

Moments of Harmony

Despite having one of the best summers of his life, staying at the Leaky Cauldron in Diagon Alley, Harry was excited to see it come to an end. Not only would he be going back to Hogwarts for his third year, but he would also get to see his best friends, Ron and Hermione, for the last day. In his excitement, Harry woke up incredibly early in the morning and waited anxiously for over an hour before Hermione and the Weasleys streamed out of the Floo.

“Harry!” Hermione exclaimed.

As Harry rose from his seat, she rushed over to him and threw her arms around him in a tight hug. Holding her in his arms, he realized just how much she had grown up over the summer. She was slightly taller, her normally frizzy hair was a bit more tame, falling in loose curls around her face, and he could feel her larger breasts flattening against his chest. Harry reluctantly let go of her when she pulled back and felt his stomach flutter as she smiled up at him.

“Wow, you look great, Hermione.” He blurted out quietly.

“Oh, um, thanks.” She muttered shyly, twirling a lock of her hair around her finger.

Harry smiled as her cheeks turned a light pink. She looked incredibly cut when she was embarrassed. Before he could say anything else however, Mrs. Weasley pulled him into a bone crushing hug before Ron clapped his shoulder and the twins shook his hand, congratulating him on another successful escape. Ginny blushed a deep red all the way up to her hair when he looked at her and hid behind Mr. Weasley. As they walked out into the alley to do their last minute school shopping, Harry felt his eyes continually being drawn to Hermione throughout the day.

“Harry. Harry. Harry!”

Harry's eyes shot open to find Hermione, Ron, and Neville kneeling in a circle around him as he laid on the floor of their compartment, worried looks on their faces.

"Ugh, what happened?" Harry groaned as he sat up.

"Those things came, and you fainted." Ron said, his face pale and sweaty. "It was horrible. It felt like I'd never be happy again."

"Are you alright, Harry?" Hermione asked, kneeling down next to him.

"I'm fine." Harry told her. "What were those things?"

"They are called Dementors." Came a deep male voice from the door to the compartment. "They're among the most vile creatures that exists in our world."

Harry looked passed Neville to see the shabby looking Professor Lupin standing in the doorway, a large bar of chocolate in his hands as he broke it into chunks.

"Here, eat this. It'll help." He said, handing out pieces of chocolate to everyone in the room. "Stay here and rest, I need to go speak with the driver."

Professor turned and left, closing the door behind him. Staring after him curiously, Harry took a bite of the chocolate absentmindedly and felt warmth returning to his body. The room was quiet for several long seconds as everyone climbed back into their seats and quickly devoured their chocolate. There was one thing still bothering Harry, though. The scream he heard just before he collapsed sounded hauntingly familiar, but he couldn't quite place it.

"Who screamed?" Harry asked into the silence.

Surprisingly, rather than answering, his friends all glanced at each other with concerned looks.

“Um, Harry, no one screamed.” Hermione told him delicately.

“You didn’t hear it?” He asked, tilting his head slightly, glancing at all of them as they shook their heads.

He turned to look out the window just as the train lurched into motion and quickly gained speed. With the rhythmic clacking of the tracks filling the compartment, Harry stared out of the window as he finally recalled where he heard that scream before. It was from his dreams, his nightmares as a child. He had all but forgotten about them over the years, thinking them nothing but the meaningless yet frightening dreams of a child. Now that he knew the truth about his parents, however, it all meant much, much more.

“Harry!” Hermione called out to him loudly.

Turning to look at her, he suddenly noticed that they were the only two left in the compartment.

“What?” He asked. “Where are Ron and Neville?”

“They left a couple of minutes ago to go check on Ginny.” She told him as she moved over to sit next to him with a concerned look. “Are you alright? I was calling your name for a while, but you just kept looking out the window.”

“I-” Harry started but stopped himself.

Normally he would just tell her he was fine, but this was something that weighed heavily on his mind.

“That scream I heard. I think it was my mother.” He admitted quietly.

“What do you mean?” She asked softly, taking his hand in hers.

“When I was a kid, I used to have these nightmares about a woman screaming and then a flash of green light.” He told in a quiet, distant voice as he stared out of the window. “I always thought it was a stupid nightmare, and I forgot about when I got to Hogwarts, but now that I know what really happened to my parents...”

“I’m so sorry, Harry.” Hermione said, rubbing his arm soothingly.

