

I Will Try Anything

by Southern_Witch_69

A love potion intended for Draco is given to Hermione. PWP ensues. (femmeslash)

Hermione's Adventure

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: J.K.R. owns the characters. I've added a few twists for a porn without plot type story. Enjoy.

Thanks go to my original beta, Charmed Nay, who beta'd this for me last year when I wrote it, and thanks go to my second beta this time around, CocoaChristy. Cheers!

"Shhh... Someone is coming," Seamus whispered to Neville. Neville pretended to zip his mouth. They had snuck into Professor Snape's private store and swiped a needed ingredient. Draco Malfoy had gone too far this time. He'd cursed a book to follow Seamus around and swat at his crotch. A big ten-pound book hitting a guy in the groin was no laughing matter. He'd also hexed Neville's toad, Trevor, to think that Neville was his mate. It was odd seeing a frog hump on someone's arm that way. Disgusting, actually. No matter. Pay back is a bitch! Draco would get his before the day was over.

When the coast seemed to be clear, the two boys ran out and sprinted all the way back to Gryffindor Tower. As fast as they could, they made their way to their dormitory. "Perfect!" Neville said cheerfully. "Harry and Ron are playing Quidditch. Dean's over in Hogsmeade. We can do this!"

"Aye, mate, we can. Only thing is to get the prat to drink it!" He grinned wickedly while adding the final ingredient to the potion. This would make Draco Malfoy sexually compliant for about 3 whole days. That would teach him to hex a Gryffindor! According to the book that they nicked from the restricted section in the library, the drinker would feel as if anything was possible and desire sexual acts. It said that in the old days when wizards forced witches to marry them, they gave the potion to them to break the ice for the first few days of their marriage. The witches would let the wizards just have their way with them in the marriage bed, even eagerly initiating their coupling.

"Oi! Is the smoke supposed to be black?" Neville asked worriedly. "Don't like the git, but don't want to kill him either."

"Says here it should be dark grey. Guess a little black won't hurt. Just means I added too much, and it will last a bit longer!" He wriggled his eyebrows. "Serve Malfoy right, it would! Now, we go to the Great Hall. I'll get his attention. Once he and his two big bloke followers come after me, you slip a few drops from the vial into his drink! All the other Slytherins will be watching us, so they likely won't notice you. After he drinks it, come and find me."

"All right. I can do this." Neville flexed his fingers and puffed out his chest, readying himself to pull off the prank of his life.

"Oi, there, you bleach-blond git! That's right. You! I want to kick your arse for that prank you played!" Seamus put up his fists for show. Malfoy just laughed in amusement and glanced at his two mates, Crabbe and Goyle. "Come out into the corridor and fight me if you dare, *wanker!*"

Malfoy stood up. His eyes moved to the Gryffindor table. Nobody was there that would object to his pushing around of this git! As expected, Crabbe and Goyle stood up menacingly. "Bring your girlfriends if you have to," Seamus called, sprinting for the door. The goons looked at Malfoy, and they all started running after Seamus. Most

Slytherins jumped up to go see as well.

Neville slipped over and nervously spilled half of the vial in Malfoy's goblet. He moved away quietly and watched for Malfoy to come back. A few minutes later, Malfoy returned sneering at everyone while his best mates were huffing and puffing behind him. They undoubtedly couldn't catch Seamus. He'd planned to run out and hide behind that secret tapestry Harry had told them about a couple of weeks before. To Neville's horror, Snape walked up to Malfoy and spoke to him. *Damn!* Malfoy picked up his goblet and an apple from the table and walked out.

Neville got up to follow him, but Harry walked in with Ginny at his side. Neville had to greet them to see how practice had gone, not wanting to appear suspicious. By the time he had gotten away, Malfoy was gone. He hung his head low and made his way to the secret tapestry to tell Seamus that he hadn't actually seen the ruddy prat drink it!

"Hey, Mudblood! You in here?" Draco called loudly. Snape's classroom seemed to have an echo...possibly because the usual bubbling potions and cauldron fires were not lit.

"Over here, Ferret Boy!" she called from the back.

He walked over to her and scrunched up his face in distaste. What the hell was she wearing? "Is that some old time peasant's smock? I mean, I know you don't have taste where clothing is concerned, but that is absurd," he said, sneering in disgust. She looked ridiculous in the old, brown, tatty apron.

"Look, I don't want to be here any more than you do, so could you just stop with the shite already?" she pleaded. "I need some real help here, and I asked Snape to send in another excellent Potions student to help me."

