

Hermione couldn't stop smiling.

This was true of her life in general these days, really, ever since she'd finally gotten Harry to join her in bed for her first 'repayment' and summoned the courage to make confessions that had been years overdue. She was sure she'd smiled more in their brief time together than she had in the entirety of her marriage, so there was nothing unusual in her grinning from ear to ear all evening again.

Still, there was something about having Harry over for dinner with her and her parents in her childhood home that made her smile just a little bit wider than usual, if that was possible. Watching Harry with her parents just felt right in ways that Ron never had been. That wasn't even totally Ron's fault; he'd genuinely tried. But their conversations had always been awkward, and there were many times during her marriage when Hermione would catch her mother giving her a strange look, as if wondering if this was seriously the man she intended to spend her life with. Even when things were at their best between them, she and Ron just hadn't been meant to be together. Maybe if either one of them had been willing to admit as much, they could have ended things before they turned sour.

But this? This wasn't sour. This was *right*. Harry and her parents got along very well. He could converse with her dad easily, and her mum had taken an instant liking to him. Hermione obviously hadn't shared *every* detail of the end of her marriage and the beginning of her and Harry's coupling with her parents, but her parents were intelligent enough to piece things together. If they disapproved of the way she'd handled the end of her marriage, they hadn't ever expressed that to her. They seemed happy that she was happy, and it was impossible to mistake how much happier she was now.

"Harry sure has been outside for a bit, hasn't he?" Hermione's dad said suddenly. Instantly, Hermione's eyes narrowed. Her father had always been a notoriously bad liar. He was honest to a fault; he just couldn't help it. He couldn't help it now either, because this was just about the worst attempt at acting that Hermione had ever heard. He couldn't have made it more obvious that this was a line he'd been instructed to say if he'd had a script fall out of his pocket and land on the kitchen table right next to Hermione's dessert plate. She *had* thought it was odd that Harry wanted to step outside on his own to catch some air, but she'd respected his request for a few minutes to himself. Now she knew that something was up, though.

"You're right, he has," Hermione's mum said, rolling her eyes in the direction of her partner-in-crime. "Why don't you go out back and check on him, Hermione?" Her delivery was far more convincing, but the damage had been done. Thanks to her dad, Hermione knew that Harry was up to something, and her parents were in on it.

"Yes, why don't I do that?" Hermione said. After eating her last bite of dessert, she pushed her plate aside, rose from the table and walked towards the back door of the house. She could call them out on their obvious act, but what would be the point? It couldn't possibly be anything bad, and the quickest way to find out what Harry was up to was playing along and willingly walking into Harry's 'trap.' She heard her mother muttering something to her father about his performance when she reached out to grab the doorknob, and it made Hermione grin.

“Harry?” she called out after stepping out onto the back porch and closing the door behind her. “Harry, are you out here?” She didn’t shout or even raise her voice, because she knew there was no need. Harry would be somewhere nearby, waiting to hear her.

“I’m here, Hermione,” Harry called from the left. “Could you come here for a second? There’s something I’d like to show you.” Obviously, it wasn’t fair for her to judge, since she’d come out here knowing full well that he’d set this up with her parents, but this didn’t feel like his best performance either. His voice honestly sounded kind of shaky, like he was nervous or something. But what would he be nervous about?

“Sure, Harry,” she said. She walked around the back of the house, down a familiar path she’d walked often when she was a child. While other children her age had been outside playing after school, she would curl up on the chair on the patio with a good book and get lost in other worlds. Her life had certainly gotten better when she’d gone to Hogwarts and made actual friends, but she still had fond memories of curling up in that chair and daydreaming about being the hero of her own story one day when she was grown.

