

The Morning After Harry

Urgh. What in the name of Magic crawled into my mouth and died?

Wait. What is this?

Hmm. Feels like a body.

A WARM body.

A warm body without any clothes.

A warm FEMALE body without any clothes.

You'd think I'd find this more interesting, wouldn't you? After all, it isn't like I've often (ever) had a second body in my bed. Warm, female, or otherwise.

I suppose I would find this intriguing if my mind didn't feel like it was stuffed with cotton.

What a horrifying thought. What if the body in my bed with me wasn't warm? What if it wasn't FEMALE?

Yuck.

I could've done without that mental image, thank you.

I suppose I should try opening an eye to see if I can identify the aforementioned warm, female body.

Heh. I can't be feeling too bad if I can use the word "aforementioned."

Where was I?

Oh, yeah. Opening eye. Here goes.

Red.

I think it was her hair. I rather hope it wasn't blood.

Of course, with my eyesight, it might well have been a boiled lobster.

Nope, too soft to be a lobster. Feels like hair.

Red hair, female. Okay, either Ginny or Susan.

Seeing as how Susan isn't a Gryffindor (and it feels like I'm in my own bed – the aura here feels right), I rather expect that this is Ginny currently curled up in front of me.

Okay, cool. I can definitely think of worse things than a naked Ginny Weasley in my bed.

WHAT WAS THAT?

Behind me. Something or someone moved.

Right hand, go check it out. I know you don't want to leave your very comfortable spot on Ginny's hip, but we probably should discover just what's sneaking up behind us before it gets us.

More warm skin. What's this? Oh.

OH.

Yes, most definitely female.

Ow. Mental note: moving the head that quickly is a BAD IDEA. Okay, this one has brown, bushy hair. Hermione, probably.

I wonder how I got into bed with a naked Ginny and a naked Hermione.

Not that I'm averse to sharing my bed with the two of them.

I must be getting better. Didja see me use the word "averse?"

Well, not better, really. I mean, I still feel awful. But having to prepare breakfast for the oh-so-wonderful Dursleys, even if suffering from flu and a broken arm, has given me SOME benefits. Specifically, I can still function even if I feel like a group of dragons has used me as a bludger for a quidditch match.

Where was I? Oh, yeah. Two good-looking, naked witches in my bed.

Come to think of it, what am I wearing?

Huh. Well, so much for thinking the situation was innocent.

Okay, genius, now what?

Well, how'd I get here?

I remember the party. What was the occasion again? Oh, yeah. End of NEWTs. Didn't Fred and George donate something to the Gryffindor party?

Oh, yes. Some new Wheeze. I think they called it "Inebriating Vapors." That and the bottles of firewhiskey were a dangerous combination. Gotta remember to mention that to them later.

Right after I rip their spleens out through their respective left nostrils.

After all, it **MUST** be their fault that I'm in this situation, right?

Wait a second. I'm in bed with two gorgeous women, and not a one of us has a stitch of clothing on. Do I really want to blame those two wonderful gentlemen for anything?

HELL NO!

Hmm. Something else is trying to filter through my memory . . . Something about a game of Truth or Dare. Probably a bad idea to do that after the Inebriating Vapors and firewhiskey.

Oh, yeah. That's the reason we cleared the fifth years and younger out of the common room, wasn't it? Being Head Boy does have a FEW perks.

Either that or having defeated Wart-Face a month ago means everyone is scared of me.

Well, except Molly. If she finds out that I'm in a bed with her naked daughter, I don't think she'd stop to consider my rather impressive list of credentials before cutting my heart out with a spoon. Actually, it probably wouldn't be my heart she'd cut out.

Not that either of the Doctors Granger would be all that chuffed about the scene, either. And they're dentists. Lots of drills 'n' things.