"Is that so?" He raised an eyebrow. "Just trying to get me alone then? Ready to take the big plunge, and let me see what's under all those clothes you have on?" He put his goblet and the apple aside.

She walked into his open arms and hugged him tightly. "I'm not ready for that yet, but you will be the first to know when I am." She kissed him softly on the lips. "Let's make the rest of this Sleeping Draught before he has a fit!"

"As you wish, love." He kissed her hungrily. She didn't know what her little goody two shoes attitude did to him. He wanted to tie her up and play a game where he was a prefect, and she was a student that needed punishment. The things he would do to her! His fantasies knew no limits.

They worked in silence for about thirty minutes, trying to get things into the cauldron. Once they had all the ingredients chopped and the right amounts of liquids measured, they lit the fire under the cauldron and dumped them in. "Now, we just need to let it simmer for a bit. He said he can collect it when he gets in," Hermione said softly, leaning into Draco's chest as he wrapped his arms around her from behind.

"Hermione, I love you, you know. I don't know how you got under my skin, but you did." He kissed the back of her head since it was all he had access to at the moment.

"I think that week we had to spend down here helping out Snape and Dumbledore for those needed healing potions is what did it. I think that's when I fell for you." She turned to look into his eyes. "I love you." She smiled shyly. It was the first time she had told him that. She'd not told anyone that before, aside from Ron, but Ron had ended things shortly after, deciding that Lavender was the girl for him.

He smirked. "I knew it. You just couldn't resist my manly body and sexy arse. You want me, don't you?"

"Yes and no. It's all confusing. I always thought I'd wait until I was married, but I think I might have to take ~~as~~ into consideration." She hugged him closely.

"You know, once all this Azkaban mess with my father is over, I *will* marry you. How does that make you feel?" His blue-grey eyes pierced hers as if he was trying to read her mind.

"I think we'll have a lot to explain to people one day very soon. As you know, Harry and Ron won't be too pleased, but we'll work through it." She kissed him again.

"I have an apple and the rest of my pumpkin juice, if you'd like. I know you didn't get to have lunch today," he offered.

"I am a bit parched." She took his goblet from the table and took a large gulp. Immediately, she began to choke. "What? What is that?"

He looked at the drink suspiciously and sniffed. "It's a bit dark, isn't it? Smells like ruddy sinsworth, but nobody has access to that aside from Snape."

"Draco, his private store room was open. I thought maybe he'd left it unlocked for us if we needed it. I think someone nicked some and put it in your drink! But who?"

Draco sneered. "Bloody Finnegan! Came to pick a fight with me in the hall and took off. I'll bet that prat Longbottom put it in my drink when I went after his mate!" He looked at her worriedly. "Are you feeling all right?"

She nodded. "For now. I'm trying to remember what it's for. Oh, no!" she shrieked. She remembered Seamus questioning her on an old potion.

"You won't die, will you?" he panicked. He would find those two and rip them apart.

"No, but I'm afraid depending on how much I congested I will be... sexually compliant for a few days." Her face burned brightly. She would kill Seamus and Neville for this!

He raised an eyebrow. "Really now? Whatever will we do about that?"

"Don't be coy, Draco. You have to go to see Snape to get me an antidote," she pleaded. He had a wicked glint in his eye.

"But this makes things easy for me, doesn't it? I mean, why not just let it take affect on you. That way you won't be nervous." He pulled her to him.

"You think it's that easy? I won't just be compliant with you. I'd be compliant with anyone who asks!" She was panicking now. How could this have happened? Those bloody bastards!

"Right. Can't have my woman giving herself to anyone else. I'll go see Snape, but what will I do with you?" He kissed her hand. Poor Hermione. He knew how self-conscious she was about her body and the things he wanted to do to it. This would be horrible for her.

"You need to hide me so that I won't see anyone else until you find Snape. If they say the wrong thing, I might try to be with them. I could stay in here maybe," she suggested.

"No, Crabbe has detention this afternoon. If he came in before his time and saw you, he'd be all over you. How about the corridor just off of the main dungeons hall? It's the one Snape uses to get to his chambers. Nobody walks that way." He pulled her forward. "Unless you want me to ravish you right here and now," he added, winking and attempting to make her laugh.

"Yes, ravish me," she said seductively and then clamped a hand over her mouth. "It's starting. Get me out of here."

Quickly, they made their way to the corridor. It was extremely dark. There were many paths in the walls to confuse intruders. Snape's own personal touches of course. "Do

you hear that?" he whispered.

