Hot Tub Dreams

Seamus, Ron, Hermione, Neville, and Theodore stayed with Draco and Harry, finishing the cleaning. Everyone transfigured their clothes into bathing suits.

Draco lead everyone to the bathroom, Harry was sober enough now after the hour of cleaning and changing clothes.

Everyone filled their cups with either Fire Whiskey or Superior Red, sinking into the hot tub.

Draco grabbed a small bucket that had essential oils and bath bombs in it, taking a big bottle of bubble bath as well. "Is it hot enough?"

"If it's any hotter in here we'd melt!" Hermione sunk in to her shoulders, sitting on the bench that wrapped around the bath.

Draco slowly sunk down between Harry and Seamus. "It's scalding! But it feels amazing." He leaned his head against the edge.

Harry took his wand out of his swim trunks, spelling the jets. "Now for the fun part!"

The water rumbled and bubbled from the 8 jets all around the bath.

Draco mixed in a hefty amount of bubble soap into the bath.

"This is so nice." Theodore sighed happily. "It's too bad electric devices don't work in Hogwarts, we could have had a real hot tub."

"The spell can mimic the jets and the motion of the water I think it's fine!" Ron shrugged, enjoying the water.

The bubbles piled up all around the bath, fizzy and pink.

Seamus shrugged, sipping his drink. "All of us are going to have horrible hang overs tomorrow morning...thank Godric it's the weekend."

Draco pulled Harry closer, rubbing the top of his thigh. "Did everyone enjoy the party tonight?"

"Isn't something missing?" Neville asked.

"Missing?" Hermione questioned.

"Oh I know what he means! We haven't played Truth or Dare yet! It was on the party list I made remember?" Seamus reminded Harry and Draco.

Draco pursed his lips. "After Pansy poisoned everyone with Veritaserum I didn't think anyone wanted to."

Everyone made uncomfortable glances at the reminder.

"Well nobody got hurt, Pansy meant well she just doesn't always think about her impulsive choices." Hermione defended her friend. "I agree to a truth spell."

Theodore cleared his throat. "I agree as well, but I feel the need to remind all of you that you knew veritaserum was in those shot glasses...and you chose to play the game." He accused.

Seamus glared slightly, but he knew it was true. "Yes we did know, but it was an interesting experience good or bad. So yes I agree to a truth spell and to put the rest behind us."

Ron nodded. "I agree." He sipped his drink. "So Malfoy, Harry can we?"

Harry nodded, looking to Draco for the final approval.

Draco pulled his wand from his swim trunks pocket. "There's only a few of us here though...only one girl and Neville is a chicken shit."

Harry laughed. "Hermione do you want to sit this one out? I don't want the male majority to make you feel nervous."

"Neville will you promise to do the dares and truths without refusal? If you do that I'll still play." Hermione asked, looking for support.

Neville smiled. "Sure Hermione."

"Theodore switch places so Neville can sit next to me." Hermione pleaded.

Theodore nodded, taking Neville's seat as they switched. "Do your stuff Draco."

Draco raised his wand up, pointing it.

" Purification I do conjure, so that thoughts be spoken, passion so red we let the truth be said, this is truly our desire."

Harry got a chill from the power of Draco's magic as it flooded the room. "That charm was intense!" He said out loud accidently, covering his mouth.

Draco smiled. "Looks like it worked!" He said proudly, stuffing his wand back into his pocket.

"Can I pick first?" Hermione asked sweetly.

"Go ahead Mione." Harry accepted.

"Theodore truth or dare?" Hermione asked.

Theodore smirked at her, moving closer to the group. "Dare."

"I dare you to strip naked, stay that way till the party is over." Hermione's sweet smile turned into a devilishly grin, making everyone raise their brows in surprise.

"Well then." Theodore lifted his soaked black T-shirt over his head. "Never expected that from you." He smoothly slipped his swim trunks off, setting all his soaked clothes behind him on the stone floor.

Seamus's jaw dropped, looking over to see Ron's whole face was red. "What a spicy way to start!"

"Blimey Nott when did you get so ripped?!" Ron asked, touching his hand to his own chest. I guess I'm not the only one to work out last summer...

