

Chapter 9

"You seem different today," Hermione said at breakfast.

"Really?" Harry asked.

"You look more... I don't know, confident, comfortable?" she said, tilting her head as she eyed him.

"Comfortable?" he asked curiously.

Hermione nodded, set her spoon down, and folded her arms on the table.

"Comfortable with yourself," Hermione elaborated. "I thought you'd be more nervous about the ball."

"Nah, it's just dancing, right?" Harry said with a smile.

Nodding, her bushy hair bounced around her head, and she continued to look at him curiously.

"What about you?" Harry asked. "Are you nervous?"

"A little," Hermione admitted quietly. "I'm more worried about not being asked than the ball itself."

"Trust me, you'll get asked," Harry said with a confident smile, then continued quickly. "Is there anyone in particular you want to ask you?"

Hermione picked up her spoon and stared down at her bowl of cereal as she played with it.

“There’s one or two I’m hoping will ask,” she said softly.

“Really? Who?” Harry asked, genuinely curious.

Hermione looked at him oddly for a moment, and just when he thought she might give him an answer, Ron arrived and dropped heavily onto the bench next to her. Looking startled, her cheeks turned a light pink as she looked away. Harry wondered why she’d reacted that way. He knew she was aware that Ron fancied her, but he also knew she didn’t return those feelings, so none of that would explain her blush.

Maybe he was just overthinking it, Harry decided.

For the rest of breakfast, they turned back to much more familiar topics. Now that he knew what to look for, he was sure he spotted Ron giving their friend a speculative glance when Dumbledore officially announced the ball. For some reason, that bothered Harry more than he thought it would, and not just because he agreed with Hermione that she and Ron dating could only end in disaster.

“Hey, Ron,” Harry said in a harsh whisper.

Biting into a sausage, Ron looked up at him curiously.

“I heard Lavender say she was hoping you would ask her to the ball,” Harry told him quietly.

Hermione looked at him suspiciously, no doubt because she knew he was making it up. Ron failed to notice her reaction though, his eyes going wide as he glanced over at the busty, bubbly blonde a short way down the table.

“Really?” Ron whispered back excitedly.

“Yeah, you should go ask her before someone else does,” Harry told him quietly. “I think Seamus was planning on asking her, too.”

Ron glanced over at Lavender again, but this time she caught him looking. The redhead blushed when she whispered to Parvati and the two girls giggled loudly.

“Harry’s right,” Hermione added. “You should ask her.”

Still looking at Lavender, Ron stood jerkily and took a deep breath, puffing up his chest. With nervous, stumbling steps, as if he’d forgotten how big his feet were, Ron walked over to the pretty blonde and tapped her on the shoulder.

“You know he’s going to be devastated if she says no,” Hermione said.

Harry didn’t respond and continued watching Ron fumble over his words with bright red ears, knowing she was right. Quite honestly, he wasn’t sure what had come over him, he just felt like he needed to get Ron’s mind off Hermione. It was a pretty stupid way to go about it, especially when he knew Ron wouldn’t work up the courage to ask Hermione to the ball anyways.

Thankfully, it looked like Lavender agreed to go to the ball with Ron. With a goofy grin, the redhead walked back over and sat down next to Hermione.

“She said yes?” Harry asked.

“Yup,” Ron answered proud, smug smile. “Just had to give her a bit of the ol’ Weasley charm.”

Hermione snorted and rolled her eyes, “Staring at her chest isn’t charm.”

Ron's ears went red again, and he narrowed his eyes at Hermione.

"You're just jealous," he said.

Hermione glared at him and straightened up indignantly.

"Hermione, can you help me with my Charms project?" Harry asked quickly, before she could retort.

The last thing he wanted was to listen to another row between his friends this early in the morning.

"Why would you want to do homework on Christmas?" Ron asked with a look of disgust.

"Well I, for one, am glad Harry's taking his studies seriously," Hermione said. "Especially since we still don't know who put his name in the Goblet of Fire. What do you need help with, Harry?"

"Well, I know we're supposed to be doing a simple enchantment, but I had a better idea I was thinking about trying," Harry said. "Could you take a look at it?"