Hermione was still smiling as she walked down the path, and she smiled wider as she saw Harry standing on the patio, right in front of that chair. Seeing him here in this context reminded her of the lonely girl who’d turned to her stories, wishing for adventures and friends to share them with. If only that little girl could see how her life had turned out as an adult! She’d gone on those adventures and made those friends, and most importantly of all, one of those friends had become even more than that. Having Harry there with her in this same space that she’d come to as a child to get lost in stories and dream of her future gave Hermione something else to grin about, as if she needed another reason.

“I’m really happy you’re here,” Hermione said as she stepped onto the patio and walked towards him. “This was one of my favorite spots when I was a child.”

“Yes, I know,” Harry said. She reached his side, and he took her hand in his. “Your parents told me all about it. That’s why we’re here.” She cocked her head, even more curious about what he’d cooked up with her parents and what it had to do with her favorite reading place from her childhood. He turned her around so her back was to the chair. “Why don’t you go ahead and sit down?”

“Okay,” Hermione said slowly. She didn’t get what was going on here, but she again decided that the only thing for it was to play along and see what he had in mind. She sat down in the chair and waited to see what would happen.

The moment that her arse touched the chair, it lit up with lights that shone a pure, ethereal white. The entire patio lit up around her, actually. Hermione gasped and turned her head to look around, taking in the beautiful sight for a minute. It made her feel almost as if she had been transported into a whole new world; like she was in the middle of one of the fantasy stories she’d read as a child. She admired the gorgeous view for a moment before her mind logically turned to considering how it had been done. The answer, of course, was magic.

“So that’s why you wanted to be outside by yourself for so long,” she mused. Setting up individual lights like this, making them invisible and charming them to reveal themselves all at once when someone sat down in the seat was a delicate, impressive little bit of magic, especially if he’d done all of it in the twenty minutes or so since he’d finished wolfing down his dessert. “I’m impressed, Harry. It looks beautiful.”

“I’m glad you like it,” he said. He was still holding onto her hand and continued holding it as he slowly got down on one knee in front of her.

It took Hermione a few seconds to realize what he was doing, but she couldn’t help gasping once she did. Maybe it shouldn’t have been much of a surprise to her that he would get down on one knee, reach into his pocket and pull out a small jewelry box. They were living together, and really, they’d already made this commitment to each other. That first night together, when she’d asked him to take her all for himself for good, to make her his, and he’d said in no uncertain terms that she was his, had been as good of a proposal to her. Though there had been no ring involved, and she’d even still been married at the time, she’d given herself to Harry mind, body and soul that night, regardless of what any piece of parchment at the Ministry said.

Now, though, Harry was about to make it official.

“I know nothing about our relationship has really been traditional,” Harry said with a smile. Hermione snorted and shook her head at the understatement. From him barging into the girl’s loo and sticking his wand up a troll’s nose to him fucking her brains out in her then-husband’s childhood bedroom while he and his family ate dinner downstairs, nothing about how Harry and Hermione did things was normal. Even now, with feelings shared and reciprocated, their relationship was highly unconventional, what with Fleur, Angelina and Audrey all continuing their ‘repayments’, plus the involvement of other girls like Luna, Penelope, Katie and Alicia. It was nothing close to normal, and Hermione wouldn’t change any of it, save for all the time she’d wasted being unhappy instead of going after what she wanted. But she was never going to waste another day, and it seemed like Harry was of the same mindset.

“But I wanted to do this, at least.” He opened up the little jewelry box and pulled out a small ring. Hermione’s eyes took it in as he held it between his fingers. It wasn’t large or gaudy, but she liked the way that it shone all the same. It was exactly the kind of ring that she would have picked out for herself. Whether Harry had selected it on his own or asked for her mum to help him out with it was irrelevant to Hermione. It was lovely, and it was something she would be proud to wear on her finger.

“Sorry, I don’t have a big speech prepared or anything,” he said, shrugging slightly. “I think we’ve kind of said all that needs to be said already, to be honest.” Hermione nodded, finding that she agreed with him. A long speech would also have meant that it would take longer before she could give him his answer and then spend the rest of the night with her lips attached to this, making speaking impossible. “I love you, Hermione Granger, and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Will you marry me?”

