

“Hey... Jenn? T-thank you. For going out with me, tonight.”

“Aubrey? It is fun... thank you for showing us this place.”

“Only good bar I know about... and Travis thinks places like these are sketchy, so we are safe.”, she says, grey-brown hair curled and down past her shoulders. Some lipstick and simple make up on. Macy and Emmy were by the bar right then, grabbing a few drinks for yall with your fake licenses along with David who was flirting with a Puckwudgie girl, hamming it up with a cane for his left side, despite knowing he had basically recovered... but Aubrey was right there. Right there and looking very, very pretty.

You and Emmy had helped her, Macy, and Anna-Beth with their hair, faces some. But the rest was all them. Anna’s cute little skirt and button down get up while she stood by Vu and David, played wing-girl for your old friend.

Aubrey in a slightly slinky silver-gray dress, one which complemented her hair well. The strappy little heels. Sitting and just looking pretty while a bit nervous, like she wanted to go for her wand or a gun.

The smaller blonde, Anna-Beth, she was off dancing a bit with Vu in a second, bottles in their hands, leaving David alone with that poor Puckwudgie girl who seemed to think her hair needed an adjustment every few seconds... And it would be a minutes before your sister and “sister” made it back, so you were left at a small table with Aubrey.

You and Emmy had on the cute, small dresses you bought before... Macy? She had dressed up some; a smaller kind of sundress, little heeled sandals. Carlous was there in a tight shirt and jeans with his sister near by in a longer skirt and a cute little blouse and up at the bar chatting with a younger looking girl you didn’t think went to the School but could speak some German, given how much all three seemed to be into the conversation being held over remixes of muggle pop and rock.

“Umm... but, really? Just... thank you. Jenn? Thanks. I don’t normally do stuff like this. So many people... friends.”

“Hey! You are welcome, Aubrey! This is fun, don’t love these places but... ummm. Want to come over? Sit by me till our friends bring the drinks?”

“O-okay! Sure. Need to stay by yall... I guess no one else brought a knife, gun, hand grenade, or a kit to test for roofies?”

“Hahaha! I have my wand... a couple other things in my bag. But? I trust you to keep us safe!”

“I-I can do that... umm, here. Right by you.”, Aubrey says and slides in close while you finish off your vodka and soda. Pulled her in a bit closer.

“Hey... see the dude with the cap? Sandy hair poking out? He’s been looking at you since he came in like 20 minutes after us... want to mess with him, ‘Brey?”

“Mess? I-“

“Here. Come in close... in a minute, we can go to the rest room. I have something I want to try... a few smokes too if you want. But? Right here, right now, Aubrey.”, you say to her after moving some of her curly brownish-gray hair from an ear. Nibbled on the lobe for a half second.

“J-Jenn... I- I’m not-“

And you just shut her up some. Your lips on hers. Enjoyed that she was such a dork her peach-colored lip gloss tasted *like* peaches as well.

“Mmmhmp? Mmmhhhp. Mhhhh. Mhhhm.”

Your lips on hers... Aubrey was weird. Very odd. But? She had given you your first 4th of July. Helped you learn to adapt to Ilvermorny. Protected Macy and Emmy. Been... okay when you and your twin said you were a bit queer, when Macy said she was gay while hanging out in her room at 3am following getting wasted at her lake and shooting explosives at her rival’s house all evening. Told you... she thought you and your sister were hot.

“Mmmhmp... J-Jenn. People are staring. Looking... I said I might be okay with it... but that guy with the Trump Hat, he looks like his ears are about to ignite. And... you’ve been staying away from aluminum cans like I said, right? They make the frogs homo.”, Aubrey mumbles out. You had her in a good hold...

she wasn't going too far. Beneath her slightly skimpy little dress, you could already feel her nipples harden.

This probably wasn't right... she had some issues. Not a lot of real friends. You were... you were probably being terribly Slytherin right then, taking a bit of advantage. Getting off to the fact it was clearly Travis sitting down a bit at the bar in a hat with sunglasses on and watching; had followed the lot of you because he *was* Aubrey's friend in the end, wanted to keep her safe you think.

Enjoyed that Macy, Emmy could see what you were doing while they came back to sit with your drinks.

"Yeah... all water, glass bottles, and booze for me from now on. But... lets get a quick sip. Head to the restroom after. Okay, 'Brey?"