He was actually telling the truth. With all the extra time his hands, and the conversations he's been having with Professor Flitwick, Harry had started thinking more about Enchanting. The more he got into it, the more fun he had creating new things. It had become something of a hobby over the last several weeks for him to come up with and test out new ideas.

"Sure," Hermione said. "We can go now, I wanted to look up a few things in the library anyway."

"Mental, both of you," Ron said shaking his head.

“Yeah, let’s go,” Harry said before Ron unknowingly started another argument.

Hermione gave Ron a superior look and lifted her nose in the air as she stood and made her way towards the Entrance Hall. Saying goodbye to Ron, who had gone back to not so subtly checking out Lavender, Harry followed her out of the Great Hall, amused by her antics.

“So, what’s this idea of yours?” Hermione asked as they started up the stairs.

“Well, I was reading through a book on Enchanting when I came across something called a Shield Ring,” Harry told her. “Basically, it’s just a ring that allows you to cast a powerful shield without a wand. I thought it might come in handy, considering I’m... well, me.”

“That sounds pretty complicated,” Hermione said, nibbling on her bottom lip. “Something like that would probably need the right materials to channel the magic, Runes to anchor the spell, and possibly even some sort of conductor.”

“I know where to get everything, I just need you to double check how I layered the Enchantments and help me with the Runes. I’m still trying to get the hang of those,” Harry told her.

“When did you start learning Runes?” Hermione asked in surprise.

“I just started looking at them for this project,” Harry said with a shrug and an inward smile.

“I’m really glad you’re starting to take your studies seriously,” Hermione told him with a smile. “I know you’re under a lot of pressure from the tournament, but you never know when something like this can help you. Who knows, maybe there’ll be a task where you need to know Enchanting, or Runes.”

"Maybe," Harry said. "Honestly, I've just been having fun figuring out how to make things with magic."

"Just because it's for school doesn't mean it can't be fun," Hermione said.

"I guess," Harry said, before giving her a mischievous grin. "Just don't expect me to spend as much time reading as you do, I *do* still have to tournament to worry about. I mean, I could be killed. Or worse, *expelled*."

Hermione huffed and bumped his shoulder with hers, sending him stumbling to the side slightly. Grinning, Harry bumped her back lightly and her face cracked into a smile before she laughed prettily.

Reaching the Gryffindor common room, they stepped through the portrait and headed up to the fourth-year boys' dorm. Harry peaked in first, making sure the coast was clear before opening the door all the way. Hermione followed him inside and walked over to sit down on his bed. Sliding his hand under his pillow, Harry pulled out his journal and flipped through it until he found the diagram he was looking for.

"Here," Harry said, pointing to a page with notes scrawled all over, "this one."

"Wow, Harry. This is really impressive," Hermione said, sounding genuinely impressed.

"Thanks," he said modestly.

"Your runes are a bit off though," she told him, chewing her bottom lip in thought. "This one does mean protection, but not in the sense you want, and this is the wrong anchor. It should look more like this."

Pulling a quill out of her pocket, Hermione crossed out his old Runes and wrote new ones. Most notably, the protection Rune she used looked exactly like his scar. Unconsciously, Harry ran his

fingers over the hard, raised skin as Hermione finished her corrections. Of course, she just happened to have a quill on her, he thought.

“That *should* work,” Hermione muttered.

“Should?” Harry asked.

“Well, we won’t know for sure until we try it,” she told him. “I want to check the order you have the spells in too, do you have your Charms book?”

“Yeah,” Harry said.

Hopping off the bed, he walked over to his trunk and started digging through it for his books. Being Christmas break, his schoolbooks had become buried under a mess of clothes and other, less academic books, like *Quidditch Through the Ages*. While he was looking for his textbook, he failed to notice Hermione flipping through his journal. Slowly, her eyes widened, and a blush stained her cheeks as she read some of the more personal details Harry had written about.

“Ha!” Harry cried out triumphantly, then frozen when he noticed the look Hermione was giving him.

“Harry, what is this?” she asked. “Is this true?”

Sighing, he knew there would be little point in hiding anything from her now.

“Yeah,” he said quietly.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” she asked, sounding hurt.