“She had a pretty voice.” He whispered quietly, his eyes swimming with unshed tears as he fought them back.

Hermione wrapped her arm around his and leaned her head against his shoulder, sitting while him silently. They stayed like that for several minutes until the conductor announced they were nearing Hogwarts. Hermione stepped out of the compartment while he changed and then Harry did the same for her. When she told him he could come back in, he entered, closing the door behind him, and stared at Hermione for a moment. She looked quite sexy in her school uniform as she tied her bushy hair back in a ponytail. Her white shirt looked a size too small for her now, stretched tight over her recently increased bust. As the buttons strained to hold the shirt together, he caught a glimpse of her powder blue bra in the gap between them.

“Hey, Hermione?” Harry asked.

“Yes?” She said, turning to look at him as she took a seat.

“Didn’t you get new uniforms this year?” He asked.

“Yeah, why?” She asked curiously.

“You might want to change into one of them.” He told her.

“Why? What's wrong with this one?” She asked, looking down at her shirt and smoothing it out.

Harry cleared his throat and covered his mouth to hide a smirk as he took a seat next to her.

“That shirts looking a bit tight.” He said.

Hermione looked down at her shirt again and then looked back at him in confusion when she didn't see anything wrong. Harry leaned closer to her.

“I can see your bra between the buttons.” He whispered into her ear.

Hermione's face went beat red and she pulled her robes tightly around her. Harry smiled at her and nudged her shoulder with his. She looked up at him, still blushing but smiled at.

“You know, you keep this up and you'll be giving Lavender a run for her money.” He said joking.

“Harry!” She scolded him, smacking his.

Harry chuckled at the cute, embarrassed look on her pretty face as the train slowed to a stop as Hogsmeade.

The year continued and Harry found himself more attracted, and more protective of Hermione as each day passed. He began to get seriously concerned about the number of classes she was taking and how tired she was starting to look. The last weekend of term was a Hogsmeade weekend, and Harry would once again be the only Third Year not allowed to go. Or, at least, that's what he thought. Just as the other students were leaving, Fred and George pulled him aside and gave him the Marauders Map. With it, he was easily able to sneak out of the castle and into the frost covered village of Hogsmeade. It only took him a couple of minutes to find

Ron and Hermione inside the very store the secret tunnel led to, Honeydukes. Sneaking up behind Hermione was difficult in the crowded store, but he was eventually able to get close enough to whisper into her ear.

“Hermione, it’s me.” He whispered harshly over the shatter in the store.

“Harry!” She whispered back, whipping around to looking for him wildly.

“I’m under the cloak.” He told her.

“You snuck out!” She whispered, aghast.

“Come on, what’s life without a little fun?” He asked.

“You better not get caught.” She hissed.

“I won’t. Now, grab some of those Fizzing Whizbee for me, would you?” He asked, slipping some Galleons into her pocket.

By the time she was done shopping for the both of them, she had two backs worth of candy. Once they left the shop, the three of them headed of the Three Broomsticks to warm up and get a Butterbeer. Sitting in a booth at the back of the pub, Harry was next to Hermione, while Ron sat across from them. Moments after Rosmerta delivered their drinks, Hermione, the brilliant witch that she was, managed to stealthily maneuver one of the Christmas trees to block the rest of the patrons from seeing them. Slipping his bottle of Butterbeer under the cloak, he took his first sip of the delicious drink and patted Hermione on the thigh in thanks. Seeing her jump in surprise, he lips lifted into a mischievous smile.

Resting his hand on her warm thigh, he rubbed his thumb over the fabric of her jeans. Hermione stuttered slightly in her conversation with Ron, but, surprisingly, she made no move to push away his hand. Moving his hand up and down, caressing her thigh, gradually moving

higher up her leg. Her cheeks went a light pink and she squirmed in her seat. Unfortunately, as with most things in Harry's life, with anything good, something bad is sure to follow. They went silent as Fudge, Hagrid, McGonagall, Flitwick, and Rosmerta began talking about Sirius Black, revealing that he was in fact his Godfather.

Under the invisibility cloak, Harry slipped out of the pub, wandering through the village aimlessly as thoughts churned in his mind. Eventually, he wasn't sure how, he ended up sitting on a bank just outside the Shrieking Shack, heedless to his own shivering in the freezing air. He wasn't quite sure how long he sat there until Hermione finally found him.

