he realized his tactical error. Hermione had a huge rack! He dropped his arms and cleared his throat, hoping no one would see his red face in the dim light.

Draco looked around. "I Never ... have gotten drunk before."

All of the boys took a shot. Padma and Hannah didn't. Harry had to take a shot. He kept his eyes on Draco as he did it. The whisky burned more in Hermione's mouth than he was used to, and he worked hard not to cough. Draco's eyebrow cocked, but he said nothing.

Pansy was sitting to his left. "I Never ... sneaked out of my dorm at night."

Everyone took a shot this time.

It was Anthony's turn. "I Never ... cheated on an exam."

Both Slytherins, Hannah and Ron took a shot.

"You were right, Hermie ... thish *ish* a fun game!" giggled Padma, who took her turn in short order.

Next came Ron. "I Never ... had a crush on a friend."

There was a collective pause as the tone changed in the room. No one seemed to want to go first. Finally, Ron, Padma, Pansy and Hannah took a shot. Draco and Harry did not.

It was Harry's turn. He kept his eyes steeled on Draco's. Time to up the ante. "I've never had sex ... with a girl."

The corner of Draco's mouth twitched. He, Anthony and Ron took a drink. Harry held up his shot and toasted Draco. When the full import of that fact dawned on everyone, all eyes fell to Harry.

"Hermione?" Ron croaked. "*Don't take that drink!*"

Harry's eyes bored into Draco's, never leaving them. Draco's gray eyes smoldered. Harry tipped his head back and downed the shot.

"You aren't yourself!" Ron almost pleaded. "She isn't herself tonight!" he said to the room at large.

"Leave it, Ron," Harry said. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Hermione's body wasn't used to this amount of hard liquor. Maybe he shouldn't have taken that shot when Draco asked about being drunk before. Harry had been, but it seemed that Hermione was a lightweight. He already felt dizzy.

Draco's eyes burned into his.

"Hermione! I feel the same way...I just never knew you felt like that about girls!" Padma squealed. "I like girls, too! I have been dreaming about you for so long... if you can only imagine the things I think about at night, about us doing together. And now I know that we can..."

Ron groaned.

"Um, go on, Padma," Ernie said huskily. "Why don't you tell us some of those things?"

"Okay, if Hermione wants to hear it," Padma went on drunkenly. "First, I think about those enormous breasts of hers, and how I'd suck..."

"Padma!" Harry choked. "Um, thanks so much. That's really very...um, sweet...of you. I think maybe you should keep that thought to yourself for now."

"Hermione! Don't keep me in the closet! We're finally free to be ourselves!" Padma slurred passionately.

"Oh, do hush up, Padma! You are embarrassing yourself!" Hannah said, her face burning.

"No, tell us more," snickered Pansy. "Just what do you want to do to Granger's tits?"

"Lick and suck them. All over. With my mouth," Padma answered dutifully.

"For Merlin's sake," Ron grumbled.

"I want to play another game!" Padma announced. "That Heaven one."

"I'll just bet you do," Anthony winked.

Harry could feel the whole party spinning out of control. All he knew was that he was finished with "I Never". This whole evening was turning into a nightmare. When Hermione got wind of what her doppelgänger had got up to ... . "Fine!" he blurted desperately. "That's it, and then we're done."

"Harry," Ron grabbed his arm and spoke into his ear. "I think that you, and everyone else here, has had a lot to drink. Maybe this isn't such a great idea."

Harry tried to focus, but Ron was looking a little blurry. Damn, Hermione couldn't hold her alcohol! That struck him as funny, actually. He laughed, the sound coming out more like an effeminate giggle. Which, in turn, cracked him up more. Ron's stern face was even more amusing. It turned out that Ron could really hold his Firewhisky. Who knew that Ron was such an outstanding drinker? Harry hiccupped. He might have known that, since they had gone drinking before, but he found he was losing the thread of his thoughts.

"Rules, Hermione?" Ernie prompted.

"Yeah, you get a partner and go into a closet for seven minutes. You can do whatever you want in there for that time. You can stand there and talk, or snog ... or more. It's up to you. But after seven minutes, the door opens. That's it." Harry narrowed his eyes. He was forgetting an important detail. Oh, yeah! "And you can't pick your partner. It's random."

"Muggles play that at parties?" Pansy asked, wrinkling her nose in distaste. "Why don't they just snog whomever they want to?"

"Because, *Pansy*..." Harry got all worked up to deliver a brilliant comeback, but he couldn't remember what it was. "Who wants to start?" he finished lamely, hoping that no one would notice his tactical change in conversation.

"I'll go first," said Padma. "It was *my* idea to play, after all!"

"Fine," Anthony agreed. He whispered a charm that Harry couldn't quite catch. In point of fact, he nearly toppled over straining to hear it, and he was lucky he had Ron's arm around his waist to help hold him up. It took him a moment to realize that Ron's grip was a little tighter than strictly necessary.

"Hey," Harry huffed. He didn't like being manhandled. Well, not by Ron, anyway.

"Oi, sorry, mate." Ron hastily let go.

"... so now it will let out a random charge," Anthony was saying. "Just say the word when you're ready, Padma."