Fortunately, I have a few facts going for me. One, we're all over the age of consent, so if anything were to happen, nobody would be in trouble. Legal trouble, anyway. Two, neither of them are currently seeing anyone, so I'm unlikely to have any jealous boyfriends after me if word of this gets out. Third and last, we get back to the whole "I defeated Lord Badass-Snake-Face-Who's-Now-Pushing-Up-Venomous-Tentaculas."

So, all things being equal, I'm probably not going to get into any kind of trouble for anything that may have led up to the situation.

Not that I remember anything after the third round of magical Truth or Dare.

Well, I guess it's time to get up. Okay, left arm, I know that pillowing Ginny's head is quite comfortable, but we really do need to get up. Left leg, get out from under Hermione's leg, too. Okay, carefully . . . There.

Whoa. I didn't realize that the room could spin like that. Somehow, I doubt it's the room, though. Why don't I just sit down here for a moment? Yes, that's much better.

Breathe.

In.

Out.

In.

Out.

That's better. The room's not moving anymore. Let's try standing again, shall we? Ah, MUCH better.

Glasses, glasses, where are my glasses? If I were a pair of glasses where would I hide? Bedside table? Nope. Study desk? Nope. Wardrobe?

What'd I just step on? Clothing. LOTS of clothing. Some of which are definitely NOT mine. Hmm. Wonder which lovely young lady wore the red, lacy ones? Ah, there're my glasses.

What time is it? 8:28? Damn, we must've been pretty wiped out for all of us to sleep in like this.

Perhaps putting on a bit of clothing wouldn't be a bad idea.

Much better, now it's time to -

Oh, my.

Seamus. With Lavender in his bed. By all appearances, they're wearing about as much as I was when I woke up. Well, to be honest, it's not like I can say anything. I mean, with two witches in MY bed, who'm I to comment on him having one in his?

ACK! I SO did not want to see that. Ron with COLIN in his bed? Maybe that's why my memory's so fuzzy. Trying to blot that image out from last night.

Wonder where Dean and Neville have gotten to?

You know, I should probably brew some hangover cure. If I'm nice, maybe even some for everyone else.

If I want to survive that, though, I'd better get washed up. Towel and toiletries, okay. After a shower, I'll feel much -

Oh, there's Dean. Alone, unless you want to count the commode he seems to be almost cuddled up with.

Still, wonder where Neville's got to? Well, with Hermione and Lavender in our room, Parvati has a room to herself. I wonder . . . Naw, couldn't be.

Could it?

This shower should help. Not too cold. Yikes! Not that hot, either. Ah, that's better.

Anyway, so I should probably brew enough doses for all the sixth and seventh year Gryffindors. That's what? Five plus three plus four plus four. That's . . . uh . . . damn headache. I bet Hermione could figure this out in about a half second. Not to mention remembering how to brew the bloody potion in the time it's taken me to do the math.

Sixteen? Yeah, that sounds right.

Damn this floor is COLD. You'd think with magic, we could figure out how to keep from freezing our feet after a shower.

Dean hasn't moved. He's still breathing, so I know he'll be all right, even if he may or may not want to survive the hangover he probably has after winning the firewhiskey shots contest last night.

Huh. Seems I'm remembering more and more about what happened.

Doesn't look like anyone else has moved, either.

Hermione and Ginny do look cute, don't they? All nice and cuddly soft looking, lying there like that. Wish I could just take off my robe and snuggle back in there with them.

Actually, I probably could.

Damn that's tempting.

Naw. Brewing that hangover cure would probably win more brownie points at this stage. And accruing brownie points with the two young witches in my bed sounds like a WONDERFUL idea.

Where did I put that Potions book, anyway? Oh, there it is. And opened to the right page, even. Looks like someone had a good idea last night before falling into bed.

Hmm. Looks easy enough to brew. Very quick as well. And it looks like I even have all the ingredients here in the room.

Thank Merlin for small favors. Explaining to Snape why I need three ounces of desiccated nettles the day after NEWTs wouldn't be a pretty conversation. He'd definitely enjoy it WAY too much before gleefully denying my request. Greasy git.