"I have, several times," he told her truthfully. "You just don't remember it, no one does."

"Oh," Hermione said softly, glancing back down at the leather-bound book in her hands. "How long have you been reliving Christmas?"

Sitting down on the bed, Harry sat back against his pillows as Hermione watched him carefully. He really didn't want to talk about this now. It didn't seem like there was any point. There was nothing either of them could do about it right now.

"About three months," he told her.

"Months!" she gasped.

"Yeah," Harry shrugged. "I've been trying to figure it out with you, Dumbledore, Flitwick-no one knows what's happening. No one even knew this was possible."

"You can't just give up!" Hermione admonished him.

"I'm not," Harry assured her. "I'm still looking for answers, but there's nothing to go on."

Hermione bit her lip, giving him a sad look before glancing down at the journal again.

"What-what about the dates you wrote about?" she asked hesitantly. "Are those true?"

Harry looked down and stared at his hands out of embarrassment, and perhaps a bit of shame. He'd written in pretty graphic detail about some of his more memorable dates. He'd done it, not just as a way to help him remember, but also as a way to get things off his chest. It wasn't like he could really talk to someone about something they didn't remember happening.

“Yeah,” Harry admitted.

“That’s why you seemed so different today,” Hermione said in realization. “You are different. But-why date so many different girls?”

“It’s kind of hard to build a relationship when don’t remember anything,” Harry told her. “It’s easier to start new ones.”

“Oh,” Hermione said softly. “I guess that would make things difficult.”

“You’re not... disappointed?” Harry asked, still staring at his hands.

“Oh, Harry,” Hermione said.

Scooting closer to him, she placed her hand on his shoulder.

“Of course, I’m not disappointed in you,” she told him. “I can’t imagine how difficult this must be for you. It’s all just a bit shocking.”

Harry let out a breath he didn’t even know he was holding. Hermione’s opinion had always meant a lot to him, and even though she wouldn’t remember any of this, he would. Knowing that she didn’t think any less of him was a huge relief, and something he hadn’t even realized until this moment that he was worried about.

“So, who do you like going to the ball with the most?” Hermione asked suddenly.

Harry looked up and blinked at her, nonplussed by the question.

“Er, well, I really like going with Katie, and Suzette is great,”

“Suzette?” Hermione asked.

“She’s from Beauxbatons, and a Legilimens,” Harry explained and then continued when he saw her eyes light up in recognition of the term.

Of course, she would know, Harry thought affectionately.

“Since she can read my mind, it makes it easier to talk to her,” Harry continued. “Susan was great, and Daphne. Honestly, I like all the girls I’ve gone to the ball with. I don’t think I could pick just one. Maybe when I can stop whatever this is, I can figure it out.”

“You know, as bad as this might seem, I think this could be really good for you,” Hermione said.

“You’ve said that before,” Harry told her with a smile.

“Great minds think alike,” she joked.

Chuckling, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her into a sideways hug.

“I really wish you could remember everything,” Harry said softly.

Hermione rested her head on his shoulder while hugging his arm.

“Me too,” she replied just as quietly.

They sat in that position for a couple of minutes in companionable silence.

“Well, I may not remember everything, but you know you can always come to me, right?” Hermione asked.

“I know,” Harry said, looking at her with a grateful smile.

“Do you still want to work on your project?” Hermione asked. “Or we could go to the library and see what they have on time travel.”

“We’ve already looked, including the Restricted Section,” Harry told her. “Let’s work on the project, I could use a distraction.”

Hermione sighed, clearly not happy with his answer, although she didn’t argue. He could understand her desire to try and solve the puzzle of what was happening, but he had spent weeks looking for an answer and could use a break. He doubted they would find any answers in the library anyways.

Climbing off the bed, they headed out of the common room and down the hall.

“Where are we going?” Hermione asked when he started heading up instead of down.

“There’s a room on the seventh floor I want to show you,” Harry said with a grin.

Hermione looked at him curiously but didn’t question him as he upwards. Looking over at his best friend, Harry wiped his sweaty palms on his jeans while working up the courage for what he was going to do next.

