

Midnight Visitor

by Ravensblood

Set in a fictional seventh year. "The familiar weight is on the bed, and I am powerless to stop it. It's Harry. He's sleepwalking, twitching from the dreams he shares with Voldemort. Voldemort is in his head, controlling him like he's been able to do since Harry's failed attempts at learning Occlumency."

It Begins

Chapter 1 of 7

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Visitation:

I feel my hand move in the darkness to grip my wand. This is how it always starts, this feeling of dread as my world crumbles around me. In the half-light in my private Head Girl room, I am afraid and filled with despair. Will he hurt me this time? Will he leave bruises? Will he touch me... there, will he penetrate everything? What kind of sick, depraved acts will I have to perform with him tonight?

The familiar weight is on the bed, and I am powerless to stop it. It's Harry. He's sleepwalking, twitching from the dreams he shares with Voldemort. Voldemort is in his head, controlling him like he's been able to do since Harry's failed attempts at learning Occlumency. Ever since that first time, I have never told him. I love him too much, and hopefully, when Voldemort is vanquished, Harry will sleep through the night. And leave me in peace. Harry's half-closed eyes are even glowing red. His face is blank, but his beloved features prevent me from hurting him.

It's not his fault, what he does to me. I can endure this. I can love him despite my instinctive reaction to shrink away from his touch, while at the same time my body knows it, and is shamefully aroused. A quick hug in the hallway is all it takes for my torment to start. Only in the light of day can I be sure that it means little--nothing, even. That he is merely my friend and not the monster who shares my bed.

That very first time, he was sweet, playing upon the friendship and love I have for him. I didn't know what he was then. He said he had a nightmare, that he needed me. *LOVED* me. So, I let him slide between my sheets and place his head on my shoulder. I remember it as the last time I had felt safe, happy, or content with the way things were.

Now, I know only sorrow, shame, and pain. Helplessness, it's in there too. "I had another nightmare, 'Mione." Voldemort lets Harry's voice drip with irony and sarcasm. We both know what this is. We both know what is coming. He does this every time, pretends he is only Harry, just to mock me. I grit my teeth, hit with another wave of helplessness and nausea. His hands slip up my inner thighs, bunching the sheet between them. He brushes everything aside. I am exposed, my night dress twisted around my upper body so that only a small part of the fabric covers me to the sheerest edge of my hips, no lower.

Dark hair frames his red eyes. I have always found Harry handsome, in a way one can admire a brother's masculinity emerging a day at a time. But the sheer malice of his eyes turns that beloved face into a devilment, a mockery. It is my shame to let his gorgeous Seeker's body rest between my legs. His pajama bottoms are the only thing between his stiff cock and me, and my traitorous body loves his touch and has no connection to the revulsion I feel at who's pulling the strings. He presses that stiff cock to me, to my entrance, with the fabric of his pants still in the way. I moan in shame, it feels wonderful and it hurts. My juices and his pre-cum mingle in the fabric. His hands

hold my wrists to the bed; my nipples peak.

"Perhaps, I should leave him here in your bed tonight," Voldemort threatens, as he always does since I fought him that second time, since I realized who was in control. He did everything he could to make it misery, left bruises and bite marks on me that didn't fade for a week. "Then you can explain why he's here. I assume you still haven't told anyone about our little visits." His tone becomes thick as he pushes himself against me, the roughness of the fabric and the friction burning my nether lips. He takes care to put pressure on my clit with each stroke, so that I can feel all the devastation of our encounter equally.

I am aroused. I hate him. He gives me pleasure and he hurts me. He uses my feelings for Harry to make this worse, so much worse than if he'd fucked me himself. He makes me want it, deep inside. He makes me dread sleeping. He made it impossible to tell exactly when he'd make his way into my bed, sometimes every night, sometimes not for days. Sometimes he'd leave me shattered and covered in sweat and cum, just to return an hour later to break me down all over again. Once or twice he'd brought toys along. He made me do unspeakable things, and I desperately wanted more. I am sick. I hate myself. I am his dirty little slut, his *Muggle whore*.

He pulls off my nightgown. I flop back to the bed as the fabric releases me. His eyes devour my exposed breasts and his hands reclaim my wrists. He holds them together above my head in one hand and grabs my left breast in the other. He squeezes and pulls, until my nipple stands up straight again. He leans down and captures the nub in his mouth, cold from his harsh breathing. It warms quickly, shooting pleasure straight down to my core as his tongue flicks over my sensitive nipple. Another wave of juice gushes onto his pants. The puddle grows.

"Beg me for it, Hermione. Beg me for this cock."

"N-no, I won't. I don't want this, please don't make me do this. Just take what you want and go..."

"But I want you to beg," he says it in a petulant little voice, drawing on the boyish looks he's slipped into like a hermit crab into a new shell. His hand reaches down to my sopping pussy, the flesh of his fingertips cooler than my flesh. It soothes me for a moment, the pain is nearly gone as he wiggles a finger into the dripping core of my being, the hole needing to be filled. His fingers are too smooth, too devilishly smooth, and he sends wave after wave of pleasure through me as he strokes my inner fire. His hand retreats before I can so much as start to clench. It lowers. He spreads my juices over my anus. I bite back a plea of denial. He wants that. Wants to know I skate the line between need and revulsion. This isn't even rape any more. He hasn't had to force me in months. This is something else. His finger pushes inside. I feel the hot sensation of my muscles trying to repel him, the fluttery-sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. I'm burning, sweat gathering at my brow. He slips another finger in, pumps them in and out. I'm crying hot tears as my world is being shattered. My pussy ACHES for something to fill the void.

"Please," I croak.

"What's that? Didn't catch that."

"Please, your cock... in my pussy... please, God, just--unh--shove it in my pussy, I'm begging..."

He smiles. It is the vilest thing I've ever seen, the smile of Voldemort on Harry's face. His fingers slip out of me, and his bottoms go down, kicked to the floor by my bed. His hard, jutting cock, so smooth and big, bumps me as he returns. The velvet head zeroes in on my opening and slides home, to the hilt. It bangs my cervix with the last inch. My vision goes black as I recover from the sensation of being punched in the gut while having my G-spot pounded simultaneously. He wastes no time in pulling back to thrust into me. I come as if on demand, the remaining sensation of his fingers in my ass, his cock hitting my spot, and his fingers at my clit send me over the edge. I cry out in shock. He grins. It's terrible.

He lifts my leg up in the air, rolls it to the side, flips me over with it. I'm on my side and he's pounding harder. He pulls back as far as he can go and still be in me, rolls me the rest of the way over until I'm on my stomach. The new position gives him better access and depth of thrust. He pounds my spot relentlessly, I'm screaming pleasure into the pillow. My collarbone feels stretched as I try to gain purchase to thrust deeper, back at him. His hand is on the back of my neck, shoves me into the pillow. His weight is transferred to that hand and I can barely breathe. His fingers find my ass again. I'm coming just on principle. He checks me for moisture and apparently finds me lacking, because he spits on his hand and smears it into my puckered hole. Two fingers immediately slide in. I scream, an orgasm hitting me so hard I nearly buck him off of me. He pulls out, and I think that I've thrown him, but his hand remains on my neck and I feel my entire body flush as I feel blunt pressure at the entrance to my ass.

"Deep breath, pet," he warns. We've never done this. I breathe in as his weight comes off my neck and settles to the hand by my shoulder. I feel him, taut, poised above me, ready to push inside. "Let it out slowly."

As I do, I feel his tip enter, the burning sensation multiplied a thousand-fold. He keeps coming. That small ache turns into a searing, piercing pain *wasn't built for this!* I feel the need to crawl away, to get away from the pain in that vaginal orifice, and still he keeps pushing, entering, tearing. *Dear gods, he'll tear me in two!* There comes a point of such intense and blinding, destructive anguish I don't think I want to be alive any more. He stops. Holds it there. It's almost worse than the pushing. I'm crying, brokenly. I give up. I'm ready to die, I let go. All of a sudden it doesn't hurt so much any more. Then he starts to move.

In, out, shallow tiny thrusts. My body feels every minuscule twitch from him. The aching siren song in my snatch returns. The tears on my cheeks begin to dry as I take breath after shuddering breath. I feel the world tilt on its axis. Pain and pleasure intermingle with the sheer naughtiness of everything we're doing, everything we've ever done.

I feel as if I'm engaging in an act of incest, because I've always seen Harry as a brother. I feel that terrible wrongness that arrived with the reality of anal coupling, more-so because it's bringing me pleasure. I feel like a treasonous, faithless friend, as I aid Voldemort in the subjugation of Harry's body. I am all too keenly aware that I, with Voldemort, took Harry's virginity, and robbed him of the memory of it. I am his partner in this because I am a slave to my own sick, twisted desires.

I feel more alive than anything I have ever felt. Burning, breaking, grinding--my soul turns to ash. There comes a point where all of the sensory overload gets out of hand--I don't come, not in any way I've come to recognize an orgasm, but I spill over, the culmination of pain, sickness and unholy pleasure sweeps me. He chuckles and through gritted teeth says, "Amazing. You soaked the mattress."

His cock is out of my ass with the shredding feeling of taking the largest, fastest shit of my life. He shoves it back into my pussy, and if my eyes weren't already closed, my vision would have gone black with the mind-numbing orgasm that breaks through the thin veneer that's left of my sanity. His thrusts are fast, deep. He's coming, soon. His body gives a huge jerk. He pulls out again, shoves his tip into my ass and lets his seed fill me.

I'm lost, and I know it. When his weight collapses above me, I welcome it. I will never be the same, I am ruined for any kind act of lovemaking that I may one day be part of. He kisses my shoulder, nips it, hard. I know it will leave a mark, but I don't care.

He gets up from my bed, and I hear him return his pajama pants. I wonder if he'll do it again tomorrow night. I wonder if I could feel like this with the real Harry, my Harry.

No, *he* is too cruel for that. He has created something and someone that does not exist. I will never have Harry that way. His beautiful body will forever be my torment. If I were to seek him out, to want sex from him, it would be the gentle loving I could expect from my best friend. As I said before, I am ruined.

If I want what I've had before, I will have to go directly to the source. I will have to give myself over to Voldemort.

Regression

Chapter 2 of 7

When the memories long hidden from his conscious mind resurface, what will Harry do?

I hate mornings like this. I wake up and my muscles are burning like I've just played Slytherin for the House Cup and ran a mile afterward. There's a sticky, scratchy feeling all over my skin, like I've been sweating in my sleep. I smell like I have. I need a shower, badly.

Thankfully, I don't have to contend with the morning wood that has been the bane of my existence since puberty. I don't think I could live that one down if I met someone in the common room on the way to the showers.

Despite the burn in my muscles and other soreness, I feel happy, and relaxed. I push myself out of bed, searching for my glasses on the table beside me. Ron's still snoring across the dorm room we share. I find the glasses, put them on, stretch, and look down to my bare chest. A few more hairs have sprung up. I grin. Then I see the stain on my trousers.

Well, that explains a lot. I must have had a wet dream or something. Funny, though. I can't remember a thing, and something tells me I really want to remember. Judging by the way I feel, it had to have been a really good one. I pop the kinks out of my neck, run my hand through my unruly black hair, and reach for my bathrobe on the post of my bed. I throw on a fresh pair of pajama pants and dump the stained ones in the chute for the house-elves to clean. I wish getting myself clean were that easy. Try as I might, I've never been able to *Scourgify* or *Evanescio* an honest day's sweat off my skin. It just goes to show, magic can't do everything.

The common room is deserted, even for a Saturday. All of the early risers are already going about their day, and the late risers, like my lazy, snoring mate Ron, are still abed. I'm somewhere in the middle of the two, and the empty space between is mine. Despite the way things might seem, I value the quiet moments of solitude that can be elusive if you're the Hero who will defeat Voldemort. I don't crave the attention that Snape and Rita Skeeter and all those other idiots claim I do. I just wish for a normal life, a family. Possibly the destruction of everything evil, Malfoy included. Is that so much to ask?

Ever since Sirius and then Dumbledore died, I've withdrawn from everyone. Even my two best friends. Ron, ever the thick one, hasn't seemed to notice. Hermione does, but she's been busy herself. If I didn't know better, I'd say she's withdrawn as well. Things aren't so golden with the Trio, these days. I don't mind it, though. Like I said, I value my solitude. It makes it easier to think.

I slip under the shower spray, let the warm water beat down on me, wash away my thoughts and my regrets. For a minute, maybe more, I just lose myself in the feeling of calm, the only sound the rushing of water, the only sight the inside of my eyelids, the only smell that of steam and soap and the cleaning potions elves use to keep the barest hint of mildew at bay. It smells like deep dark caves and hot springs. It smells like home. I scrub the cleansing sand into my hair, soap my body, lift my sac, give it a good cleaning too. I grow half hard in my hand. I stroke myself lazily, I'm not a small bloke. One of these days, I'll show Ginny just how much I want her, how much I want a family with her. I can almost see the look of awe and respect for my size on her face the first time we... well. You know.