Okay, a quick bluebell flame, and we can start this thing. Water, nettles, diced daisy stems . . . How the hell do I measure out sixteen times one third of a gram of powdered dragon horn?

Hmm. Looks like I overlooked a few ingredients. Well, whaddya know? A drop of whichever alcoholic beverage did the damage. Guess that old muggle saying about the hair of the dog has

some validity after all. Now I only have to find some of the firewhiskey.

Oh, there's a bottle over by Ron's bed. Now just to get it without seeing anything that might scar me for life.

Ack. I did NOT want to hear that. I wonder if Colin's roommates know he talks in his sleep. Urgh. I didn't realize that Ron does, too.

Ah, good. There's more than enough in the bottle. Add sixteen drops. There. Simmer for ten minutes.

Oh, good. Now I remember more about last night. Hermione opened that potions book before crawling into bed with me and Ginny. No clothing at the time, but it was because we were all . . . um, warm. Didn't realize that if you drank enough, you got flushed like that.

Now, I'm not complaining, but why did Hermione and Ginny end up in bed with me? Oh. Well, chalk another one up for the benefits of Occlumency. Dredging up fuzzy memories is a nice side effect.

What was it? Fourth round of Truth or Dare? Something like that. After the point that we'd all agreed to no more Dares, anyway. It was Meghan who started the round with the question of, "Who do you fancy?"

Most of the answers weren't surprising. Dean's dating Susan, after all. Seamus and Lavender haven't dated, but it's obvious they've fancied each other.

Well, I guess they are dating now. Nope, they still haven't moved. Still, they're a cute couple.

Where was I? Oh, yeah. Who fancies who? I expected Ron to name Hermione, which would've hurt, incidentally, but when he said "Colin" instead, the spunky little sixth year damn near attacked him right then and there. Not attacked like with a wand, but . . . Well, okay, like with his wand.

My sense of humor has to be seriously warped to find that funny.

Ah, that's probably where Neville is. Parvati DID say she thought he was cute, and he admitted to fancying her. Good on you, Neville.

The rest of the Ginny's classmates paired up as expected. That probably accounts for all of their whereabouts. If they went to bed as blitzed as we did, I somehow doubt more than half of the beds in the sixth year dormitories are being used at the moment.

Then it was my turn to answer Parvati's question. My answer of both Hermione and Ginny didn't surprise anyone. Everyone's lack of surprise surprised me. Did that make sense? Anyway, the moment would have been mortifying if they both hadn't reciprocated. Shocked the hell outta me, I can tell you. Which indirectly led to how I woke up as the meat within a very comfortable sandwich, so to speak.

Of course, going to sleep last night was a lot of fun. Nothing, um, SIGNFICANT happened as I recall. Just some serious cuddling, snuggling, and kisses. Not that I didn't WANT more to occur, truth be told. Seeing as all three of us were just about passed out drunk, though, it's probably a good thing that nothing more happened.

Ah, the ten minutes is up. Extinguish the fire and ladle this thing into sixteen doses.

Bottoms up.

Blech. That tastes awful. Works, though. I feel human again.

Now just to wake them up and give them the potion. Better start with the girls in case they don't want to be caught in my bed. Steady, Potter, breathe.

Okay, here goes.

The Morning After Ginny

Ginny woke up with a start when someone laid a hand upon her bare shoulder. Her eyes snapped open to see the concerned face of Harry Potter hovering over her.

"Hey," he whispered. "How're you feeling?"

She slowly sat up and stretched her arms above her head, one after another. When she looked over at Harry, she found him still kneeling at her bedside but his attention was definitely not on her actions. It was instead riveted to a point about six inches below her chin. Or two points, actually.

Rather than being embarrassed by her state of undress, she instead turned toward Harry and leaned forward a little. "Actually, I'm feeling a little peaked."