"Harry!" She called out, rushing over to him. "There you are. We've been looking all over for you."

"We?" He asked woodenly.

"Ron and I spilt up to look for you." She said, sitting down in the snow next to him. "Are you alright?"

"He betrayed them." He growled, his anger growing until it boiled over. "He was their *friend!*"

Hermione wrapped her arm around his shoulder to comfort him as he raged silently in his mind. It took several minutes before he calmed enough to relax into her.

"Thank you." He said quietly, turning to kiss the top of her head.

"Harry, I know you're really upset, but could you be upset inside?" She asked, giving him a small smile. "I'm freezing my bum off."

Harry chuckled and stood up, turning around to help her to her feet.

“Well, we can’t have that. It’s such a nice bum.” He told her with a smile.

“Harry!” She exclaimed laughingly.

Harry and Hermione raced through the halls, trying to get to Hagrid’s hut without being spotted.

“So, you’ve been going back in time all year, just so you can take more classes?” Harry asked incredulously.

“Yes.” She hissed.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” He asked.

“Professor McGonagall said I could only use it if I promised not to tell anyone, even you.” She said apologetically.

Before he could say anything else, they made it out of the castle and were forced to duck behind a pillar. In front of them, they rewatched Hermione punching Malfoy in the face with a solid right hook.

“Nice shot.” Harry said, impressed.

“Thanks.” She said proudly.

After they watched themselves and Ron run down to Hagrid’s hut, they quietly followed them, sticking to the edge of the forest to stay out of sight.

“Is that really what the back of my head looks like?” Hermione asked, trying to flatten her own hair.

“Those jeans make your bum look great though.” Harry commented with a smirk.

“Harry!” She exclaimed blushing.

Unfortunately, when she spun around to face him, she stepped on a stick, snapping it loudly. Harry grabbed her and pulled her back behind a tree, her back pressed against his front. After a few seconds, she spun slowly in his arms to face him. Staring in each other’s eyes, Harry had just had the thought about leaning down to kiss her when they heard a door to the hut was slammed shut, breaking the moment. When Hermione realized they weren’t leaving as Dumbledore, Fudge, and Macnair approached, she had the brilliant idea of hitting him in the back of the head with a rock.

“That really hurt you know.” He told her, rubbing the back of his head as he remembered the pain.

“Sorry.” She whispered

After rescuing Buckbeak, they followed themselves to the Shrieking shack, where they ended up waiting at the edge of the Forbidden Forest. He was forced to stand and watch uselessly as Lupin turned into a Werewolf, and Pettigrew escaped for a second time.

“AWOOOO!” Hermione called out loudly, cupping her hands around her mouth. “AWOOOO!”

“Hermione! What are you doing?” Harry hissed, pulling her hands away from her mouth.

“Saving your neck.” She said defiantly.

“Yes, but now where is Lupin going to go?” Harry asked sharply.

Hermione opened her mouth to retort, but snapped it shut as her eyes widened.

“I didn’t think of that.” She admitted, her face paling.

The snapping of branches and rustling of bushes confirmed his worst fears as the Werewolf charged through the brush towards them. Harry grabbed Hermione and put himself between her and the Werewolf, using his body as a shield and bracing himself for the attack. A sudden shriek pierced the air, followed by sounds of a scuffle. Turning around, he saw Buckbeak attacking the Werewolf, driving it off with a few well-placed swipes of his claws. Turning back to Hermione, he found her staring at him with wide eyes.

“Poor Professor Lupin, he’s having a rough night.” She muttered quietly.

“Hermione, Come on! We have to go.” He said, grabbing her hand and leading her through the forest.

Reaching the edge of the lake, they arrived just in time to see the Dementors attacking him and Sirius.

“Harry.” Hermione said worriedly.

“He’ll come. You’ll see, he was right there.” He said, pointing to a rock several feet away.

“Harry, no one’s coming.” She said softly.

Realizing she was right, Harry took off at a sprint toward the lake.

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!” He shouted, his voice reverberating with magic.

A stag, just like the one he saw earlier, leapt from his wand and stood on the surface of the water. A giant, silvery blue dome began pulsating from its body in waves driving away the Dementors as they shrieked in pain. Once they were all gone, he dropped his wand down to his side, panting from the exertion.

“Harry, that was incredible.” Hermione breathed, coming to stand next to him. “It felt like I was surrounded by pure happiness and joy. What memory did you use?”

