

A Night For Everyone

by Southern_Witch_69

Ron goes from shy guy to stud while his best mates have a good time as well! Party in Hogsmeade!

Party Time...

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Alas these characters were created by J.K. Rowling. No money for me. Ah, well, Happy reading!

A/N: Thanks to my beta, Charmed Nay. Warning: This is just a crazy bit of fun and shouldn't be taken seriously. Hehe

Hermione rolled her eyes. Ron thought he was hot stuff now. His brother, Bill, had fixed him up on a date with his wife's little sister. She was part Veela just like Fleur was. All he'd been talking about was the trip to Hogsmeade. They were to attend a party at Fred and George's apartment. Being seventh years, they were given permission to stay out over night. Seamus, Neville, and Dean had bets running on who would score first. They also bet that Ron wouldn't even get a kiss from Gabrielle. Harry had taken them up on it, having full confidence in his mate's ability to woo a woman. Er... girl. This was all fine with her, but she hated that they acted like women were some sports game. The prats were just waiting to place bets.

Well, she wasn't going to go! That was it. All those horny guys there would just be looking to 'score' with any girl. She'd stay here at the castle in protest. Maybe she could talk the other girls into it as well.

"Oi, Mione, want to go to the party with me this weekend?" Colin asked shyly.

Hermione couldn't believe this! Even the younger students were trying to get girls. Colin had grown so much over the past few years though, but... no. Whether she felt sorry for him or not, she would not give in.

"Sorry, Colin, but I've decided to stay in this weekend. I want to get a big head start on my N.E.W.T. studies." She smiled sweetly, feeling only a slight pang of shame as he hung his head down low.

"All right. Have a good time then," he said. She nodded and made her way to her dormitory. She was sick of these boys and their one-track minds!

"What's with her?" Ron asked Harry, watching Hermione retreat up the stairs.

"Been acting strange for the past couple of days," Harry said. "Right after we made our plans to go to Hogsmeade."

"Think she's jealous maybe that one of us didn't ask her along?" Ron asked, making a strange face.

"No, somehow I don't think that's it at all. She's been mumbling things that sound an awful lot like disrespect to women, that sort of thing." Harry grinned. "So, Gabrielle, eh? Nervous?"

"Yeah, can't believe Bill got her to go with me for starters. Said she was bored hanging around at their house. I don't know if she even remembers me. I mean, last I saw her, she was a little kid." He shrugged. "I hope she doesn't have the same effect on me that her sister did. I'll be a puddle of goo."

"Well, I hate to make you worry needlessly, but I've got a few Galleons on you saying that you will get a kiss. But, everyone else, mate, is betting that you won't even get that. Make me proud." Harry patted his shoulder before getting up. He didn't tell Ron, but he knew a few things about little Gabrielle.

"Gee, no pressure there. Thanks, Harry. Always can count on you," he said sarcastically.

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On the day of the party, Hermione's annoyance had reached an all time high. Even the girls were buzzing with excitement at the prospect of snogging or worse... shagging someone. She was listening to Ginny's sorrows about being able to go for only a little while, but having to come back because she was only a sixth year.

"It's just not fair. I could have ended up being with Harry... away from school. At night! He could have had some drinks, and I could have taken advantage of that," Ginny spat deviously.

"Ginny! I thought you were over Harry," Hermione huffed.

"I am over my crush, yes, but that doesn't mean I still wouldn't like to shag him, Hermione. I mean really. When are you going to get with the program?" Ginny grinned wickedly. "Come on, Mione. Time to let that hair down. Come with us. Pick out someone to snog just this once."

"I will not lower myself to be with any of these... boys. That's what they are. Boys. Not one has an ounce of chivalry, respect, intellect, nor--"

"Enough," Ginny pleaded. "I still say you need a good snogging."

"Interesting," a melodious, yet lethal voice said from behind them.

Professor Snape! *Damn. Where did he come from?*

"What is?" Ginny asked bluntly.

