

Harry woke on Friday morning feeling uncertain. He didn't know whether to expect the "new" Lily or the "old" one, and the return of James loomed ever nearer.

As it was, Lily was definitely in a prudish and conservative mood. So Harry was careful to be on his best behavior. He didn't say or do the slightest thing that could be construed as sexually provocative.

But that same morning, Rose soon found herself with a very big problem. She had continued to go without bras and panties, and dressed as scantily as Lily would allow. She was having so much fun with Harry that she didn't want it to end. That morning she had put on her cheerleader uniform because there was a big quidditch game Friday afternoon, and the cheerleaders wore their uniforms all day long on game days to help build school spirit.

At breakfast, she had tried to flash him a view of her pussy under her very short, red cheerleader skirt. The danger of getting caught by her newly stern mother as she cooked breakfast was severe, but that just added to the challenge and the excitement. She did manage to catch Harry's eye with her stunt, and succeeded in getting some reaction out of him, despite his glum face.

But the underwear cabinet next to the front door was now gone in anticipation of their father coming back, so when she left she forgot to put her panties back on.

It wasn't until she was just about to enter the school building for her first class when she felt a breeze between her legs and realized, Oh God! I don't have any panties on under my cheerleader skirt!

She immediately snapped her legs shut, and wondered in fear if anyone had noticed. She looked around and decided that no one had, as she'd just stepped out of her mother's car a few minutes earlier. She decided she had no choice but to go to her first class, and meanwhile try to figure out what to do.

She remained hyper-aware of her condition, and kept her legs tightly closed until the class ended. Then she hurried through the halls in search of her brother.

She figured, Harry's the only one I can tell this problem to. And he has to find a solution, because I can't think of anything. What am I supposed to do, just ask a friend if I can wear her panties? No way, and no one would agree to that anyways!

She found him near the end of the break period, and they quickly made plans to meet again in a quiet place after the end of the next class.

An hour later, she immediately ran up to him and said, "Brother, I've got a big problem! I forgot to wear panties today. And I have cheerleader practice for my last class today, and then we go cheer for the big football game after quidditch! What am I going to do?"

"Why did you forget something like that?" he asked. "Never mind about that, there's no time!"

They quickly ruled out possibilities. The school had fences all around it, and no one was allowed to leave the school grounds for lunch. Even if one could escape, there was nowhere to go nearby to buy a pair of panties, as the school was in the middle of very residential

area. They were talking about maybe having her finding some way to fake a sickness and skip out of school when they both had to hurry back to class.

At the next class break, they continued the discussion from where they left off.

Harry immediately said, "I've been thinking, and I have a crazy idea that just might allow you to attend the game. But it's really crazy. I'm sure you'll say no."

"What is it? I'm ready for anything."

"This sounds weird, but what if we painted a pair of panties on? All the cheerleaders wear black undies. I could get some black paint from art class and paint you during lunch. It's quick-drying."

Rose thought about it. She wasn't big on the idea, but it sounded like something really kinky she could do with her brother. Brother would have to get really up close and personal with my naked pussy to do the painting, heh-heh. But what if I get caught? I'll be made a laughingstock!

"What about, you know, my hair down there?" she asked.

"Luckily, your hair is almost black, and the cheerleader underwear is black. And you keep it closely trimmed. That's why I was thinking it just might work. If worse comes to worse, we could shave that off. But you never know. Do you have to do a lot of kicks and stuff like that? I wouldn't worry about the game, 'cos you'll be at least fifty feet from the stands. More like a hundred from where most everyone sits. It's the practice in your last class that you should worry about."

She couldn't resist a tease. She leaned against him and asked: "How do you know my hair down there is almost black? Have you been peeking?"

She teased some more, "How do you know then that I keep it closely trimmed? It sounds like you're intimately familiar with the appearance of my pussy."

Harry tried his best to remain businesslike and ignored the teasing. "You've been flashing it enough! Anyways, if we do this, I'm going to have to get a lot more familiar with it, if I'm going to paint you. We have to be quick: do you want to do this or not?"

She quickly considered the plusses and minuses. Finally she said, "This could be the biggest mistake of my life, but I'll do it. Anything for you, Big Brother!"

"For me?" he asked quizzically. "I'm doing this to help YOU. In any case, meet me at the start of lunch in the north end of the hallway, upstairs. There's a supply closet we can use there. But hurry. We'll have to use every minute of lunch, and there'll be no time to eat, I'm afraid. If it doesn't work, or if someone starts to suspect, I'll just announce that you're sick, and help you get back home."

So they ran off back to class. Harry was able to secure the black paint and brushes from his art classroom during his next break.

Now he just had to get through Ms. Bathsheda's class. Again, Harry gave her the impression of being distracted, but for once it wasn't because of sex. He was thinking about the logistics of the paint job and the odds of the idea succeeding.

Brother and sister both breathlessly ran to the supply closet at the end of fourth period. Rose of course ran with her hands on the front and back of her groin region, to make sure her very short skirt didn't go flying up. Her skirt only extended about two inches below her pussy.