

## Chapter 7

On Christmas Eve, Harry found himself back at Hogwarts for Slughorn's Christmas party. He didn't really want to go, but he knew he should if he was going to get that memory Dumbledore wanted. With Susan as his date, and Tonks tagging along as his bodyguard, the three of them made their way down into the dungeons near the Slytherin common room, towards Slughorn's office.

This far down, the ceiling was clear, giving the room an almost eerie green glow as light reflected off the bottom of the Black Lake.

"Harry, m'boy!" Slughorn exclaimed boisterously, drawing the whole room's attention to him. "Come in, come in. Ah, and *this* must be your escort for the evening! Lovely to see you again, Ms. Bones."

"Nice to see you too, Professor," Susan said quietly, both hands clutching Harry's arm nervously at all the attention.

"I remember teaching your aunt when she was your age. I always knew she had great things in store. Why, I remember-oh, and who might you be, my dear?" Slughorn asked when he noticed Tonks.

How he hadn't noticed the purple haired witch wearing a tight black, shimmering dress and short leather jacket, Harry had no idea.

"Auror Tonks," she introduced herself.

"Oh ho! I've heard about you. Gaylen Wilkins speaks very highly of you," Slughorn said, then turned to Harry with a wide grin. "My, my, two dates. I didn't know you had it in you. Although, with your current fame, I can hardly say I wouldn't have done the same in your position."

“Oh, no,” Harry said. “Tonks is my bodyguard.”

“Of course, of course,” Slughorn said, looking unconvinced as he chortled. “Why don’t you and your lovely dates come with me, there’s some friends I’d like you to meet.”

Plastering a forced smile on his face, Harry let himself be led around like a show dog as he was introduced to different witches and wizards. It was a tedious hour, spent listening to the potions master talk almost exclusively about people he’d never heard of. When the band, that consisted of instruments enchanted to play themselves, started up, Harry was quick to excuse himself.

“Sorry Professor, but I promised Susan we’d dance,” he said as soon as Slughorn paused to take a drink.

“Ah, of course. As I always say, never keep a witch waiting,” Slughorn said with a grin and a wink.

With a polite smile and a nod, Harry took Susan by the hand and pulled her away as fast as he could without running.

“That was torture,” Harry said as he wrapped his arms around his girlfriend.

“It wasn’t that bad,” Susan said with a smile. “We did get to meet a couple of interesting people.”

“There’s only one person I’m interested in here,” Harry told her with a crooked smile.

Susan blushed and smiled before standing up on her toes to give him a quick kiss.

“As you sure there’s only one?” she asked, her eyes darting over to Tonks, who looked incredibly bored at the edge of the dance floor.

“Well, maybe ther’re one or two others that’ve caught my attention,” Harry admitted.

“Two?” Susan asked, her brown eyes twinkling excitedly. “Who’s the other one?”

“Gwenog Jones is over in the corner,” he said, nodding subtly in the direction he’d spotted the famously beautiful Seeker. “Now, why couldn’t Slughorn introduce us to *her*?”

Susan giggled as she glanced over at the tall, dark-skinned witch.

“Wait here,” she told him as the first song ended.

Grinning, Susan trotted quickly over to Tonks. After a quick conversation, they shared a hug before Tonks walked towards him. Smiling, Harry held out his hand and pulled her to him the second she took it. The two of them laughed as they spun around the dance floor. Tonks stumbled in her short heels more than once, leaving both of them smiling and laughing the whole time.

“Hey, is that Hermione?” she asked suddenly.

Spinning them around, Harry followed her line of sight just in time to see Hermione slip behind a potted plant.

“What is she doing?” he asked.

“Don’t know,” Tonks shrugged. “Maybe you should ask her.”

Harry sighed and nodded. He was rather enjoying dancing, but he also knew his curiosity wouldn't settle until he knew what was going on with his friend. Giving Tonks one last spin that caused her to squeal in surprise, Harry grinned at her stumbling while he walked away.

"Prat," she called out to him even as she grinned.

Harry chuckled and looked back to see her and Susan moving over to the drinks table a short distance away. He turned back just in time to see Hermione sneak out from behind the plant and wrap herself up in a curtain. Frowning, he walked up and slowly peeled it back.

"Oh!" Hermione gasped, then relaxed when she saw who it was. "Thank goodness, it's you."

"What are you doing?" Harry asked.

"I'm hiding from Cormac," she replied, peeking out carefully to see if he was around.

"Why? Isn't he your date?" he asked.

"Yes, but I didn't really want to come with him. I only asked him to make Ron jealous," she admitted with a blush. "He keeps trying to grab me. I swear he's got more arms than a Snargaluff plant."

Harry narrowed his eyes. He'd never liked Cormac McLagggen. The guy was an arrogant braggart who thought far too highly of himself.