Padma took out her wand. "*Diligio!*"

A little bubble of pink light lit up the room. It hovered around each of them, and eventually came to rest in front of Ron.

A look of panic descended over Ron's face.

Padma looked disgusted. "But I didn't want you!" she wailed plaintively.

"I didn't want you, either," Ron said.

Harry inexplicably found that hilarious. So did Pansy, but probably for a different reason.

"Come on, kids, into the pantry!" Anthony cheerfully called out.

Harry was glad that Anthony had taken over the unofficial role of leader; he was, frankly, exhausted. Was this party never going to end?

Padma and Ron allowed themselves to be ushered into a large, upright server that stood in the corner of the Great Hall. Padma shot one last longing glance at Harry before the doors shut. Ron just looked greenish.

"Remember, kids, seven minutes! Enjoy!" Ernie chuckled.

Ron might have lifted his middle finger, but Harry couldn't be sure.

Harry felt himself nodding off; he had no way to gauge the time, but it seemed like a lot less than five minutes had elapsed when Anthony whisked the door open with relish. He hadn't given the occupants any warning on their seven minutes, but it hadn't seemed necessary; Ron and Padma were standing as far from each other as they could get, arms mutually crossed.

Padma stepped out first. "And your breath stinks, just so you know," she informed Ron daintily.

"Not as much as your feet," he shot back.

Anthony stepped into the circle. "*Duo Diligio!*" Two purple and a green bubbles shot from his wand and circled the room. The green one decided fairly quickly to settle on Draco. It only took a moment longer for the purple one to come to rest in front of Harry.

Harry hadn't been paying attention. It wasn't until he heard Ron's sharp intake of breath and Padma's jealous, "It figures," that he jolted to awareness enough to realize the

significance of the colored orb hovering in front of his face. He turned panicked eyes to Ron.

Ron looked as sick as he felt. "Just ... kick him in the balls," he advised helplessly. "Don't let him put a finger on you. On *her*," he scowled.

Harry nodded and stood up. The room sort of tilted. He was dimly aware of Anthony's hand on the small of his back, and some catcalls and whistles, and all too soon he was shoved into the dark. With his worst enemy.

A scent wafted towards him. The scent of mint and, strangely, shoe polish. Draco's scent. If someone had asked Harry a minute ago, he wouldn't have told them that those two things went together at all, that they were even remotely appealing. Now, however, shut in a broom closet, he was having second thoughts. The smells were surprisingly enticing; they combined to create an aroma that was both clean and comforting. Arousing. Harry felt an unfamiliar rush of warm wetness flood his knickers. Wait, he was wearing knickers! He groaned.

"What's the matter, Granger? Scared of the dark?" Malfoy's voice took on a seductive quality in the blackness, not just a whiny, supercilious one.

"Of course not!" Harry exclaimed. Somehow the waver in his voice betrayed him.

"I beg to differ. I think you are scared of something. I think you are scared of yourself," Malfoy's breath ghosted over Harry's cheek. *When had Malfoy got so close?*

"Scared of myself?" Harry managed to squeak out weakly.

"You're scared that you want me, that you like it when I do this," Malfoy tipped Harry's chin back and placed a gentle kiss on his lips. "And this." He continued kissing along Harry's jaw and neck, dipping his head to kiss the swell of breast that peeked out from the robe. "You're scared that you are going to give in to me."

Harry's breath nearly stopped in his chest. What was going on here? Malfoy was seducing him in a closet? And he liked it? How in Hades did that bratty Slytherin get to be such a good kisser? Harry squirmed as new sensations flared throughout his body. His breasts tingled and the place between his legs was overflowing with liquid heat. This was the oddest thing he had ever experienced, but he was beyond caring. He just wanted to feel more.

Harry buried his hands in Draco's blond hair and hauled his head up for a kiss. The other boy complied, but that was as far as his acquiescence went. He took complete control of the kiss, pinioning a leg between Harry's, creating a delicious friction in that spot that Harry most wanted it. Draco took Harry's wrists in his hand and slammed them into the wall behind him. Hermione's body was sufficiently smaller and weaker, and he was totally pinned. Harry found that he liked the feeling. He gave himself up to the sensation, enjoying the renewed flood of arousal between his legs as he kissed back. He discovered that he could twist with his hips and gain friction against Draco's hardness. He wriggled out of his panties, forcing them around Draco's knee and letting them slide to the floor. He started to see the possible advantages to being a girl ... .

*Wait!* The thought came to his alcohol and lust fogged brain: he was drunk and snogging his worst enemy in a closet while pretending to be a woman! Harry pulled back, just as he felt a surprising rush of climax burst upon him. At that moment, his world came to an end in several ways.

He realized, too late, that he hadn't taken his last Polyjuice dose. He could feel himself changing: his shoulders expanding, his breasts deflating and compacting, his knees and arms lengthening. He couldn't stave off his orgasm, though, the signs of which he hadn't entirely recognized as imminent due to being in Hermione's body. He writhed and panted, coming in a rush of glorious jerks against Malfoy's leg.

"Time's up!" Anthony wrenched the door open. The light flooded in.