Harry closed his eyes and swallowed on a dry throat. After silently counting to ten, he opened his eyes (carefully looking up into her sparkling brown eyes) and said, "Gaargh."

Or something to that effect, anyway.

Ginny giggled at Harry's reaction. "I'm feeling fine, thank you. Why aren't you in here with me, anyway?"

Harry again closed his eyes and took several deep breaths. "Ginny, I don't think I'll be able to hold an intelligent conversation with you if you don't get some clothes on."

"Oh, fine." She pulled the sheet up and tucked it firmly under her arms. "Is this better?"

Harry cracked open one eye for a moment before the second one opened fully. "I liked the view before, but at least this way I can talk without becoming distracted." He took another breath and his blush receded a little bit. "As I was saying, how do you feel?"

She shrugged, absently combing the fingers of one hand through her hair in a half-hearted attempt to detangle it. "I'm fine. I didn't have much to drink last night. At least not as much as the rest of you did. How're you feeling?"

Harry held up his hand with a vial of a noxious looking green potion in it. "Better after the hangover cure." He tilted his head and went on cautiously, "You didn't go to bed as . . . intoxicated as the rest of us?"

"No, I knowingly crawled into bed with you while naked if that's what your concern is, Harry." She watched the line of tension in Harry's shoulders ease considerably. She reached forward one hand and cupped the side of his face. "I meant what I said last night, Harry," she whispered, drawing his face forward so she could kiss him on the cheek. She smiled at him. "Any more kisses than that will wait until after we brush our teeth."

Harry chuckled nervously. "Yeah, that's probably a good idea." He looked into her eyes for a moment before going on quietly, "Remind me to thank Meghan later for helping to bring you into my life."

"I've loved you for years, Harry Potter. Now that we're both sober and conscious, I hope that you'll believe me."

Harry slowly broke into a soul-brightening smile and leaned forward to kiss her deeply, morning breath and all. When he eventually came up for air, he leaned back with a glazed look in his eye and a goofy grin. Shaking himself back to reality, he said, "We'll have to have an in-depth study of this situation later. For now, I think I should be handing this hangover cure out to our suffering friends."

As Harry moved around the bed to tend to the other naked and probably hung-over witch in his four-poster, Ginny glanced around the room. Her eyes falling onto her sleeping brother and his new boyfriend, a plan started to form. Her nefarious plotting was interrupted by a groan of pain from behind her.

Hermione very slowly sat up, eyes closed and a hand to her forehead. "What happened?" she asked in a dry whisper.

"Drink this," Harry gently ordered.

"What is it?" Hermione asked, voice dropping even further as she winced in pain.

"It'll make you feel better," Harry offered.

Hermione's hand blindly reached out for a moment before Harry caught it and pressed the vial into it.

Trusting Harry implicitly, Hermione drank the contents without looking. She immediately gagged and started coughing.

Ginny turned around on the bed and rubbed one hand over Hermione's bare back.

The coughing fit only lasted for a few moments before Hermione's eyes opened to see Harry standing before her. Confusion in her eyes, she looked over her shoulder to find a sheet-wrapped Ginny smiling at her. This, combined with her sudden recognition of her complete lack of clothing, hit her all at once. "Eeep!" she uttered, falling back onto the bed, hands pulling the sheet up to her chin. "Harry!" she hissed. "You'd better get out of here, right now!"

Harry smiled down at her. "Why? You're in MY bed, Hermione."

Eyes flitting back and forth between a standing, clothed, and amused Harry to a sitting, unclothed, and amused Ginny, Hermione finally said, "How . . ."

"How much do you remember about last night?" Harry asked.

"Not much," Hermione admitted, eyes still going back and forth. She took a breath and visibly braced herself. "How did I end up naked in your bed with Ginny?" she asked in a rush.

"Would it help if I got back in there with you?" Harry asked innocently.

"Only if you're naked when you do," Ginny promptly replied.

Hermione spent a few moments perfecting her owl impersonation.