"Do you want me to scare him off?" Harry asked, trying not to sound eager.

"No," she said. "I mean, it's my fault, really. I'm the one that asked him."

“That doesn’t give him the right to touch you if you don’t want him to,” Harry said, his teeth gritting together.

“I know, but-oh no, here he comes,” Hermione whispered harshly and pulled the curtain shut around her.

Harry was really starting to get worried about the way Hermione was acting. It wasn’t at all like her to run and hide like this. Unfortunately, he didn’t have time to think on it any further because McLaggen chose that moment to round the corner.

“Hey, Potter. Have you seen Granger around?” he asked.

“She went to the bathroom,” Harry told him. “She said she wasn’t feeling well. I don’t think she’ll be coming back.”

“Oh, really,” McLaggen said, his eyes lighting up oddly. “Well, I should probably go check on her then.”

“You do that,” Harry said, watching him closely.

“Thanks, Potter,” McLaggen said with a grin, then clapped him on the shoulder and practically ran from the room.”

“Is he gone?” Hermione whispered.

“Yeah,” Harry replied.

“Oh, good,” Hermione said, sighing in relief as she stepped out from behind the curtain.

“Thanks, Harry.”

“What do you think that was all about?” Harry asked, looking at the door McLaggen had disappeared through.

“Who knows,” Hermione said. “I’m just glad he’s gone. I think I’m just going to go back to the common room and call it a night.”

“Why don’t you spend some time with us?” Harry asked, nodding his head towards where Susan and Tonks were talking.

“I don’t want to interrupt your date,” Hermione said, biting her lip nervously.

“You’re not interrupting anything,” he told her firmly. “It’s been a couple of weeks and I’d like to catch up with my best friend. Besides, if you leave now you might run into McLaggen.”

“Oh, alright,” Hermione said after a moment’s consideration.

“That’s the spirit,” Harry said, slinging his arm over her shoulder with a smile.

As they walked over to the drinks table where Susan and Tonks were waiting for him, Harry took a moment to really look at Hermione. She was wearing a green dress with a knee-high slit in the side that showed off her strong legs wonderfully. The low-cut neck showed just a hint of cleavage, which was much more than he’d ever seen from her before. Her hair was done up in a similar style to how she’d worn it at the Yule Ball, though it wasn’t as complex. All in all, she looked stunning.

“Everything okay?” Susan asked worriedly when they reached her.

“I’m fine,” Hermione said with a small smile. “Just had a little trouble with Cormac. What brings you here, Tonks? Did Professor Slughorn invite you too?”

“Scrimgeour made me Harry’s bodyguard,” she replied with a grin. “You’re going to be seeing a lot more of me when school starts back up.”

“Really? How did that happen?” Hermione asked,

Harry, Susan, and Tonks spent the next several minutes catching Hermione up on everything that had happened over the last couple of weeks. She was surprised, but pleased, to hear Umbridge had been arrested. Of course, Harry didn’t tell her everything. Hermione knew some about his and Susan’s relationship, but he never went into too much detail.

“Can we dance again?” Susan asked once they’d gotten caught up.

“Sure,” Harry said with a smile.

Harry danced with Susan, then shared another dance with Tonks – this time uninterrupted. When they met back up with the others, he noticed Hermione looking a little distracted and figured she was feeling like a third wheel. If he was honest, he thought Hermione and Ron dating would only end in disaster, but he also didn’t think it was his place to say anything.

“Hey, Hermione,” he said. “You want to dance?”

“What?” she asked, then shook her head as if to clear it. “Oh, you don’t have to.”

“I know I don’t have to,” Harry said. “I want to. Come on, it’ll be fun.”

Hermione bit her lip and looked from him to Susan.

“I don’t mind,” Susan said with a smile. “Go on. Don’t let those prats ruin your whole night.”

“I suppose it couldn’t hurt,” Hermione gave in with a smile.

“Not unless you plan on dancing with Tonks,” Harry joked.

“Prat,” Tonks said, smacking his arm lightly even as she smiled.

Harry grinned at her as he pulled Hermione out onto the empty dance floor. Despite the Enchanted band and cleared dance floor, only Harry and a couple of others had used it all night.

Raising Hermione’s arm above her head, he spun her around slowly and then pulled her towards him, wrapping her own arm around her waist and causing her to laugh. As they moved in a more reasonable dance, chatting quietly, Hermione began acting oddly again. Her attention kept slipping, causing her to stare off into space and completely tune him out at times. He also noticed that her skin became flushed, her breathing came faster, and a light sheen of sweat covered her forehead.

Gradually, her movements slowed, and she pressed herself closer to him. At first, he was worried she might be having trouble holding herself up, but then he felt her hands running over his back. Her eyes unfocused again as she hugged herself to him, her face buried in the crook of his neck.