"O-h okay. As long as you are staying away from aluminum, and the... you know the glow-N'words are real right. A...and the Wrapspurts and... you aren't just making fun of me, Jenn? Are you?"

"Never. You have been right about enough stuff, so... never. Hey sis. Sis."

"Having fun, Jenn?", your slightly shorter mirror image asks in-between songs while Macy curls up to another side of you once they sat the drinks down.

"Yep. This is fun... with the real semester starting, the "other" stuff... we deserve this. Are the Germans doing alright? Chris and Anna? David?"

"Y-yeah. Hilda and Carl found a friend. Anna-Beth likes dancing, David might "get some" before going back... you know at the bar, that's T-", Macy starts with a tiny slur, before you cut her off some.

"Yes. Yes, I do. But? Me and Aubrey will be back in a second... give you the rest. Going to have a smoke too, I think..."

"Jeeeeenn! You know what happened last time we had one of those! I don't want Professor Thompson to have to beat more people up!", Macy cried out, fairly drunk even though you had Emmy making sure her drinks were watered down.

"It's *fiiiine*. What are the chances that was why it happened. Some of the other stuff, a few more drinks, some teasing the other people... we can call an Uber to drop us off on the road to school or maybe find someone to Apparate us back if Vu or Anna are too drunk to drive and... Macy? You have something..."

"Something? I-"

"Yep. Right here.", and you lean in. Give you adoptive little sis a kiss that lasts a few seconds. Get her lips clean before she buries her face in her Redbull and Vodka while a certain person at the bar seems to choke some on his glass of amber colored liquor.

"Be back soon girls... come on, 'Brey."

"O-okay. She has been staying away from aluminum cans too, right..."

"Yeah. Yeah, sure."

And in the nicer of the girl's restrooms... you pulled out a small baggie of white power inside a stall with your tall, tan friend. The keys to Sally too, even though she was safe, back at Ilvermorny. Put a small pile on her ignition key and snorted it before fixing one just like it for Aubrey.

"H-here. First time but... should be enough for all us to try out..."

"Jenn! We-we can't do [i]blow[/i]! I...I'm a prefect and, and..."

"And? We... I have told you some of what I think might happen... we might not get chances like this again. And, you trust me, right? Just a bit for all of us to stay up a little later... and, none of us should even be in this bar... might as well give it a shot. Right, 'Brey?"

"I-I... okay... I'm using Jackson's key though... let me get a little bump.", and with that your friend took a tiny bit more than a bump. Inhaled it as you tossed the bag back in your purse to hand off to your sisters.

“Oh...oh, crap. That [i]is[/i] good. Fuck yeah! Jenn! Jenn? Can we all dance some when they finish it off!? Please!? And when we get back, I’ll screw with the enchantments... can we have a pillow party?! That would be...would be so much fun.”

“Yeah... it sounds fucking great... but let’s get back out... okay, Aubrey?”

“Ummph. If I can have a kiss again. To check for aluminum.”, and the curly haired girl came close. Touched your chest some... yeah you needed a drag if you were going to keep cool long enough to make it back... made time to lock lips with Aubrey for a few seconds in the hall at least. Had her whisper something you didn’t quite get but caused a different kind of warmth begin to pulse in your blood, one aside from the drugs and booze.

Outside, Emmy had your “sister” under her arms, had Macy in her lap. The Germans had found a second friend and were doing shots. Vu and Anna-Beth were up at the bar. One of the other 5th years League members you brought seemed to be lecturing on some odd topic to a couple of slightly older looking students who came along. David had found a nice shadowed corner with the glasses wearing Puckwudgie girl... A mysterious guy in a cap seemed to have ordered another straight whisky.

You just went to your sister and “sister”. Gave each a kiss on the lips, passed off a small bag when your lips left Emmy’s and sat back down with Aubrey while your sisters ran to the restroom and began knocking back your drinks some. It was nice. Ilvermorny was nice. Fun... nothing could ruin this.

[b]Really? Come now, Jennifer. Also, find more coke. More blow! Colombian marching powder! This is going to be [i]great[/i] in a minute! Fuck ‘em up Lady Sanders! Hahahaha![/b]

[i]Oh, please shut up.[/i]

You went ahead and pulled one out, a dart, and lit up; handed it off to Aubrey who seemed a little confused by it; confused in a very, very cute way that made you hug her a little... had Emmy and Macy return in a couple of minutes looking “energized”. Polished off your drinks as white, powdered ecstasy thrummed in your veins, headed to the dance floor as you finished off your smoke.