Considering she has six brothers, I'm sure it's nothing she hasn't seen before. I give up playing with myself and rest my hands on the cold, fogged tile on either side of the temperature knobs. I sincerely wish I could remember that dream I had, might be useful, now. I search through my head, trying to find it. I'm hit with a flash. It feels familiar, the broken image I come up with. Legs on either side of me, a warm body beneath me, the tense feeling in my shoulders as I hold myself above her... chocolate-and-topaz eyes swim up at me from the gloom. My breath catches. I know those eyes. Hermione. I was dreaming about Hermione.

I'm rock hard.

For Hermione.

Bloody hell.

When did this start? When did I want my best friend in that way? She's always been, well, Hermione. One of the guys, a walking brain, I don't know, annoying and bossy. I never really thought of her like that: *creamy white thighs, curls spread out on a pillow, bloody hell!* I stumble back into the wall with the force of my reaction to the turn which my thoughts have taken.

Dark nipples, she has dark nipples. I shake my head to block out the certainty with which my imagination stakes its claims. *She tastes like sweet sea salt, smells like moss and heat and musk, buried there, head between her thighs, wails like a siren when she orgasms.*

I sink to the floor as the dam bursts. Smells, feelings, sounds, images crowd and clamor for recognition. The taste of her mouth, her skin, the feeling of her shuddering around me, the bite of her nails on my shoulders. I dimly realize my eyes are leaking. Tears. I feel tears. *I know what her tears taste like, why do I know what her tears taste like?* It's a strange question to latch onto above all others.

"Please, your cock... in my pussy... please God, just--unh--shove it in my pussy, I'm begging..."

Her voice.

Am I going mad?

So many questions, so much certainty. Why does it feel like it happened before?

I am going mad.

I have to talk to her. Now. Dear Merlin, do I have to talk to her.

I fling my robe back on over the towel around my waist. Not really thinking, I transfigure my uniform out of the terry cloth. My lips twitch at how little effort it actually took, how little I had to think about it while thoughts of Hermione zoom around my head. And something insanely meaningless surfaces. She'd be proud of me for the little feat I've just accomplished. Hermione was always proud when Ron or I did something right.

I rush down to the Great Hall to see if I can catch her at breakfast. I'm afraid, afraid that she'll confirm what I'm hoping against. Afraid she'll laugh at me. Afraid I'll be on my way to the insanity ward before this is all over. But still.

I have to know.

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I pause halfway there, trying to catch my breath. I don't want any questions, not from everyone else. Don't want to see that gleam in Malfoy's eye that tells me he knows something's wrong with me and that he *will* find out, just to laugh. Just to use it against me when next we meet. I don't want to alarm Hermione just because I think

something happened if it never did. I'm not stupid. I know everything I do is cause for gossip at this school. A hug from Hermione was all it took during the Triwizard Tournament to get the papers talking. Just about any show of emotion is fodder for the students at this school to draw conclusions about anyone.

For a second, I understand the Slytherin compulsion to dissemble. It's not a pretty revelation.

Hard breathing, not my own, comes from behind a closed door at my right. I stop. I listen.

"Draco, not so hard..." Pansy's voice whines out and sets my teeth on edge.

"Come on, bitch. You know you love it," Draco grouses out, grunting in time with his thrusts. "Come for me, my little slut."

I leave, immensely disgusted by their little display in the closet. Trust Draco to not care about anyone else but himself, a sentiment that shows in his sex life in spades. An echo of his command in my own voice catches me off-guard. It is a memory, of that I'm sure. I'm ashamed.

My need to speak to Hermione is reasserted.

She's not at breakfast, as I had thought. I choke down a muffin and some pumpkin juice and rush to check the library. I grow increasingly agitated as I can't find her in the stacks or at her favorite table. Madam Pince looks at me sourly over her horn-rimmed spectacles. I walk over to her counter.

"Has Hermione been in today?" I whisper.

She shakes her head and her sour face softens.

"Thanks," I murmur and leave.

I ask a few more students around school if they've seen her. She's nowhere. I find myself outside the painting to her Head Girl rooms. "Laurel Sulfate," I murmur and the painting swings outward. I hardly spare a glance at her cold hearth and warm neutral decor. I'm in front of her bedroom in an instant and have to stop myself from barging in. My knuckles hit the wood repeatedly.

"Who is it?" I hear her mutter sleepily.

"It's Harry."

I hear bedclothes rustling and her groan as she stands up. "I'll just be a minute, Harry. Go on and make yourself comfortable. There's cookies and juice in the ice box by the bathroom."

"Thanks," I reply and shakily grab for the orange juice she has stashed amongst the junk food horde in her charmed personal fridge. I sit heavily on the beige sofa before my knees can give out. My mind is racing through all of the things I need to say, trying to find the one thing above all others that won't make me seem like a total nut-case. I have quite a while to do it in I realize as I hear the shower running. She takes a while to brush her teeth and comes out looking fresh in a chocolate colored jumper and her Muggle jeans. She must have done a drying spell on her hair, because the ringlets that are pulled back and the curls that escape over her forehead to frame her face are completely dry. My own hair is still a little damp behind the ears. I need a trim, soon.

"What's up, Harry?" She sits beside me casually.

Confronted like this, I have no words. When did she get so beautiful?

"Harry..." she leans forward, smiling softly, to place a hand on my leg. Her manner one of concern and gentle prompting. I nearly jump out of my skin at the contact. Her brow furrows, the smile vanishes like it had never been. "What's wrong?"

"We're friends, right?" I start, haltingly. Her eyes never leave mine and she nods encouragingly.

"Right, Harry." She smiles. It's a beautiful smile. It takes my breath away.

"Just friends?" I murmur before I can stop myself. Something flits across her face. She's hiding something. I knew it.

"What do you mean?" She stammers, her hand gone from my knee. Her body language indicates she's withdrawing, closing up.

"I had a dream last night," I whisper.

"A--a dream?" She's nervous. Her eyes shift, look far away. She leans back, away and crosses her arms.

"I need to know if it was true."

She chuckles nervously. "What about?"

I have no idea how I can persist like this, I am confused and scared, but her reactions tell me so much, put me at ease. Give me the courage to ask the impossible. "About you. Us. Together."

Tension begins filling her up. "How, together... like in a park or something?"

"In bed." I state it flatly. She flinches. I sigh into the tension that grows between us. "Is it real? Did it happen?"

"Harry, what are you asking?"

"Did we shag, Hermione?" My patience is gone. I say it more forcefully than intended. I sigh again. "Because I can't remember the details of *how* it happened, just details about... it."

"You remember?" There's something fragile in her voice. Something that makes me want to hold her.

"Did I hurt you?" I whisper, dreading, knowing things weren't the way they should have been, if it happened.

"It's so complicated, Harry... You were sleep-walking..."

I grab her shoulders and shake her a little with each word. "Did. I. Hurt. You."

She nods. I release her and break down into some sort of depression. I feel like I've been hit by a lorry in the chest. "But..." she whispers.

"But what? What excuse could you possibly have for my behavior?" The threatening tears are evident as my voice cracks.

"But I liked it. Wanted it." She seems to collapse in on herself. Shame--it is palpable.

We sit in stunned silence. I'm looking at the fireplace, biting my knuckles as tears sting my eyes. She's looking at her hands.

"How long?" I ask aloud, startling both of us.

She shakes her head, bites her lip.

"How long have we been lovers?" I ask again, looking at the top of her bowed head.

"It wasn't you, Harry," she mumbles out. "You didn't do it, you weren't there. It was your body, but... I didn't want to tell you, ever. I thought you could just defeat him and it would be over and we could go back to the way things were... He always threatened to let you find out some way, to make you suffer like he made me suffer." The words were tumbling from her lips in a nigh incoherent rush. "I didn't tell you because I wanted to protect you, you have so little happiness in life. He takes everything away..."

"Voldemort?" I explode. I can read between the lines, and it makes me sick. "You--I... Voldemort did this?" Dumbledore warned me, made me take Occlumency with Snape... warned me that it was a two-way window. But how could he take control of me?

She was shaking, sobbing, crying. "It never made me love you any less. I never blamed you, Harry. It was always Him. I never stopped loving you, never stopped trusting, only in the daylight. Only then could I be sure."

I groan. No matter what I'm feeling now, she's endured the worst of it. I grab her and pull her into my arms, let her sob into my chest. I'm crying right along with her. What kind of friend would I be if I pushed her away now? I should look at this the same way, like she had been raped by Voldemort, both in mind and body. I had no real part in this. I was just the means. A tool. A mindless puppet. "You should have told me..." I murmur into her hair. "We could have fought it, had Ron tie me down, anything to keep him away from you."

"I don't know why I let it continue... I felt helpless and alone. It made so little sense. I thought I was going crazy at first. We can't let anyone know." She looks up at me, a strange light in her tear-rimmed eyes. "Not Ron, not Ginny. No one."

I nod soberly, respecting her wishes. But the memories torment me. To know I am capable of this, that I was party to the acts that Voldemort performed on my best friend. My hand reaches into her curls. I stroke her scalp soothingly. She shifts and moans against me. "Oh, god..." She scoots back against the other arm of the couch, away, faster than the speed of light.

"What..." She's blushing, not looking at me. "What's wrong?"

"Harry, just go. I'll be fine..."

"Tell me, dammit, what is it?"

Her big brown eyes bore into mine, helplessly. "I want your body, Harry."

I swallow. Hard. I'm tempted to take her offer and go. The image from the shower calls me, though. I'm stuck fast and growing erect. I know what she feels like, what she tastes like... I let out a shuddery breath. "I want yours, too." I find the courage to admit.

"Why? I'm nothing special. Voldemort just did those things to torment us, not out of any desire for me."

"Hermione, I'm sorry if I never realized, never told you... you're beautiful. You were my best friend, like a sister to me. I never saw it."

"What do you mean 'were'? What am I to you now?"

"I don't know." I feel myself moving forward, toward her, to her end of the couch.

"What about Ginny?"

"I don't know." I'm reaching out, laying myself over her as she leans back from me. Her head is shaking in denial as my chest aligns itself with hers. The distance between us is closed; the bump in my trousers catches on the crotch of her jeans. Her eyes close in surrender to my familiar touch. I dive in.

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## Desire and Belief

Chapter 3 of 7

Those who can, do. Those who shouldn't, do anyway.

### Ch 3: Desire and Belief

Oh, gods, he's coming for me. Harry is coming for me, is crawling over me. It's not Voldemort; it's just the two of us now. This is real. This is wrong. This never would have happened if not for HIM making Harry want me like this. His lips slide over mine, so soft, so like that first time; like before things got horrid and painful, when I thought he was still him and not the monster.

*The sun is up, Hermione, this is all Harry, kissing you with his sensuous lips. That's his cock in his pants, wanting you, taking you. He wants to fuck you, he wants to make things right, he probably isn't even thinking straight right now. I'm such a whore; how can I be doing this to Ginny? How can I just snog her boyfriend like this? They love each other so much! I could see it; I was happy for them. I was glad, even when Voldemort took me with Harry's body, he couldn't take that love between them away. But now Harry is discarding it, cheating on Ginny with me, and it's ALL MY FAULT!*

I push him away. It's the hardest thing I can think of to date that I've ever had to do. "MM-No! This... isn't right." I'm surprised for a moment that he doesn't stop me, fight me, or hurt me. *But this is Harry*, I tell myself. *The sun is up. He isn't like that. It's just this closeness, this desire that blurs the edges in your mind between the Harry in your bed last night and the Harry who's your friend.* It wasn't quite as hard to make the distinction when he didn't know. Never in my wildest dreams did I think that he'd react like this, now that he knows.

"Hermione." His breathing is hard. He's fighting for clarity, for sanity. His body's having a hard time making the distinction, too. "Just let me--no. I'm sorry..."

"Don't be sorry for me, you idiot, think about the girl you LOVE!" Anger helps me concentrate on the problem at hand and not the problem still pressed against my groin.

"I... Ginny... I." He's so quiet for a moment, the wheels in his head turning visibly. His emotions flit over his features one by one, confusing. "I don't know." He collapses atop me, his head resting on my breasts and he is my friend again. I stroke his hair consolingly. This is all we can be; this is the only closeness we can have, otherwise Ginny will be heartbroken and Harry will ruin everything he has going for him. *With me!* I am not so selfish as to sacrifice my friends' happiness for my own. "And Ron..." He murmurs.

"What does Ron have to do with this?" I ask, still brushing my fingers through his hair in what I hope is a strictly platonic gesture.

"He fancies you, you know. He's just too much of an idiot to tell you himself," he muses, closing his eyes with the hypnotic movements of my fingers.

I don't even know what to think about that. He's like a brother to me. He'd be the epitome of everything I am too ruined to have, just like Harry. "You love Ginny, right?" I aim for more comfortable ground.

"I do..." He's trying to let me help him clear away the confusion.

"And until today I was just a friend."