He smirked at the two girls. "I find that I rarely agree with Miss Granger on most of her issues, but she has correctly summed up my feelings on today's young wizards. They are rude, arrogant little blighters, and most will not respect you in the morning. Even Potter."

Ginny turned red. When she opened her mouth to speak, Hermione cut her off. "Er... thanks. I think."

Snape chuckled evilly. "However, Miss Weasley has a point. You do need to get your nose out of those books at least once in your life. Haven't you memorized each text in the library yet? Perhaps if you engaged in normal activity, you would be more tolerable."

*Why that no good...* "Excuse me, Professor," she said, making sure to emphasize his title. "I would appreciate if you would mind your own business. I am quite happy being exactly who I am, and I don't have to shag anyone to have a good time!"

Snape shook his head disapprovingly. "Ten points from Gryffindor for your cheek, Miss Granger. Tsk Tsk. Find a man; follow Miss Weasley's advice." With that said, he was off towards the Great Hall, his robes billowing behind him. Hermione's narrowed eyes followed Snape. *How did he make his robes do all that billowing?* There was no breeze inside the castle! She'd bet he charmed them somehow to add to his intimidating appearance. Ginny's laughter brought her out of her reverie.

"You would think it was funny! Find a wizard indeed," Hermione grumbled to herself. "I'll show him."

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Harry grinned while Ron paced near the gate. "Harry, what if she doesn't show up? I'll be the laughing stock of the school! I mean, I know she owled earlier saying she would meet me there, but what if she doesn't?"

Harry sighed. "Ron, she will be there. Stop selling yourself short. You are tall, muscular--er, sort of, funny... lots of things. You just lack confidence in yourself is all."

"Yeah? Is that all? Well, why am I still the only seventh year virgin left?" Ron turned red at his admission.

"I doubt seriously that you are, Ron. Look at Hermione. Look at Neville."

"She's a girl! She's supposed to be one!" Ron stamped his foot like a temper-mental child. "And, as far as Neville, that prat was with Ginny last year! I still ought to wring his neck!"

"Er... Ginny?" Harry gulped. He had been feeling a little more for Ron's sister lately, but he had never been able to tell Ron. He was quite unsure how his mate would take the news. Harry was also unsure if Ginny returned his affections.

Ron grinned slyly. "Don't look so put out, Harry. She's got a thing for you still. I can see the way she looks at you when you don't know it. Better you than some grubby berk! I mean, he brought her out to a damn greenhouse!"

Harry just nodded, not feeling comfortable with the turn the conversation had taken. "Well, I guess we'd better be off. Looks like Hermione isn't going to change her mind."

"Right. She's miffed about something. Ginny said something about Professor Snape telling her she needed a good shag," Ron said. "Ha! I'd say he needs a good shag as well. They ought to hook up. Right perfect for each other, those two. He's missing out though because she said she is boycotting the party, and she's off to the Three Broomsticks instead to find some wizard of her dreams. Something about nobody at our party would interest her. How absurd!"

Laughing, the boys made their way to Fred and George's apartment without realizing they had been overheard by Severus Snape. He was behind some shrubs near the gate collecting pollen. "Damn," he said to himself. He didn't mean for her to go get pissed at some pub and pick up on the first wizard she met. Maybe he should make an appearance to be sure she was safe. Thanks to Dunderhead Potter, they didn't have Voldemort to worry about, but there were still less than honorable wizards about.

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"Hi," Gabrielle told Ron meekly. "Remember me?"

To Harry's surprise, Ron took her hand and kissed it lightly. "I could never forget such a beauty."

*Damn*, Harry thought. His pep talk to Ron really worked! He seemed more confident, and it was attracting the girl before him. Hmmm... not only the girl before him, but most of the girls present were eyeing the pair oddly.

"You remember Harry, don't you?"

Padma Patil seemed to be taking a keen interest in them, eyeing them intently, and apparently straining to hear what they were saying.