Harry swallowed thickly at the feeling of Hermione’s soft curves pressed against him, her breasts squashed against his chest. Her breath tickled his neck as she nuzzled her cheek against his skin. Ignoring how good it felt, alarm bells were going off in his head.

“Hermione,” he called out, only to be completely ignored. “Hermione!”

His voice jerked her back to reality, and she stiffened for a second before jolting back as if she’d been burned.

“I-I should go,” Hermione said, sounding like she was on the verge of panicking.



She turned to leave, but Harry reached out and grabbed her arm, pulling her to a stop.

“What’s wrong?” he asked worriedly.

“I don’t-,” she cut herself off, her breath coming so fast he was worried she might hyperventilate. “I’m not feeling well. I think I just need to go lie down.”

Hermione spoke in a rush and tried to pull away from him, but he held her in place.

“Let’s go see Tonks first,” Harry said, his mind racing.

“There’s nothing she can do, just let me go, Harry,” she protested, desperately trying to yank her arm out of his grip.

Harry raised his arm in the air, signaling to Tonks and beckoning her closer when he had her attention.

“What’s wrong?” Tonks asked. Wand in hand as she approached them, her eyes darted around the room before locking on Hermione.

Susan moved in front of Hermione, blocking her escape in case his grip failed, and tried to calm her in a soothing voice. Harry pulled Tonks close so he could whisper in her ear.

“I think she’s been potioned. Is there a way to check?” Harry asked.

Jaw tightening visibly, Tonks nodded.

“Please, I’m fine,” Hermione said frantically. “I’m just not feeling well.”

Tonks ignored her and waved her wand in a long, complicated pattern while muttering an incantation under her breath. The tip of her wand glowed a bright red, then a dull blue. Turning to Harry she nodded.

“At least two, but I can't tell you what they are,” she whispered as Susan did her best to calm Hermione.

“Should we take her to the Hospital Wing?” Harry asked.

“Yeah,” Tonks said. “Quickly.”

“Alright, come on, Hermione.” Harry said.

Relaxing his grip on her arm, he took her hand in his as he led her out of the room. Thankfully, Slughorn was busy and didn't notice them leaving.

“I can make it on my own,” Hermione said as they stepped out into the hall.

“We're just going to make sure you're okay,” Harry told her.

Looking from Harry, to Susan, to Tonks, all of the fight left Hermione at once. Again, her eyes went unfocused, and she barely paid any attention to where they were going. Figuring that she was doing whatever she could to fight the potions in her system, Harry stayed quiet as they led her up to the fourth floor. Pushing open the door to the Hospital Wing, he led Hermione to a bed just as Madam Pomfrey came out of her office.

“What is it this time, Potter?” she asked tiredly.

"It's Hermione, she's been potioned," Harry said, as he picked her up and laid her on an empty bed.

Pomfrey pulled out her wand and rushed forward just as Hermione realized where she was.

"Just relax, Ms. Granger," she said sternly.

Hermione, who had her mouth open to speak, suddenly closed it with a click and laid back on the bed. Pomfrey waved her wand and chanted incantations for a few minutes before she finally stopped. Hermione squirmed restlessly on the mattress, her eyes looking up at the healer pleadingly.

"You've been given a Lust Potion, and a Forgetfulness Potion," Pomfrey told her. "I can flush the Forgetfulness Potion out of your system, but I'm afraid there's nothing I can do about the Lust Potion. You're going to just have to let it burn itself out."

"How long will that take?" Hermione asked.

"It depends on how much you took and how much-ahem-relief, you get," she answered, causing Hermione's blush to darken. "It could take anywhere from four hours to twelve. I'm sorry, dear, I wish there was something I could do."

With a sympathetic pat on the shoulder, Pomfrey turned and walked back into her office.

Susan rushed over to Hermione's side as Harry clenched and unclenched his fist furiously.

"Harry?" Tonks asked cautiously.

"That shit stain, McLaggen," Harry growled. "He did this. When I told him Hermione left, he looked happy and took off after her."

“I should tell Amelia about this,” she said, rubbing his back in slow circles in an attempt to calm him down. “I don’t know if anything will stick. Neither of those potions are illegal, but the Forgetfulness Potion shows intent. Just promise me you won’t run off while I’m gone.”

Harry ground his teeth and nodded stiffly.

“Don’t worry, we won’t let him get away with this,” she whispered to him.

Kissing his cheek, Tonks ran to Pomfrey’s office, nearly knocking over the healer as she came back out. They exchanged a few quick words before Tonks darted into the office while Pomfrey walked calmly back over to Hermione.

“Here, drink this,” she said, holding out a vial filled with a light blue liquid.

Hermione took the vial and downed it quickly, grimacing at the taste. Quickly, her eyes cleared and she was able to focus better. Unfortunately, that left her with nothing to distract her from what was happening to her body. Her face flushed as she glanced at the people in the room and rubbed her legs together.