"You were... but now." He sighs and lifts himself above me. I'm startled as he looks searchingly into my eyes. "Now, I can't get you out of my mind." I feel my heart lurch to the side. When did Harry get so good at saying all the things a girl wants to hear? "This is too hard." He lowers back down and lets me resume my soothing ministrations. "Your heart... it's beating so fast," he murmurs with his ear to my chest. He hears everything I wish to hide. "You're shaking."

That isn't all that's happening to me. My chest feels tight, and my head light. "I wish we could just stay like this forever," I admit. No boundaries crossed, just the delicious torment of these feelings washing over us. It's intoxicating, this closeness. I'm feeling safe, but wild. Such promise here beneath him! Everything is new, exciting, and uncertain. So much to be lost and such a fragile thing to gain. If we can just stay like this, poised on the edge of surrender but never giving into the pull, I would be content. Because I know how it could be between us. So does he.

We reach a kind of rapport, not going any further, just staying where we are. My heart pounds in my head, but my breathing is deep and even. It's sweet, beautiful. My crotch is aching with being unfulfilled. A sweet ache, this aroused awareness of Harry, my Harry.

After what seems like a lifetime, he breathes in, gets up, stands, and holds out his hand to me. A wave of sorrow and loss overtakes me for a moment due to the absence of his comforting weight, but I know it is for the best. We can never go onward to where our desires would take us. Maybe Voldemort will still use him, but I know that the sick pleasure will feel different than this quiet emotional attachment he and I have found.

No boundaries are crossed. There is nothing that we can't take back and nothing we will regret in the light of another day. "Have you eaten yet?" I ask him.

"I had a muffin, but I could eat again."

"Let's go to breakfast." I hold his hand, still not willing to give up the contact as we leave my Head Girl suite and emerge out into the halls.

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I drop his hand outside the Great Hall. He smiles at me. He's saying, *"Well, here we go,"* without words. I guess we've gone beyond words. I nod. He opens the door. We step through.

Conversations don't stop, and no one so much as glances up. This is normal, him and me, walking in together. We've done it so many times. Why did I think everything would be different? Because everything *is* different. We've changed, he and I, and I can't believe nobody can see it.

We head over to the table. There's a seat beside Ginny, a seat beside Ron, and a space big enough for the two of us to sit together a little ways down the table from them. I look at Harry, willing him to sit beside his red haired soulmate, where he belongs. He gets the message. It takes less than a second. He slips in beside a grinning Ginny. She watches me to see if I'll take the seat beside Ron, obviously meant for me. It's such a little thing, I've done it before without thinking. But now I know why it is this way: he fancies me and is trying to tell me without having to put it into words. With my new knowledge of his feelings, and a new look into non-verbal communication, I can see it. I don't know how to handle it. So I act like nothing is wrong, everything is normal; nothing has changed and I sit next to Ron.

The wattage of Ginny's smile goes up a notch. *She's his sister, how could she not know, of course she knows* I barely catch the relieved breath that Ron lets slip out. He was holding his breath. I'm sure he didn't even know it. He resumes the messy eating that he's infamous for. Harry scoops some eggs onto his plate and immediately tucks in. "Morning, Ginny! Ron," I chirp. I always do my best to be polite. Even to those who will shrug it off like it's nothing, because that is who they believe me to be. It's what I'm known for. *Always show respect to your elders, always be polite, never curse or use vulgar language of any kind, be proper in thought and deed, and above all else, mind your studies:* my supposed inner mantra to those who never bothered to really get to know me, (i.e.: Everyone).

"So," Ginny begins immediately. "What are your plans for the Christmas Hols? Harry's staying at the Burrow with me and Ron; all the family will be there."

"Actually," I start, stop. I blush stupidly, putting bacon on my plate. I grab eggs and a flapjack. I take another breath before revealing my plans. "I was going to stay here at Hogwarts. My parents are going to visit family in Australia. I thought I'd get some extra studying done for my N.E.W.T.S. My Head Girl duties don't leave all the time I'd like for that." *Honestly, it's what they'd expect me to say. (See above inner mantra.)*

"Sounds riveting," Ginny's voice is laced with irony. Ron takes that moment to swallow whatever it was in his mouth and put his two knutts in.

"You know, it's not exactly the way I'd want to spend Christmas."

"I know, Ron. You practically have to be tied up and forced to open a book and study."

"No... I didn't mean studying. I meant alone, without your family or your friends. Every one else will be at home, opening presents. Maybe you could come to the Burrow, too, just for the Solstice."

"I don't know, Ron..."

"Come on, it'll be fun," Ginny coaxes. "Mom will probably give you one of her awful sweaters. There's gonna be a huge feast. A lot of Order members are going to show. Every year we all get roaring drunk about midnight off whiskey and eggnog and sing carols around the piano. Last year, Fred and George charmed the tree to sing 'Deck the Halls'. The thing looked so much like the Sorting Hat we laughed for hours!"

"Yeah." Ron nods, never as eloquent as his gushy little sister.

"Maybe," I mutter noncommittally, but she sees me crumbling.

"The year before that, Lupin got up on the piano and sang 'Santa Baby'..." she dangles that precious little image in front of me like a piece of candy before a diabetic sugar-junkie.

That's it. I'm hooked. "Okay," I capitulate.

Ron beams. Ginny claps her hands. Harry smiles, although a little bit of apprehension filters through. I gaze at him steadily, thinking at him as loudly as I dare. *He can do this. It'll be perfectly normal. A little alcohol and Yuletide spirit isn't going to make us THAT incredibly stupid.* I can almost believe it, myself. Besides, there's still three full

weeks to go before we're crammed into the Weasley Nest like so many human sardines.

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A week passes by, then two, with no sign of Voldemort's little midnight visits. I start to think I am free. He's never stayed away this long. My dreams are untroubled and my sleep becomes easy. I'm warm and safe beneath the covers, and the restless beating of my heart stills as I start awake as the aforementioned hour comes. Midnight: nothing. There's nothing there. Relief and regret dance in the shadows again tonight. I pass once more into easy dreams.

I start awake an hour later as a familiar weight shifts the bed. It's Harry. Voldemort has caught me unawares again. My pulse kicks; it speeds up and I'm fully awake.

"Hermione?" My belly does a flip-flop. The thrumming in my snatch causes a flood and drenches my thighs.

"I'm here." I play along with our little game.

"Will you hold me again?" This has never been part of it, but Voldemort is devious. "I just need to reassure myself. I won't try anything. I know we agreed."

"Harry?" He's fooling me, I just know it. He's doing it all over again. "Harry, how can I know if it's you?"

"I know. The sun's down... but... I still can't stop thinking about you. Just an hour, it's all I need, just an hour in your arms and I can sleep."

If it is Harry, I should send him away. This will only complicate things. But I'm so very wet! I've had no sexual contact for weeks. It makes me weak. Also there's the issue of my unconditional love for him. If it's Voldemort, well, I should just play along and let him have his way, otherwise he'll hurt me.

I make up my mind, lift back the covers. He slides in beside me, rests his head on my shoulder ever-so-gently, so like that first night...

"Please," I whisper, "I don't want to play any more." Frustrated tears threaten my sight.

He lifts his head, pulls out his wand from some pocket somewhere. He casts a quick "*Lumos*" and sits up on the bed beside me. His hand still rests on my abdomen, as if he's afraid to lose contact.

I can see his face; his eyes are his own. The emotion he shows me is a needy, insecure one. I am mostly reassured.

Mostly. His expression further weakens my pitiful resolve.

He probably has no idea what it is he truly needs. But I do. I feel the need of it acutely: a coiling spring winding in my gut. So here we are, back where we shouldn't be, poised at the edge of that huge precipice as if drawn there. The only differences being: (one) that it's night, and everything is so much easier to excuse in the night, (two) that we're only half-dressed, and (three) that this is the stage where all of the acts of sexual congress between our bodies were preformed. I'm of the belief that flesh and places have their own memories. So everything is completely different.

The edge of this cliff is slippery one. I can feel myself falling already.

"Harry..." My voice is low with the dangerous emotions with which we play. It also lets him know that I am aware that it is him, only him, here of his own free will. Our choices are our own. It is a warning, a beckoning call, a confession, all rolled into that one weighty utterance.

I watch it trickle down over his awareness: *He shouldn't be here. I am weak. I cannot send him away. I want him. It's torment. Does he have the strength to hold on to his control for both of us?*

"I'm..." he starts, cannot finish. His hand clutches spasmodically in the satin of my nightgown at my stomach. Our breathing is hard though we stay and do nothing. His eyes close, he turns his face away. Strain is evident on his features. When did this become so hard? "I shouldn't have come."

"But, you did." I can't stop myself from calling his eyes back to mine.

Green eyes pierce right through me in the half-lit chamber of my bed's shadowed hangings. "I did," he answers me with absolute finality. Absolute intent.

My hand reaches up to cup his cheek. He presses his face into the palm, kisses it. He breathes out, "Mione." The sound: his surrender to gravity.

Something snaps inside and the dam breaks. A torrent of emotions sweeps him under. He grabs my wrist and pulls me under with him. His lips descend and capture mine. A rush of warmth and delight sweeps upward from my toes to my scalp. The hand at my stomach sweeps to my side and slips over the satin to curl around my back.

I am lifted in his arms to sit chest-to-chest with him. His lips are making tormented love to mine, a wealth of wanting poured into the sweep of his tongue, into the caress of his fingertips down the column of my throat. He lowers his hand to settle over my breast. My arms slide around him. I kiss him in return, reverently worshiping the muscles of his back that have become taut with restrained passion. He bears my weight back down, sweeps his legs over mine, between mine. They've fallen open without a thought, only the whisper of sound against the sheets.

I'm too keyed up and too far gone. I can't stop this and neither can he. I hook my big toes into the elastic waistband of his flannel trousers and push them down. His back arches up to help me. They make it to his knees while he still devours me, fumbling slightly with the edge of my nightie. My arms are tightly hooked behind his shoulders. His arms are a frame of steel-over-velvet within which I am safe. We press together in desperation, his hard, sweet cock rubs my swollen flesh and slides over my slickness.

"Wet, wet, gods, so very wet!" he groans against my lips, bucking his hips.

"Har-ry!" The hitch in my moan, high and pleading, is all I can do to say how much I need him inside me.

He finds the angle, pushes deep with a groan, and we stare into the wide eyes of one another. Surprise, triumph, wonderment is all there in the space between us. Like it's our first time all over again. In reality it is. "Perfect fit," he says in awe. His head descends to kiss me again. Our bodies begin to speed up into a frantic rhythm, as if our pause had never been. His thrusts meet the spot created for him, there at the back; I've had no other lover but him. He's wild, hard, tormented passion sprung from its cage and released into me. He isn't gentle, like I had thought he would be. Still, nothing about this hurts but my heart, knowing we've given in.

I am momentarily caught up in amazement that he's lasted this long. He has amazing stamina for some one who's never truly done this before. Though, I should expect that the fact that his body *has* would make the crucial difference in that regard. This night is the gift that Voldemort unwittingly gave us, regardless of what the consequences will be in the morning. My thoughts dissolve back into the incoherent stew of molten pleasure he's busily churning me into.

His thrusts get harder, wilder. He pulls back from me and pushes my legs toward my chest. The sounds of our harsh breathing and the punctuation of my moans crescendo along with the blood pounding in my ears. The familiar clenching sweeps me; the pleasure in me spirals quickly closer and closer to release. My cries grow frantic, needy, close--oh so very close! He's crying out, too, his urgency matching my own. "Pull out, you need to pull out, Harry!" I find somewhere within me.

*So close so close so close--*and he does pull out. My orgasm hits me with the very last thrust to throw me over the edge. From his throat emerges the beautiful sound of his pleasure-stricken cry as his seed spurts out to hit my satin nightie on my breasts and belly. He falls over on his side, letting out a groan of spent passion. We stare up into the canopy of my bed as our breathing returns to normal. He grabs his wand, still glowing and tangled in blankets. "*Nox*," he mutters, then, "*Evanesco*," before he drops it

and his arm heavily to the side. "Dear gods," he sighs, turns his head, smiles at me. I smile back at him. He gropes for my hand and holds it gently in his own. A peculiar light is in his eyes.

I recognize that light, a much brighter version of what's always been there when he's looked at me in the past. It's changed and grown, become something I never would have thought to expect, from *Lumos* to *Lumos Maxima* in a few tumbled, frantic moments. *Don't say it, please don't say it, if you do, it'll mean so much and ruin everything and Ginny and Ron--*

"I love you," he murmurs fondly, with all due weight behind each syllable. My heart skips.

"I love you, too, Harry," I whisper with all the truth and regretful knowledge of my heart.

## Daylight Interlude

Chapter 4 of 7

You can never go back, only forward. Why would you want to?

Daylight.

I awake in a bed not my own with willowy limbs stretched around me and lovely caramel curls on a pillow beside my head. The night's events come back to me in a breathtaking rush. Hermione's sweet face is relaxed and almost as full of carefree innocence as the days when we first met. Too often of late, our faces seem older than our true age in dealing with the threat of Voldemort, the death of Sirius, the death and subsequent disappearance of the body of Dumbledore. I, for one, refuse to believe the man is truly dead. That is the only reason I am here, waiting for his return. Return, he will, I am sure when the time to strike is at hand. That is also the reason that Severus Snape lives, not cut from his mortal coil by me.