"Someone is coming behind us. Quickly, hide in there." She pushed him toward a large crevice in the wall. They had to crawl in and wait for the person to pass. Draco whispered a Silencing Charm so that they could not be heard and a Disillusionment Spell to remain unseen. He wouldn't put it past Snape to have some sort of ghoul patrolling down here. To his horror, two forms passed right by them and stopped.

They could hear them perfectly, though they could not be heard in turn. "It's Harry and Ginny," Hermione said.

"Shhh," Draco said.

Harry was talking. "We should be safe here. Nobody comes down here except Snape. He's in that long meeting." There was a pause. The sound of a zipper being unzipped alerted Hermione and Draco as to what was about to happen

Draco didn't mind a little peep show, although they couldn't see anything, only hear. "I'm glad we came this way," he said excitedly.

"We should tell them we are here."

"No way. What if you attack Potter? Or even Ginny?" Draco countered. She remained silent.

"Ginny, I think you know you have been a naughty girl. I saw the way you were looking at Neville. What do you have to say for yourself?" Harry asked in a rough voice.

"He's only a friend, Harry," she replied meekly.

"Damn it. I thought I told you not to wear knickers under your skirt today."

A ripping noise sounded. He must have torn them off. "Ah, that is much better. Oh, yeah. You are ready for me."

"Oww. Wait. I'm not ready," Ginny said.

"Here, let me try this. *Lumos!*" A light burst forth from Harry's wand. They were bathed in light. Ginny was against the wall, her robe and skirt lifted up, revealing her lower body completely.

Hermione noticed that Draco's eyes were taking everything in. She was somehow turned on by this instead of angry. She caught herself thinking that Ginny had a lovely body...what she could see of it anyway. She almost wished Harry would rip off her top so that she could see her breasts. What the hell was she saying?

She watched in amazement as Harry cupped Ginny's sex and slid two fingers inside of her. Ginny's head rolled back, and she sighed contentedly, shifting to accommodate his pumping digits. This made Hermione start squirming. Without realizing it, her hand snaked its way up Draco's robes and found the bulge tenting out of his trousers. She began caressing it. He looked down at her hand and then up with a shocked expression on his face.

"Mione?"

She realized what she was doing and stopped. "Sorry."

"No, no, do it again," he begged.

She ignored him and turned back to watch Harry and Ginny. Harry's pants were at his ankles, and he lifted one of Ginny's legs up. "Oh, Harry!" Ginny exclaimed, as he entered her.

"That's a good girl. This won't take me long. It's been two days!" He started moving wildly against Ginny's body, white arse shining in the wandlight. Harry's grunting and Ginny's whimpering made her blood boil. She wanted to feel what they were feeling. She could feel her center dampening and heating... and *throbbing* within?

She needed to feel something within, needed the throbbing to be sated. Quickly, she began to disrobe. Draco put a hand over hers.

"Mione, it's the potion. You don't want to do this," he said, but she could tell he was losing an internal battle.

On one hand, he likely wanted to do right, but on the other, he wanted her. Since she already had her robes off, she simply lifted her skirt and pulled down her knickers. She pulled his hand between her thighs. "Touch me, Draco."

"Oh, God," he said, sucking in a ragged breath.

She was working at his belt buckle. He pushed her hand away to do it himself when she had trouble. As soon as his pants and boxers were down just enough, she pulled his hand back to her thatch of hair and urgently claimed his mouth in a rough kiss. Harry and Ginny were lost to her now. It was just Draco for her and a need that burned from within. She wanted him inside of her. She wanted to feel all of him. She groped his erection with both hands and stroked him easily, increasing the speed as his caresses quickened.

She began to moan wildly and convulsed against his hand. Pressing his mouth more firmly against hers, he tried to feel her pleasure through her escaped cries. Though she'd just had her first orgasm in her entire life, it wasn't enough. "I want you in me now," she demanded. He wasted no time climbing over her.

"You sure?" he asked, but he didn't give her a chance to reply. He tore into her soundly, and she cried out. It hurt, but it felt good. Did she like pain suddenly? Who cared, eh? She wrapped her legs around him and bucked wildly, causing him to thrust repeatedly. In no time, he was keeping up with her mad arches. For the second time, she cried out in pleasure. "You are Merlin reborn! You are the best. I love you." She heard herself saying the stupidest things, but it seemed that there was nothing she could do to stop the words. *Seamus and Neville will pay for this*, she thought briefly.

"Oh, Hermio... ne..." He came in her then, and she felt his entire body shuddering. This seemed to satisfy her need greatly. She lay quietly, holding him as he caught his breath. They were both damp with sweat. It was quite a workout they'd had. She glanced back to find that Harry was zipping his pants, and Ginny was straightening her skirt.