Harry turned and looked at her intently, striking green meeting warm brown. He gave her a soft, affectionate smile and reached up to gently stroke her cheek.

“The happiest memory I have.” He told her softly.

Hermione swallowed thickly, staring at him in surprise. Cupping her cheek, Harry leaned forward, but was once again interrupted when they heard shouts in the distance.

“Harry, we need to go.” She said quietly. “How are you going to free Sirius without being seen?”

“I have an idea.” Harry said with a smile.

Making their way back through the trees, he found Buckbeak right where they had let him. Undoing the chain tying him to the tree, he climbed onto his back and then held out his hand to Hermione.

“You have *got* to be kidding.” Hermione said, looking at Buckbeak dubiously.

“It’s the fastest way up to the castle.” He told her. “Come on, it’ll be fine, trust me.”

Hesitantly, Hermione reached up and took his hand, climbing onto Buckbeak's back in front of him. Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her tightly against his chest. With a great flap of his wings, Buckbeak took off running and leapt into the air.

"I hate flying!" Hermione screamed.

Harry smiled as they leveled off, gliding silently towards the highest tower.

"Do you hate everything about flying?" Harry whispered into her ear, pulling her tighter against his front.

"Maybe not everything." She admitted quietly, her hand coming up to caress his arm.

Harry smiled to himself as Buckbeak started to descend, landing lightly on the tower. Harry and Hermione hopped off, blasting the wall to free Sirius. Flying back down the ground, Harry and Sirius had said a sad goodbye before he and Hermione sprinted off to the infirmary. They made it just in time to see themselves disappear. As Ron questioned from his spot on the bed, Harry and Hermione turned to each other and laughed in relief. They had done it.

Two days later, Harry was helping Hermione return several books she had borrowed throughout the year. As they finished putting them away, Hermione paused and turned to him.

"Harry."

"Yeah?" He replied.

"What's been going on between us this year?" She asked nervously.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked, even though he had a good idea of what she was talking about.

“You know what I mean.” She said in frustration.

Harry gave a small smile and walked over to where she was standing with her back to the bookcase.

“Look, I'm not really good with words or talking about my feelings.” Harry told her with a self-deprecating smile.

Hermione smiled back at him affectionately.

“I know.” She said.

Harry moved closer to her, and Hermione backed away until her back hit the bookcase behind her. He only paused when his face was a few inches from hers.

“Harry?” She asked, her voice wavering slightly.

With a small smile on his lips at her pink cheeks and wide brown eyes as he slowly leaned closer to her. Her warm breath washed over his face a moment before he touched his lips gently to hers. Harry pulled back slightly, pausing for just a moment to see if she would react. When she didn't, he kissed her again, this time more firmly. Hermione remained frozen in place for a couple seconds longer before her lips began to move against his. His hands rested on her hips as hers came up to wrap around his neck, her fingers threading through his hair. When she parted her lips to suck in a breath, he slipped his tongue inside, using it to caress hers.

Hermione moaned into his mouth as Harry pressed his body firmly against hers, pinning her in place. Slowly, he slid one of his hands up her side until his thumb touched the underside of her breast. When she didn't react negatively, he cupped it, her soft, full mound filling his hand

perfectly. She whimpered lightly, arching her back and pressing her breast harder into his hand. Harry squeezed and groped her delightful flesh, wishing he could feel it without the clothes in the way. A moment later, he broke the kiss, smirking at Hermione's dazed expression on her face.

"Does that answer your question?" Harry asked.

"Mh hm." She hummed, eyes glazed over.

"Good. Follow me." He told her.

Grabbing her by the hand, he led her deeper into the library and closer to the Restricted Section. Just to the side of the Restricted Section, in a small, dark nook surrounded by tall bookcases on three sides, there was a group of four tables that were hardly ever used. Pulling his wand out of his back pocket, Harry cast an Aversion Charm on the entry way to keep people away. Wrapping his arms around Hermione, he held her close with a large, smug smile. Sliding his hands down her back, he gripped her bum, causing her to squeak in surprise. Picking her up, he carried her over to one of the tables and sat her down on the edge. Leaning forward, he kissed her passionately for several seconds before reaching up to loosen her tie and start undoing the buttons of her shirt. Hermione hummed in surprise against his lips and pulled back, looking at him incredulously.

"Harry!" She exclaimed. "We can't do this here!"