"Of course," she purred. "We have met since."

Harry turned red, smiled softly, and nodded a hello.

"Is that right?" Ron asked through narrowed eyes.

Harry shrugged innocently. "Er... I'll be off now," Harry said, making his way towards the fiery redhead across the room. Just as he was about to talk to her, Neville asked her to dance. She looked to Harry with regret, but she let Neville lead her onto the dance floor. He didn't have time to move before he was accosted by Parvati to dance.

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Hermione was grinning at Hagrid, who was telling her about some new 'cute' creature that he was trying to buy. She had asked him to escort her to the pub, being too nervous to come alone. Hagrid was definitely a plus. She already had to brush away two older wizards that made her feel uncomfortable. One glare from Hagrid had sent them on their way.

"Hello there, P'ofessor! I din't see ye come in. Come on, then. Have a seat wit' us now," Hagrid slurred.

Hermione turned to lock eyes with Snape. *Damn! Of all the luck!* Her eyes narrowed as did his. There was no room next to Hagrid, so he slid into the booth next to her.

"I suppose I could have one drink with you two. What an unlikely pair though," he said with a smirk. "Tell me, Miss Granger. Is this who you have settled on?" His voice was low enough that only she heard him since Hagrid was ordering another round of firewhisky.

"Of course not," she hissed. "He is my bodyguard this night. Been weeding out snarky, sardonic twits for me. I'm still looking though." Her slight intoxication had given her courage, and she realized too late that she had winked at Professor Snape! *What the hell?*

She saw him blink and then smirk smugly. He took his drink from Hagrid, grinning wickedly. She suppressed the urge to move away from him when he inched closer. His thigh seemed to be burning into hers. Odd feeling, it was. Was it getting warmer in the pub?

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Ron was getting pissed quick thanks to all the spiked butterbeer he'd had. Gabrielle seemed to be enjoying her time at the party. She had a few drinks as well, and he didn't mind that she was using his body to balance herself. In fact, he rather liked the rake of her claws under his shirt. Damn! What happened to his robes? His eyes met those of Padma's. He smiled, but she scowled at him. What had he done wrong? He'd have to ask Harry about that, but before he could extract himself from his little part Veela, she reached up and kissed him soundly on the lips.

This didn't go unnoticed by Harry who immediately began to whoop and holler. "Pay up, you lot," he told his nearby mates in an excited whisper. Ron was finally coming into his own. He knew he had it in him! He also knew that fiery Gabrielle would be all over him.

"You placed bets on Ron?" Ginny asked, her voice contorted with an emotion Harry couldn't decipher.

"I did," he admitted. "They were saying he didn't have it in him to get snogged. I knew he did." Harry was slurring only a little. He gave her a lopsided grin, and he saw her face blush.

"I'll bet you didn't think to bet on this, Harry," she said softly, and she kissed him gently on the lips. It took Harry only a moment to realize what had happened, and before she could turn away embarrassed, he pulled her back to him. This time he kissed her deeply and felt her body cling to his. *Definitely a good sign*, he thought wickedly.

"Take it upstairs, mate," Fred said over George's laughter. "Not good for us to see our little sister snogging, now is it?"

That was all the approval Harry needed. Hell, Ron had as much as told him it was okay. "Ginny?" he questioned. She nodded, and he kissed her again. "Let's go up then."

They disappeared together never noticing Neville's frown, but Luna noticed. She felt suddenly compelled to talk to him. The one she loved had passed her over as well after all.

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Hagrid was at the bar talking amicably with some straggler that had come in about dragons. Hermione and Snape were having a heated discussion about his latest potion research. "I am saying, Per... Pro... fessor Sev-nape," Hermione slurred. "You need only to ask for my arse... er... assistance, that is, and I would gladly give it to you."

Snape raised an eyebrow and smirked with amusement. Miss Granger was indeed drunk off her arse. He had chugged down nearly his limit as well, but he knew exactly what he wanted. He had never thought of her in a sexual way, but yes, her arse would do nicely.