Then?

Had your good time rudely interrupted by some very pushy men, ones who insisted on getting between the bodies of your sisters and curly haired friend.

And you couldn't tell what happened first. If it was one of them grabbing Emmy's ass. Touching Aubrey's tits. One of the guys dressed like the others putting a hand on Hilda's shoulder. Pushing Vu. Giving shit to the handful of kinda nerdy guys you brought.

But, there was a [i]dark[/i], child-like laugh in the back of your brain, behind the alcohol and cocaine.

What ignited it? Who knew; it happened too fast... but it was a good song being played when the fight started, if nothing more.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BOTllw76qiE>

Your knee was between someone's thighs in a second and you had another man gagging from a throat punch. Aubrey had tossed a guy twice her size across her hip. Macy was cradling her hand some since she just hit an ugly nig- no that's not a nice word, black man, so hard in the face that blood was pouring from his nose and mouth. Your twin had some Pikey looking bitch in a neck lock.

You had just got your nose bloodied a bit from a weak punch by a guy who looked [i]scandalized[/i] by the fact you didn't go down in tears, right before you began to pound his liver and spleen with body blows like daddy showed you years ago.

And?

Then it [i]really[/i] popped off.

Carlous had one wanna-be biker on the bar and was sliding him down it; his sister had a broken beer bottle in her hand and there was a trashy looking girl on the floor bleeding from the face and their new friends were screaming. Vu had Anna behind him and two guys with patched up jean jackets in front of them with hands around their guts and David using his fancy cane like a Beater's club on them.

And when someone grabbed Aubrey from behind, kept her arms locked in? They got a stool to the back so hard it shattered, courtesy of a guy in a red muggle political hat who was pouring his whisky down; even as he moved to protect you and the other girls? Hat-Man threw his tumbler directly into the face of another man so hard it exploded into a million beautiful, rainbow shards in the bar's dim lighting.

“Woooooooooooo! Fuck ‘em up girls! Thank you, Hat-Man! Love you! Let’s... fucking... goooooooooooooo! Ilvermorny Forever!!!”, Aubrey screamed out, swung you around in a half turn. Then? *Truely* got into it, her and Hat-Man back-to-back and her tossing out tight punches or bringing them in with grabs so the taller guy could throw them around.

Some people were already running out but in the small moments you had been distracted by powdered “fun”, your sisters, or Aubrey? The place seemed to have been invaded by assholes since it was getting late.

Carlous tossed a guy into the middle of the dance floor; Macy kicked him a few times in the side as he was on the ground and looked just a hair insane, pissed off.

Hilda had begun screeching something in German which sounded vaguely Nazi-ish and had another person down with some blood on her right hand and a bottle of whisky in the opposite one as she stood on the bar in her cute strappy heels.

David switched into a golf stance, had hit a guy getting close to his date hard enough in the jaw with his walking stick you could hear something break, even over the music. Hole in one, hahaha.

Emmy? She had a guy in a clench next to you and was introducing his face to her knee, again and again while she flashed anyone bothering to look.

The guys you didn't really know from the League who came... the people in front of them on the floor should [i]not[/i] have their hands or elbows in those directions and one of the nerds was yelling something about “initiative checks”.

You were pretty sure the meth-head who grabbed your clothes a few seconds ago, when you put her boyfriend on the floor now had three broken fingers.

“Want to hear a joke, fuckers?! What happens when a paranoid schizophrenic and a bunch of witches walk into a bar!”, you scream out over the music while coke, booze flood your brain and Emmy punched a guy as hard as you had ever seen, put him on the ground with her blow fueled strength and fury.

Macy... she had some blood on her face which you were pretty sure wasn't hers given there was a short Mexican in front of her cradling his head, screaming about his ear, and your demure friend just spit [i]something[/i] on the floor before kicking the guy in the crotch hard enough he got air time.

Aubrey had reached into her purse it had seemed and now had fucking brass knuckles on; began throwing hay makers out, while the guy in a red cap was keeping people in check around her with tight jabs, some good kicks.

Haha, Red-Cap.

Your first DADA assignment at Ilvermorny.