Theodore made a smug face, leaning his arms on the edge of the bath with a big flex of his biceps. "I know I look good don't I?" He smiled. "Potter looks like you're up! Truth or dare Golden Boy?"

Harry locked eyes with Theodore, thrown by the remark that he hadn't heard in quite a while. "Dare." He didn't trust Theodore enough to pick truth, they were friends but there was still a grey area.

"I dare you to do a strip tease for all of us." Theodore smirked. "Stand on the edge, don't stop till you're naked."

Harry closed his eyes with a sigh. "And if I say no?"

"Then I'll dare you something you'll regret...so what's your choice? Get naked or double dare?" Theodore challenged.

Harry clicked his tongue with a glare, climbing out of the bath. "Fine then." He walked over to the sink, placing his glasses and wand on the counter.

Draco wanted to protest, but the dark parts of his mind wanted to see him strip. "You sure you're okay with this Harry?"

Harry turned around, stepping his toes over the edge of the bath. "I'd rather strip and stay naked than the alternative." He looked down at his friends with a shrug, beginning his dare.

"Slowly Potter." Theodore winked menacingly.

Harry glared but he did it anyway, leisurely bringing his fingers to his drenched shirt. "You asked for it!" He ripped his dress shirt wide open, the buttons flying off as he let the sides fall off his shoulders.

Seamus blushed as Harry flung his ripped shirt over his head. "Wooo!!!" He teased.

Harry turned his attention to Draco, pulling his swim trunks down just enough to see the V-line of his groin. He turned to face everyone as he let the rest fall to his ankles.

Everyone smiled with flushed faces, Hermione couldn't helped but giggle.

Harry kicked the rest of his clothes, punting it over Neville's head. "Like my birthday suit Nott?" He stared at him as he swung his length side to side.

"Y-You can stop now." Theodore blushed, thankful for the bubbles on the surface.

Harry smirked at everyone's flushed faces, sinking back into the bath, gathering bubbles around himself. "I think I've embarrassed myself enough for now." He added some more bubble soap to the bath. "Seamus truth or dare?"

"Dare Harry!" Seamus grinned widely.

"I dare you to pick one person here okay? Do whatever you want to them when you choose." Harry was curious who Seamus would pick, looking to Draco who seemed just as interested.

Seamus scanned the small group, contemplating. "Anyone?"

Harry nodded.

"Okay then!" Seamus floated over to Hermione. "Ello Mione."

"Me? But aren't you?" Hermione looked very confused.

"I enjoy all bodies." Seamus caught Hermione's lips in his own, climbing into her lap.

Everyone watched stunned.

Hermione squeaked as Seamus's tongue invaded her mouth, tantalizing her senses with his hands grabbing her breasts.

Ron's jaw hung open, staring with disbelief. It seemed like everyone was on the same boat of amazement. "Bloody hell!" He scoffed.

Seamus slipped his fingers in the straps of Hermione's one piece, pulling it down to get full handfuls of her breasts all while he french kissed the hell out of her soft lips and tongue.

Hermione was far gone, leaning her head back on the stone edge, inviting him in.

Draco held Harry's hand in anticipation, both caught in the thrill of watching.

Neville didn't know what to do with himself watching all of this, he snuck a grab of himself under the bubbles, biting his lip as he stared intently.

Seamus didn't want to take it too far, unsure how Hermione would take it if he tried. He gave her one last squeeze, pulling her bathing suit back on.

Hermione was heavily breathing by the time Seamus detached his lips, floating back over next to Ron. "Good lord." She breathed, pushing her damp hair off her face.

"Let's keep the fun going shall we? Neville you are up!" Seamus smirked with a brow wiggle. "Truth or Dare my timid friend???"

Neville took a deep breath. "I'll be the first person to pick truth."

"Ohhh okay, okay I respect that! So I'll ask you then...if you could have anyone do sexual things with you right now, who would it be?" Seamus asked.

Neville tried to bite down on the insides of his cheeks to keep his mouth shut, regretting his choice. "Draco!" He blurted out loudly, covering his mouth in his hands.