Tonks came back out of Pomfrey’s office and stubbed her toe on one of the beds, causing her to stumble with a curse. Righting herself, she sat on the bed next to Hermione’s.

“Hermione, I talked with Madam Bones. She’s invited you to stay with us for the night if you want,” Tonks said.

Both Harry and Hermione looked at her questioningly.

“She wants to talk to you about what happened tomorrow, and she thought you’d prefer a private room for the night, rather than the open Hospital Wing or your dorm,” she continued.

“Oh,” Hermione said, realizing the implications.

“I talked to Professor McGonagall, and she said it’s fine,” Tonks said.

“I-I don’t know,” Hermione stammered, her face bright red from embarrassment.

“Do you really want to stay and deal with *that* here, or in your dorm?” Tonks asked.

Hermione grimaced and dropped her face into her hands. Harry could only imagine how mortifying the situation must be for her.

“It’s really no trouble, Hermione,” Susan said gently. “We just want to help.”

“Alright,” Hermione said quietly. “I suppose you’re right.”

“Great,” Tonks said. “Come on, Poppy said we can use her Floo.”

As they stood and walked towards the office, Harry spotted a dark wet spot on the bed from where Hermione had been sitting, and he caught a strong whiff of her arousal. Despite himself, his cock jumped at the smell. Harry went through first, followed by Tonks, Hermione, then Susan.

Amelia, wrapped in a yellow bath robe, met them as soon as they stepped out.

“It’s nice to finally meet you, Hermione,” Amelia said with a warm smile.

“Nice to meet you too, Madam Bones,” Hermione replied with a heavy blush.

“Call me Amelia,” she said. “Follow me, I’ll show you to your room. I’m sure you’d like to lie down.”

Looking down to avoid meeting anyone’s eyes, Hermione followed Amelia up the stairs.

“Harry and Susan share a room right across from you, my room is at the end of the hall, and Tonks is two doors down on the left if you need anything,” Amelia told her. “I know this must be terribly embarrassing, but if you need help, please ask for it. This room has its own bathroom and I’ve already put up a silencing ward.”

“Thank you,” Hermione said gratefully, though she still refused to meet anyone’s eye.

“You’re welcome,” Amelia told her.

Hermione gave them an awkward wave before she ducked into the room and closed the door quietly.

“Please tell me McLaggen isn’t going to get away with this,” Harry said, unable to hold his temper any longer.

“I’ll do everything I can. I’m sorry, but I can’t give you a better answer until I talk to Hermione,” Amelia told him.

Harry grunted angrily but nodded. He knew she was only being honest with him, he just wished there was something he could do about it now. Susan wrapped her arms around his waist and looked up at him.

“Let’s go to bed,” she said.

Realizing there wasn't anything else he could do tonight, Harry sighed and bid Amelia and Tonks goodnight. Stripping down, Harry and Susan crawled into bed naked. He pulled Susan to his chest and held her tightly, his hands gliding over her smooth skin. Both of them were too angry and worried about Hermione to do anything else.

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Decades of living with the Dursleys had made Harry a very light sleeper. So, when someone opened the door to his room, he woke groggily to the sound of the latch clicking closed.

"Harry?" he heard Hermione call out quietly.

Propping himself up on his elbows, he blinked as he looked up. Hermione was standing next to the bed wrapped in a thin blue robe and reeking of sex, her hair a frizzy mess. She practically vibrated with energy, shifting her weight from foot to foot and worrying her hands. There was an almost wild look in her eyes, and the moonlight peeking in through the window showed a layer of glistening sweat covering her skin. Harry was so busy staring at Hermione, waiting for her to speak, that he didn't notice when Susan woke up.

"Hermione?" she asked. "Is everything okay?"

"I-" she hesitated, hovering next to the bed before taking half a step back. "I'm sorry. I should go."

Before she could fully turn to leave, Harry's hand shot out and grabbed hers gently.

"What's wrong, Hermione?" he asked, sitting up fully.

Hermione turned back around to face him, her mouth open to speak, then froze as she stared down at him hungrily. Following her gaze, Harry realized that he was still naked, and the sheet covering him had slipped down to his waist.

"Hermione?" Susan called out again in concern.

“I’m sorry,” Hermione said, forcibly tearing her eyes from his chest to look at Susan. “I’ve tried, but it’s not helping. I-I know you share Harry sometimes, and I was hoping... God, I feel like I’m going crazy.”

Hermione covered her bright red cheeks with her hands and rubbed her face. Susan smiled kindly at her before turning to Harry, where they shared a meaningful look. Smiling, Susan gave him a quick kiss before climbing off the bed and moving to the chair in the corner. Harry turned back to Hermione to see her following his girlfriend's nude, voluptuous figure with a lustful stare. He wondered if it was the potion affecting her, or if his best friend was hiding an attraction to witches.