Then? Aubrey? She had a knife out now as well as having pulled Theodore from her small bag after tossing the knuckles to the ground and was screaming that she would kill everyone in here if they fucked with her friends and something in Latin you didn't really understand.

"[blue]*Sanctificetur nomen nostrum! Veste vestes cacatas vende in manu grenade! Sic semper Fags! Habeo Deus, magicam, et cocainum meum! Pedicabo vos, nigredineos reiteratis! Fuck you, Glowies! Amen!*

“Jenn! Did she just call them niggers?!”, your mirror image shouted out. But before you could answer?

The guy behind the bar had realized that this was just a bit more than he was getting paid for and came back from under it with a short, very illegal looking shotgun that he put a hole in the wall with.

Crap.

“F-Fuck! Before she pulls the pin or we get our heads blown off! Book it! Vu, truck! Anna, as many as you can fit in your car! Aubrey, time to go!”

And you began to make it out, Hat-Man coming last with Aubrey over his shoulder. She apparently thought panties were optional tonight much like Emmy; her cute, lightly tanned butt was exposed right beside Trav-, a-ahem, Hat-Man's head as he carried her.

You, him, and the girls jumped into the bed of Vu's old truck with Aubrey kicking and screaming in English, German, and "vulgar" Latin on Hat-Man's shoulder... [i]very[/i] vulgar Latin from the tiny bit you understood. The Germans were on Vu's single seat bench in the cab with him... Hilda brought the bottle of whisky she grabbed with her it seems and yelled that the ovens were too good for them to the people behind you.

Once you could see that everyone was somewhere or just getting down the road on open foot? Vu slammed it into gear. Waved good bye to David as he pulled a tea mug from his man purse and disappeared in in a swirl of really cool colors. Had seen the girl he was with hop into Anna-Beth's old Honda Civic after a quick kiss with him... good for David.

"Jennnnnnnn! I told you; those cigarettes are bad luck and now I am drunk and did c-cocaine! Punched people! Bit most of a guy's ear off! My hands hurt and I am pretty sure I broke a person's nose too! What if they don't have Health Insurance! Jeeennnn!", and you just kind of hug her. Mom had tried to make sure you and Emmy weren't corrupting Macy... couldn't really say that- oh shit.

"Ah. Macy? Let me see your right hand?", and a second later, it was in your lap. With part of a tooth embedded in the knuckle of her middle finger. "Ummm. Look away?"

"What? Ouch! What was that?!"

"S-splinter. Gone now...", you tried to reassure her with after tossing the tooth off to the side as you sped down the road under yellow-orange sodium lamps.

Fuck... does she need a rabies shot or potion now? Tetanus vaccine?

"Jeeennnn! Aubrey was calling them faggots! [i]'m[/i] a faggot!"

“You a cute lesbian; there is a difference! Macy! It is okay, little dork; you did good. Emmy? Okay? You alright, Au...brey. Oh, wow. She can really go from zero to sixty back down to zero like it is nothing.”

“Always been able to.”, Hat-Man says while Aubrey is down, resting her head on his lap while he tried to get his jacket off, cover her some. Pulled her dress down a bit so she wasn’t showing her ass off to any one who looked.

“So, do you two want to frick or kill each-other... I just want to know what side to be on when one or the other happens.”, Emmy says, kind of screams really, over the wind and road noise.

“W-what? I’m just a concern-“

“Travis? The Clark Kent shit with a hat and sunglasses... no clue [i]why[/i] it works on Aubrey but it doesn’t on me and Emmy. Fuck, Macy knows, Vu knows, Hilda and her brother know, Anna-Beth... pretty sure David even knew and he has met you [i]one[/i] time before.”

“l...l...okay. Fuck. [i>Fine[/i]. Just... keep it down. I don’t need to deal with her thinking I set this whole thing up while she is wasted. Armed... half dressed. And did you give her fucking [i]drugs[/i]; what told you that was smart? Or did you, I don’t know, just have sex in a sketchy bar bathroom with her?”

“What! No! I am a chaste and pure-“

“Sure. Whatever. Help her with the hangover, please. She is probably going want to shoot stuff in the morning; I don’t need her hitting another student. Just... just set me down before you get to the garage, I can walk to my dorm from there.”

“Dude? It is okay. And we might need help with her, carrying Aubrey, something... but, really? Do you two like each or..?”, Emmy asks out as the wind whipped her hair around.

