

# Why Hufflepuffs are Hot

by sunny33

My 100th story on TPP explains why Hufflepuff seventh years are always gorgeous.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: They are all JKR's, but she would never do this to them! No money is being made by... anyone.

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Creeping along the corridors of Hogwarts at night has its merits. One can hide in shadows, taunting Filch's mangy cat when she catches a whiff of one's scent. It never fails to amuse me when she spins on the spot, whiskers twitching and tail flicking, seeking, yet never finding the source of her unease. Filch himself is easy bait, shuffling along, muttering to himself about all the ways he'd like to torture miscreants. A snuffed out candle here, a creaking door there, and the old Squib is raving again.

But the best is yet to come. Down a corridor, through a very special door invisible to all but myself, and down a flight of dusty stairs is the prize I claim as my own. Giggles and hushed voices filter through the crack in the wall, snippets of conversations assumed to be private, the sound of running water concealing any rustles from beyond the wall. Glimpses of slick, bare skin, cold air peaking rosy nipples, slender fingers occasionally lingering a little longer than necessary between lathered curls.

I am erect simply from the thought.

Abandoning the previous spot, I move on to the jewel in the crown of my brilliance. Small knotholes in the timber panelling afford me a clear view of rumpled bedsheets, sweat-dampened and kicked aside as limbs part to allow unhindered access. Hands skim curves swollen with arousal, tweaking and pulling and circling until they succumb to the need for *more*. The Silencing Charm embraces only the bed curtains; behind the wall I hear every moan, every whimper, and every gasped completion. I know I should turn away, yet I can no more forgo my voyeurism than I can imagine ceasing to exist.

They often wonder why the seventh-year Hufflepuff girls invariably become the sexiest looking young women in the school. Beneath their hard-working, demure exteriors lurk passionate hearts and heated libidos more often assuaged with nimble fingers and illicit toys than by their bumbling male counterparts. While Slytherin women plot and scheme, Hufflepuffs compare fantasies. When Ravenclaw girls immerse themselves in books of advanced magic and history of wizardry and complex potions, Hufflepuffs read about sex magick and Casanova and how to entrap the man they desire. And when Gryffindor princesses plan to save the world, Hufflepuff goddesses plan their next orgasm.

I should know.

For I have searched their minds as young girls and selected the most perfect of them all to become Hufflepuffs.

For I am Aonghas, the Sorting Hat.

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A/N: This was written for my twenty-year-old son, who wanted a story about a perverted Sorting Hat. He's a weird lad. He also suggested involving Mrs Norris. Thanks to quaffswinegaily who suffers my weirdness.

Aonghas is a Gaelic name meaning "unique choice."

This is the 100th story I have posted on TPP. Many thanks to all the brilliant betas, readers, and reviewers I've met along the way. You all make my day.