"Really now," he purred. "I might consider an assistant next year, though I have never allowed one before. Why would you want to be a Potions mistress?"

"I find you fascinating," she said. Then she began giggling wildly. "Sorry. I find Potions fascinating."

Snape looked up, nearly cursing. Hagrid was leaving the pub without a backward glance. *Bloody hell!* Some bodyguard he was. Good thing he'd had the decency to come check on Hermione... er... Miss Granger. No telling what would have become of her. "I think you have been left to the wolves, Miss Granger. Your champion has left you here alone." *I am the wolf this night, little girl.*

He saw her blink and look around in a daze. "Why that lout! No matter. I think I can put a hand on myself right nicely." She giggled. "Oh! Not like that... I mean to say... I can handle myself. You don't have to handle me."

He'd about had enough of her words. Everything she said came out wrong and damn near had his nether regions begging to be released. How did such an innocent little chit turn him on? He looked down at her hand, which was now on his thigh helping to hold herself upright while she drank the rest of her drink. Grinning wickedly, he said, "Miss Granger, I would like nothing more than to return to the castle. Would you accompany me?" *And, while you're at it, let me shag you senseless*

"But I didn't get to snog anyone yet," she pouted. "I promised myself to take your ruddy advice this night."

"Maybe you will find someone along the way. Off with us now," he said, pulling her to her feet. Together they wobbled out of the pub to walk towards Hogwarts. Why Apparate on a night such as this?

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Ron went to the loo, and on his way out, he was pushed against the wall by Padma. "How dare you bring her here?"

"Eh?" he asked dumbly.

"Gabrielle," she hissed.

"Is zere a problem?" Gabrielle asked from behind Padma.

He was so taken aback that he hadn't realized what this meant until after his part Veela showed up. Padma must want him! *Wow!*

"The only problem is you. I have been trying to shag him for the past month, and all you have to do is say hello to him to get his attention!" Padma exclaimed hotly.

"But... but you left me at the ball for someone else," he said, dumbfounded. "Parvati said you thought I was a rude--"

"Yes, but I have seen how brave you were in the final battle alongside Harry. You are more than you let on, and I would like to try to rekindle what we had," Padma said, still angry.

What they had? *What the hell is this?* She hadn't said two words to him since he dueled with Draco Malfoy in her honor. Oh, he was her hero then, was he? Hmm... damn, he couldn't just turn away Gabrielle, but if he didn't, Padma wouldn't want anything to do with him. His Veela-girl spoke.

"I am so sorry, but I am French. I am not interested in anything serious. We could share this one night if you don't mind. I am leaving for home soon anyway," Gabrielle offered.

He blinked and then gaped wildly. What exactly was she suggesting?

Padma looked Gabby up and down appraisingly. "I think we could work something out." He couldn't believe his eyes.

Padma pulled Gabby to her and kissed her on the lips. Gabrielle pulled her closer, and they set out snogging! "Er? Forgetting something, are you?" Ron asked sheepishly when they seemed to be lost in each other.

"Right," Padma said. She pulled him by the collar while her other hand led Gabrielle back to the dance floor. A fast beat Muggle song was playing, and the three began dancing provocatively. Padma was in front of him grinding all her womanly body parts against him while Gabrielle was behind him doing the exact same thing.

"Holy shit," Fred said, pointing at Ron. "He's got two of the best looking chicks here all over him."

"That's our brother," George commented.

Lavender and Parvati looked at each other and giggled. "Ron is so sexy," one said.

"God, yes," the other agreed.

"Oi!" George said to them. "Ron's sexy, eh? Well, we happen to have the same family genes. Why don't you two and us two head upstairs? We can make our own little party." The girls giggled, but they allowed the Weasley twins to lead them upstairs.