Travis? He looked like he was asking himself that all over again before looking back up from Aubrey.

“l... Aubrey and I went to grade school together. She was my friend. First one, I think. But... we kind of had a falling out. When she started getting weird, when I didn’t want to be the guy with a crazy girl

attached to me at the hip when I went to Ilvermorny. I... I regret it.”, and he just put his jacket over your tall friend a little more; added his cap to cover her head.

“That sounds... I’m sorry.”

Not a great subject, you suppose.

“Me too. Started regretting it my first year at Ilvermorny. Why I tried to bring back the League; so she would have a place to go when she got there too, a place... one she could make friends at, even if she hated me... Aubrey knocked a tooth out of a kid giving me crap when she was like 8. She is kind but won’t put up with people giving people she is close to shit; loyal to a fault. And so, I probably deserve her not liking me anymore. I betrayed her; betrayed my first friend. Just because she was a bit odd... because I wanted to be cool. It is probably better I didn’t choose Puckwudgie. Would have made for a bad one.”

“You know? You say that... but you restarted a whole club for her. Stalked her to a bar because you were worried, when you heard we going out tonight I guess... you seem smart, but pretty loyal too. Could have been a good Hufflepuff.”, Emmy shouts out over the wind and road noise. “We all make mistakes. I didn’t talk to Jenn for like a month straight when we were kids because of something dumb. But? Her and I? Still together. Still sharing some of our emotions, thoughts, and I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

And?

You... you couldn’t help but agreed.

Your twin and you?

You and Emmy had plenty of spats as kids, as teens. But she had always been there for you. You would never let her get hurt, even if you hated her just a bit when she won a duel or got better grades or more affection from dad. Loved her despite her being a brat much of the time. She had saved you, when you used the Curse... and even before then? You would die before letting something happen to your little sis; would happily spend the next century and a half in Nurmengard if it kept her safe.

You might know a thing or two about all this.

You had grown apart from Macy some, before recently. But then, your younger friend had shown how much she cared, came with you to America, trusted you with things... had been doing everything she could to help unravel the mystery of Salazar's wand, despite it being dangerous. You wouldn't let your relationship ever cool again, even if you think it might have helped her some, to not *[i]need[/i]* to rely on you as much over the last couple of years.

You felt for the boy; knew what was like to not be as good of a friend, as good of sister, as you should have been.

"We do know that well. We do... pushed Emmy down on the stage at graduation in third grade because she did better at math, got a little award. Cried all night after... Cried when she said she was sorry the next morning, for showing us up... made her cry with us. And never did something like that again to her. Plenty of missteps, yet we learned from them. But, about some more coke..."

Fucking hell, why is nine-year-old you a blow-fiend? Why is she... kind of right? Oh yeah; just you, Jenn.

"It's different... I made fun of her behind her back, some. Started not hanging out with her, left her alone. Let her get weirder. And... Aubrey? She is hard on herself, so hard. Sensitive, even if she seems... bold. I hurt her, I-"

"Then do better. You still have a year left, right, Mister Blackthorn? And? Scratch her head. I always liked it when the people I cared about did it.", Macy chimed in from where she was sandwiched between you and Emmy, with mostly dried blood on her chin. "You are can start with that. And... she kept coming to the Dueling thing, right? Loves it. Can't go a day without mentioning you... even if it is just how you perform Dark sacrifices to maintain your powers. If you asked, she would forgive you for whatever you think you did. She is strong. And odd. And very, very kind."

"Fucking Hell...O-okay... Merlin's Beard and Robes and Air Jordan's; I am a crappy Head Boy. Getting told what to do by three drunk girls. Having another one in my lap. Where did it all go wrong, Travis?"

"Hey... just like the Hat or the Statues? Maybe life doesn't always send you where you should be, want to be. It takes us where we *[i]need[/i]* to be instead; maybe she needed to grow without you for a while. Maybe *[i]you[/i]* needed to realize you cared about her as much as you very clearly do? Something like that; not a genius or a Seer, so what do I know, though?", you call out as you hit some of the curves leading back to the school.

And?

The sandy-haired boy... he and Aubrey seemed to hate each other at a glance. But he just took a punch meant for her minutes ago; she had been there every meeting of your little Club, talked about him every day... Seemed to curl up towards him some when he lightly scratched her head, almost out of instinct it seemed. Maybe it was the half-dozen vodka and sodas or the drugs or just having kicked a bunch of asses... but you tried to believe your own words.