“Yes,” Hermione whispered. She blinked rapidly as she watched him slide the ring onto her finger, and then she slid out of the chair and down to her knees on the ground with him. She put her hands on his cheeks, her head surged forward and her lips mashed against his. It was a wet, sloppy kiss, one utterly lacking in skill thanks to how impatient she was. She didn’t care. She had no interest in proving how great a kisser she was right now. She’d dropped to her knees because she couldn’t bear not to be touching and kissing the love of her life for even a second longer. It didn’t need to be skillful. It just needed to be his lips that she was trying to devour.

Harry wasn’t going to sit back and let her do it all, though. His arms wrapped around her and he kissed her back, holding her close. She could feel how firmly he was holding her back through her light t-shirt, like he wanted to keep touching her, holding her in his arms and pulling her closer to him. He

didn't attempt to be skillful in his kiss either. His tongue tried to shove its way down her throat, and Hermione was content to open her mouth wider and let him take his best shot at it.

She sighed in disappointment when Harry broke the kiss, but a gentle nudge on her shoulder revealed why. She turned her head and saw her parents standing a little ways away, close enough to see but far enough away that they weren't really intruding on the moment. Her mum was smiling from ear to ear, reminding Hermione more than a bit of the smile she'd seen reflecting back at her when she looked into the mirror these days. It didn't matter that this wasn't her first accepted proposal, or that Harry wouldn't be the first man her parents watched her marry. Her mum knew as well as Hermione did that she'd found the man she was meant to spend her life with. Well, she'd found him when she was still a young girl, of course, but it had just taken her this long to recognize and admit to herself that she didn't just want him to be her best friend. She wanted him to be hers in every way, and now he would be. She was going to marry the man she had always been meant to be with, and her parents could see that as surely as she felt it in her heart.

Hermione smiled and waved at her mother, who waved back. Her dad made eye contact and nodded at her, giving her a smile that wasn't as wide as her mum's but didn't look any less sincere. Hermione thought that her parents might come and join them on the patio at that moment, but they instead turned around and walked hand in hand back around the side of the house. It seemed that they just wanted to be there to see the moment, but now knew that Hermione wanted to spend a bit more time alone with her fiancé.

Fiancé. Fiancé. Harry was her fiancé!

As soon as her parents were no longer around to see it, Hermione tackled Harry on the patio and went back to kissing him. This time it was her tongue trying to make its way down his throat, and Harry was more than happy to let it.

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"I took you away from Ron in his childhood bed," Harry commented as he watched her slide her knickers down her legs and chuck them onto the pile of clothes which already contained her shirt, jeans and bra. "Guess it's only appropriate that we celebrate our engagement in *your* childhood bed."

"This isn't actually the same bed I used to sleep in," Hermione clarified. Very few pieces of furniture remained from before their temporary move to Australia as Wendell and Monica Wilkins. Her smile dimmed briefly as the thought came to her. She didn't like remembering what she'd felt compelled to do to try and keep her parents safe. Explaining everything to them afterwards had been far more difficult than actually performing or reversing the memory charm had been. Luckily, they'd accepted her apology and been willing to return to England and rebuild their relationship with her, though it had taken some time for them to get to where they were now.

The stinging slap across her arse made Hermione yelp, jump and spin around to face Harry, who smirked at her. Had he seen the uncomfortable memory seeping in and dragging down her mood on what was supposed to be a joyous occasion? If so, he'd snapped her out of it incredibly effectively. The melancholy was gone before it had ever really had a chance to settle in, and the horny was all the way back.

“Then I guess we’ll just have to break in this brand-new bed,” he said. His arm wrapped around her waist so he could grab onto her arse and squeeze.