"Don't tell me you haven't had fantasies about doing this in the library." Harry said with a teasing smile, causing her to blush brightly.

Even as he continued to slowly undo the buttons of her shirt, reaching the middle of her chest, and revealing the crimson bra underneath, she made no move to stop him.

"Well, yes, but..." She admitted shyly before trailing off.

Harry smiled and kissed her on the lips again as he finished unbuttoning her shirt and slid down off her arms. He barely paused before reaching behind her back and unsnapping her bra. Pulling it off of her, he broke the kiss to look down at her breasts. He only caught a brief glimpse of her perky, smooth mounds before she raised her arms to cover her chest shyly. Harry looked up at her and gave her a gentle, reassuring smile, stroking her cheek softly.

“There’s nothing to be scared of Hermione. You’re beautiful.” He told her sincerely.

Slowly and hesitantly, Hermione jerkily lowered her arms, allowing him to see her wonderful breasts. Reaching up with one hand, he cupped her bare breast, the smooth, warm mound filling his hand perfectly. Her stiff, soft pink nipple surrounded by a large areola rubbed softly against his palm. Looking back up at her, he smiled as she bit her lip nervously.

“You’re perfect, Hermione.” He told her softly, pecking her on the lips.

She smiled back at him as he pulled away and bent down, kissing his way down her chest to take the tip of her breast into his mouth. Hermione gasped, followed by a quite moan as her hand came up to hold the back of his head, her fingers threading through his hair. Several times, Harry sucked lightly and pulled back until her engorged nipple slipped from between his lips. Then, locking his lips firmly around her nipple, he teased the delicate skin with his tongue before sucking hard and pulling back, stretching her breasts until it fell out of his mouth with an audible *pop*. Switching to the other breast, he stuck out his tongue and played with the stiff nub, making it bend as he licked it from all direction. Hermione panted loudly in excitement, the scent of her arousal drifting to his nose.

Driven by her excitement, Harry moved his hands to her thighs, lightly caressing them with his fingertips as he kissed his way down her stomach. Falling to his knees, he slid his hand up her legs, pushing her skirt up to her waist and revealing her matching crimson panties. Sliding his hands back down to her knees, he spread her legs apart and moved between them. Kissing his way up the inside of her warm, smooth thighs, he teased her by kissing around the edge of her panties. Hermione’s fingers slid into his hair again as she bucked her hips, a soft, needy whine leaving her throat. Smirking against her skin, Harry kissed the gusset of her panties, damp with her arousal. A sharp gasp left her lips as she pulled his head forward.

Opening his mouth wide, he placed it directly over her core and breath out a long, hot breath. Sliding his hands back up her toned thighs, he grabbed the sides of her panties and gave them a light tug. Hermione immediately lifted her hips so that he could pull them down her legs, revealing her bald, taught slit, glistening with moisture. Leaning forward, he kissed her lower lips, looking up at her as she stared back down at him, her mouth slightly open as she panted with excitement. Running his tongue between her lips, he got his first taste of her sweet arousal and drew a loud gasp followed by a moan from her lips. Hermione closed her legs around his head, her hands clenching in his hair as she pulled him forward. Harry's face was mashed against her drooling core, covering his face in her excitement.

Starting at the bottom of her slit, he ran his tongue between her lips all the way up to flick across her swollen clit. Harry loved the sounds she made as he pleased her, the gasps, heavy breathing, and the half-restrained moans causing his cock to twitch excitedly in his pants. Looking up at her as his tongue swirled around her sensitive clit, he watched the tip of her breasts bounce and jiggle slightly with each panting breath she took. Unable to resist the tantalizing movement of her soft flesh, he reached up and grasped her breast, squeezing lightly as his thumb ran over her swollen red nipple.

Sealing his lips over her clit, he sucked hard as he attacked it furiously with his tongue from every direction. Hermione's legs tightened around his head even more and quivered as the sounds she made grew louder. Worried about someone hearing them, he reached for his wand and waved it in a circular motion.

"Silencio!" He yelled.

Harry's voice was muffled by her muscular thighs and dripping slit. While his spell may have silenced the room, it had the opposite effect on Hermione. With a scream, her body tensed and shook as she came, arousal flooding his mouth and soaking his chin. Her legs squeezed his head in a painfully tight grip and her hands pulled his hair, crushing his face against her hot, leaking core. Through it all, Harry continued attacking her clit, flicking it furiously with his tongue as best he could. Finally, the pleasure became too much for her, and she pushed his head away roughly, cupping her pussy with her hands protectively as she shivered and moaned. The look of sheer ecstasy on her face was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and a look he swore to see as often as possible.