“You know, there’s one girl I really want to take to the ball, but I still haven’t been able to work up the courage to ask her,” he said.

“Really?” Hermione asked curiously. “But why? They won’t remember any of it, so what does it matter if they turn you down.”

“It’s a bit... intimidating,” Harry said. “I keep thinking about what would happen if I messed up and then things suddenly went back to normal.”

Oh,” Hermione said, her eyes lighting up. “Honestly, I don’t know what you boys see in her, but you should just ask her.”

Harry looked at her questioningly and tilted his head to the side.

“What?” he asked.

“You’re talking about Fleur, aren’t you?” she asked, her face revealing her dislike of the French Champion. “Just ask her. If she says no, then she’s not worth worrying about.”

“I’m not talking about Fleur,” Harry told her.

“Oh,” Hermione said again, this time in surprise. “I saw you mention her in your journal, I just thought...”

“I’ve thought about it,” Harry admitted. “Suzette’s told me a lot about her and why she acts the way she does, but I want to try and get to know her a bit better myself first. Hold on a second.”

They had reached the Room of Requirement. Motioning for Hermione to stay where she was, Harry paced back and forth in front of the wall, asking for the Room of Hidden Things. Opening the door, he smiled as he watched Hermione’s mouth drop open as she looked at the towering piles of random materials and objects that seemed to go on for miles.

“Oh my god,” she gasped. “What is this?”

“This is the Room of Requirement, Dobby showed it to me,” Harry said.

He spent a couple of minutes explaining to her how the room worked, smiling at the light of fascination glowing in her warm brown eyes.

“This is incredible,” Hermione said. “Just imagine the history and secrets hiding in this room. We might be able to find something from the Founders in here.”

“Maybe,” Harry agreed. “But we’re here to find a ring. I remember seeing a pile of jewelry the last time I was in here.”

Slowly, they started walking through the narrow paths carved between piles of random junk. Hermione spun around as she walked, trying to look everywhere at once.

“So, if you didn’t mean Fleur, who were you talking about?” she asked after a couple of minutes.

Harry hesitated, starting to have second thoughts. Hermione noticed and stopped looking around to stare at him curiously. Swallowing thickly, he reached out and gently took her hand in his.

“I meant you,” he told her softly.

Hermione’s eyes widened and her mouth worked up and down silently several times.

“Me?” she squeaked.

“You must have thought about it,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair nervously.

“Well, of course I’ve thought about it,” Hermione said, then bit her lip nervously. “But are you sure this is a good idea? I mean, what happens if we break up? I don’t want to lose you.”

“I’ve thought about this a lot,” Harry told her, “Look, you’ve been my best friend for four years, and I don’t think anything can change that. Sure, things might be a bit weird if it doesn’t work out, but I don’t think that’ll stop us from being friends. Besides, I’ll probably have hundreds of chances to get things right before you remember anything.”

Hermione snorted at his weak joke and then stared down at their still linked hands, biting her lip thoughtfully. It was something he’d noticed she did a lot of whenever she thought about something serious, and he found it incredibly cute.

“I really wish there was a way I could go back in time with you,” she said softly.

“Me too,” Harry said, repeating his words from earlier, this time with a very different feeling behind them.

“If-“ Hermione began, stopping suddenly to gather her thoughts. “Just promise me that we’ll still be friends no matter what happens.”

“I promise,” Harry said with a grin. “Does that mean you’ll go to the ball with me?”

“Yes, I’ll go to the ball with you,” Hermione said with a wide smile of her own.

His heart leaping excitedly, and with a beaming grin, Harry pulled Hermione to him and hugged her tightly. As soon as she wrapped her arms around him, he picked her up and spun her around in a circle while she let out a surprised squeal. Setting Hermione back down on her feet, their faces just inches apart, Harry reached out and brushed a stray lock of curly hair back behind her ear.

Their faces slowly drifted closer, and he saw her glance down at his lips before looking back up at his eyes. Tilting his head slightly to the side, he watched her eyes slowly drift closed, and she stopped moving forward when their lips were just a hair's breadth apart. Shutting his own eyes, Harry felt Hermione let out a nervous, shuddering breath that washed over his face. Closing the last remaining distance between them, he brushed his lips across hers.