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Ginny was completely naked, straddling Harry for the second time that night. "Gods, Harry, I have wanted you for so long," she purred. At her words, he began thrusting up more deeply, bringing them over the edge.

He grunted release just after she did and pulled her down to him. "I always want you with me, Ginny. What do you about that?"

She kissed him wildly. "If you are asking me to go steady, I believe I accept, Mr. Potter."

Harry grinned, kissed her softly, and rolled her over. "My turn, love."

She shrieked. "I had no idea you were so... eager. Three times?"

"It must be the company," he said seductively. "I want as much of you as I can have before I have to sneak you back to Hogwarts."

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"Oh, there you are, Severus."

*Damn!* Dumbledore was out for a midnight stroll.

"I'm just escorting Miss Granger back to the castle," Severus replied darkly.

Albus looked to Hermione who was giggling wildly, her lipstick was smeared on her face, and he noted that a good bit of it was on Severus' lips. He chuckled, and his eyes twinkled. They were both adults and could make their own decision, so long as it remained private. "Use the back entrance, my boy."

Snape sucked in a sharp breath. He approved. Hmm... He looked down to Hermione. "You want to come talk Potions with me, Hermione?" She attacked him with a flurry of kisses, and he scooped her up. Her legs tightened around his waist, and her arms snaked around his neck. As quickly as he could, he brought her to his chambers, and he went straight for the bedroom. He put her on her feet near his bed. She looked around quickly and then smirked while raising an eyebrow.

*Damn, but she must have learned that from me* he thought.

"Need a shag, do I?" she asked impishly.

"Indeed," he purred. "And I happen to be brimming with chivalry, intellect, and respect." She moaned before bringing her lips to his again. Somehow they undressed each other without realizing it and fell onto the bed in a heap with his lean, hard body over her soft one. After ravishing her neck, breasts, and stomach, he placed a finger inside of her. She moved wildly against him. She was more than ready. He'd save the rest of the foreplay for another time. He had to be inside of her. "Brace yourself," he whispered in her ear before kissing her. With one hard thrust, he buried himself inside of her. Her muffled cry died in his mouth as he began moving within her slowly. "God, you feel so good to me, Hermione." He began grinding harder and faster, letting his pelvic bone hit her sensitive spot. In moments, she was meeting his strokes, on a mission of her own, and then convulsing wildly calling out his name in bliss. He could take no more hearing his name yelled in such ecstasy. His release had him shuddering and calling out to her as well.

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Ron was in heaven. Two women! Both wanting him! Padma was kissing his chest while Gabby was down low kissing as well. Hands were all over, and he'd never imagined his first time would be with two of the most beautiful girls he'd ever seen. He'd never been more turned on in his life. He had watched them play around with each other until he could take it no longer. Now it was all about him.

As if in a dream, the two girls looked at each other and moved into position. Gabrielle straddled him, impaling herself on him. Padma straddled his face, but she turned to face Gabrielle. They all began to move and writhe together. The two girls were kissing and groping each other as Ron went to work on Padma's sensitive spot. Three simultaneous orgasms had never sounded so good... until the girls switched positions, and he heard it again.

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The next couple of weeks saw changes in everyone. The seventh years were nearly finished with their schooling, and the N.E.W.T.s were nearly upon them. Hermione

would disappear often to do private studying, and it seemed that Snape favored her. Ron brought a theory up to Harry.

"Do you think that... uh, that night... she and Snape... you know? I mean, we don't really know what wizard she found, but Ginny insists that she found someone. The great bat is always watching her. He's been in a good mood since that weekend unless it's just me being too happy to notice."

Harry shook his head. "I don't think it's possible. She had Hagrid go there with her. He wouldn't have let Snape cozy up to her. She did say that he offered her an apprenticeship next year. Perhaps he is trying to make amends for being such a prat to her all these years."

Just then a disheveled Hermione made her way towards their bench outside. "Sorry... I was tied up."

