

Peril Hufflepuffs

Harry paused outside the door to the Hufflepuff dorms and tried to collect his thoughts. A crashing sound behind him had him turning, his wand at the ready. A massive portcullis had fallen behind him, trapping him in the Hufflepuff vestibule.

The entry to the Hufflepuff dorm opened, revealing a smiling Susan Bones.

"Hello Harry," she said, "what brings you to our dungeon tonight?"

Behind Susan, Harry could see dozens of amazingly pretty girls lounging around the elegantly appointed common room clad in wisps of silk and little else.

"Hello Harry," the assembled girls called while waving to him.

"Welcome to Hufflepuff, Harry," Susan purred. "I hope you enjoy your visit."

"Sue, listen," Harry said, while desperately trying not to stare at Susan's almost naked breasts. "I'm looking for a weapon to use against Voldemort and his forces. Hermione found a book in the Library that said that Hufflepuff house is the guardian of a talisman that will destroy the most powerful evil in the world."

"Oh," Susan dimpled, "You're looking for the Talisman of Virtue? It is not a very good name, is it? But girls of Hufflepuff are nice and hardworking, and we shall attend to your every ... every need!"

"What about the men of Hufflepuff?"

"Oh Harry," Susan said patting his hand. "There are no men in Hufflepuff."

"No men?" Harry asked. "What about Ernie, and Justin?"

"Silly Harry," Susan laughed. "Erin, Justine, why don't you introduce your brother's to Harry."

Two of the barely dressed girls rose from their fainting couches and approached Harry, each taking an arm and cuddling in close. They each attached a blatantly false handlebar mustache to

their upper lips.

Harry suddenly found himself being cuddled by Justin and Ernie. He shook himself free and forced himself back to the reason for his visit. "Then you are the keepers of the Talisman?"

"The what?" Susan asked, before taking Harry's hand in hers. "But Harry, you are tired and you must rest awhile, or you will be of no use in battle. Hannah? Rose?"

"Yes Susan?" the two girls responded.

"Prepare a bed for our guest," Susan directed.

Immediately Hannah and Rose threw themselves at Susan's feet, groveling in delight. "Oh thank you, Susan, thank you, thank you."

"Away, you naughty girls," Susan said before turning her attention back to Harry. "The beds here in Hufflepuff are warm and soft and oh, so very, very large."

"Come along Harry," Susan said as she turned away and led him towards a door leading to a corner leading to the bedchamber.

"Well Look," Harry said hesitantly, "I just need that Talisman, and then I'm afraid I really ought to be ..."

"Harry!!" Susan exclaimed as the other girls gasped in horror. "Surely, you would not be so ungallant as to refuse our hospitality?"

Harry hurriedly looked to the other girls in the Hufflepuff common room; they clearly showed signs of being on the verge of being offended.

"Well, no," Harry stuttered, "it's just that Voldemort..."

Susan continued her way into the bedchamber, pulling an unwilling Harry along behind her. "I'm afraid our lives must seem very dull and quiet compared to yours. We are but two score young blondes, brunettes and redheads, all between fifteen and seventeen-and-a-half, cut off from the rest of the castle, with no one to protect us. Oooh. It is a lonely life ... bathing ... dressing ... undressing ... making exciting underwear...."

Reaching the bed, she turned and took both of Harry's hands into hers. "We are just not used to handsome heroes who..." Susan trailed off as she noticed Harry favoring his right leg. "But you are wounded!"

"I'm fine," Harry said, shaking his head. "I got tagged practicing dueling with Ron, it's nothing."

"You must see the healers immediately," Susan announced, clapping her hands as she had before. "You must lie down."

Harry found himself forced to lie on the bed by the surprisingly strong Miss Bones, as two new girls rushed to the bedside.

"Well, what seems to be the trouble?" the buxom redhead demanded.

"They're Healers?" Harry asked incredulously.

"They have medical training, yes. Now you must try to relax. Healer Winston! Healer Greene! Practice your art!!"

"Try to relax," the brunette named Winston suggested.

"No look," Harry protested as the young women pulled at his clothing, "really, this isn't nescess..."

"We must examine you," the redhead sniffed as she freed Harry from his trousers and began examining his... inner thigh closely.

"There's nothing wrong with ... that!" Harry exclaimed as the girl's hands roamed northward of his thigh.

"Please ..." the redhead sighed impatiently as she pulled his trousers off, "we are Healers."

"Oh, my" Susan gasped as the two 'healers' nodded in agreement.

Harry sat up and began attempting to gather his scatter clothing "Look, I can't do this, Voldemort could attack at any time and Hermione would kill me dead if I were to..."

"Back to your bed!" Green barked, "At once!"

"Look, I'm sorry, but I've got to go."

Harry ran to the door of the bedchamber and pushed through it. Upon exiting the bedchamber, he found the Hufflepuff common room had changed. Where before it had been filled with a collection of fainting couches, it was now full of large tubs. The tubs were themselves filled with the girls of Hufflepuff frolicking in the suds of bubble baths.