Hermione sucked in a sharp breath through her nose and Harry felt excitement course through his veins, even from that brief kiss. Pulling her against him even tighter, he kissed her again, this time much more firmly. Hermione moaned into his mouth and threaded her fingers through the hair at the back of his head, while Harry's hands moved down to rest just above her bum.

When they pulled apart a long moment later, they kept their foreheads touching lightly. Harry opened his eyes just before Hermione, and when their eyes connected, both of them gave the other a wide, happy grin. Leaning forward, he kissed her briefly one more time.

"Come on," he said, tugging on her hand.

Harry linked his fingers with Hermione's and led her deeper into the Room of Requirement. It took them over an hour to find a ring that would work for his project and leave the room. Mostly, that was because he couldn't keep his hands off Hermione. Harry constantly pulled her to the side to snog her as often as he could. From her smiles and giggles each time he did, he didn't think Hermione minded all that much.

Leaving the Room of Requirement, they made their way to a dark corner of the library. This calmed them down, and they actually managed to get some work done. They didn't get the Shield Ring to work, but Harry had a much better idea of what he needed to do.

Just before they were about to leave, he noticed Viktor Krum watching Hermione closely for behind a bookcase. Not looking at the Bulgarian, Harry wrapped his arm around Hermione and kissed her on the cheek, making it clear they were together.

Not this time, Krum, Harry thought as he watched him walk away out of the corner of his eye. He didn't know if Hermione noticed her admirer, but she still looked pleased at Harry's attention.

Eventually, they went down to the Great Hall for lunch. After they ate, Hermione went back to her dorm to start getting ready for the ball. Harry, feeling bold, kissed her firmly in front of everyone just before she left. Hermione blushed at the loud cheers they received from the Weasley twins and a few others, but she still smiled brightly.

"Something wrong, Ronnie?" Lavender asked, giving her gawping date a piercing look. "You're not interested in Hermione, are you?"

"What? Uh, no, of course not," Ron said quickly.

Lavender eyed him for a moment longer before nodding. Harry just hoped Ron would let it go for now and let him enjoy the day. Surprisingly, it seemed as though that was exactly what Ron intended to do. Even as Harry helped Ron modify his robes later, he never mentioned Hermione.

Finally, it was time for the ball and Harry waited in the Entrance Hall with the other Champions for their dates. He'd seen Hermione in her dress numerous times, but because he knew she was dressed up for him, it made her look all the more stunning as she made her way down the grand staircase.

"You look incredible," Harry told her.

"Thanks," she replied with a light blush. "You clean up nice yourself."

Harry smiled and took her hand in his as they waited for the doors to open. Glancing over, he noticed that Krum was taking Millicent Bulstrode to the ball. That was a bit of a surprise, as Harry had seen many other girls chasing after the famous seeker for a date.

Soon, the doors opened, and the Champions entered with Harry once again at the tail end. As always, a lot of his classmates whispered in surprise when they saw just how attractive Hermione could be when she tried. Harry couldn't help but feel a bit smug as he noticed the dropped jaws and lecherous stares.

"I bet most of them are wishing they were me right now," Harry whispered, causing Hermione to blush and smack his arm.

The teasing smile stayed on his face as he pulled out her chair at their dinner table. This time, Harry made sure not to sit next to Percy, having no interest in hearing about his promotion yet again.

As they ate, Harry and Hermione fell into a comfortable, familiar conversation. It was amazing to him just how right the evening felt, although he'd had similar thoughts about Katie, Susan, Suzette, and Daphne after getting to know each of them better.

After the opening waltz, the two of them spent most of the night happily out on the dance floor. Surprisingly, Lavender had managed to convince Ron to dance with her, and they spotted the couple several times throughout the evening. As the night wound down, Harry realized that he'd never seen Hermione look as happy as she did that night. Her eyes were bright, she laughed readily, and her smile never seemed to leave her face for long.

The crowd of students began to thin, as students headed back to their dorms with some couples sneaking off to broom cupboards. Harry took the chance to pull Hermione off to the side.

"Do you want to go for a walk?" he asked.