Shrugging agreeably, Harry reached one hand up to the robe fastenings at his throat.

"Stop!" Hermione squeaked, eyes still wide.

Finally taking pity on the confused witch, Ginny asked, "Do you remember Meghan's question last night?"

Hermione closed her eyes and furrowed her brow in concentration before they flew open again in horror. "I didn't."

"You did," Ginny cheerfully assured her.

Hermione turned to Harry. "You did?"

Harry nodded, smiling down at her. "I did."

Hermione smiled back for a moment before turning to Ginny. "You did?"

Ginny smiled up at Harry. "I did."

Hermione turned back to Harry, but he answered her question before she asked it. "I did," he confirmed.

Hermione blinked rapidly for a moment before turning to Ginny again. "We did?"

Ginny fought off the case of the snickers that was threatening. "This is getting repetitive. You and I both admitted to loving Harry. He admitted to loving the both of us. You and I haven't discussed how we're going to deal with the joint custody of this gorgeous wizard, though."

"What, you don't think there's enough of me to go around?" Harry asked challengingly.

Ginny looked thoughtfully at his robes just below where his waist would be. "We'll have to find

out, won't we?"

"Detailed examinations," Hermione added.

"Hands-on testing."

Harry's mind immediately locked up.

Hermione smiled at his expression. "I think we broke him."

Ginny sighed dramatically. "And he was still almost new, too. You'd think we could get at least fifty years out of him before any of the parts wore out."

Harry's mind snapped back into reality at their twin laughs. "I was originally worried that in the sober light of morning you two wouldn't want to be with me. I woke you two up first in case you wanted to quietly sneak out."

"Don't you worry about that," she purred.

"I'd show you how wrong that thinking is, but I'm not into giving free shows like that," the other commented.

"If you're STILL worried about both of us, we can all three go to breakfast arm in arm and then you can snog both of us senseless in the Great Hall if you'd like."

"That sounds like fun, actually."

"Remus would sure love to see that."

"McGonagall wouldn't."

"I bet it would give Snape a coronary on the spot, though."

As Harry's brain was in the process of shutting down again, he couldn't work out which witch said what. Harry gave himself a mental slap and dragged his brain, kicking and screaming, back to the realm of reality. "As fascinating as this conversation is, I think we really should help out our friends."

Hermione leaned forward onto her elbows and looked around the room for the first time. "Ron and Colin?" she asked in an amazed tone.

Ginny grinned evilly. "Oh, to have a dose of polyjuice."

Harry snorted out a laugh. "Imagine Ron's expression if he woke up next to Snape."

"Or if it was Mum who woke him up," Ginny added.

"Umbridge," Hermione suggested.

Harry pulled a nauseated face while Ginny and Hermione chuckled.

"Where's that hangover cure?" Ginny asked.

Harry pointed.

Stark naked, Ginny climbed out of bed and picked up two vials. She then went over to Ron's bed and shook his shoulder. After a few seconds, Ron gruffly asked, "Whazzat?"

"Drink this," Ginny ordered, shoving one of the doses into his hand.

As Ron slowly sat up and then drank the potion, Colin went through similar waking up motions and took the vial from Ginny without comment. He managed to drink the hangover cure without making a noise.

Recovered from his coughing fit, Ron finally looked around. Eyes landing first on Ginny, his eyes bugged out. "Ginny, you're starkers."

Ginny looked down for a moment and then back up. "You're right, brother of mine and master of the obvious. I am, in fact, starkers."

"But . . . But WHY?" sputtered Ron.

"Because being in Harry's bed is a great deal more fun when I'm naked," she answered calmly.

Colin looked over Ron's shoulder and looked at Ginny for a moment with a raised eyebrow. "As impressive as your sister's body is, Ron, I think you should be paying more attention to your sex life than hers."

At Colin's first word, Ron jumped and spun to look at the other boy. Ron gaped at the scene for a moment, clearly trying to think.