Draco gaped at Neville, not thinking he would ever want that again after their little meeting in the closet. "Why?"

Neville lowered his head, fumbling his hands together in an anxious fit under the water.

"Damn, wish it worked for a second time! But you won't pick truth again will you?" Seamus chuckled.

Neville glared at Seamus for asking the very question he didn't ever want to answer. "Enough about me!" He nervously laughed. "Truth or Dare Ron?"

Ron sat up straight, showing a brave drunken expression. "Dare!"

"I dare you to give Harry a handjob!" Neville eyed Harry sugestively.

"Whut?!" Harry snapped, whipping his gaze at Neville.

"No! Absolutely not!" Ron shrieked.

"If you don't do it I'll give you a truth or another dare but they'll be much worse." Neville threatened.

Ron complained drunkenly, floating slowly over to Harry's side of the bath. "Sorry Harry, I don't want to....b-but..." he grimaced.

Harry shook his head dramatically. "Uhgg I'm not into that...Neville why?" He whined. "Ron's my brother I'm not okay with this!"

"Handjob isn't that bad." Ron decided, not wanting to find out what would be worse. His fire whiskey driven body decided to plunge forward. "Sorry Harry."

"Wait R-!!!" Harry got cut off by Ron's hand wrapping around his flaccid cock.

Ron started to move his hand, slowly feeling Harry grow in his palm.

Harry was thankful for the layers of water and thick film of bubbles on the surface, fully hard as Ron's hand sped up.

Draco glared at Ron, but once again he found himself turned on by the look on Harry's face.

Harry was drunk first of all, enough where his movements were delayed. Second of all, Ron's hand was very big so he could wrap his fingers all the way around his shaft, but most of all Harry couldn't hide how good it felt. He locked eyes with Ron who was equally drunk and mortified.

Ron kept pumping Harry's cock in his hand, stopping occasionally to rub the head with his fingers. He tried to not stare, but he couldn't help watch his face change.

Harry parted his lips as he spread his legs apart, his balls tensing up as the pleasure rose. "Uhhhh." He moaned unabashed, closing his eyes.

Ron's eyes widened at his best friends noises, realizing in his drunken state that he was making him moan. "Bloody hell."

Harry gasped at Ron's other hand joining in, rubbing his balls.

Draco moved closer to Harry, slightly pulling him to lean on his chest for support. He held Harry's hand in his own, watching his face. "Does that feel good?" He asked quietly.

Harry turned his head, looking at Draco in a haze. "N-No..."

"Don't lie to me...you're moaning." Draco smirked. "Are you going to come for him?" He whispered inches from Harry's lips, squeezing his hand.

Ron raised a brow at what he was watching, curious how far he could push his friend. He sped up his hand, moving his finger to the back of Harry's ass, rubbing his fingertip over his hole.

Harry let out a strangled moan, trying not to react. "Draco! I didn't choose to do th-this!" He squeezed his hand tightly, biting his lip.

"You're a slut aren't you?" Draco brought his other hand around Harry's chest, pinching his nipple. "Getting pleasured by the Weasle right infront of me."

Harry was so close, leaning his head back against Draco's shoulder. "You shouldn't say that!" He whimpered.

Ron stopped for a second to trace his fingers over the slit of Harry's tip, rubbing his hand over just the head of his cock.

Harry moaned, unable to contain his pleasure. "Ron don't do that!" He pleaded.

"I shouldn't say you're naughty? Does it turn you on?" Draco teased, pushing his face into Harry's damp hair.

Ron went back to pumping Harry in his hand, pushing the tip of his finger inside the rim of his quivering hole.

Harry yelped loudly, pushing into Draco as he came hard into the water. "Shiiiit!!!" He groaned, staring at Ron in slight shame.

Ron blushed as he floated back to his seat next to Seamus. "Nobody make me do that again!"

Seamus kissed Ron's cheek with a smirk.

Harry shuddered as his body rode out the last of his orgasm, turning to Draco as he sat closer. "Are you mad?"

Draco smiled with a slight blush across his face. "No of course not, we know how these parties go." He kissed Harry's lips. "I love you no matter what."