"Sure," Hermione said happily.

Harry led her out into the Entrance Hall and then turned towards the Transfiguration Courtyard, but Hermione stopped him and pulled him towards the stairs. Using the short cuts he'd shown

her over the years, she quickly led him up to the seventh floor. Pacing back and forth in front of the bare stretch of wall, Hermione summoned the Room of Requirement.

Harry paused as he followed her in. There was only one piece of furniture, a large, four poster bed covered in Gryffindor colors. Above their heads, dozens of candles floated in the air, bathing the room in the warm glow of the candlelight. The one other thing of note was a fire that crackled merrily in the grate and kept the room pleasantly warm.

Hermione turned to face him, looking down nervously while she unnecessarily smoothed out her dress. Walking up to her, Harry pulled her close and kissed the top of her head.

“Are you sure about this?” he asked softly.

“I’m sure,” Hermione said, even as she trembled lightly with her face buried in his chest. “I-I love you. I have since first year. I just keep thinking that if I don’t do this tonight, there might not be a tomorrow for me. For us... I know I’m not as experienced as most of the girls you’ve been with-“

“You don’t need to be,” Harry told her softly but firmly. “You don’t need to compare yourself to anyone else. I don’t want them, I want you.”

Grabbing her shoulder, Harry pushed her back slightly and then lifted her chin, so she was looking up at him. Meeting her nervous gaze, he bent down and kissed her gently.

“I love you, too,” he said when he pulled back.

Hermione gave him a beaming, watery smile, and pulled him down for another kiss. As the kiss grew deeper, their tongues dancing between their lips, Harry let his hands slide down to cup her bum. Squeezing lightly, he pulled her firmly against him, his rapidly hardening erection grinding against her thigh. Hermione moaned into his mouth as her nails raked lightly across his scalp.

Suddenly, she pulled back, her face flushed a delicate pink as she panted lightly. Turning around slowly, Hermione lifted her hair out of the way. Taking a deep, trembling breath, Harry reached up and slowly pulled down the zipper of her dress. Inch by inch, it split open to reveal her smooth, pale skin and the clasp of her red bra until it stopped at the small of her back.

He saw Hermione shoulders rise and fall as she took a deep breath, and then let the dress fall to the floor. Harry's eyes trailed up her long, toned legs and over her thick bum, barely covered by her lace panties. Slowly, hesitantly, Hermione turned to face him, her hands fidgeting at her sides. His gaze followed the expanse of her thin stomach and up to her full, high breasts, the tops bulging slightly out of the tight cups of her bra.

Harry swallowed thickly as he throbbed in his pants. Meeting her eyes, he placed his hands on her bare waist and pulled her close.

"You're perfect," he told her softly.

"No, I'm not," Hermione said, staring at his chest while her arms rested on his shoulders.

"You are to me," Harry said.

As soon as she looked up at him, Harry kissed her hungrily. Sliding his hands down the smooth skin of her back, he cupped her bum and lifted her up. Hermione gasped against his lips and wrapped her legs around him as he carried her over to the bed. When he sat her down at the foot of the mattress, Harry stroked her cheek before stepping back.

Tossing his robe aside, he undid his tie and began undoing the buttons of his shirt. Hermione bit her lip, staring at his chest as his shirt hit the floor. Next, Harry worked on his pants, pulling them down and revealing the massive, straining bulge in his boxers. Just as he reached for the waistband, Hermione surprised him by sinking to her knees.

Glancing up at him nervously, she reached out with shaking hands and gently pulled down his boxers. Harry's rigid length sprang forth, causing her to suck in a sharp breath. As he stepped out of his boxers, Hermione reached up and gently wrapped her long, thin fingers around his

hot shaft. He hissed through his teeth and his cock pulsed in her hand, an electric like thrill shooting up his spine.

With slow, hesitant movements, Hermione began stroking his length. Shifting closer, she looked up at him again with her lips just inches away from his swollen head. Panting with excitement, Harry stroked her cheek, willing her in his mind to keep going. As if she could read his mind, Hermione turned her gaze back to the pillar of flesh in her hand. She inched closer, her warm breath washing over his sensitive glans. He nearly groaned out loud as she paused to lick her full, pink lips. Just as he began to wonder if she knew how much she was teasing him, she leaned forward and kissed his tip.