“That’s the idea, Potter,” she said as she grabbed the waistband of his underwear and pulled them down, leaving him as naked as her. This had been her bedroom as a child, but after her parents had moved back from Australia, they’d repurposed it as a guestroom and redecorated it accordingly. She might have nostalgic feelings for the room, but she was happy to be only a guest who was staying the night at her mother’s insistence. She knew that she would always be welcome here, but Harry was home now.

“You know, I’ll be able to call you *Potter* like that pretty soon too,” Harry said lightly while moving his hand over to grope her other arsecheek. Hermione giggled in delight.

“I’m going to go by Granger-Potter after we marry.” she clarified, before smiling widely at him. “You can just call me Potter if you feel like it, though.” She’d only been engaged to Harry for about two hours, so the realization that she would be taking the Potter name as part of hers in the near future was still fresh in her mind. She had a feeling she was always going to smile about it though, no matter how many years passed.

“Then let’s get you into bed, Granger-Potter.” Harry put his other arm around her waist, picked her up into his arms with his hands under her arse for support and carried her over to the bed that her parents had bought when this room turned from her bedroom into a guestroom. She’d slept in this bed a handful of times since, for various reasons, and so was not surprised by its softness when Harry sat her down on the edge of it. This bed was larger than hers had been, and less worn-down as well. It wasn’t quite on par with their bed back home, but it would do the job just fine for a single night. Besides, she rather liked the idea of saying a symbolic farewell to her old bedroom by having sex with her future husband here on the night that he’d proposed to her.

Harry would apparently have to wait a bit before he tested the bed’s comfort for himself, because after he’d put her down, he slowly got down on his knees in front of the bed. He rested his elbows on the edge of the bed and looked at her expectantly. Hermione, obviously understanding what he had in mind, was quick to comply. She scooted her body backwards a bit, got down on her back and spread her legs. She adjusted her positioning a bit so her feet were planted right on the edge of the bed, thinking that this would give Harry all the room he needed to do what he wanted to do. And Hermione definitely wanted him to have as much room as he needed to give her the full treatment she knew he was capable of.

Hermione never ceased to be amazed every time she felt Harry’s head between her legs. Even if there happened to be another woman (or more than one other woman, even) naked in bed with them at the time, she always felt like Harry’s attention was solely on her pleasure any time that he was licking her. She didn’t have to compete for his attention tonight, of course. She had no problem letting Fleur, Angelina, Audrey and the others fool around with him. She even had fun joining in, which was not something she’d seen coming before her now ex-husband’s debt created this life-changing situation for her, but she’d learned to embrace.

Still, she was glad to have him all to herself tonight, and he seemed like he might be perfectly happy to spend the entirety of that night down on his knees on the floor of her childhood bedroom with his head between her legs. Harry gave great head, and he knew exactly what she liked by now. He could have gotten her off in short order or had her begging to be fucked, if that was what he was interested in. But

he took his time tonight, kissing her inner thighs and teasing her with licks and rubs up to and likely beyond the point that he would've been able to make her cum if he'd been hurrying things along.

If he wanted to take the scenic route this time, Hermione wouldn't complain. She relaxed on the bed and sighed quietly as she watched her best friend turned lover and now fianc took his sweet time before finally starting to lick her labia. She sighed a little louder, knowing that she didn't need to worry about keeping the noise down. She'd put up a silencing charm as soon as they shut the door of the bedroom behind them, so her parents were not going to hear a thing no matter how late into the night she and Harry continued to celebrate their engagement.

That was good, because Harry showed no urgency in moving things along, and Hermione did not make any attempt to get him to do so. He slowly but surely ate her out and rubbed her pussy with his fingers. Harry understood just how to keep her feeling good, bringing her pleasure and not letting her fire grow cold, but at the same time not intensifying her need and making her impatient to cum. It was a balancing act, and he pulled it off beautifully. Hermione didn't feel compelled to beg him to lick her harder or stick his cock inside of her. She just continued to relax comfortably on the bed and look down the length of her body to watch the man she loved worship between her legs with such enthusiasm that you'd think that *he* was the one being taken care of right now. He would probably insist that this was the case if she voiced that thought. He'd be serious about that too. Hermione knew otherwise, but she was happy to let him think so.