"I'll keep these," Harry said, snatching up her torn knickers and putting them inside his robes. He kissed her and took her hand in his. Hand in hand, they walked back to the exit of the corridor.

With them, the light went. Once again, Draco and Hermione were left in the dark. "Hermione, I know you didn't really want to do that. It's the fucking potion! I didn't mean to take you like that, but you asked for it. You star..."

"Draco, I wanted you. Still want you. I expect you to meet me tonight right here again." She felt light headed, and though she knew it was the potion making her feel and say those things, she hadn't ever felt more secure or happy with her life.

"I need to see Snape," he said, clearly worried.

"I think I need a bath. I feel... filthy." She laughed, and he started laughing as well. He helped her crawl out of their hiding place, and he walked her to the nearest prefect's bathroom.

"Hermione, don't leave this bathroom until I get back from talking to Snape, you hear?" He kissed her lips softly, then whispered in her ear, "You are amazing, you know that?"

"So are you," she purred. "I won't leave this bathroom until you come for me. Because I do think at this stage, I'll try anything."

He nodded and watched her go in. *Holy Shit!* She was more than he'd ever dreamed of. He knew it was her first time. He hated that he had been so rough with her, but hell, she had asked for it. What she didn't know was that he'd never made love to anyone else either. He'd only let on that he had.

Hermione had been soaking in the tub for only a few minutes when Ginny walked in. She seemed surprised to see Hermione there. "Sorry. I'll come back. I thought Peeves put that ward on the door from the outside."

Heat flooded through Hermione once again. "This tub is big enough for ten people. Lock the door and get in," she said sweetly.

Ginny locked the door and went to the other side of the tub to undress. Hermione noted that her back had bruises and so did her right thigh. Ginny saw Hermione looking and turned red. "You mind?"

"Sorry, just saw those bruises. You all right?" she asked casually.

"Oh, that's from... I fell down the stairs earlier. I was trying to avoid the trick stair," Ginny lied.

She was completely undressed, and Hermione was finally able to see her pretty little breasts. *Nice.* The urge to fondle them came over her. Ginny slipped into the water. Hermione moved a bit closer.

"You know, Ginny, you don't have to lie to me. I know you got those from Harry."

Ginny looked shocked. "Oh my! Did he tell you?"

"No, I went down the wrong corridor by accident today. Saw and heard you and Harry. Sorry." She wasn't sorry. She was glad. Just remembering them against the wall turned her on. Remembering how Draco felt moving inside of also her turned her on. She wanted more. She would try anything. "Pity."

"What is?" Ginny asked quietly, still red with embarrassment that someone had seen them.

"Pity that he is so rough with you. I mean, you should have some pleasure as well," Hermione said knowingly. "Did you have an... orgasm today?"

"Well, we just don't have time. Once we are able to finally do it in a bed, I'm sure things will be different," Ginny sighed. "I just don't know what to expect. I mean have you had an... orgasm?"

"Just so happens, yes. It's the best feeling in the world. If I were you, I'd make Harry take his time." Hermione smiled.

"Oh, I don't want to pressure Harry. One day, it'll happen for us." Ginny began lathering her hand towel and washing her body. Hermione saw her wince as she tried to reach her back.

"Here. Let me," she said softly. "Ruddy stone walls must have been murder on your back." Ginny turned to give her access. "I'll be gentle." Slowly and softly, she lathered Ginny's back with her own hands, not the washcloth. She thought she would burst from the feel of her hands gliding along the silky female flesh beneath her palms. She worked her way down toward Ginny's cute arse, causing Ginny to sigh softly. "Let me massage you," she pleaded.

"All right," Ginny agreed, sounding just a tad unsure. Hermione applied a little pressure in all the right places. She maneuvered so that Ginny was sitting right between her thighs. It sent an erotic jolt through her. Touch by touch, Ginny loosened up. Gradually, Hermione brought her hands around to her friend's chest. Easily, she cupped both breasts in her hands and softly rubbed them. Ginny tensed up, but she did not say a word. Hermione leaned closer and began to kiss Ginny's neck. Ginny moaned and leaned back into Hermione. While one hand played with a perky nipple, the other hand went down between Ginny's thighs. She felt the curly hair beneath her fingertips and moaned as well. Remembering what Draco had done to her, she found Ginny's little nub and rolled her thumb over it softly and quickly. Sliding her tongue over Ginny's back, she let the other hand drop down. She tried to slip a finger into her, but Ginny bucked back tensely.