Harry's pulse leapt at the contact, causing his cock to swell and jump in her light grip. Gazing up at him, Hermione opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around his tip, not quite taking in the whole head. Groaning at the feeling, Harry couldn't stop himself from bucking forward slightly. That seemed to encourage her, because she opened her mouth wider and took more of him between her lips.

"Merlin, Hermione," Harry gasped.

Bobbing her head slowly, Hermione began exploring his length with her tongue and experimenting with how she sucked. Everything she did with her hot mouth felt incredible to Harry. With each pant, hiss, and groan he let out, Hermione's confidence grew. It didn't take long for her to find a rhythm. Dragging her lips up and down the top half of his length, she sucked hard on the way up, then slathered him with her tongue on the way back down.

Hermione stared up at him, watching his reactions to see what worked and what didn't. There was a look in her eyes, almost like a playfulness, that he'd never seen before. They seemed to sparkle as she bobbed her head faster and undulated her tongue along the underside of his thick shaft.

"I'm close," Harry panted.

Hermione paused for a moment, looking unsure, and causing Harry to groan in disappointment. Keeping her lips wrapped around his engorged head, she bobbed back and forth in short, fast movement, while her hand suddenly stroked him rapidly. Harry grunted from the abrupt increase in her pace as he raced towards his peak.

“Hermione,” he groaned, giving her one last warning.

Harry couldn't hold back any longer. He came with a grunt, and Hermione flinched as the first burst of cum hit the roof of her mouth. Closing his eyes, he felt her catch the rest of his explosive climax on her tongue as he shook. She'd stopped moving entirely, so Harry grabbed her hand and moved it for her until she picked up on what he wanted and did it on her own.

When his peak waned, Harry slumped slightly, drained from the incredible release. Hermione chose that moment to suck hard on his hypersensitive glans, drawing a gasp from his lips as he shivered from the pleasurable agony. Unable to take the overwhelming sensation, he pulled out of her mouth.

Panting, he looked down at Hermione. She had a curious look on her face as she swallowed, and his cock throbbed back to life at the sight. Smiling, he held out his hand and helped her to her feet.

“That was a lot more fun than I thought it'd be,” she admitted.

Harry chuckled, followed by Hermione as she let out her own laugh. Wrapping his arms around her, he pulled her close and kissed her tenderly on the lips.

“Did I do okay?” she asked.

“You were brilliant,” Harry told her.

Hermione blushed but gave him a pleased smile at the compliment.

“Now, it’s your turn,” he said with a grin.

Her eyes widened as he picked her up and sat her back down on the bed. Reaching behind her back, Harry felt for the clasp of her bra. Hermione bit her lip as he popped it open and slowly pulled the straps down her arms. Harry’s eyes immediately fell to her breasts as they came into view. Just the right size for his hands, they jutted perkily from her chest and were capped with soft, pink, Galleon sized areolas and small, stiff nipples.

Hermione gazed at him nervously, her hands fidgeting at her side as she struggled not to cover herself.

“You’re beautiful, Hermione,” he told her.

Leaning forward, he kissed her hungrily as his hands slid up from her hips to her chest. She moaned when he finally cupped her breasts, his thumb grazing her hard nipples. Crawling up onto the bed, Hermione scooted back until there was enough room for both of them to lie down. A groan left both of them as Harry pressed his weight onto her and his cock pressed against her thigh and damp panties.

Pulling away from her mouth, Harry trailed his lips down her chin and neck. Hermione moaned, threading her fingers through his hair as she tilted her head back. He continued his path down over her clavicle to her breasts. Cupping one in his hand, he kissed all the way around the other before taking her stiff nipple into his mouth.

“Harry,” Hermione moaned, arching her back.

Kissing his way back up to her lips, Harry laid down on his side and trailed his fingers down her tight stomach to the waistband of her panties. Slipping his hand under the fabric, he teased her bald mound before tracing along the outside of her smooth lips. Hermione bucked her hips and spread her legs for him.