"Oh, Harry," she sighed. She put her left hand on the side of his head and stroked his hair gently. "It's so wonderful." Harry pulled his head back, but only far enough so he could rest his chin on her thigh and smile up at her.

"It definitely is," he said. "I could spend all night down there and be happy." Hermione giggled and ruffled his hair.

"You've come close enough to it as it is," she said lightly. "Your jaw will probably end up getting sore if you're down there for much longer."

"It will be worth it, trust me," he said, smiling. "I'll be happy to keep going. Unless you'd rather I move on?"

Hermione bit her lip, considering. She did want to keep enjoying his mouth, but she knew her mother too well not to anticipate a big celebratory breakfast coming up in the morning, and Hermione would prefer not to be all bleary eyed at breakfast because Harry had been eating her out until the sun came up. Besides, as lovely as this was, there was a better way for them to celebrate.

"I love having you lick me," she said, giving his hair another affectionate ruffle. "But I'd love it even more if you joined me in this bed and made love to me." Harry nodded.

"Fine by me," he said. He kissed her leg just above her knee before getting back to his feet and climbing into bed with her. Hermione scooted up the bed and rolled onto her side, inviting him to spoon up behind her. Harry didn't need to be instructed on what she wanted. He mimicked her by getting onto his side behind her, and she felt his hand on her side. It moved down to rub her upper thigh and the bottom of her arsecheek while his other hand aimed his cock into position. She felt the head rubbing against her, and it made her lick her lips in anticipation.

She sighed happily as he slowly pushed into her. It always felt magical to her any time that she and Harry had sex, but there was definitely something extra attached to it this time. Was it because they were engaged now, putting a formal label on a commitment that they'd already made the first night he fucked her and made her his? Was it because they were doing it in her childhood bedroom, and it felt like a full circle moment in that way? Hermione couldn't say, and in the end, it really didn't matter.

"I love you, Harry," she whispered as he slowly pushed deeper inside of her.

"Love you too, Hermione," he said. His right hand remained on her arsecheek, and his left hugged around her body so he could reach up and gently squeeze her breast. She closed her eyes and moaned, patting the back of his hand that was holding her by the arse.

Harry's pace in thrusting was similar to the way he'd been licking her. He was taking his time and making love to her, giving her a single deep thrust in and out over the same amount of time that he probably could have given her at least a half a dozen full thrusts when he was trying to fuck her hard. Having Harry fuck her was always immensely satisfying for Hermione, but this relaxed pace felt perfect with the mood that had been set much earlier in the evening. This was a time for tenderness, not shagging that could make the bed rumble beneath them.

It was about as different in pace and feeling as could be compared to their first night together. There had been urgency then; years of repressed desires and forbidden fantasies finally being allowed to escape their cage as Harry and Hermione finally, *finally* acknowledged how they felt about each other. That night, he'd fucked her better than she'd ever been fucked and claimed her as his while in Ron's old bed at the Burrow. But there was nothing left to prove, and they'd had months to tell each other and show each other exactly how they felt. She was his, and he was hers, just as it should always have been. They both knew it, and they'd known it long before he'd turned her parents' patio into something out of a fantasy epic and proposed to her.

They were both secure in where they stood, and there was no overwhelming need to fuck. There were no other witches on hand to command his attention and make them hurry things along. Harry was free to slowly rock his hips back and forth and make love to Hermione gently, and she was free to moan quietly, squeeze his hand and rest her head on the pillow as she enjoyed every second of it.