Harry rolled his eyes and didn't give Ron a chance to recover. Instead, he walked over, pulled the curtains of Ron's four poster bed closed, and said, "Have fun, you two." He then cast a wandless Silencing Charm around the bed.

Hermione snickered as Ginny walked back over and sat down on Harry's bed, making no effort to cover herself.

Harry, feeling surprisingly clear-headed considering Ginny was bouncing around the room without a stitch of clothing on, went over and picked up two more of the vials.

Seamus and Lavender were easy to wake up and convince to drink the potion.

Once he was coherent, Seamus blinked at the two witches on Harry's bed (Hermione was resting

on one elbow by now, the sheet doing an inadequate job of covering her) before kissing Lavender on the cheek and stumbling into the bathroom. Everyone heard the shower turn on a few moments later.

Lavender was eyeing the two witches in interest. "You two and Harry?"

"That's the plan," Ginny said.

"They're lucky," Lavender opinioned to Harry.

"No, I'M the lucky one," he retorted, smiling at the two on his bed.

"Not quite yet, but soon," Hermione corrected him pertly.

Lavender smiled widely as Harry again was struck dumb. Blushing brightly, he grabbed one of the vials and went into the bathroom, muttering something about Dean.

Chuckling, Lavender turned to the two witches. "Go easy on him, girls. At least until he's properly broken in, anyway. I've always heard that you can tell a lot about a wizard by the power he wields with his wand. Do let me know, okay?" Not waiting for a response, she stood and followed Harry and Seamus into the bathroom.

The moment of silence was broken by Hermione. "I love you like a sister, Ginny, but I'm not about to give him up," she said, eyeing the other witch on the bed warily.

"Me, neither. Just don't seduce him into a life of monogamy next year when I'm still in Hogwarts, okay?" Ginny asked.

"No problem." Hermione looked pensive for a moment. "My only question now is whether we can both marry him or if we'll have to settle for mistress or concubine status."

Harry and Dean, walking out of the bathroom at that moment, stopped short at hearing Hermione's question.

The expression on Harry's face melted the hearts of the two witches, convincing them that their choice was the right one.

Dean stared at the two of them, his jaw hanging open.

Ginny said, "Dean, leave."

Dean obediently turned and headed toward the door, stopping only long enough to pick up the remaining hangover cure doses.

"Harry, take off that robe and get in here," Hermione ordered.

The Morning After Dean

Dean let out a pitiful groan as someone very rudely shook his shoulder. Without even looking, he moaned out, "Lemme die in peace."

He heard a chuckle, and a familiar voice said, "Drink this, and you'll feel better."

Very carefully and very slowly, Dean levered himself into a sitting position. After such a Herculean effort, he was saddened to realize that it didn't improve his situation at all. Instead, a vial of green swamp slime appeared in his line of vision.

Dean almost lost control of his stomach at the mere sight of it. "How in the name of Merlin do you expect me to drink that without barfing it right back up?"

"Trust me, it'll make you feel better in about five seconds."

Knowing he had nothing to lose (he felt that a quick death might actually be a blessing at this point), Dean took the vial and tossed it back.

His next five seconds were among the worst he'd ever experienced. His stomach was turning itself inside out, his lungs were filling with pus, and his nose and throat had been dipped in raw sewage. That's what it felt like, anyway.

Miraculously, he didn't die, implode, or spontaneously combust on the spot. Instead, he actually began to feel much better.

Looking up at Harry, he asked, "What was that stuff?"

"Hangover cure."

"Nasty."

Harry nodded in agreement. "Works, though." He helped Dean pull himself upright.

Once up, Dean looked around, not all that surprised to find himself in the bathroom. A running shower explained the sound of rain he'd awoken to. "What happened?"

"Inebriating Vapors and lots of firewhiskey, mostly," Harry answered.

Dean pulled a face but nodded. Holding up the empty vial, he asked, "Did you make this stuff?"