Harry continued to tease her for a little longer before running the tip of his finger between her hot, damp folds. With a gasp, Hermione jerked her hips towards his fingers. Rubbing his finger up and down between her lips to coat it in her arousal, he dipped his finger into her entrance.

“Please don’t tease me, Harry,” Hermione said breathily.

Smiling, Harry slipped a second finger into her all the way up to the third knuckle. Hermione’s eyes fluttered closed as she groaned and rolled her hips against his hand. With two fingers buried in her hot, tight depths, Harry ground his palm against her clit. Hermione writhed on the bed under him, her eyes closed as she panted and moaned.

Suddenly, she pushed his hand away and nearly ripped off her panties. Lying back down, Hermione pulled him on top of her and spread her long, toned legs wide to wrap around his waist. Grabbing his cock, she placed him at her entrance and looked up at him, nervousness and lust warring in her eyes.

Kissing her briefly on the lips, Harry watched her face closely as he slowly eased into her. Both of them groaned as his cock stretched open her tight folds.

“More,” Hermione panted, her heels digging into his ass.

Kissing her again, Harry sank deeper into her. Hermione moaned into his mouth and pulled away from his lips to bury her face in the crook of his neck.

“You feel so good, Harry,” she whispered.

“So do you, love,” Harry told her.

Moving his hips back and forth gently, he sank deeper into her with each thrust. Sooner than he expected, Harry bottomed out inside of her. Closing his eyes, he savored the moment and the feeling of her tight, hot depths gripping his cock.

“Fuck me,” Hermione breathed into his ear.

His cock swelling at her pleading tone, Harry began rocking his hips, easing his length in and out of her tight grasp. Pushing himself up on his arms, he stared down at her, watching her face contort with pleasure as she gasped and moaned. Further down, he briefly watched her perky breasts jiggle on her chest, and then looked further down to see his cock, glistening with her arousal, sliding in and out of her taut lips.

“You’re so beautiful, Hermione,” he told her, leaning his weight on one arm to reach up and caress one of her breasts.

“Faster,” Hermione panted.

Grinning down at the wanton look of her face, Harry put his elbows on either side of her head and gave her what she wanted. Pulling almost halfway out, he drove his hips forward, filling her rapidly. Eyes nearly rolling into the back of her head, Hermione moaned lewdly and dug her nails into his shoulders.

Within moments, she started grunting with each thrust, her body shaking under him. Hermione’s nails dug sharply into his skin while her legs tightened around him. Realizing she was close, Harry moved faster, rolling his hips to grind his pelvis against her clit each time he bottomed out.

With a short, sharp cry, Hermione reached her peak. Her depths fluttered around his cock wildly as she held onto him for dear life. Harry pounded into her quickly, not only to extend her climax, but also in a desperate bid to reach his own.

Hermione gave another cry as he neared his end, whether from a second climax, or a continuation of the first, he wasn’t sure. Panting, Harry pinned her to the bed with his weight as he reached his peak. Grunting with each pulse of his cock, he rolled his hips and buried himself into Hermione as deep as possible as he filled her.

With a moan, she went limp under him and ran her fingers through his hair as his climax came to an end. After catching their breath, Harry rolled over onto his back and Hermione curled up at his side, her head resting on his chest. They lay like that for quite some time, until Harry heard a loud snuffle.

“Mione, what’s wrong,” he asked, suddenly worried she might regret what they’d done.

“I don’t want to forget this,” she told him tearfully.

“I’m sorry,” Harry said, not sure what else to say.

“It’s not your fault. I just wish we could stay like this,” Hermione said, then sighed. “Why do things like this always happen to you?”

“Just my luck, I guess,” Harry said. “Besides, if it hadn’t, I never would have taken you to the ball.”

“I guess you’re right,” she admitted.

“Do you want to go back to the dorm?” Harry asked after a few moments.

“No,” Hermione said. “Can we just stay here?”

“Of course,” Harry said, looking at her with an affectionate smile.

One moment, Harry was stroking Hermione’s back as she drifted off to sleep, the next, he was waking up back in Gryffindor Tower, alone.

“Damn it,” Harry growled, slamming his fist into the mattress.