Even though he was taking it slow, it still felt incredible. The size of Harry's dick let him make his mark regardless of how fast or slow he happened to be going, but he also was able to angle his hips and ensure that his cock brushed against her g-spot every time he thrust his cock in and every time he pulled his hips back. No matter the pace or the position, no matter where they happened to be doing it or whether there was another witch or two in the bed with them at the same time, as long as Harry's cock was inside of her, Hermione was going to be happy.

She had him all to herself tonight, and it really did feel like they were going to spend all night making love if they continued at this pace. Hermione wasn't keeping track of time, but she felt she could safely assume that he'd been inside of her at least twice as long as he usually was. She wasn't all that close to cumming, either, and she was pretty sure she could say the same for him. He didn't seem to care about getting there any time soon, because not once had he given her a harder thrust or deviated from the pace he'd set from the moment he dropped to his knees and put his head between her legs.

Harry kept his cool like he wanted to savor this night and this moment with her, and for her part, Hermione was indeed savoring all of it. She loved Harry's cock slowly moving back and forth within

her, sticking to a pace that let her feel every inch coming in and pulling back. She loved his hand covering her arse cheek, and his lips on the side of her neck, kissing her as passionately as he'd eaten her out. She loved his other hand on her breast, and she loved feeling it slowly slide lower down her body. His fingers made her gasp as he grazed across her navel and down her thigh, and she held her breath when she felt them nearing her sex. His fingers danced around her clitoris, and despite not being in any rush for any of this, Hermione suddenly *needed* his fingers on her clit.

"Please, Harry," she whispered after several moments of teasing contact. "Please touch me."

"Anything for you, Hermione," he said quietly, his breath making her shiver as it hit her ear. "Always." His fingers touched her clit, and Hermione moaned and squeezed the hand that was covering her arse.

He didn't really thrust any faster after that, but the mood had still undeniably changed. Harry's fingers rubbed at her clit, and he groaned into her ear as he continued to move his cock back and forth inside of her. Her orgasm was quickly coming into view, and just from listening to his groans, she could tell that he was in the same state.

Now he sped up at last. It still wasn't close to the way he would move his hips when he was fucking her, but she felt the weight behind his thrusts that had not been there before. He needed to cum as badly as she did. All of the emotions of the night and the slow route they'd taken to this point had brought them to the cusp of an end that felt as if it could easily compete with any that they'd had when he pinned her legs back and fucked her brains out.

"Cum, Harry," she whispered, squeezing his hand. "Cum for me." She was going to hit her climax any moment now, and she wanted to do what she could to help him get there at the same time.

"Mine," he groaned while rubbing her clit and thrusting into her. "*Mine.*"

Hermione turned his head to face her and kissed his lips firmly right as she felt her fuse get lit. She wasn't worried about the noise she would have made; she had confidence in her charm. She just needed to feel his lips on hers as she came, and as he filled her with his semen. As she'd predicted, Harry came right when she did. Right as her orgasm rushed through her and confirmed that it could stand right alongside any other she'd ever had when he shagged her until her eyes rolled back in her head, she felt Harry's seed fill her as well. The timing could not have been any better.

That irony was not lost on her, because in some ways they'd had bloody awful timing for so many years. So much time that could have been spent together had been wasted denying their heart's true desires. But at the same time, she wouldn't have changed any of it. Rather than looking at it as wasted time, she preferred to look at it as them taking their time, making mistakes and only acknowledging the true depth of their feelings when they were mature enough not to fuck it all up.

As Harry had said right after dropping to one knee on the patio, nothing about their relationship had been traditional. But as Hermione said goodbye to her old life and celebrated the formal beginning of her new one in the very same bedroom where she'd used to close her eyes and dream, she knew that her very nontraditional love story with her literal storybook hero husband-to-be made her happier than doing things 'properly' ever could have. It would, she believed with all her heart, remain that way for the rest of her life.



If the lonely, bookish young girl who'd used to call this bedroom home could see the way her life had turned out, she would have been more satisfied by its conclusion than she had been with any story she'd ever read.