Hermione inhales quickly and shifts at my side. The motion of her leg over a very sensitive part of my anatomy brings that part of me immediately to life. Before she can come completely 'round and ruin what we shared last night with regret and demands for secrecy and repentance, I roll easily on top of her and rest my growing erection firmly at her entrance. Her eyes snap open and regard me for a nanosecond, her mouth open to say something definitively Hermione. I don't give her the chance. I capture those sweet warm lips with mine before they can do their damage to my heart.

She moans into me, quite wonderfully, but her hands come up to my chest and apply pressure there. I hold her tightly to my chest, not letting her dissuade me in the least, and kiss for all I am worth. I bear down on her with my weight, thrust slowly against her. Soon her half-hearted protests disappear with the flood of liquid warmth that takes my breath away. I release her lips with the assured knowledge that she won't try to stop me again.

"Oh, GOD, Harry, we shouldn't!" The longing and defeat mingled in her voice spurs me on, brings me to heights of desire I am not fully prepared to experience. I just groan in response, her hot, wet folds and friction against them shoot pleasure through me like lightning.

"Harry..." Her voice is keening higher, so full of yes and no that I can't decipher it all in my mindless state.

"They're going to kill us..." Her breathy sigh tells me all I need to know. I adjust my hips and thrust home. Her delicious shout is counterpoint to my own. Soon I am pounding into her soft body with the force I tried to restrain last night, trying to brand myself all over her, inside of her, and claim her for my own. No one else should see her hazy bedroom eyes, the dusky rose of her nipples, the creamy white of her naked skin, or hear her moans of pleasure, meant only for me. She starts out panting, goes quickly to low moans, and progresses higher in pitch until she's nearly screaming my name.

Her muscles tighten about me, trying to break my stride, trying to wrest control back from me. I ride her contractions out, only slowing slightly. The claws she rakes across my back fall lax and soothing fingertips replace the sting I barely even felt. Perspiration marks her brow, a few curls stick to her face. If I were a painter, I would commit that face to canvas, to look upon its breathtaking mystery and beauty for all my days to come. Her eyes are alight with golden fire; the irises fix on me with lust and profound love. I wonder if she knows how much she shows me with that look, clear past her heart and into her soul.

My hand slides down a thigh looped over and behind my waist. Before I can really understand what I am doing, I shift my hips up, bring her rear slightly in the air and start to caress the strip of skin directly below where we are joined. It is slick and wet with her juice. Her eyes roll up into her skull, and she lets out another low moan at the feeling of my fingertips there. The depth of my thrusts increase, but the pace slows.

"What do you want me to do, 'Mione?" I whisper.

She takes a very long time in replying. I see her thinking about it, weighing the pros and cons, weighing words. "Lower," she finally groans out.

*I only have so much lower I can go before I am touching...*The thought sends a thrill down to my toes. I lower my hand and feel the soft puckered ring of her back door. Her breathing speeds up, if that is possible. "Wet your fingers..." she continues to tell me. I raise my hand and insert my middle and forefinger into my mouth, licking her musky juices from my skin. My heart flutters madly at what I am about to do to her. I let the slick saliva coat clear down to my last knuckle before returning the digits to that elusive and erotic other entrance.

She gives me no more helpful instruction. I slide the wetness around the hole and massage the muscles from the outside. I feel a new wave of wetness drench me from her insides. She's thrusting back up against me firmly, her body doing everything in its power to urge me on. I press an exploratory finger in, to the second knuckle, shocked at how tight and smooth and so very warm it is. I wonder momentarily what that would feel like on my...

Her moans have already changed, lower and huskier, deeper than I've ever heard her voice. She's shivering slightly. I press the finger farther and am rewarded with the next flood. I feel my thrusting with my finger from the other side of a barrier, surprised at how thin that wall is. I crook my finger and feel the added pleasure of it against my thrusting shaft inside of her. We groan aloud together.

"The other one..." she whispers. "Put it in me as well."

I slide my finger almost all of the way out and add the other one to the entrance. Her body accepts the new invasion with very little resistance. "Mione, have you... had my... in here?" I whisper in awe.

"Once," she trembles out. I crook the two fingers and am immensely satisfied with the result on both our parts. Her admission nearly floors me and saps the remaining restraint I have left. I begin thrusting harder, moaning in time with her, feeling her walls restrict on both the parts of me I have inside her. There comes a point where she goes completely still, her vaginal walls like a fist around me, the soft little ring of her ass tightening and releasing in quick little murmurs around my knuckles. The



sensations do me in. I'm coming faster than planned. I pull out as fast as I can, hoping it will be fast enough.

One spurt lands on her mons before I can press the underside of me there and direct the streams away from the danger zone. The slickness of it seeps to her clit where the very base of me presses; my fingers are still caught in her ass. The look of shock she shoots me takes me by surprise as my ending thrusts put friction on her sensitive nub. My fingers are clutching inside her in time with the hand fisted in the sheet at her side. She throws her head back one last time and shudders in pleasure as the rim of her ass suckles my fingers again. Dimly, I recognize she's having another orgasm, just from my fingers and her clit alone.

I hold myself above her, still half-hard and growing stiff again. I stiffen the two fingers inside and draw them mostly out, before pressing them back in experimentally. Her moan lets me know she's not in any pain, quite the opposite, in fact. The motions I make in her anus are driving her mad with pleasure. I feel the trickle of juice from her inside meet the driving hand at her ass with the help of gravity. I soak a third finger in it and try to add it to the group already inside.

I meet some resistance with this one, her body twitching and her breathing ragged. I do my best to slim the bunch to their smallest possible width, and still I see no sign of pain. I thrust my fingers in and out, mentally measuring myself against what I have put in that little ring of muscle. It would still have to stretch more...

"Oh, for GOD'S SAKE, Harry, just put it in there already, I know you're wanting to. "

Her voice shocks me out of my mental calculations. "Really? But won't it hurt?"

"Probably, but I don't care, just quit *TEASING* me!"

I remove my fingers with a lustful moan from her. I scoop up the semen deposited on her front, slick my length with it and position myself at her back door. Suddenly, I'm so very nervous that I stop and just breathe.

"Harry..." Her voice is pleading with me.

"How should I do this, I mean... do I need to do it any way in particular?"

"How should I know? I only did it the once with--with..." Her face turns a beautiful shade of pink and she looks away, almost as nervous as me. I do my best to recreate the sensations that threw her over the edge last time and settle a thumb over her nub to counter-act any pain my entry might cause. I rub its slicked surface slowly as I press my head to the rim of her anus.

She takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly, visibly relaxing every muscle as she does so. I really need to find a charm or something that will make this easier on both of us... next time. A nod from her is my cue. With an indrawn breath I push, the muscles of her bowels resist me. I pull out slightly and adjust, before pushing back as I would if this was her virginity, in and then out, finding my way in slow increments. Beads of sweat sparkle on her face. She's shuddering and shaking, grunting with each inward push, trying her best not to seize up or cry or something. I am sorely tempted to stop this little encounter. She needs more preparation, a spell or something to make this not quite so difficult on her.

I guess she sees my indecision, and rasps out, "Harry, don't you dare stop, not now." I make a few more passes and with a shock, find myself completely encased in that ring of muscle. The feeling is hard to define, so I won't try. It's not better than vaginal, nor is it any worse, just different. The fact that her body wasn't built to accept me in this manner makes me bask in the wonder of the heights of pleasure this form of intercourse can bring to both of us.

I rub her swollen flesh with renewed vigor, wanting, wishing, for her fluttery contractions to shudder over my length, beginning to feel the burn of her tightness along my persistent thrusts. Soon I am circling her clit in snapping motions, my hips are slapping against her ass, and the only sounds in the room the sharp smack of flesh on flesh and our ever-heavy breathing. Her moans punctuate the air, music to my ears.

Then, all at once, she seizes up, her hands claw the air, I feel that ring of muscle simmer over my flesh, and the waterworks shoot from her unoccupied opening. It is too much for me.

Another volley of thrusts, increasing in speed and depth until I am pressed as far as I can go and am shooting hot cum inside of her. I feel the aftershocks grip her body one after another. Her muscles play over my too-sensitive cock, eliciting aftershocks from me as well. Here we are, still joined, our flesh fighting against one another for the last word. My head is bowed. Her neck is arched out. The scene, I am sure, is one of profound beauty.

Finally, I slip from her; her groan indicates she misses the feeling of fullness. We are speechless. Good. Now nothing hurtful can be said on the matter. I refuse to see how something that feels so good between people who love each other could possibly be wrong. After a long time, I hear her take a breath to say what I don't want to hear.

"Shower and then breakfast?" I ask, cutting off that terrible conversation before it can start. We can work out the particulars some other time. Right now, I just want to bask in the glorious afterglow that is spending the night in Hermione's bed. Morals be damned. I'll deal with Ginny later.

"Sure, Harry." She seems to know what is going through my head. That is good as well, because she concedes the point.

I lift her up off the bed in my arms and carry her to the private bathroom she shares with no one. Thank Merlin for small mercies. Not even an irritated Head Boy to contend with. I don't think I could handle it if Hermione had to share a common room and bathroom with another man.

When we are under the spray, all is right in my universe.

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Interlude:

Harry pulls me under the water with him, the rivulets of warmth caressing my skin in a sensual dance made more unbelievably erotic by his nearness to me. He captures my mouth with another kiss and plunders everything there. I briefly wonder if he's just trying to keep my mouth busy so I can't talk sense into us. What was done is done, but do we have to make it worse by compounding the problem? Just at this moment, my senses are being overrun by the feeling of wet skin on skin with the disorienting affect on the senses that flowing water over one's head and back brings. His gorgeous body is pressed up tight to me; my breath is stolen from me by hot kisses, water, steam and the slightly crushing tension of his arms around me. We're both panting; nothing else exists in the world but the shower, this heavy feeling, and us. Every nerve ending is alive, his hands scraping along my back, kneading muscles there.

I give in to all the urges pressing at me from all sides--the need to touch him back has been plucking at my fingertips. With a groan I give everything I've been receiving and let the magical timeless moment sweep me--with him--away completely. Everything is humming, so hot and deliciously... pressure, pleasure, desire... Gods! Just lips and teeth and arms--his chest, so hard, my breasts pressed against hard muscle. Ripped, that's what he is, just unbelievably corded and hot and wanting ME. The hard length of everything about him, thighs, cock, abs, pectorals and arms pressed against me, is it possible to be this close? All these parts of us are colliding and together, sliding in slickness that makes it seem all the closer. Breathing ragged, I could come just from this; I could live like this, ravenous for him and sated in the heat and reality of him.

I cannot stress just how perfect all of this is: aching, tormenting, completing, compelling, another edge, another place between where we were and where we are. I thought I knew him, but now, I feel as if I AM him, with all the confusion that these desires and emotions bring because it's all too much, all too real and piquant and STRONG. The human mind wasn't meant for the processing but mostly just for quick transition. Here in the between, in the paradox: this is where we live now, where we are nearly--but not quite--there. Where we are right and happy and nothing can touch us, not time, not outside influences, not temperance, not restraint.

And yet it's all an illusion. Somewhere in the madness we break contact so that we can breathe. So we don't just die where we stand in the name of 'The Edge'. A few quick rasps and he reaches for me again. I am addicted to his touch, to his emerald eyes boring into mine--drilling to my soul. We dance in the dark places a while longer, in the places that are meant to be momentary. Dimly I am aware that he lifts me, and I feel the cold tile of the wall on my back, soothing me, bracing me. He slides his shaft home, sheathing it in my core.

Another plateau reached, another timelessness. With nails biting into shoulder blades come torrential longing, a storm of desire, raindrops pouring in a private universe. He moves in me, firmly, deeply; agonizingly intense eyes hold my gaze. I frame his face with fingers as he moves us with my legs wrapped around his lean hips. I try but can't keep the wonder, the longing, and the amazement out of my expression. His eyes smolder as he eats up my every emotion with his hungry gaze. I cannot help it: I want this, want him, need him, love him. It only serves to prove to him he is right. It fuels this course of action. It presses him closer to me, when I am poison to him. He is stubborn. He will do what he wants, what he thinks is best. I cannot stop him any more than I can stop the orgasm that is winding its way through me, gripping at his plunging erection, pulling at the seed within him in waves of contracting lust as I throw my head back and moan loudly.

But he holds on, despite my body's efforts to make that not the case. He wants more from me, needs the loss of control that is coming, needs to hear me shout his name, and will not be satisfied until I bare my soul to him and show him just how depraved I really am.

Here it comes.... "Oh, Harry... Oh Gods, yes, Harry! Harry! You're--oh Gods, yes! So hard, so fast, inside of me... So deep! Fuck me! YES! HARRY!"