"Yep. Seventh year potions does have one or two redeeming features."

"I guess so. Thank you."

Harry just nodded back.

"As you were kind enough to make it, I'll –"

Dean was interrupted by the appearance of a naked Lavender Brown walking into the room. She graced the two wizards with a dazzling smile and then unceremoniously entered the shower stall that was in use.

"Dean, please leave," Lavender's ordered sweetly.

"Harry, are you out there?" Seamus's voice rose above the sound of the shower.

"Yes," Harry replied, grinning at Dean's dumbfounded expression.

"Could you cast a Silencing Charm for us? Then could you and Dean please leave and close the door behind you?"

"Sure thing. You have fun."

"We most certainly intend to," Lavender responded. "You too, Harry."

Harry waved a hand at the shower stall, and the sound of running water immediately stopped behind the wall of magical silence. He turned to Dean. "Can you get potions to Neville, Parvati, and the sixth years minus Ginny and Colin?"

Dean nodded and led the way back into the dormitory room.

". . . whether we can both marry him or if we'll have to settle for mistress or concubine status," Hermione was saying.

Harry and Dean stopped short at hearing this.

Harry's smile blossomed.

Dean's jaw dropped as he took in the scene, which included a whole lot of bare witch-flesh in Harry's bed.

Noticing the new arrivals, Ginny said politely but firmly, "Dean, leave."

Gathering up his motor skills, Dean obediently turned and headed toward the door, stopping only long enough to pick up the remaining hangover cure doses.

In a surprisingly husky voice, Hermione said, "Harry, take off that robe and get in here."

The last thing Dean heard as he left was Hermione casting a Silencing Charm. He shook his head in amazement and turned toward the sixth year boys' dormitory. There, he found four empty and unused beds. Even the bathroom was empty, much to his exasperation.

Not having any choice, he went down to the common room and headed toward the girls' staircase. At its base, he looked quickly around the empty common room and whispered the password, distantly thankful that he'd heard the Weasley twins use it several years previously.

The girls' dormitories, he discovered, were numbered in the same way as the boys'. He reached the sixth year room first and entered hesitantly.

He was immensely relieved to find the expected six sixth year Gryffindors collapsed in three of the beds.

Making his way around the room, he woke all six up and gave the potions to them with a minimum of trouble. He then made a hasty exit when the first Silencing Charm went up.

Heading up to the seventh year girls' dormitory, he poked his head in and was surprised to find Parvati and Neville curled up and looking quite cozy. Both were as underdressed as everyone else had been.

Shaking his head at the incredible luck that all of his housemates were showing, he began to wonder if the Inebriating Vapors were still affecting all of them. Inhibitions certainly didn't seem to be a problem for anyone this morning, even after taking the hangover cure.

Shaking himself back to the issue of Neville and Parvati, he entered and gently shook Parvati's exposed shoulder.

"Oh, Nevvie, again? You're an insatiable animal, aren't you?" she mumbled, causing Dean's eyes to widen.

His brain then threatened him with a complete meltdown at Neville's answer of, "Only for you, Parv-love, only for you."

In a last ditch effort to retain his mind, Dean loudly cleared his throat.

Two pairs of eyes shot open.

"Dean," Neville growled out, eyes bloodshot but still promising a painful death if crossed, "unless you're here to tell us about a Death Eater attack or the castle being on fire, leave."

"But –"

"Dean, leave NOW," Parvati interrupted him, glaring out from a mass of absolutely adorable sleep-messy black hair.

Knowing his welcome (if he'd ever had one) had worn out, Dean turned on his heel and put the two vials on the nearest nightstand. "Hangover cure," he explained curtly, making his escape.

The door slammed shut and made a squelching sound the instant he'd cleared the threshold.

Clambering down the stairs and hoping he wouldn't run into anyone on the girls' staircase, Dean tried to make sure all of the sixth and seventh years had received Harry's potion. He frowned when he realized that the only two he couldn't definitely account for were Ron and Colin.