Standing up, Harry cupped her cheeks and pulled her into a searing kiss. Grabbing her hips, he pulled her forward, grinding his straining erection against the back of her hands. When she was mostly recovered, she broke the kiss and stared down at the large bulge in the front of his slacks before looking up at him.

“Is that...?” She asked, trailing off.

Smirking at her, Harry opened the front of his pants and pulled out his rigid cock, resting it on her hands and stomach. Staring at it in fascination, she reached out, tentatively wrapping her hand around it lightly. Closing his eyes, Harry groaned as she stroked his swollen length softly.

“It’s so hot.” She said in an almost awed tone. “And hard, but the skins so soft.”

Harry stood still, giving her time to experiment with him. Gradually, she grew more confident, gripping him tighter and moving her hand faster. Eventually, he pulled his hips, pulling his cock out of her grip and then moved forward again, nudging her entrance. Hermione inhaled sharply and looked up at him, nervously biting her lip. Smiling reassuringly at her, he leaned forward and briefly kissed her on the lips.

“Do you want to stop?” He asked softly.

“No.” She whispered after a moment's thought, wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him in for a deep kiss.

Grabbing the base of his cock, Harry lined himself up with her damp entrance and pushed forward, stretching her lips open around the wide head. Hermione whimpered against his lips, but wrapped her legs around him, pulling him forward. Slowly and gently, he sank into her tight, hot depths, her flowing arousal coating his length. When he bottomed out, she pulled her lips away from his, panting heavily with her eyes clenched shut.

“Are you alright?” He asked in concern.

“Yeah, just, give me a minute.” She said in a strained voice.

Holding his hips still, Harry stroked his fingers through her hair and kissed her softly. One of his hands came up to massage her breast while he moved the other between her legs and rubbed her clit. Hermione moaned against his lips, gradually relaxing as he stimulated her. Soon, her legs relaxed, and she bucked her hips, spurring him into motion. Rocking his hips gently back and forth, he eased in and out of her, groaning at the feeling of her smooth walls as they hugged him tightly. Breaking the kiss to breathe better, he watched her carefully for any signs of discomfort as he gradually thrust faster and harder.

Hermione’s warm brown eyes stared into his with a wild, lustful look he had never seen from her before that drove him wild. As he fucked her harder, his hips clapping against her thighs, she raked her nails down his back and pushed her heels against his flexing ass. More delicious gasps and moans left her mouth, making his cock throb within her. Much sooner than he expected, Hermione gasped and tightened around him, her walls fluttering along his length. Hugging him tightly, she buried her face in his shoulder as she rode out her climax, her body quivering against his. Harry continued to thrust into her through her orgasm, pushing pleasure to even greater heights.

When Hermione sagged against him, Harry reached out behind him with his foot and pulled one of the chairs over to him. Wrapping his arms around her, he lifted her and carried her over to it and sat down with her straddling his lap. Hermione moaned as he sat down heavily, driving his length deeper into her and causing her clit to rub against him harshly. Lifting her head, she stared at him lustfully as she raised and lowered herself slowly on his engorged cock. Her breasts bounced wildly each time she dropped onto his length, gradually gaining speed. Harry grabbed her jiggling, trembling tits and used them as handles to pull her forward into a passionate kiss.

As they kissed, Hermione bounced even faster, slamming herself down on his cock and causing her ass to slap against his thighs. Harry groaned into her mouth at the feeling of her tight, smooth walls sliding up and down his throbbing length. Feeling his climax rapidly approaching, Harry thrust his hips up into her furiously, putting his hands on her waist to drive into her even harder. Hermione screamed out as she reached her second orgasm moments before he reached his. As his walls fluttered around him, he pulled her down hard, burying his length deep into her sweltering core as his cock swelled, firing numerous jets of hot cum into her depths. She collapsed against him with a long, low moan, her body quaking as he filled with his seed.

Panting heavily, it took them several moments to recover.

“Harry?” Hermione called out to him.

“Hmm?” He grunted tiredly.

“Does this mean we’re dating now?” She asked tentatively.

Harry leaned back and gently turned her head so she was looking at him. He gave her a large, crooked grin.

“Definitely.”