He comes with a rumbling shout, building inside, torn from his lips as his hips piston in and out. Faster, harder, grinding, binding, taking away all the sanity in me. He doesn't pull out; he lets his damning semen pour in to storm the gates of my womb as he forces his way deeper into my soul. I feel the dregs of it seep out around his still-hard erection as he holds me in place against the wall. I'm trembling, so is he. There are no words... none to describe.

Heaven and hell walk hand in hand. Redemption and damnation are two edges of the same sword. What feels so right is wrong, what feels wrong is so very compelling. We do this because we cannot help it. He pulls his cock from me, eases me down the wall, and kisses the thoughts right out of my head.

We are doomed.

And still, nothing is resolved.

And still, so many questions and conflicts remain.

But I know this isn't the end. We'll do this dance again.

I follow him into my bedroom with swirling thoughts: confused logic, all. I love him but I must push him away, but he will never let me. Because *he's Harry Potter* and the only way that this will end is if he decides it is so.

He picks up the clothing strewn on the floor by my bed, gives his pajamas a sniff and makes a weird face. He drops them in the chute. He rummages in my closet, a jovial smile on his gorgeous face. How can I crush that lovely happiness? How could I possibly let him down? So I keep my horrid torment to myself and resolve to trust in Harry. Harry can fix this. Harry can make it right, he'll save us all one day, and so he must know what he is doing. Right?

He finds a pair of jeans in the back, transfigures them to fit his slightly taller frame and magically lets out the width of the legs so he doesn't look ridiculous in them. He does the same to a white tee shirt of mine and does it without effort. I am proud of him for a heartbeat. He slips into it all and the sight of him fully clothed is only slightly less arousing than the sight of his nude body. The jeans hang off his lean hips and the thin material of the shirt clings to the muscles of his chest and abdomen.

I am damned. I am lost. How can I say no to Harry? The years of Quiddich and the manly form he's grown into are not lost on my hormones, which at the moment prompt me to rip the clothing right back off him. Thankfully, he's slightly thick in the head after our bout of awesome sex in the shower, so he doesn't notice the look of all-consuming lust on my face and the fact that my mouth is slightly open in mindless wanting. I manage to tear my eyes away in time for him to come up to me and kiss me quickly with my arms uselessly holding the towel to my breasts.

"See you at breakfast, yeah?" He waves to me from the door, blushing slightly as I mutely nod and wave back.

I'm going to hell. I just know it. But, gods, I'll enjoy the ride.

~~~~~  
Breakfast happens in a sort of uncomfortable silence that only seems that way to anyone who feels guilty about something. Ron is single-mindedly tearing into whatever sustenance he can get his hands on. Ginny makes moon eyes at Harry who self-consciously fidgets while he shovels food into his face. I, for one am attempting to gauge the reactions of everyone while looking anywhere but at Harry. I forget myself and catch the eyes of one of the people I normally do my best to ignore: Draco Malfoy. He notices my interest and makes lewd gestures with his fingers and tongue. I turn my gaze to the seat beside him and watch the perfectly painted Pansy Parkinson cackle with glee at my discomfort.

It is all becoming quickly too much to bear this early in the morning. I excuse myself and retire from the table. I have to make a visit to the infirmary to take care of a little... "problem with the girlie parts" as they say. Poppy looks agape with complete incredulity that I, Head Girl and bookworm extraordinaire, would ask for such a potion. I attempt to mollify her, to tell her that it's not for me, but one of those girls I'm supposed to help when approaching a faculty member just isn't an option. She's happy to believe the lie. She hands me instructions on activating the contraceptive, tells me to make sure the girl takes it. I promise her I will.

I go into Moaning Myrtle's lavatory, hoping that nobody else will be around. I drop my hair in, watch it fizzle, and drink the stuff before I can smell or taste the result. I banish the container and leave to sit in the library amidst the stacks of books that want nothing from me... well, nothing more than to be read and understood, for that is the purpose of books. An hour later and I feel the disconcerting tingling feeling on the back of my neck that says I am being watched.

I nonchalantly slip my hand into my pocket and feel the familiar smooth wood handle of my wand. Pretending that nothing is amiss, I brush the tendrils of hair out of my face that have escaped from the loose bun I tied them in. I stand and stretch, working the kinks out of my neck before wheeling around, wand at the ready.

Nothing. There is no one there.

Instead of being reassured, I am doubly wary. There are so many reasons why I should not drop my guard, so many ways to fool the sight. My awareness reaches outward as I close my eyes. I sense no malice, no evil intent, only the strange feeling of a pair of eyes watching me, weighing my actions, waiting. "*Impervio*," I murmur, thickening the air around me to guard against magical attack.

Through the magical barrier, I see a shimmer. I latch onto it with my eyes and follow the blur to the door. There is no sound, only the pounding of my battle-ready heart and the soft whisper of my steady breathing. I drop the barrier at the same instant that I cast an *Immobulus* charm at the shimmer. I feel the power of the spell catch and bind whatever is hiding behind a disillusionment. My wand still pointed at my watcher, presumably bound by the power of the charm. I cautiously make my way to stand before the place my spell hit.

"You can drop the disillusionment now, or I will find out who you are any way. And believe me, you don't want me to have to find out for myself." I wait a heartbeat or two. Nothing happens. For all my bravado, I am not entirely sure if I could cause any one any real harm. After all, no evil intent was being pushed my way. I reach out to the place where the mystery watcher should be and encounter something soft, but firm. It takes me a moment or two of feeling around before my mind wraps around what it is I am touching... rather, groping.

If there was any doubt in my mind, it is now completely gone as a soft, feminine sigh of pleasure reaches my ears. "Ah, umm..." I stammer... "That's your breast, isn't it," I state kind of matter-of-factly, still stunned at the feeling of a nipple straining against my palm under a thin layer of fabric.

"Yeah," the girl says in a breathy kind of whisper.

Why haven't I let go yet? "Well, umm... right then." My hand drops to my side and a sound that is suspiciously like disappointment comes from the vocal chords of my mystery girl. "Drop the disillusionment." I try to gather my wits from out of the embarrassed confusion, coupled with some other elusive emotion that I can't rightly fathom at

the moment... definitely don't want to think about it. NOT desire. I'm a--well, I think I'm straight. It's completely beside the point, really. This is just not as important as finding out who's been watching me and why.

The blushing visage of my best girl friend surfaces out of thin air, looking as confused as I am. The one I've been betraying with my best guy friend. So heap guilt atop embarrassment, confusion, desire, and relief. "Ginny... what?" I wave my wand and she is free.

"Sorry... I um... I gotta go. Don't tell Harry, yeah?" She dashes out before I can so much as blink. Don't tell Harry? Oh, that poor, naive, young, nubile, firm--stop it--redhead... if only she knew the secrets that Harry has been keeping from her--that I've been keeping.

Kinda puts the whole mistaken groping thing into perspective.

Still, it doesn't answer the question of WHY she was watching me. Probably suspicious, and who could blame her? Or maybe she's spying on me for Ron.

And then there's the fact that I still feel as if I am being watched.

Much to my chagrin, I am proven right as slow clapping starts from the stacks behind me.

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A/N: This chapter is actually two condensed in one. Nice and long with lots of smut. You're welcome! I figured I owed it to you after the absolutely horrid cliffy I left you with at the end of Regression.

On a personal note, I found myself a beta! Yay! So my next chapters I will get to thank Drusilla for kindly helping me fix my horrible mistakes.

Review me. I love the reviews!

## Points, Plots, and Plans

### Chapter 5 of 7

The mystery watcher revealed, Harry goes missing, and Voldemort returns to meddle with Harry's life once again.

Of course, I make no money off of this fictional story; it is a labor of love and sleep-deprivation. JK owns the characters and the settings, but the twisted things I make them do are all my brainchildren.

~~~~~HG~~~~~

The tow-headed bane of my existence emerges from behind one of the dusty stacks. His clapping hands are immaculate, as are his half-open robes and tailored clothing. Whatever he'd been doing, it wasn't reading. Spying, more like. The Slytherin Prince's face is expressionless but for the slight tilt to his lips: a far cry from his full-blown smirk. It is as if he's trying to convey that he finds my situation only slightly more amusing than a snail crawling over the dusty ground.

It's obvious to me that his perfectly tailored pants are tented. Why hasn't he figured it out? If he had, he never would have emerged from his hiding place. "Enjoying the show?" I raise an eyebrow and nod to his erection.

Tension takes him over as he looks where I indicated. For a moment, I think I might hear him lose his tight rein on his emotions and swear aloud. In a blink, he schools his expression, although he cannot hide the creeping blush on his so-pale-as-to-be-transparent skin. He recovers from embarrassment as best he can by ignoring it. "I don't know what you're talking about. You must be mad. I found the absence of the sight of you groping the Weaslette to be mildly amusing at best." Ah, so he chose to bluff his way around it.

"Don't worry, Malfoy. I'll keep your secret." My cooing voice drips with gleeful sarcasm.

"There's nothing to keep. I repeat: you must be mad. Insane, Mudblood, as well as daft. I wouldn't come near you to save my life."

"Of course you would," I scoff. "You value your life far above your pureblood proclivities--how very Slytherin of you, by the way--so don't give me that tripe. But beyond threat of death, I wouldn't put it past you to turn up your nose, so I won't bother offering to help you with your... situation."

He's speechless as I walk out of the library, laughing at his thunderstruck expression.

"Mudblood!" His parting insult catches me at the door.

"That's Head Girl to you, Ferret! Five points from Slytherin." I shoot back without breaking stride. It feels good to ruffle that boy's feathers for a change. I really should do it more often. Muggleborns 1, Malfoys 0.

~~~~~GW~~~~~

Well, that was too close. I storm back to Gryffindor Tower to tell my idiot brother he can bloody well spy on Hermione himself. As far as I can see, she doesn't have a boyfriend. She's just spending the usual amount of time in the library, revising, not canoodling with some boy in the stacks. If he wasn't so dead set against stepping foot in the library if he didn't absolutely have to, he would have seen that she was alone long before now.

Before now. Now she's revising and groping invisible witches, is all. Heat creeps up in my cheeks as I think about the feel of her cupping me and I know exactly why. I've loved Harry forever, saved my virginity for him, but girls get me hot, too. I never got beyond a few kisses with any of the guys I bided my time with to make Harry jealous because anything more would have been dangerous and disastrous for my reputation. My experiments and experiences with the fairer sex have gone quite a bit further, though, which is fine. It's all part and parcel to the feminine mysteries, practically pureblood tradition. No one likes a cold fish in bed so it's our duty as future pureblood wives to instruct each other gently while maintaining our purity. Or some such rot. To me, it just feels good. It's a handy excuse, though. Once I get married, I'm expected to stop that sort of behavior.

I don't know how I feel about that.

Anger fills me again as I give the Fat Lady the password. I'd been caught after one day on the job of spying! My ego is seriously bruised. Maybe that's why I feel like

smacking the back of my brother's head as it's bowed over the chessboard. So I do.

"Ow! What was that for?" he grumbles, rubbing the back of his head and scowling at me as I come around to glare at him over his stupid game.

"She caught me. Do your own dirty work."

"But what did you find out? Is she seeing anybody?" His stupid face takes all the anger out of me as hope shines brightly in his eyes.

"Not that I can tell. Why don't you just ask her, you idiot? You were sorted into Gryffindor for a reason!"

"After Lavender? I can't just... she'd laugh at me."

"Now I'm laughing at you. Idiot."

"Hey!"

"Just. Tell. Her. Before somebody else decides to. Remember the Triwizard Tournament. Remember the Yule Ball? You waited too long to ask her then. Just do it. Idiot."

"Will you quit calling me an idiot?"

"When you quit acting like one. Or do you prefer 'Coward'?"

"Okay, okay, I get it. I'll talk to her."

"Great," I smile brightly. "Where's Harry?"

"Dunno," he says, scratching his head. "I haven't seen him this morning. He was gone when I woke up."

"You think he's out on the Quiddich pitch?"

"Maybe. He has been talking about implementing some of the tougher moves and plays from the book Professor McGonagall got him for his birthday, although I think that was more for her own benefit than his," Ron's gaze looked off into the middle distance. I don't know anybody else who can pull off that look of thoughtfulness while maintaining the air of slack-jawed stupidity, but he manages. Maybe it's just that I'm his sister and hate his dumb guts half the time. I think so, but I can't ever remember thinking of Bill or Charlie like that. Percy, yes. The twins got my grudging admiration for their ability to cause chaos and avoid the fallout, but I've always had this feeling that I was the older sibling between me and Ron even though he's a year before me.

And Percy's just a self-absorbed, stuck-up prick.

"Fine. I'm going to find Harry. Good luck finding Hermione. I'm sure she's left the library by now and is back in her room where she can read without getting spied on."

"Thanks, Gin."

"No thanks necessary. Just pay me."

I wander the castle for hours, unable to find my lovely boyfriend. I'm starting to worry. "Oh, Harry. What have you gotten yourself into this time? And why haven't you taken one of us with you?" Even my ill-gained Chocolate Frogs fail to make me feel better. I sure hope I see him at dinner.