"Oi, you dropped something, just there." Ron pointed to a parchment. She hurried to pick it up, and as she did, a wild-haired Professor Snape walked by.

"Thirty points to Gryffindor, Miss Granger. It's always commendable to see students tidying up the grounds," he said in an amused voice, winking at her.

"Well, thank you, Professor," she said.

Roger Davies walked up and began talking to her. "Granger, do you want to have a cuppa tonight and maybe study?" he asked confidently.

"Sorry, I have a study partner already," she said mysteriously.

The boys held a snigger in check at Davies' disappointed expression.

"Maybe just a cuppa then?" he asked hopefully.

Snape had narrowed eyes. "Twenty points from Ravenclaw for being deaf, Davies!" he snarled. "Get out of here." Davies hurried away, full of fear.

Harry and Ron looked at each other, nodding dumbly. "Told you," Ron whispered.

"Who would have thought?" Harry replied.

They grinned slightly as Snape lightly brushed her cheek with his fingers before suddenly remembering himself and moved on, checking to be sure no one had seen.

She was startled to find them watching and blushed tremendously. "What?"

Ron whistled sarcastically while Harry said, "What? Nothing at all... Mrs. Snape!"

She pummeled both of them, and they all began laughing hysterically. "I guess we all got what we wanted, didn't we? He and I are getting along well. I am most eager to be his apprentice," Hermione said happily.

"Never knew you were into dark wizards, Mione," Ron said, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes.

"Nor did I know he was into insufferable know-it-alls," Harry piped up, grinning.

"Guess we sort of grew on each other," she said. "So, Sexy Ron, is it? It's what all the girls are saying these past couple of weeks. Why, I hear tell that Padma has been going on about how you made her and Gabby have at least five orgasms each."

Ron grinned wickedly. "That's right. I am Sexy Ron now, aren't I? But they only had two each from me. They gave each other the rest," he said impishly.

"Oh," Hermione said playfully. "Then I reckon Harry has you beaten then."

"Eh?" Ron questioned. "Well, hell, who was Harry with?" He'd never told Ron anything about a shag that night. Truth be known, he never thought to ask, as he was blinded by his own experience. Harry went red and tried to shush Hermione, but she kept talking.

"Ginny says that Harry and she... well, they went at it about five times that night and the next morning all together. So, I guess he is one up on you."

"Why you dirty, rotten, sister seducer," Ron bellowed, but he wasn't really angry. He was glad for his mate. He just didn't like to picture his sister in that position.

"I love her though," Harry defended.

Ron clapped his shoulder to let him know it was okay. They were at a loss for words as across the way, Neville was giving Luna a plant that appeared to be a half-dead cactus. They watched as Luna excitedly jumped up and down before kissing Neville on the cheek.

"What in bloody hell is that all about?" Ron asked bewildered.

"I'm going to miss this place," Harry said. "Gonna be like leaving home for your first time, isn't it?"

"Right you are, Harry," Ron agreed.

"I'll still be here though. You can always come to see me," Hermione said brightly.

"Yeah, that'll be the day. Snape will gladly let us crash in his personal chambers, eh?" Ron jumped up at Hermione's expression. Harry had said nothing, but he bolted too. She chased them down towards the lake where they all collapsed in giggles.

"Hello, Hermione," Hagrid boomed from behind them. "Wanted to 'pologize for the other night. Got halfway back and 'membered ye were still there. Right glad Snape was able ta bring ye home."

"Aha!" Ron yelled. "We figured it out!" Hermione blushed and fled quickly when Harry and Ron started guffawing.

"Wha'd I say?" Hagrid asked, completely puzzled.

"You didn't have to say anything, Hagrid. Her actions say it all," Harry laughed.

Hagrid nodded, and then his eyes went wide. "Oh! Blimey!" Then, he started laughing heartily along with Harry and Ron.

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**Southern's Notes:** I hope you enjoyed this bit of fun. Too bad their lives aren't truly this free and easy, eh?