"Okay no more mushy stuff!" Theodore snapped. "I'm drunk and tired! Let's finish the game with one more turn so we can sleep!"

Draco snapped out of it. "Yes, okay good plan!" He looked over to Ron. "Weasle choose the last person."

Ron yawned. "Malfoy I'll choose you, truth or dare?"

"Oh umm..." Draco thought for a moment. "Truth I suppose." He picked up his cup, chugging the rest of his alcohol.

"Are you sure?" Ron gave him a moment to think about it.

"Yea I'm sure, why?" Draco asked.

"Well...you still haven't told Harry and myself what happened the night we rescued you from the Manor." Ron reminded Draco.

Draco scowled deeply at Ron. "You really are a Weasle!" He growled.

"So tell us, what happened that day? You were there for the whole day and parts of the night." Ron glared slightly.

Draco looked at Harry. "I was at St. Mungo's as everyone knew...but my Mother came and took me to the Manor."

"You don't have to tell us the rest if you don't want to Draco." Harry squeezed Draco's knee.

"It's alright, I should have told you a while ago anyway." Draco continued. "Everyone saw in the Daily Prophet that my Father escaped, he went to the Manor when he ran. When I was brought back home he beat me...pretty badly. He then snapped the wand he had taken from me in half, told me I disgraced what was left of the Malfoy name. To be honest my first thought was he destroyed it all on his own but...I couldn't fight back against him."

Harry wanted to cry, he didn't ever want Draco to go through that again. "Draco I'm so sorry."

Draco nodded. "It's okay I was fine, healing spells that I knew helped most of my wounds." He leaned into Harry. "Then he made me stay at the Manor while he prepared for Greyback to come for a meeting, something about the Rebellion." He sighed deeply. "But that's when you both came and rescued me...so anything that happened after that I don't know."

Ron felt bad that he asked. "Sorry Malfoy."

"It's okay, I would have used the opportunity to get info too." Draco growled, slightly hurt that Ron abused his turn.

"Well I say we wrap it up!" Theodore spelled his clothes back on, climbing out of the tub.

"Draco thank you for having us." Hermione smiled. "Harry I'll talk to you on Monday yes?"

"Yes Mione I'll see you then." Harry smiled sweetly at her, hiding his sadness about what he just heard.

Seamus pulled Ron out of hot tub. "We'll go as well, sorry Draco. I'll have a talk with Ron." He turned to steer Ron out by the back of his neck.

"What did I do?!" Ron scoffed, wincing from Seamus's tight grip.

"Naughty Gryffindor's need to learn not to pick on Slytherin's!" Seamus glared at Ron. "Goodnight you guys."

"Goodnight Seamus." Draco half smiled.

Neville was the last to leave, giving Draco a strange look before he took his wet self back to Gryffindor tower.

Draco and Harry spent the next half hour using cleaning spells and tidying up both rooms, changing into their pajamas.

"Why didn't you tell me? I would have beaten Lucius senseless." Harry said darkly, towel drying his hair.

Draco stifled a laugh. "That's exactly why I didn't say anything about it...I'm use to beatings from my Father..." he buttoned up the last few green buttons of his silk Slytherin pajamas. "It's over and I'm away from danger."

Harry came over, standing close. "Leave a few of them unbuttoned." He undid two of the buttons. "I like seeing your pale skin." He slipped his hand in, rubbing Draco's chest.

Draco leaned into the touch. "You're so warm." He kissed Harry's neck.

"I want to talk to you...but I feel like we're both too inebriated to have a serious talk..." Harry slurred, yawning.

Draco nodded. "And sleepy...can we talk in the morning?" He ran his fingers through Harry's hair, kissing his spicy whiskey lips.

Harry moaned into Draco's mouth, kissing back in a long embrace. "Yes, we can...let's get some sleep."

Draco finished dressing Harry into his pajamas, pulling him into bed. "I'm so happy to sleep next to you every night."

Harry wrapped his arms around Draco, nuzzling into his chest. "So am I." He kissed over his heart. "I love you Draco."

Draco smiled, burying his face into the top of Harry's hair. "I love you too Harry."

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