"Where we need to be."

When you finally are back to the school proper, you work to account for everyone, have those who can like Travis and the Germans send Patronuses to those missing, to confirm they were alright and eventually see that everyone seems to have made it back or are responding that they are safe. Some of the Nerd Squad ran on foot, a couple of others from the League but say they would be back by morning; aside from them, everyone else either piled into Vu's truck or Anna-Beth's sedan.

In the end, you did end up having Travis help carry Aubrey back to the Thunderbird Girl's Hall, her in his jacket though he did take his hat back, tried to keep his disguise up some while the lot of you stumbled home. He dropped her with you, went to make sure Carlous, Vu, Anna-beth, and some of the others got back to their dorms; use his Head Boy powers to open the doors for them without setting off alarms given how late it was.

Aubrey had begun coming back to once he was gone; seemed kind of confused but okay.

"We're back at the school? We won right? Where's Hat-Man?"

"Uh, yeah. We won. And he said he had to go attend to... Hat-Person things. He said you can keep the jacket though.", you say softly in your common room, sisters and Hilda, still with her whisky, next to you.

“Yay! And... I’ll use my Prefect stuff... can we all sleep in you and Emmy’s room tonight?”

“Sure. Sure, Aubrey. I did promise a pillow party. That fine with you, Hilda? Macy?”

“Jaaaa. Itz gud.”

“Yeah... that sounds nice, Jenn.”

“Okay. Hilda, just, just don’t get caught with that bottle. And let’s be quiet till we get there; Aubrey isn’t the only Prefect here so...”

Thankfully, Macy and Hilda had made decent friends of their respective roomies this semester, they shouldn’t get ratted out. Could get them where they should be in the morning, before most people woke. Thank Merlin for Sundays.

Once the five of you had stumbled, quietly mind you, upstairs and were in you and Emmy’s shared room, every one began to change out of their dresses or skirts and heels. You and your sister weren’t as tall as Aubrey or Hilda. Taller than Macy. But you had enough oversized muggle tee shirts, stretchy gym shorts, or just spare underwear that everyone managed to find something that mostly fit, covered them up.

Emmy and Aubrey had forgone panties or bra’s when you went out and you honestly would have been fine if they chose to sleep unclothed but you didn’t want to weird out Hilda too much, so in the end all of you were at least mostly clothed; all you had on were undies and a massive tee but that was just fine.

You and your twin pulled off your sheets, quilts, comforters and had gathered every pillow you had. Made a loose little nest on the ground, against the wall. Then once you made sure everyone had their wand, had taken it off the thigh holster most had used with their dresses, and had healed up your sisters’ and friend’s hands some and *scourgified* everyone? Pulled out some flasks of water... You all just kind of collapsed into the blankets and cushions. Had Hilda start passing her half-drained bottle of crappy booze around.

“Hiiilda! I’m already drunk! Beat people up!”

“Zhen don’t drink?”

“No! I have to be cool with my friends!”, Macy kind of cried out before taking a couple deep swigs. Coughed. Passed the bottle down the line. “I did drugs, Hilda. I-I had a tooth in my hand... I think I still taste ear.”

“Shit, you saw that thing and remembered the other. Crap.”

“I think you are pretty cool, Frau Wright. Faught gud. And zhis is nothing worse than when me and mine Bruder did we when to Amsterdam. You punch well... But if you insist. Ah, Aubrey? Maybe not too much for you?”

“I-I’m fine. The floor is still kind of cold, even with the blankets but this is nice... and all of you saw him, right? Hat-Man? He’s been helping me since my 1st year! Only appeared when I was alone before, people didn’t believe me when I said he was real! Stopped guys when they gave me shit, gave me examples of essays... thank you, Hat-Man!”, and Aubrey passes the bottle back towards the center of all of you, towards you and Emmy. Tries to do the Nazi salute which you stop. Made her settle on what appears to be an American Girl Scout one.

You... you poured some of the shitty booze down your throat, passed the bottle to your twin while tearing up some. Travis... had he really been helping his old friend out for that long? Even hating himself, thinking Aubrey was plotting his downfall? Still? Looked after her like that? H-he was a good guy. It might be just coming down from the coke or the extra booze, or just how warm it was with all the other girls when close like this but... you couldn’t help it...