When he moved the sheets aside, Hermione turned her hungry gaze to him, causing his cock to begin rising to the occasion from the attention. She swallowed thickly as he approached, her breath quickening. Reaching out, Harry tugged open the tie holding her robe closed. It fell open in the middle, giving him a one-inch gap to see her strong thighs, bald mound, tight stomach, and full cleavage.

Hermione shifted nervously as he slipped his hands under the collar and pushed the robe off her shoulders. The thin, silky fabric fluttered to the floor as Harry got his first look at her naked body. For years, Harry had wondered and fantasized about what Hermione looked like under her robes, and the reality was better than anything his imagination could make up.

Surprisingly fit, she had strong, thick thighs, a flat toned stomach, and firm, perky breasts. While much smaller than Susan’s, they were still a good handful that stood out from her chest in defiance of gravity. Capped with light pink areolas and small nipples, they fit her frame perfectly. He looked back up to her beautiful face, only to find her nearly panting as she stared down at his cock. Looking at her had brought him to full mast, and now his tip was only centimeters from touching her stomach.

As if in a trance, she slowly reached out and wrapped her small hand around his length. Hermione inhaled sharply when he leapt at her touch. Smiling, Harry stepped forward, his length pressing against her stomach, the shaft pointing up. Hermione looked up at him just as he gripped her incredibly full bum and lifted her up.



Carrying her the two steps over to the bed, he laid her down and climbed on top of her between her legs. Leaning down, he pressed his lips to her. Hermione threaded her fingers through his hair and kissed him back desperately. As he slipped his tongue into her mouth, Harry lifted his hips until his erection pointed down, and then lowered his hips so that the length of his shaft was mashed against her slit.

Hermione moaned, bucking and rolling her hips. Her whole body trembled, an incredible heat radiating from her as she drenched him in her arousal. When Harry broke their kiss, he smiled down at her flushed face as she panted, her beautiful breasts rising and falling sharply. She groaned and arched her back, grinding herself hard against his cock.

“Harry,” Hermione said in a needy whine. “Please, I need it.”

Jerking at her plea, Harry pulled back slightly to line himself up with her entrance and pushed in slowly. Hermione gasped, her eyes going wide and her back arching as the girth of his head stretched open her folds. As he slowly sank deeper, she fell against the mattress and let out a long, deep moan.

“More,” she gasped, her legs tightening around his waist.

Harry marveled at Hermione’s incredible heat as her core tightened around his shaft, drawing him in deeper until he was buried to the hilt. Even then, it still felt as if she was trying to draw him in further. She bucked and writhed under him restlessly as he paused, giving her time to adjust.

“Oh, for God’s sake, just fuck me,” Hermione barked frustratedly.

Harry raised an eyebrow, a smile tugging at his lips as he slowly drew back. She gasped and tilted her head back while shaking it back and forth. Her dark, bushy hair fell around her in a wild halo, and a desperate whimper left her throat.

Harry stopped with just the head of his cock trapped between her lips and reversed course, driving back into her a bit more quickly. Her slick, smooth walls gave way to his thick shaft, stretching apart and conforming to his length as he dove back into sweltering heat.

“More,” Hermione panted when he bottomed out. “Faster.”

Harry did what she wanted, gradually increasing his pace with each new long, deep thrust. Hermione let out a series of whines and moans that he never would have guessed she was capable of. With her sweat-soaked skin, breasts jiggling with every thrust, and beautiful face twisted in pleasure, she made for an incredible sight under him.

“Faster, please,” she begged, her heels digging into the meat of his ass.

Drawing back, Harry paused for a heartbeat before slamming into her, her body lurching from the impact. Hermione gasped and arched her back, her hands hooking under his arms as her nails raked across his shoulders.

“Don’t stop,” she cried. “Oh God, don’t ever stop.”

With his stiff, throbbing cock hammering into her like a piston, Harry dropped down to his elbows and kissed her neck. Hermione moaned, her hands moving up to clench in his hair as his tongue ran across her damp, salty skin.

“Harry,” she whined in a strained voice, the sound so desperate he nearly came right at that moment.

Harry fought back his climax as he fulfilled his oldest fantasy; to have Hermione under him, begging for more. It was so surreal that he continually looked at her face to remind himself the moment wasn’t a dream.

He could feel her peak nearing as her folds clutched at his length, her breath shuddering and uneven as her nails dug into his skin.

Harry hammered into her harder, driving her lithe body into the mattress with each deep thrust and rolled his hips, grinding her clit against his pelvis. Even if she never slept with him again, he wanted to give her a night she would never forget. He wanted her to lie in bed and play with herself as she remembered the incredible things he had done to her decades from now.

Hermione's body stiffened under him, her muscles tightening. Harry could hear her climax build with each trembling breath she took. Turning his head, he gave her a toe-curling kiss as she whimpered against his lips.