"Relax. I want to make you feel good," Hermione whispered. Ginny relaxed, and Hermione smoothly slid a finger into her, exploring her inner flesh. Why had she never tried this on herself? She'd been missing out! She continued to stroke Ginny with one finger, and then, she added a second one. This made Ginny moan loudly. She was also getting excited. She moved the hand that had been rubbing Ginny's nub and touched Ginny's hand. Hesitating only a moment, she pulled Ginny's hand back and placed it on her own nub. Hermione moved just a bit so that they were nearly facing each other. As soon as Hermione's fingers went back to work on Ginny, Ginny's fingers came to life. They seemed to be mirroring whatever she was feeling. Hermione could tell that Ginny wanted her to speed up and press harder because it was what Ginny was doing to her.

The odd desire to take a nipple into her mouth burst forth, and she licked one pink peak a few times, eliciting sharp hisses from her friend. However, this took her just barely out of Ginny's reach. So with one last suck, she moved back to where Ginny's fingers could reach her. They immediately went back to caressing her and pumping within her. Pressing harder and faster, Hermione could feel her orgasm building. From the way Ginny was panting, it wouldn't take much more for her either. Before long, they both cried out as waves of culmination washed over them and slumped into each other.

Shyly, Ginny met Hermione's eyes. They moved forward at the same time and kissed chastely on the lips. Ginny pulled back and looked at Hermione. Then, she placed her lips on hers again. This time she brought a hand up to cradle Hermione's face. Hermione opened her mouth, and they kissed deeply, as only lovers would, for what seemed to be eons. A few light brushes of their lips saw their kiss ended.

Ginny's face turned slightly pink as she realized what they had just done together. Hermione just smirked and winked at her. "It will be our secret." Ginny nodded. "That's how you should feel with him, Ginny. Make him take his time. It will be worth it."

"I think I will. Thank you, Mione," Ginny said with newfound confidence. "But how did you get to know so much about his stuff? I thought you were waiting until you were married."

"I fell in love with someone a couple of months ago, and we finally had sex. Just today in fact." She stretched out like a cat. "It was amazing. I just had to share it with someone."

"Who is he?" Ginny asked.

"Draco Malfoy," Hermione said honestly. Ginny's mouth gaped open.

"I never would have thought that about you two. I mean you're always fighting in public."

"It's just a cover. We've plans to be married as soon as his father is locked into Azkaban for good. That way he has no say in who Draco weds." She smiled. "I really do love him."

"You say that you had sex with him today? Well, I hate to say this, but Neville... I mean, he said that he slipped Draco some potion that would make him... horny." Ginny blushed. "I mean, I am certain he still wanted to be with you, but I just thought you should know."

"Yes, I know he did, the git! I'm the one who drank it!" Hermione smirked again, having learned to perfect her Malfoy's expression easily.

"Well... oh. I see. That would explain why you... I mean... we..." Ginny looked away.

"Please don't feel bad about what we did. I don't feel bad about it. Really. Even after this wears off, I'll always remember it fondly." Ginny's smile made her feel better. She leaned in to kiss her again, licking her lips lightly. A knock at the door pulled them apart. She could hear Draco calling to her.

Ginny stayed in the tub as Hermione hurried to dress and cast a drying spell over her hair and body. She opened the door a little, making certain he couldn't see Ginny.

"You didn't leave, did you?" Draco asked quickly.

"No," she said honestly.

"Thank God. I would have killed any boy that put his hands on you," Draco said fiercely.

"No boy has touched me," Hermione said honestly again. Of course, she would tell Draco about this one day. Just not today. Or anytime soon.

"Snape says to drink this." She took the vial from his hand and downed it in one gulp. "Good girl. I must confess that I will miss this spontaneous Hermione."

She smiled. "Draco, after what I felt today, I think we can move right along to that stage in our relationship. We are in love. It's all that matters. Sod your father. Sod my friends. Sod waiting."

He grinned broadly. "Let's go to see Snape together now. He wants a full report." She laughed. "Well, we can leave that part out."

"Definitely," she agreed. With one last glance to Ginny, she left the bathroom and walked hand in hand with Draco down the corridor. Other students gawked at them. At this point, she didn't care who saw them. She loved Draco. Wanted him with her always. The more people who knew about it, the more time they could spend with each other.

"So," he ventured nervously, "still want to, uh, meet tonight?"

"You can count on it."

Southern's Notes: My original beta Nay issued a little challenge that involved Hermione having bisexual relations while dating Draco, and having Harry be an inconsiderate lover. I think I met all of those here. Hope you enjoyed!

This was one of my earlier stories. It's paced a little fast, but that's how I intended it at that point. Hope you don't mind.