~~~~~LV~~~~~

I can't say when the novelty of loyal Death Eaters being reduced to their baser components wore off, perhaps some time before that fateful Halloween when I lost my body to my own rebounding curse due to an invocation of Old Magic so arcane that it had never been translated into the modern tongues. The evening's revels have once again failed to sate my appetite for good-old-fashioned mayhem, and the inevitable outpouring of sexual deviancy by my followers has left me... uninspired. Still, I must keep up appearances for them by watching all of it from my throne, tossing Crucios into the milieu every now and again to reassure them that they have my attention. Bella always comes so much harder when she knows I'm watching. She has the spirit of a true exhibitionist. She's always happiest when she can glance my way, covered in various bodily fluids, and find that my eyes are on her. Always on her.

Some of my followers might think that I envy them their positions, filling Bella's every available hole with the fruits of their efforts, but the truth is that the show is not for me. It hasn't been for quite some time, nor would I go anywhere near any of Bella's thoroughly used orifices had I been in possession of a working sexual organ. She may be my most loyal and fanatical follower, but she's also more like a daughter to me. It was through my tutelage that she evolved into the powerful, cruel, and terrifying witch she is today. I planted the seeds that the womb of Azkaban nurtured. She is a child of hopelessness, darkness, madness, and heartlessness. I wouldn't have her any other way. No, the show is truly for her, as I am the only audience that in the depths of her twisted soul matters. The floor before my throne is her stage. Sometimes, I think that when she is the only one standing after the orgy and the curses that she would like to take a bow. Some day I think I might let her, just for the shock value of it.

I order the lot of them out of the room, wanting to be alone. They can think whatever it is they wish about what I will do after they leave, not a single one of them would guess how I spend these hours. I think the mechanics and the irony would break their minds in twain were they ever to guess my guilty pleasure.

It has been far too long since I've allowed myself this distraction. This is the only time I am vulnerable. I do not eat, have no need of sleep, and am never in such an ignominious position as to be caught with my robes hiked up on a porcelain bowl. All my body's needs are taken care of with the transference of energy through the Dark Mark. I take a little from each of my branded followers, so little that none would be able to feel it. Their lives sustain the life of their Lord, as the mark was intended. It is only when I allow my consciousness to leave my body through the strange bond with Potter and enter him, using his body as my puppet, feeling everything through his sensory organs, that I am open to attack.

Giddy with the thought of experiencing the world through an 18-year-old's body once again, I set my wards on every opening to the room and summon my familiar to me, to watch over me while I'm away. Nagini twines herself about me, her smooth scales glinting in the low light cast by the fire, ready to hold vigil and kill any who enter here should they manage to get past the wards.

"Ssslleep well, my massster," she hisses softly to me, scenting the air before my face in her way of showing affection. "I ssshall guard."

I stroke her head with a single finger, scratching above her eye ridges in the way she likes best and settle deeper into the cushions of the throne. A few deep breaths later and I am speeding away on the wings of thought, deeper in and yet without, gauging Potter's state of mind as I near the surface of his thoughts.

He is awake, but tired. He is alone in his scarlet-draped dorm room. He is... conflicted, but overall, happy. That gives me pause. Why is he happy? I search further than his surface emotions, acclimating myself to the shadows of his thoughts, slipping beneath and around his feeble barriers undetected. As his memories of the time between my last visit and the present play out for me, I feel my ire rise.

She is MY Mudblood. MINE! How dare he touch her? I force myself not to pace like a caged panther in his head as he winces and puts a hand over his scar. He feels my anger so much more because the source of it is right there in his head, but all he knows is that I am angry. He looks into the mirror, and I can hear him thinking: "Voldemort's pissed. That's good," and he smiles a little, despite the pain in his scar. I lurk around behind his thoughts, fuming. Potter, you insolent brat, why won't you just DIE?

He changes into his sleep wear figuring that a nap wouldn't go amiss after the night he had. Memories play out anew and I simply watch, biding my time, waiting for his consciousness to go into REM so I can grab the reins and pay him restitution for trespassing where he never ought to have trespassed. There is groundwork to be laid and

plots to plan. First, a conversation with his little red-head Blood Traitor girlfriend--a rendezvous at Midnight in the Head Girl's room before the Christmas hols. Second, the retrieval of a potion I'd had laid away by my dear Potions master before he'd killed that meddlesome old man while the original taking of Granger was still in the planning stages. She'd bowed to my seduction so easily it hadn't been necessary at the outset, but could prove quite amusing for me, now. This can be done in the space of a couple of hours and no one the wiser, least of all the insolent little shit I'll be impersonating.

Why don't I just make him walk out of the castle grounds where he could easily be snatched up by my minions, you might ask. He has his part to play in the grand scheme, make no mistake. Now that he is aware of what I can do with his body, he will be taking precautions against such a move, but that will put him right where I want him: powerless to act while I take the world around him and shape it to my liking. As long as he remains at Hogwarts, he is exactly where I want him to be. I will take the Ministry, I will take the school, and I will take his friends, one by one, away from him. In the end, he will crawl to me and beg me to take his miserable life away. It will be all too easy. And by coming to me willingly, head bowed, the last bit of hope for Dumbledore's 'Greater Good' will be crushed. I will not martyr the idiot child. I will take his will from him and crush any following or rebellion that might otherwise rise up in his name. I might keep him as a pet. Wouldn't that just be sweet?