A shudder suddenly ran up her spine and she tore her lips away from his to throw her head back. The tendons in her neck strained against the skin as she let out a deep, guttural moan. Her walls clamped down on his cock, and the sudden, increased tightness sent him over the edge. With a groan, Harry flooded her depths. Hermione lifted her head, staring at him with a look of wonder even as she continued to climax around him.

Tightening her fingers in his hair, she pulled him down for a desperate kiss as they continued to rock their hips together. Long after his own orgasm had ended, Hermione continued shuddering and moaning under him. When she finally relaxed, she fell limply to the bed, her eyes closed with a look of immense relief on her face.

Smiling, Harry pulled out of her and lay on his side next to her, his hand caressing her body. As his fingers ran over her hard nipple, Hermione let out a low moan while turning her head and opening her eyes to look at him.

"Feel better?" Harry asked with a grin.

"Yes, but..." she trailed off, groaning as she reached down to rub herself.

"It's still bothering you?" he asked in concern.

Hermione bit her lip and nodded, her cheeks going red.

“Give me a minute and we can go again, okay?” Harry said, stroking her face softly.

Her eyes fluttered closed at his touch, a soft moan leaving her lips as she slipped two fingers into her dripping core. Opening her eyes again, she nodded at him with a hooded, lustful gaze.

“I can help,” Susan said from the foot of the bed.

Hermione jumped and closed her legs as if she’d forgotten she was still there. Cautiously, like she didn’t want to scare her away, Susan climbed onto the bed and crawled on all fours towards Hermione, her large breasts dangling under her and swaying with her movements.

“I-I don’t know,” Hermione said, the needs of the potion and her own sense of propriety warring behind her eyes.

“Let me help you, Hermione,” Susan said gently as she kissed Hermione’s knee and stroked her thigh.

Slowly, the need for relief won out and her legs hesitantly opened.

“I-I’ve never...”

“Been with a girl before?” Susan finished with a soft smile. “It’s okay. Just relax and let me take care of you.”

Hermione stared with wide eyes, her chest rising and falling sharply as Susan slowly kissed down the inside of her thigh. Harry continued caressing her chest, softly squeezing her breasts

and grazing her stiff red nipples. Hermione gasped when Susan reached her mound and kissed her lips.

Grabbing the pillows at the head of the bed, Harry dragged them down and put them behind Hermione back.

“Lie back and relax,” he told her.

Slowly, she leaned back against the pillows and let her upper body relax. Panting lightly, Hermione moaned as Susan’s tongue ran between her lips and up to her clit.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Harry asked.

Turning her head sharply at the sound of his voice, Hermione bit her lip and nodded. Harry smiled and leaned forward to kiss her lips. She kissed him back heatedly, moaning softly into his mouth as he gently rolled her nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

Suddenly, Hermione pulled her lips away from his to throw her head back and moan wantonly at something Susan had done. One of her hands reached down, threading through the long red hair between her legs. Susan looked up at her, her brown eyes sparkling excitedly. Harry smiled down at her, realizing he wasn’t the only one that had been hoping for this moment.

Turning his eyes back to Hermione, he drank in the sight of her glistening skin, the trembling of her impressively perky breasts, the look of pleasure on her face, and the lust filled look in her dark brown eyes.

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

She turned to look at him, her eyes boring into his.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she said, a tone of awe to her voice. “It feels so *good*,”

Harry smiled and leaned in to kiss her again. This one felt different to the ones they had shared before. It was slower, with less desperation and more feeling. They continued kissing for a long time as Susan brought Hermione closer and closer to her peak. Harry experimented with the way he touched her, trying to find what she liked. He went from light caresses that ghosted over her skin, all the way up to rough groping and sharp pinches. Hermione seemed to enjoy it all, but she reacted the most to a firm touch somewhere in the middle.

Their kiss ended when her release began to build. With gasping breaths, Hermione grabbed Susan’s hair in both hands and mashed her face into her mound. As her back arched, Harry kissed his way down her neck and over her collar bone to her breasts. Groping one, he took the reddened nipple of the other between his lips.

Under their combined attention, Hermione came quickly and furiously. Her hips bucked roughly against Susan’s face, a deep moan leaving her throat as Harry tweaked her nipples. When she finally collapsed back against the pillows, her grip relaxing, Susan sat up with a grin. Her face from the nose down was stained in Hermione’s arousal as she crawled over Hermione, kissing her way up her body.

With a bright smile, she turned to Harry and kissed him, the taste of Hermione’s arousal heavy on her lips. Looking back down at the brunette, Susan leaned down and slowly brushed her lips across Hermione’s. She pulled back quickly, and Hermione licked her lips unconsciously as she looked up at Susan. Their lips came together again, and then again, each kiss lasting longer and becoming less hesitant until they were kissing heatedly.