He then came to an abrupt halt when a string of facts led to a startling conclusion.

Harry had indicated Colin and Ginny were the only two sixth years he had given potions to himself. He'd further indicated that Parvati and Neville were the only seventh years he HADN'T given a potion to by that point.

Dean himself had seen (or at least heard in Seamus's case) every other sixth and seventh year aside from Ron and Colin.

If Harry said he'd taken care of the two, then Dean had no reason to doubt him.

Neither of them were in the other three dormitories or any of the four adjoining bathrooms.

So Colin and Ron had either already left the tower or . . .

Ron's four-poster bed's hangings had been closed.

Well.

Damn.

(-) (-) (-) (-) (-)

Dean Thomas had a very difficult time keeping the grin off of his face as he walked into the Great Hall and sat down next to Susan. Knowing that the Inebriating Vapors were still affecting him in spite of the hangover cure, he consciously limited himself to only kissing her on the cheek. He didn't want to get his girlfriend or himself expelled for lascivious behavior in the Great Hall, no matter how attractive the option seemed at the moment.

"Why're you in such a good mood?" she asked around a yawn.

His eyes sparkled. "Oh, you know, just the end of NEWTs."

Having dated him for most of the two previous years, she could tell that his answer wasn't the truth, or at least not the complete truth. She was about to question him further when she was interrupted.

"Mister Thomas?" Professor McGonagall's voice spoke from above the couple.

Dean turned around and smiled up at his head of house. "Professor. What can I do for you this fine morning?"

"Might you know why you're the only one of my senior Gryffindors that has thus far managed to make it down to breakfast, despite the fact that it's becoming quite late?"

His lip twitched at her inadvertent confirmation of Colin and Ron's location. "I saw most of them this morning after I woke up, ma'am. As far as I know, they're all still in the castle, if that's your worry."

She frowned slightly. "Not precisely what I was concerned about, though it's good to know. Where are they? Are they all well?"

"Oh, they're definitely okay. Nobody's hurt or sick. Well, nobody's sick anymore."

"Anymore? Mister Thomas, are you going to tell me where they are or not?"

"To the best of my knowledge, all of the sixth and seventh years are in the four dormitories, Professor."

"I'm going to have to drag this out of you, aren't I? What did you mean by saying that nobody's sick anymore?"

"Well, ma'am, Harry was kind enough to brew a potion that helped a great deal."

McGonagall studied the cheerful but strangely evasive student in front of her for several silent seconds. "Do I really want to hear this story?"

Dean answered carefully, "There's no reason for you to be concerned for any of them, Professor."

She nodded slowly. "Very well. Answer me one last question, then. Considering that it's after term, would I find any school rules being broken if I were to visit Gryffindor Tower?"

Dean valiantly fought his smirk. "No, ma'am."

She nodded decisively. "Very good, then. Thank you, Mister Thomas. I shall not delay your breakfast any longer. Miss Bones," she nodded to the Hufflepuff visiting the Gryffindor table and walked back up to her seat at the head table.

Susan rounded on her boyfriend. "Okay, spill!"

The look in his eyes totally belied his innocent expression. "What do you mean, dear?"

She almost growled at him.

Chuckling, he held up his hands in an expression of surrender. "Okay, short version: sixteen students, one of the Weasley twins' new inventions (which hasn't worn off yet, by the way),

several bottles of firewhiskey, and a game of magical Truth or Dare minus the Dares. I woke up in the bathroom with Harry handing me a dose of hangover cure. Seconds later, Lavender walks past without a stitch of clothing on and joins Seamus in the shower. As far as I can tell, among the fifteen students aside from myself, they only needed seven beds. When I left every dormitory after handing out hangover cures, I heard Silencing Charms going up. I'm just glad Professor Flitwick taught us all the Contraceptus Charm recently."

He smiled at her stunned expression. "So how was your evening, Suse?"

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