“You are a good guy, Hat-Man!”

“Ja, zhe Hat-Man!”

“Go, Tra-Hat-Man. Have sex with her! Frick her hard and long!”

“Go, Hat-Man, go... can I have another drink...”

“Don’t think Hilda is that greedy, Macy. Probably can.”

And after a couple dozen minutes of chatting, probably too loudly if not for the Quieting Charms... the bottle was gone. You had your shirt off, as did Macy, who was now passed out in your lap. Hilda and Emmy had curled up into one another. And Aubrey had pushed herself into you tightly, arms around you and your little sis to keep you warm, quilt pulled in tight and her shorts down some.

“Th-thank you. Maaacy. Jeenn. Thank you. Cool. You are so cool... even if you are kind of gayyyy.”

“Ohhhh, screw you. Who wanted my hand between their le-legs just now?”

“Took one for the team. So you don’t corrupt Macy even more... but keep it there pleaseeeees. Feels good.”

“Sure... you are warm, Aubrey.”

“Is she better-better than me, Jenn...”

“Equally good. Both great. Come a bit further up MayMay... your chest is so cute... Aubrey? Closer in and, fuck, Emmy. EMMY! Wake up for a second! Bring Hilda closer, damn it!”

“Ah? Kay. Get up here Hilda.”, Emmy slurred out while pulling the pretty, long haired girl close to the center of your sloppy witch knot.

“You all... very gay.”, the long-haired German girl called out, softly, while she got pulled in closer... And, yeah this was, in fact, pretty gay. But screw it. They were all cute.

“Right here with us, Frauline.”

“Not... gay. I’m European...”

“So are we?”

“British. Not zhe zame...”

“Whatever... same difference. And we are French on mom’s side!”

“Even vvorse... zurender monkeys or you do zhe Terror... crazy people. I know Germany had zhe man with a mustache, Grindlevald but...”

“Hey! The French helped America become America! And omelets are good... but, Hilda? He did nothing wrong... Will show you my collection of stuff, on vacation, before school starts again. You’ll come hang out, right? Can I l-oh crap dizzy.... A kiss. Can I have a kiss?”

“For all you zay about the gays, you are very queer... and ja. I like your little lake. And ja, a little one. Will come see you. Iz just a week but? I like my new friends. Even the crazy, Nazi one. Would miss you. Need a ride though.”

“I can come pick you up on Jackson!”

“I would prefer not to die as a virgin, at zhe least.”

“We are probably going home for a bit b-but we can drive you to Aubrey’s! Teach you to drive some as well! Hilllda...”, your twin says in a slow voice before Aubrey chimes back in after giving the German girl a kiss, a bit more than a peck, right on her lips which Hilda seemed to enjoy pretty well. Pretty well considering Aubrey kind of scared her at any rate...

“Not crazy Hilda; Hat-Man is real and I was born like 70 years too late and in the wrong country to be one of those. But, gayyy? I don’t care if they are a good person! I like dudes mostly but... I like my friends too... and Dumbledore was gay... and...”

“And shut up, Aubrey! You will never tell mine Bruder of this, the kissing, vvill help him with zee cute Snake-person! Horned Serpent girl he has been talking to! Get him a date! But? Come back here, now. You are... insane. Mad. But a gud Mädchen, zo? Here. On zhe lips again? Iz okay. For now... unless you are

much richer than have said, won't work out though. And... I do want many little girls and boys... lot of children. But... a little is fine, with a girl."

"That... that is okay. Hilda... we can always just practice some, for the great husband you will find! Just... mmmhmp...mhmp, mhhhhmp. You taste good, really good... let me be a bride's maid? Please? I'll leave Theodore in the hotel room."

"You better."

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The next morning is... awkward to say the least. Not from the pile of partially clothed girls, really. More from that when there was a knock on your door that you had answered to the slightly younger caller with no shirt on and just stood there, hung over while she stammered out that a boy with a German accent was asking for his sister outside, that the Head Boy needed to see you, and to see if you knew where one of the Thunderbird Prefects was at. You... you honestly just shut the door in the nervous third year girl's face. Kind of a bitch move but Mini-Me had started stirring, you needed a shower and breakfast while there were a couple of small light-colored stains on your shorts.

Went back to the pile of slightly gay witches you had collected and began to rouse them some. It... you didn't need your Seer Powers to tell. This was going to be a long day.