Harry cock throbbed as he brushed Susan’s hair behind her ear, watching as their lips and tongues met in a slow, exploring pace. Susan’s huge breasts engulfed Hermione’s as they dangled under her. He reached out and ran his hand down his girlfriend’s back and over her thick bottom, caressing her thick, soft curves even as his eyes remained riveted to their faces.

Eventually, they pulled apart, both of them flushed and panting. Susan smiled with her infectious grin, causing Hermione to smile back nervously.

“Do you still need more?” Susan asked.

Hermione bit her lip thoughtfully for a moment before nodding. Susan smiled kindly at her before looking over at Harry. Her eyes caught sight of his eager erection and she giggled.

“Looks like Harry is ready to go again,” she said, her eyes sparkling playfully.

Hermione looked over at him, her eyes darting from his face, down to his cock, and then back up. Harry could see the desire and the need growing in her eyes.

Susan climbed off of her, and Harry grabbed her hips, rolling her onto her stomach and then pulling her up to her hands and knees. He took a moment to admire her full, muscular cheeks, caressing them with his hands as he positioned himself behind her. Knowing what Hermione could handle, he wasted no time slipping back into her.

“Oh, God,” Hermione moaned.

Harry gripped her hips right where they flared out from her thin waist and pulled her back into him as he thrust forward. Hermione groaned, dropping down onto her elbows as she clutched at the pillow under her.

“Harry’s cock feels so good, doesn’t it?” Susan asked as she laid down next to Hermione and fingered herself shamelessly.

“Yes,” she hissed, throwing her ass back at him. “More.”

“Tell him what you want,” Susan whispered huskily.

“Please fuck me, Harry,” Hermione begged, her voice barely audible. “Fuck me hard.”

It was the first time Harry had ever cursed, and his cock lurched excitedly at her pleading. Sliding one hand up her back, he grabbed her shoulder and drastically increased his pace. Hermione arched her back as his hips bounced off her ass, the firm flesh barely rippling from the impact. She buried her face in the pillow she was gripping tightly and groaned into it.

Harry didn't like that, he wanted to hear every gasp, every moan, every cry he pulled from her. Lost in the moment, his hand grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her head back roughly. Hermione let out a whorish moan, her walls spasming around his cock as it plundered his depths.

Hearing that, Harry hammered into her even harder, relishing the gasps and moans that left her lips. Susan panted, fingering herself furiously as she watched them. With her free hand, she reached out to grope Hermione's swaying breasts.

"Harry," Hermione whined, a sudden climax causing her to tremble.

Her arms and legs gave out, and Harry followed her down as she fell prone on the bed, his cock never leaving her incredible heat. Tossing the pillow out of the way, he wrapped his hands around her shoulders and continued to thrust down into her like a jackhammer. Still in the midst of her climax, Hermione clawed at the sheets as he pummeled her into the mattress. Her mouth opened in a scream, but no sound came out, his hard, deep thrusts seemingly knocking the air out of her lungs.

At such a brutal pace, Harry knew neither of them would last much longer, but he was determined to give her one more orgasm before his own. Hermione's face steadily grew a darker and darker red as she gasped for breath. His muscular body completely covered her petite frame, each hammering thrust driving her deep into the soft mattress.

Hermione let out a strange, animalistic whine that grew higher and higher in pitch. Her depths, hot and wet, clamped down on his cock suddenly as she went completely rigid and let out a loud cry. Harry slammed into her just a couple more times before burying himself as deep as possible and letting loose with a growl. With each pulse of his cock, his hips flexed, driving just that little bit deeper as Hermione trembled under him. Next to them, he could hear Susan reaching her own peak.



Even after both of them relaxed, Harry stayed in place for a little while longer, enjoying the intense closeness. When he did roll over, his cock slipping out of her, he brought Hermione with him, spooning against her back.

“Feel better?” Susan asked as she crawled up to lie on her side, facing Hermione.

“Mh hmm,” she mumbled tiredly.

Susan smiled and gave her a quick kiss, then leaned over her to do the same to Harry.

“I love you,” Susan said quietly.

“I love you, too,” Harry said.

Hermione was already asleep by the time he and Susan settled down; the exhausted brunette trapped between them.

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When Harry woke the next morning, he found himself staring into a very familiar pair of brown eyes.

“Hey,” he said quietly.

“Morning,” Hermione said.

“Everything okay?” Harry asked, knowing she would understand he was asking about her feelings about last night as much as the effect of the Lust Potion.

“I’m fine,” she said with a small smile. “The potion wore off by the time I woke up.”

“Good,” Harry said, smiling back.

He reached up with one hand and stroked her cheek softly. Slowly, he moved his face closer to her, but she stopped him just short of her lips by putting her hand on his chest.