Ah, he's out. And I'm in control. Time to make the boy pay by ruining what he values most. I'm really going to enjoy this!

~~~~~  
A/N: I'm resurrecting the story, prying it out of the ashes of neglect and abandonment. I have to finish. I have all my old computerized notes and composition notebooks filled with insane scribbles somewhere. I'm sorry for the delay, but life got in the way of things. I WILL FINISH if it kills me. I owe everyone that much. I only hope that the admins will treat me gently and forgive my spelling errors. I never was an English major; I went to school for Graphic Design. Now I'm back. I hope you'll be pleased with the outcome.

## Voldemort's Ploy

Chapter 6 of 7

Plans in place, the Dark Lord is ready to PLAY.

*They aren't mine, would that they were. I have SO MUCH fun playing with them!*

\*\*\*\*\*LV\*\*\*\*\*

'Tis the night before Christmas hols. If I were the type to indulge in a hearty evil laugh, I would be doing so right now. All of the players are in place. My lovely little Mudblood is revising in the Library, while visions of her debauchery dance in her head, or so I can only hope. Miss Ginevra Weasley, blood-traitor extraordinaire, will be meeting my esteemed person at the portal of the Head Girl's room at the predetermined hour, provided she can avoid being detected by patrols. I, as Harry, have lent her the Invisibility Cloak for such an occasion, so she may sneak out of the Gryffindor common room to meet me, thinking I am Harry.

She fell for the ruse like a Dumbledore from the Astronomy Tower. She fully believed that Hermione had gifted her room to us for the night as an early Christmas present to finally consummate the relationship before we were surrounded by her family members and unable to find the privacy to do the thing properly. I replaced dear Mr Potter's pain potion with sleeping draught and raged about in his head until he had no recourse but to take some. It is good that his connection to me is a source of disquiet and embarrassment to him, else he wouldn't keep his own ready supply instead of having to go to Madam Pomfrey for a remedy. I got the potion from her, actually, and she never realized the difference between us. So it is, despite his earlier nap, he has gone off to bed long before curfew, leaving me free to complete the rest of my preparations hours in advance of Miss Weasley walking into my trap.

I retrieve the other potion from the Room of Requirement, in the place where things are hidden. I take the opportunity to ensure something else I left in that place is still undisturbed, thinking I may just have to remove it before too long. The room has received far too much attention of late, and though I thought it best to hide it in plain sight, sort of a forest-for-the-trees type thing, with all the attention the room has been getting lately, that may not be the best course. But I will not move it tonight. I make my way quickly to the boudoir of my little sex slave and speak the password I have plucked from Potter's mind. Ever a creature of habit, she will not be returning to her rooms until shortly before curfew. I begin setting up the sitting room to indicate a romantic night in for the two of them, Granger and Potter, I mean, and it will be repurposed to serve for the same for Weasley. I leave a bit of parchment on the chilling bottle of Elfmade wine in Potter's handwriting, indicating she should join him (really, me) in the bedroom when she's ready to. Rose petals leading toward the room with the bed curtains drawn, candles, soft music playing from the soundbox that some previous Head Girl had charmed or bought to add to the room, and all is made ready for her to be caught in my web.

I find a dark corner in her bedroom to hide myself and wait. Excitement causes the blood in Potter's veins to pound, the breathing to accelerate. After living in a body that feels few of these things, the sensations are heady. I can have the power of my own form and experience those things that make life worth living, too. There is some expression about cake that sums it up rather well, but it evades the mind for the moment while I await with anticipation my first victim of the night. Ah, the vigor of youth! It is heady and so welcome a change.

\*\*\*\*\*HG\*\*\*\*\*

As I drag myself and my twenty-pound bag through the portrait, the first thing I notice is the dim, flickering candlelight, helped along by the light of the fire in the grate. Next is the aroma of the candles, some of them are scented ones from my own private stock. I've always been a bubble-bath, candles, and a good book kind of girl. I drop my bag and take in the transformation of my room, seeing it like never before. I walk around in wonderment for a moment, a giddy smile taking over my face.

"Oh, Harry," the soft sound escapes me without my foreknowledge as my eyes rest on the coffee table, where a bottle of wine sits in a bucket on ice, with a bit of parchment stuck to the side. I approach it quietly, glancing around for the source of this wonderful surprise, finding him absent. He may be under his cloak, watching my reaction, so I take up the note, playing along.

*So it turns out I can be romantic. Who knew? I thought you might need something like this, so I hope you like it.*

*I'm in the bedroom. Come and find me when you're ready.*

*Love, Harry*

I clutch the note to my chest, written in his familiar scrawl. Before this whole mess, I had thought of him like a brother, and a younger one at that. I can't contain the pride in my heart that he'd grown up enough to think to do something like this for me. I never knew he had it in him. Sure, he's always been a loving, emotional sort, but awkward when it came to the fairer sex. His bewilderment at Cho's teary-eyed kiss had been the first time he'd ever asked me for advice when it came to women's emotions. That he'd matured this far... can it be that my Harry is growing up? After our passionate, frantic first time and the amazing shower sex, the shy way we parted, I had no idea that

he'd realized that I'd had a distinct lack of true romance in my life. That he could ever have guessed that deep down, I craved it.

The trail of rose petals catch my eye, and I snatch up the wine bottle from the bucket, conjuring a small amount of air inside to push the cork out. I cast about me for something suitable to make wine glasses and settle on the short rocks glasses on the sideboard by the mini kitchenette, fluting them with a few flicks of my wand. I glance at the bottle and back at the door, suddenly nervous. Before I can think twice about it, I've poured myself a glass for courage and down it quickly, the sweet and tart taste of the wine shooting sparks down my tongue and the alcohol settling in my stomach with a pleasant warmth.

Now, I'm ready to go face him. He's done his best to give me a beautiful dream of what could be, when everything is over, and I simply must give him my thanks and let him know the effort was not wasted. I push open the door, bottle in hand, feeling giddy as *A Night To Remember* plays sweet and low on the music box.

The curtains are drawn tight and I smile as I imagine Harry in there, running nervous hands through his hair, awaiting my reception to his thoughtful gift. I reach for the edge of the drapes, grinning, with an exuberant "Harry!" only lips, only to stop in confusion when I see he's not in there.

Far too late, I see the flicker of movement from the shadow and I'm caught, unable to move, falling petrified to the bed.

My beautiful dream has turned to a nightmare as I watch my wand fall from motionless fingers to the covers, but it's not been much use to me in these situations lately, anyway.

"Goodness me, what a poor little fly caught in the spider's web." The voice of my nightmares caresses my nerves, drawing a shudder from the center of my being. He grips my arm carelessly and hefts me over onto my back. His eyes glow red and he licks his lips. "Hello, dinner." His cruel smile is very nearly my undoing. How can I feel so much hatred and want at the same time? How does he do this to me? I can not speak, unsure if it's from whatever spell he used to bind me or that the words just won't come.

"Harry's been a very bad boy," he tuts conversationally as he begins unfastening my school robes, "and so have you. Didn't I tell you that you were mine? Didn't I say that?" Oh, God, his hand snakes up under my skirt to play with the crotch of my panties, already becoming wet at my predicament. "I know everything you've done with him. Does that surprise you?" He continues asking questions as if I were answering him, so perhaps I can't speak after all. "I've seen all his memories and I am very, very disappointed in you. Did our time together mean nothing to you that you would just hop into the next wizard's bed who came calling?" My confusion must be showing in my eyes because his grin widens. "It may be his body, but make no mistake. Only I know how to touch you like this. Only I know how to satisfy those cravings you've never admitted to anyone, even yourself. Perhaps I have not made that clear enough to you, Mudblood. You will definitely learn that lesson tonight." He continues undressing me slowly, moving my limbs as if I am his life-sized doll, bestowing maddening caresses on my most sensitive areas as he goes. He does it leisurely, as if he has all the time in the world. There is nothing frantic in him, knowing he has me helpless and quiet, unable to stop him.

Once I am completely naked, he starts kissing me all over, softly, almost sweetly, as if he's trying to convince me that he loves me, that we are lovers. Where is all his roughness now? He leaves me no refuge to retreat to, no pain to hold onto as he plays my body like an instrument, and I can do nothing but feel it all. When his mouth arrives between my legs, I wish with all my being that I could release the sobbing moans that catch in my chest, unable to get out. He draws on me with his mouth, snakes his tongue around, drinks me in and takes me almost to the pinnacle, only to back off again until my nerves calm, avoiding my pussy lips and clit for a few moments before winding me up again. Each time, he makes me climb higher, never letting the pleasure fully spill over until I could go mad from it.

Finally, when I think just about any touch would send me over the edge, he stops completely and stands up to walk away, out of my line of sight. Oh, God, is he going to leave me like this? I can feel the tears of frustration spill out of the corners of my eyes. He returns to my side, leaning on the bed beside me, to gently cup the back of my head, tilting it back and looking into my eyes with an unreadable expression. "When this night is over, if you still retain your wits, you will know that you belong only to me. Oh, I know you don't believe me now, but you will. I will show you how benevolent a Master I can be. I'm going to bring you a gift and also punish Potter for trespassing on your... territory." Then, he lifts something to my mouth and liquid pours down. He massages my throat, making me swallow, something that tastes like warm chocolate liquor and sweat on human skin, sweet and salty, with the hint of tart strawberries.

A buzz begins to overtake my senses, the candles burning brighter, the shadows and light going fuzzy around the edges, the longing in my flesh amplified far worse than I had ever felt. My heart despairs at the knowledge that he just fed me a lust potion, not Amorentia, but something else. Amorentia is specific to the person who added the final ingredient; much like the last ingredient of Polyjuice, it needs I catalyst. This just amplifies the desire I already feel to a fever-pitch, making me care about nothing else but getting relief--cock, tongue, fingers, toes, it matters not how---I just want to be filled, to be touched.

He lifts me up easily and repositions me at the topmost corner of the bed, furthest from the door. I eye him hungrily, but he merely smiles and pats my sex, sending zings of pleasure/pain through me at the rough touch. The he gets up and leaves me, bereft, closing the curtain and leaving me in darkness.

He. Left. Me. Like this. Wanting. Aching. Needing. Unable to move, to even touch myself and try to ease some of the ache. No explanation, no warning, and no idea when he will return. HEARTLESS BASTARD! I hear the door click shut and wish with all my heart I could scream aloud with the frustration, whimper from the need, throw things or ravish him, ravish myself.

Please.... please come back.

Don't leave me like this.

Please... somebody... anybody save me from this torment.

FUCK ME!

Please...

\*\*\*\*\*GW\*\*\*\*\*

My heart is pounding and I can't tell if it's from fear of getting caught out--*I'm under Harry's Invisibility cloak! Can't you hear me breathing?* Or if it's from the fact that I know I'm about to give my virginity to the man I love, even though we're not married--*Ginevra Weasley! I know I taught you better than this!* (that's my mother's voice, chiding me for being such a *harlot*--but I am going through with this, no matter what. I have to know, have to see it through *Shit! Was the scraping of my foot too loud? They're surely to catch me!* The billow of a robe around a corner nearly makes me gasp, until I remember that Snape is no longer in the castle. I tuck into an alcove in the dark to try to calm my breathing before it gets to be too loud or I pass out from hyperventilating in the middle of the hallway and get trampled under the first wave of students' feet in the morning. I force back a hysterical giggle with a hand over my mouth. I can feel it trembling against my lips. I stay tucked away for what feels like an hour, but I know it's only been minutes from the steady ticking of the clock above the archway at the end of the hall. I count along with the ticks, trying to slow the raging beat of my heart with the steady rhythm.

I pull myself together and concentrate on putting one foot in front of the other, refusing to think about how my journey will end and only of being as quiet as possible. *Oh, Harry, how could you stand this? Sneaking out under this cloak for the first time is nerve-wracking to say the least!* My ears strain for the slightest sound while I clutch the catnip mouse in my hand just in case Mrs. Norris happens by. The toy soaks up the sweat from my palm and I can only hope I don't ruin the catnip's smell with my own.

I don't know how I did it, and it's almost a shock to find myself standing before the portrait closure to Hermione's room. I stand there, stupidly staring, for another while before I can whisper to the sleeping damsel, "Erm, excuse me."

"Eh, what? Who's there?" She rouses from her slumber. Hermione told me she's a light sleeper and I'm glad for it.

"Chromium diagnostic," I whisper, and the young lady huffs as she looks around.

"Invisible, are you? Highly irregular." I really wish she'd keep her voice down. "You know the password, though, so I suppose I have to let you through." She swings aside, still grumbling, but I dash inside and the portrait snaps shut behind me.

It's claustrophobic as hell beneath the cloak and I whip it off as soon as I'm out of the hallway.

The sight that greets me takes my already trembling breath away.

Harry's filled the room with candles. They and the fireplace give off a golden light that, together with the cream tones of the room, give off a sense of baking bread, of home. The scent of cinnamon and apple blossoms mingle with sugar figs and plums, sweet but not cloying. I am instantly at ease and I can't understand how my pulse-pounding journey could end in this haven of homey smells, but I am grateful for it. Right there, in the center of it all, Harry gets up from the couch and stands to face me.

"Harry," I murmur softly, unable to say anything more.

"Ginny," he smiles, and holds out a hand. "Would you like some champagne?"

He's dressed like the hero on the cover of one of my favorite romance novels, the one Ron teased me so mercilessly about when he found it under my bed, and then proceeded to show the rest of the house while I chased him down the stairs: black trousers, bare feet, and a billowy white shirt, open all the way past his delectable navel. My mouth waters at the sight of so much Harry-flesh, at the shadows between pectorals, the sparse but dark hair at his solar plexus and in a little trail from the bottom of his belly button to the top of his trousers and beyond. I watch the play of muscles as he lowers his arm and bends to pick up one of the champagne flutes and fill it with the bubbly white wine. I swallow reflexively and he holds the glass out to me.

It's my move. I know it. How exactly do I walk across the room to get my glass? I feel glued to the floor with a sticking spell. Harry sighs at my lack of response and runs a hand through his hair, tousling it. The familiar nervous gesture gives me the strength I need to begin walking toward him, picking up speed until I'm nearly running and I feel my chest hit his with force as I wrap shaking arms around him, burying my face in his shoulder and inhaling his scent deep into me.

He grunted slightly at the impact, but recovered quickly, and now his own arms come around to hold me in a loose embrace. A hand strokes my back to soothe me.

"I'm nervous, too. If it helps," he tells me. I just nod, holding him tight.

"Would you just like to sit on the couch for a bit?"

"Yes," I reply, finally able to tear myself away to sit quickly on the couch. He hands my glass down to me and I take it with both hands, afraid to drop it. My hands have suddenly become strangers to me, but I manage to get the glass's rim to my lips and tip the bubbly liquid into my mouth. The bubbles ignite on my tongue, breaking in a glory of little fireworks, and I swallow. Again and again, I swallow, slowly taking the alcohol into me and hoping for my courage to come back.

He refills my glass and I sip it more slowly, staring into the fire, thinking too much and nothing at the same time.

"Sickle for your thoughts?" he murmurs, sitting beside me with his own glass.

"I wouldn't even know where to begin," I admit softly as I recognize the trembles leaving me.

"What would you like to do? We can sit here and talk all night if you want."

"That's... very noble of you, Harry, but no. It's not what I want." I put my glass down slowly on the low table by my knee and turn to him. The firelight reflects off his glasses and I can't see his eyes, but the soft smile on his face is at war with the worried frown wrinkling his brow. Instead of waiting for him or voicing my wants, I lean in and kiss him, my eyes sliding closed.

We kiss and kiss and kiss, his tongue sliding over and under mine in an artful caress, little bits of how he's learned to kiss me interspersed with new, exciting techniques. I wonder where he learned them from, but I won't argue with a good thing. Adventurous Harry is a major turn-on. Our harsh breathing fills the room, and I feel my knickers getting soaked. My legs instinctively part as his hand slides up my thigh.

A few heartbeats of hesitation and his fingers finally arrive at their destination with an audible intake of breath from us both. Suddenly, he's kissing me like a man possessed and his hand cups me fully, almost harshly. His fingertips push my knickers aside, the heat scorching against the cool of his fingers, and ah! So much sliding, sweet torment! I feel my body tremble and grow hot and cold in turns, until a cry my body wrenched from my lips and white-hot sparks pass behind my tightly closed eyelids. For a moment, I feel as though I am flying during one of the best and most earth-shattering orgasms to date. Even Luna's fingers never felt so good, and that lovely Ravenclaw has had plenty of opportunity to ply them over my eager flesh.

I come down, trembling, as he continues to rain kisses down over my neck and shoulders. "Take me to bed, Harry," I sigh.

"As the lady wishes it, so shall it be," he chuckles, and scoops me up into his arms. He snogs the living daylight out of me and begins treading toward the waiting bedroom.

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a/n

Almost to the evil, lemony lemons!

I hope you like it so far. Please review!

Bringing the Damage On

Chapter 7 of 7

The stage is set for a night of exploitation and torture.

~~~~~LV~~~~~

The candles are lit within the bedchamber, just enough to cast long, lingering shadows in strategic places. The bed curtains are mostly closed, leaving no sight within the canopy of the bed until one has entered in and let one's eyes adjust. I left a bound Hermione there some hours past in the deepest recesses of the darkness to battle her own lust in silence without respite. I lead the blushing and very ready Ginevra into the chamber where the faint strains of the music box can still be heard. I hold her close, relishing her warmth, while I lock the door from the inside, wandlessly doing the same on the other side with none in the room the wiser. I place both wands--Potter's and Weasley's--on the dresser in the silver basket. I have no need of the wand, though I am relatively sure that Ginevra might.

She senses nothing amiss as I kiss her once more, invading the honeyed cavern of her mouth with my borrowed tongue. The passion within her is an unlooked-for delight; I must admit I have been curious about her since hearing that my younger self had taken possession of her form to open the Chamber of Secrets. Damn Lucius for putting the diary in such mortal danger! However, I can feel my touch upon her like the scent of a faded perfume, subtle and mysterious. It seems fitting that I would be the arbiter of the rest of her innocence being stripped away.

I lead her to the side of the bed with subtle nudges, keeping her eyes closed and her senses dulled with pleasure as we go. She never notices the bound form in the corner of the bed, looking like nothing more than a pile of pillows shoved to the edge. I take my time undressing her lithe little form, caressing tight little breasts and hips and thighs with unfeigned delight at what is revealed.

She gasps with each swipe of tongue and fingertips. I find I like the little moans she makes for me quite a lot. I wonder how Hermione likes them? She blushes prettily, pale skin and freckles giving way to the deepest flush of desire, as I stroke and beguile her tender body with artful technique.

Once I have her nearly panting with need, I shift her back over the mattress, brushing the curtains apart as we go. She fumbles with the clasp of my trousers, fingers trembling with nerves and desire alike. I relent in my assault long enough to aid her in her task, dropping the offending garment unheeded to the floor. Her eyes catch sight of Potter's hardened cock and her eyes go wide in alarm and desire intermingled.

Ah, virgins. What pretty fools they be.

"You're huge," she chokes out. "You'll never fit."

"It'll fit," I chuckle with masculine pride. Although it's not mine, I've certainly gotten more use out of it than its original owner. "I just have to get you ready for it."

She simply nods, her fear taking hold, and can't take her eyes off of it.

I lower myself over her, kissing a path down to her neatly-trimmed curls, hiding the terrifying organ from her sight over the edge of the bed. I pull her knees up around my head as I begin to stroke her pussy lips with my tongue. She relaxes against my ministrations, showing me she's far more accustomed to this sort of play than I had originally anticipated. It's certainly another pleasant surprise; I wasn't planning on hurting her quite yet. I wish to build up her pleasure to the highest of highs before I drag her into Hell.

I continue pleasuring her with my tongue, adding a finger to her entrance to stretch the channel within so it may take the girth of a cock. She grows slick with saliva and musky juices, a little tart perhaps. I gobble it all up with relish, feeling unholy glee that she has no idea who makes her moan. I add another finger, stroking deeply in time with the thrusting of her hips against my face, and feel her climax take her over the edge.

I waste no time in standing, replacing fingers with cock, and sliding halfway home as shudders wrack her body. The shimmering of her muscles over my cock are exquisite and I slide out again only to penetrate further. Her barrier resists. I rally and thrust once more. It snaps and I hold position while she hisses from the sting.

Her head begins to roll back, but I am not ready for her to see what--or who--lies behind her, so I thread fingers through her hair and lean over to stroke her lips with my own. She whimpers with pain and renewing desire as I ply her lips with featherlight touches. I open Potter's eyes, willing them for once to be his normal green while I wait for her to make eye-contact.