Harry tried to make his way to the door as the innocent, wide-eyed and beautiful girls all smiled at him enchantingly. Harry kept walking without being diverted by the lovely sights assaulting his eyeballs. He nods to the girls stiffly once or twice and then his eye catches a particularly stunning almost nude Susan Bones.

"How did you get in front of me?" Harry gasped. "I've got to go, Susan! Er ..."

"Susan?" the amazingly buxom girl asked, "Oh, no Harry, I'm not Susan, I am Susan's identical twin sister, Nancy."

"Oh?" Harry asked, wondering how it was possible that Susan had a twin and he was unaware of it.

"Well, sorry, but I must leave immediately."

"No!" Nancy gasped dramatically, "Oh, no! Bad ... bad Susan."

"Err... why is Susan bad?" Harry asked in spite of himself.

"That naughty girl has been lying again," Nancy explained. "She told us you had promised to stay forever and protect us!"

"Oh," Harry said nodding, "well, I'd like to stay, but you see, Voldemort is... and Hermione said... I've got to go... will you excuse me?"

"Where are you going?" Nancy asked.

"I came here for Hufflepuff's Talisman," Harry explained. "It's supposed to protect the castle!"

"Oh no!" Nancy gasped again. "Oh, no! Bad ... bad Susan!"

"What is it?" Harry asked.

"Bad, wicked, naughty Susan!" Nancy declared. "She has been spreading rumors of the Talisman of Virtue again. She has taken to planting her false stories in books in the library again. This is not the first time we've had this problem."

"So there isn't a Talisman of Virtue?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Sadly, no," Nancy shook her head. "Wicked, wicked Susan ... she is a bad person and she must pay the penalty... And here in Hufflepuff, we have but one punishment ... you must tie her down on a bed ... and spank her. Come!"

Nancy seized Harry's hand and started pulling back toward the bedchamber, while the assembled bathing girls began chanting "A spanking! A spanking!"

"You must spank her well," Nancy proclaimed, "and after you have spanked her you may deal with her as you like and then ... spank me."

"And spank me!" a stunning brunette demanded.

"And us" a pair of blonde twins chorused.

"And me." A tiny redhead agreed.

"Yes, yes, you must give us all a good spanking!" Nancy concluded.

"Spankings! Spankings!" the assembled girls chorused while clapping gleefully. "There will be spankings tonight!"

"And after the spankings ..." Nancy announced, "the oral sex."

"Oh, dear! Well, I..." Harry stuttered.

"The oral sex ... The oral sex." The girls continued to chant.

"Well," Harry said, surrendering to the inevitable, "I suppose I could stay a BIT longer."

At that moment the Hufflepuff common room was rocked by a massive explosion, when the dust cleared Harry could see Ron and Dean standing in the shattered doorway brandishing their wands.

"Harry!" Ron shouted.

"Oh ... hello Ron," Harry nodded in his best 'get the hell lost Mate' manner.

"Quick!" Dean spat, "this way!"

"Why?" Harry asked.

"You are in great peril," Ron explained.

"No he isn't," Nancy disagreed.

"Quiet Scarlet Woman!" Ron roared.

"Well, she's got a point," Harry noted.

"We'll cover your escape!" Dean said, still brandishing his wand.

"Look," Harry pleaded, "I'm fine!"

"Harry is so very fine!" the girls agreed.

"Ok, Look," Harry said, attempting a different argument. "I can tackle this lot single-handed!"

"Yes, yes, let him tackle us single-handed!"

"Come on, Harry, quickly!" Ron shouted. "They want to drain your manly essence."

"Do we ever," the girls agreed.

"No, really, I can cope," Harry said, striking a heroic pose. "I can handle this lot, easily!"

"Yes, let him handle us easily!" Nancy demanded.

"Or roughly," one of the twin blondes suggested. "That would be ok too."

"No way Harry," Ron said as he grabbed Harry by the arm and pulled him from the room. "Quick!"

"Oh come on, Ron," Harry demanded, trying to shake his friend loose, "Give me a break, Mate! I can defeat them! There's only forty of them."

"He will beat us easily. We haven't a chance," the girls agreed, only to see the three men vanish into the hallways of the castle.

"Well, shit!" Nancy said.

-+--+--

The trio continued to run through the castle toward 'safety', one of them noticeably less enthusiastic than the others. "We were in the nick of time," Ron noted. "You were in great peril."

"I don't think I was," Harry disagreed.

"You were, Harry," Dean disagreed. "You were in terrible peril."

"Ok, look," Harry said coming to a stop. "I'm going back in there and face the peril like a man!"

"Nope," Ron said, as he cast a body bind on Harry and began to levitate his body. "It's too perilous."

"It's my duty as a man to try and sample as much peril as I can," Harry ground out.

"Nope!" Ron disagreed.

"Come on Ron," Harry whined, "let me go and have a bit of peril?"

"It's unhealthy," Dean pronounced.

"I bet you two are gay."

"No, we're not," the pair denied in chorus. "Why do people keep saying that?"