“Wait,” she said, causing his heart to drop into his stomach. “I haven’t brushed my teeth yet.”

Harry blinked at her before relief washed over him and he rolled his eyes. Taking her hand off his chest, he leaned forward and kissed her. Hermione froze in surprise for a moment, but quickly relaxed and kissed him back. When he pulled back a little while later, Harry grinned at her brightly. She smiled back and slapped his chest lightly. Chuckling, he sat up and for the first time, noticed that Susan was hugging herself to Hermione’s back, cuddling her like a teddy bear.

“Can you get her to let go, I really have to use the bathroom,” Hermione said.

“Come on, Susie, time to get up,” Harry teased, nudging his girlfriend’s arm.

“Too comfy,” she mumbled.

Harry and Hermione looked at each other and laughed quietly. While she sounded half asleep, Harry could tell from her voice that she was more awake than she was pretending to be. Probably listening in to make sure everything was okay between him and Hermione, he thought.

“It’s Christmas,” he reminded her.

“Christmas,” she repeated excitedly.

As she rolled over, the sheet covering the girls was pulled down to their waists, giving him his first good look at Hermione's breasts in daylight. He didn't get long to look, however, as Hermione hopped up and trotted into the bathroom. Harry unabashedly stared at her long, toned legs and full bum as she left.

"Is she okay?" Susan asked, wrapping her arms around his back and pressing her breasts into his back while her chin rested on his shoulder.

"I think so," Harry said.

"I hope she joins us again," she said playfully.

Harry chuckled and lifted her hand up to his mouth so he could kiss it.

"Me too," he said. "Happy Christmas, love."

"Happy Christmas," Susan replied, kissing his cheek.

A couple of minutes later, Hermione came out of the bathroom. Harry's eyes raked over her as she walked towards him. He just couldn't get enough of looking at her body. She smiled shyly when she noticed him looking, her cheeks going a light pink as she looked away.

Grinning, Harry walked over, grabbed her hand, and pulled her back towards the bathroom.

"Harry?" she asked curiously.

"I don't know about you, but I could really use a shower," he said with a crooked smile, then looked back over his shoulder. "You coming, Susan?"

His smile grew as she heard the pitter patter of her feet rushing towards them.

The three of them spent quite a while scrubbing each other clean. Hermione surprised him quite a bit in the shower, first by scrubbing down Susan on her own, and then by watching avidly watching as his girlfriend gave him a blowjob. There was plenty of other kissing and touching, but that was as far as things went. Harry was fine with that. He knew he would need to be patient with Hermione.

When they made it down to the living room, Amelia and Tonks were waiting for them on the couch, sipping coffee. They were surprised to find one of the House Elves from Hogwarts had brought Hermione's presents over for her, allowing them all to open them as a group.

When all the presents were opened, Harry pulled Amelia into the kitchen to ask her for a favor. They also talked and agreed to wait to talk to Hermione about McLaggen. There really wasn't anything they could do on Christmas day anyways.

Amelia left the house while Harry, Hermione, Susan, and Tonks talked and laughed in the living room. She returned half an hour later with two guests in tow.

"Mum, dad!" Hermione exclaimed happily, jumping up to hug them. "What are you doing here?"

"Amelia told us how you got sick at that party last night and ended up here, so she invited us over for dinner," her mother, Emma, said with a smile.

"It was Harry's idea," Amelia said.

Hermione gave him a watery smile as he stood to greet her parents. The rest of the introductions were made, and they spent an enjoyable Christmas with the Grangers, fascinating them by showing off various bits of magic. Hermione, especially, enjoyed finally being able to show her parents what she'd spent the last five and a half years learning.

“Hermione?” Amelia asked as they finished dinner. “Did you want to stay here for the rest of break, or do you want to go home with your parents?”

“Well, I think mum and dad were still planning on going skiing tomorrow,” she said, looking to her parents for confirmation.

“We were, but we can cancel if you want to come home,” Emma said.

“No, that’s okay,” Hermione said. “You and dad go have fun. I don’t mind staying here.”

“Are you sure?” Dan, her father asked.

“I’m sure,” Hermione said with a smile.

It amazed Harry how close Hermione was with her parents even though they spent so much time apart. It made him wonder how things would have been if his parents were still alive. Would he want to spend that much time apart, he wondered. Would they still be close if he did?

Susan noticed his thoughtful silence and squeezed his hand under the table. Harry smiled at her, shook off his melancholy thoughts, and returned to the conversation.

The Grangers left not long after dinner ended, and Hermione pulled him aside before they went back into the living room.

“Thank you,” she said gratefully, pulling him into a hug.

“You're welcome,” Harry said.

Smiling at each other, they went back into the living room to join everyone else. Looking over at Amelia and Tonks, he wondered how he would be able to spend time with them with Hermione in the house. It looked like it might be time to tell his best friend the truth about his relationships.