Finally, she opens her eyes to stare up at me. Her hand wraps around one of my forearms and she smiles hesitantly. I take the moment to perform a little legiilency, rifling through what ideas she's had about what her first time would be like.

"Did I hurt you?" I whisper, word-for-word what she's fantasized Potter saying when the time came.

"A little," she replies, though she'd like to be able to say, *'Not at all'*.

"I'm sorry," I improvise, doing my best to channel what Potter would say in the moment.

"Don't be," she responds, smiling brighter. "I'm so glad we're together like this."

"Me too," I answer, and then I begin to move. Slowly, gently, I reawaken the passion that shines just beneath her skin, loving the feel of tight flesh over my pretend cock. Each little movement has her trying to move with me, using muscles yet uncalled upon in her body's repertoire. After a while, she starts to get the trick of it, growing more confident in her movements as together we angle and thrust to hit the right spots. She begins to moan once more, her voice becoming both more throaty and breathy all at once. I bend an ear to each sound, learning what each little exclamation means, translating the language of her pleasure into something I can use.

She comes, loud and long, her head thrashing on the bed, red hair tangling and thighs gripping me as I continue pushing the advantage, willing myself not to let go... not yet. I begin thrumming her clit with my thumb, going into double-time as she comes again, crying out her pleasure for all the world to hear.

Once I am sure that she's lost to the world I release Hermione from the silent portion of the spells she's under, her gasping pleas lending something of a counterpoint to Ginny's song. Now I understand something of Bella's desire for an audience. Drilling Ginevra Weasley, virgin no longer, while a bound and desperate Hermione Granger watches the plunging of my cock into her red haired best friend has me floating high on a cloud of power and sexual pleasure. With a growl, I let Potter's seed fill Ginny up to the gates of her womb, claiming everything of the moment--claiming Hermione and Ginny and whatever else pleases me--for my own.

Ginevra pants, her heart rate beating a tattoo so hard I can see it in the minute twitching of her left breast. Hermione continues to whimper and plead from her lonely corner, up behind Ginevra's head. I watch, my cock still hard enough to remain in her pulsing depths, as a puzzled frown mars her features, lovely in the afterglow. Her head twists 'round on her neck and for an instant she stares, uncomprehending what her eyes are telling her, at the motionless form at the head of the bed.

"What the hell?" she mutters. I can feel the instant that she identifies the gleaming of the whites of Hermione's eyes from the darkness as her entire being tenses, sending a lovely shock down my reawakening member. Her head whips around to stare up at me, then back at Hermione. The jolts her rapid movements send into her pussy are really something.

Finally, the next time she stares up at me, I allow my eyes to bleed to red and prepare to hold her in place with all the strength in Potter's body when she finally gets the idea that things are not how they should be in her little world. "What the FUCK?" she screeches and begins to try to fight me off.

Holding her in place with all my might, I enjoy the fruits of my deception as she wriggles and bucks beneath me, jerking me about inside her with her fury. I laugh and groan in turns as she becomes a hellcat underneath me, screaming her pretty head off. I find my balls tightening once again with the pleasure of it and let my hips join in the thrusting fun as she begins to cry, curse, bite and claw at me. "Get the FUCK off me! You BASTARD! What the hell is going on here? Who the fuck are you and what have you done to Harry? Get off get off get off! I swear to Merlin, I'm going to hex your fucking bollox off if you don't get the *fuck* off me NOW! ARRRRGH!"

Her screaming drowns out Hermione's moans and pleas, but I'm enjoying myself immensely nevertheless. Pain and pleasure intermingle in a conflagration that wrests control completely away from me. I push Potter's body to its limits, pounding into Ginny's tight little snatch as she howls and fights at the bonds I create for her out of flesh. I come once more, flooding pureblood cunt with half-blood seed while the Muggleborn watches in agonized envy.



I gasp out a wheezing laugh as Ginny shoves Harry's limp body off of her and rushes as best she can on shaking legs toward her wand on the other side of the room. With a wave of my hand, she is down, bound on the floor, falling too short of her goal to help her escape.

"Who the FUCK are you?" she shrieks against the carpet.

"Voldemort... he's Voldemort, Ginny... Voldemort," Hermione's mantra breaks through in the sudden silence at last. I wonder how long she's been answering Ginny's questions in that lust-filled haze. Apparently, she still has some of her faculties left after all. I shall have to see what I can do to rectify that.

I levitate Ginevra easily back to the bed and, growing tired of her screeching, silence her in the same way I had silenced Hermione. Needy little gasps come from Granger's quadrant of the bed, much more in tune with my mood for the moment. I settle Ginny in position so that she may watch unimpeded what I intend to do with the Mudblood.

"Did you enjoy the show, my little Mudblood?" I inquire solicitously while guiding her gently to her knees in front of me. She is bound by my magic so she can do nothing but what I make her do.

"I was..."

"Well? You know I want you to be honest at all times, my pet."

"I was jealous."

I smile and stroke a curl off her cheek. "But you know you are being punished for what you've done, pet. If you want to be rewarded, you must earn it."

"I know," she murmurs, fairly wriggling for the chance to prove herself.

"Shall we inform our captive Weasley why you are being punished, my pet?"

"I would... rather not," she pants, eyes fixed on the erection rising before her.

"Very well, then. Come. Show me why you're the 'Head Girl'." She needs no further prompting, taking my cock deep into her mouth, sucking her cheeks in and using her tongue with abandon. "Yesss," I hiss through clenched teeth, "lick all that pure, virginal blood off my cock. Does pureblood pussy taste good, my pet?"

"Mmmhmm," she mumbles around a mouthful of hard flesh, sending lovely vibrations down the length. I let her ply her skills until I am satisfied with her mouth and ready to move onto something more.

With a wave of Harry's hand, Ginny is splayed open, propped on pillows. I maneuver Hermione to get down on all fours facing the redhead's cunt while I take up position behind the luscious globes of her arse. "You've never licked a pussy before, have you Granger?" I murmur, pleased with the sights before me.

"No, my Lord," she pants, staring at the new territory I'm about to send her into. I look directly into Ginny's eyes, smoldering with hatred at me. Defiant little thing. I smirk and proceed to prod Hermione toward the redhead's nether lips with the tip of my cock on her button. She wiggles back against me, trying to prolong the contact.

"Lick her," I command, "and I will give you the ride of your life."

She dives in without delay and I thrust home.

~~~~~HG~~~~~

Musky, sweet flesh in my mouth, senses expanding and exploding outward.

He did not lie... this is the ride of my life.

Sweet, mercurial fulfillment, dancing outward beyond my reach: this and only this is what I have dissolved into.

The pounding of my pulse while he thrusts into my flesh, eager and wet and accepting all he has to offer. Writhing female under my tongue, no longer silent and moaning with appreciation of my passion if not my skill, though I have always been a quick study and she gives ample encouragement.

I am no longer Hermione Granger, but the conduit between the lustful male at my back and the needy female at my front.

I give all that I am capable and aware enough to give, transmuted the violent thrusting of the male into the sloppy, tender, wet kisses of the female. Sweet, soft strawberries and cream on my tongue with the salty tang of blood...

Oh, you gods, whoever and however many you may be, only let me stay like this forever, and I will sacrifice the efforts of my passion on your cum-drenched altar.

A shift in position and I am laid full-length down the front of the sweet girl, my mouth employed with another mouth and my breasts pressed down onto other breasts. The male teases the gobbling mouths of our sexes one at a time, then both as he slides between our slick vaginas, stimulating the centers of our beings both at once, electric friction discharging up my spine, radiating outward.

I can't tell if my motions are still dictated by Him or if he has released me to my own needy recognizance, but trembling hours pass where all I must do is reach for my fulfillment, and it will be granted to me in spades.

Eventually, he leaves the bed. By this point, I know I am not bound, although she shows signs of still being restrained. My head rolls on her breast, and I seek out red glowing eyes in the darkness.

"Enjoy your gift, pet. She's yours until dawn," he says while drawing clothing over his gorgeous frame. He gives me one last pat on my rump, ruffles my hair affectionately, pinches the nipple of Ginny's breast, laughs at her indignant squeak, and is soon gone.

After mindless pleasure in the deepest grasp of the potion, my faculties return to me, though the need is still the same. I shove a hand between my legs to assuage the ache and hunt the bedcovers for my wand. I must do what damage control I can before another wave of lust sweeps me under and I rape my best friend anew.

I use what faculties are left to me to go about disassembling the rather complicated spell work that has Ginny so well bound, but pliant to the extreme. While I work, the whole sordid tale of my first time comes out, as well as what passed afterwards. I shy away from any mention of what the real Harry and I have done. She hears me out with silent tears. Finally, as I am nearing the end of my rope, the spells shake loose like a thread pulled from a gnarled mess of yarn, suddenly unknotted.

I can feel the red haze creeping me over and gasp out with all that is left in me, "Go! Because if you stay, I can't promise that I won't take you again."

~~~~~GW~~~~~

I hate what happened, but even more I think that I hate the way Hermione's writhing turns me on even more. Memories of what her touch felt like, the way her body felt pressed up against mine, the softness of her lips and tongue laving away the sting of my abused flesh come together in a maddening rush.

I can't blame her; she's as much a victim of this as I am, and she's still suffering the torment of whatever spell or potion she's under. I seem to recall something about a lust potion.

I try to reach out, to rub her back, to tell her through my tears that it's okay, I understand that this isn't her doing.

"You're making it worse, just... please, for both our sakes, leave while you still can... while I'll still let you."

*She's trying to push me away*, I realize, not totally understanding what a torment it is to her to do so, to deny the effects of the potion coursing through her veins. But I'm starting to get it, the way her muscles are taught, visibly shaking in her effort to restrain herself. I find that extremely comforting, that she cares enough to do that. I want to keep something about this night as mine, make some choice of my own, to make it not a total nightmare.

"Ginny!" she hisses out, pleading, clutching her sides.

I make the decision in an instant. I lean forward and kiss her, of my own will. She moves with blinding speed and has wrapped herself about me like Devil's Snare before I can even speak. Her body demands of me, even as it takes what it wants. She's too far gone to notice how forceful she's being, but I do, and in shock, I notice that my body is responding. Beautifully, I might add.

She rides my thigh, her motions almost a blur. My legs tremble, opening further, and I fit myself to her thigh in the same way. She groans and slides her leg tighter into my body, increasing the pressure. We rock together in tandem for some timeless interval before another blinding light sweeps me and I go limp. A few seconds later, she cries out and falls against me, then rolls to her side, her breasts heaving with her heavy breathing. I look down and dimly realize that mine are doing the same.

We are afforded a respite to catch our breaths before she whimpers and begins to writhe again. "What the hell did he give me?" she nearly sobs, then giggles madly. "I hope to Merlin it isn't permanent. I'll die of exhaustion. Or thirst..."

Without a thought, I'm in her sitting room, grabbing a bottle of water from the mini-fridge for each of us. Most lust potions only last as long as it takes to metabolize the ingredients, like alcohol. I decide to stay and see her through the entire ordeal, keep her hydrated and to try to keep her sane. I didn't like the sound of that giggle. I hand her the plastic bottle from a standing position, down half of mine. She merely holds the cold plastic to her head and continues to writhe, whimpering.

"You're supposed to drink it," I tell her, and move to kneel beside her. Her hands drop the bottle and wrap around one of my thighs, parched lips quivering and kissing my sensitized flesh. "Oh, for Merlin's sake," I sigh, and albeit, distracted, retrieve the bottle and crack the seal. I hold it out to her in one hand and send the other between her legs to assuage some of her hunger so she can drink. I make her drink as much as she can without drowning in it, recap the bottle, toss it somewhere and dive back into her embrace. It's going to be a long night.

It's into the wee hours of the morning when her writhing stops and becomes an aggravated twitching. The potion seems to have had a stimulant in it, as well. The lust portion is wearing off, and like a speed junkie, she's coming down off the other in jittery form.

"Do you want to be Obliviated?" she finally asks me, even as I'm trying to stay awake. Her voice is hoarse from moaning all night, as is mine.

"No," I tell her. "I know it's awful and horrid, being raped. But I know who did the raping, and I know it wasn't Harry or you that did it. Harry might not know..."

"He'll remember," she whispers to me, "eventually."

"Does he know about...?"

"Yes. He knows about me. He'll know about you, too."

"Well, that settles it. I can't have my memory erased because I need to be able to tell him that it's not his fault that this happened. Besides, I'd want to know why I was suddenly not a virgin anymore and didn't remember. Then I'd go digging for it and I'd be caught unprepared. It's better this way."

"Gin?"

"Yeah, 'Mione?"

"I love you, d'you know that?" I hear her slipping into sleep even as she murmurs, "That's exactly how I saw it."

"I love you too, Hermione."

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A/N: Another one down! Thanks so much for being there, reading, and putting up with the long wait.

I'm hungry for reviews... the good, the bad, the ugly. Please let me know what you think!

Also, my commas needed some serious wrangling this time, so I'd like to thank Lyn for being the poor, unfortunate soul to edit my submission and deal with my... ahem!... (silly) technical difficulties.