

It's Never the Same

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N – The characters belong to JKR. Thankfully, she lets us play with them. Thanks to both my dearest hubby and Eloisa for reading over and giving me their honest opinions. It is much appreciated, and I love you both.

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Knock, knock

"Hermione?"

"I just saw Severus having dinner with another woman, and he was smiling and laughing, and the bastard kissed her." Hermione stood outside the door with tear-filled eyes. She held out her hands to Harry imploringly. "I know it's been a few months, and he and I are supposed to be over each other, but I'm not. Help me to forget him tonight. I'm begging you."

Harry ran his fingers through his hair nervously. "You're my best friend, Hermione. I don't want you to be hurt."

"Then do this for me, just tonight."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

Harry nodded and motioned Hermione in and shut the door behind them. Hermione launched herself at him, and he was lost in a flurry of lips and hands, bared skin, and lost clothing. Harry steered her towards the bedroom and into the bed.

"Let me pleasure you," he murmured against her breast. "I'll help you forget. You can depend on me. You know I will never let you down, love."

Hermione closed her eyes as she enjoyed the feeling of Harry's hands on her body. His fingers trailed along her ribs and down her belly before impatiently pulling down her knickers and tossing them over his shoulder. She sighed happily as he explored with his fingers and his mouth.

The dissenting voice in her head was faint at first, but then began to grow. Harry's hands were softer than Severus'. Severus' were calloused, deft, and sure. His fingers knew exactly how to touch her, exactly how to tweak her passions until she begged for mercy, and they knew exactly how to flick, pinch, twist, and rub to send her over the edge into a screaming orgasm. Harry's hands skimmed over her body lightly, unsure and tentative. It was distracting, annoying... *It just wasn't the same.*

Hermione forced the thoughts out of her mind. "Let me," she told Harry as she pushed him down on the bed.

Harry's skin was smooth and tanned where Severus' was pale and scarred from numerous battles. At least both men had lean, well built bodies, though Harry's still held on to the slender build of youth while Severus' had filled out long before. She reveled in Harry's smoothness and then remembered the curse scar that dissected Severus' torso, absently tracing its path along Harry's chest as he sighed blissfully. She ran her fingernails lightly down his ribs as Severus liked, and Harry collapsed into giggles.

"Don't," he wheezed. "That tickles!"

Hermione rolled her eyes. She slid down his body to his manhood and slowly traced it from the tip down to the base, idly noting that his penis, though longer than Severus', was not near as thick. She stroked it gently, hearing Harry's gurgling groans as she slowly stroked his perineum with her other hand. She tentatively stuck out her tongue and licked the head, surprised by a sudden gush of fluid and Harry's hands tangling in her hair.

"Stop," he whispered hoarsely. "I'll come if you keep that up."

Hermione sighed disgustedly and rolled off onto her back. *It was definitely not the same.*

"I know something you'll like," Harry murmured suggestively against her abdomen. He parted her thighs and began to slowly lick at her exposed folds.

Hermione closed her eyes, remembering how this was one of Severus' favorite pastimes. That sour, sarcastic tongue was fantastically flexible in the bedroom, especially with that hooked nose rubbing her clit as those long, capable fingers thrust into her. Hermione sighed. Harry's cunning skills most assuredly lacked finesse. It was more the scrabbling licks of a frantic puppy rather than a dance of the erotic.

Hermione knew it was unfair to compare the techniques of the two. Harry was still a boy while Severus had 18 more years of experience under his belt. She and Severus had been together over a year and had had time to learn each other's body while this was the first and probably only time she would ever be with Harry. She made up her mind to put all thoughts of Severus aside and just enjoying being with another man. *The only other man*, a voice in her mind supplied.

Harry raised his head, his eyes gleaming at her, and she grabbed him and kissed him, trying desperately to tamp down her inner protestations. Harry pushed her onto her back again, and Hermione bit back a wave of nausea as Harry suckled and nipped her breast, his turgid member rubbing against her thigh.

"Are you ready?" he asked, already attempting to insinuate himself between her legs. He began thrusting into her without waiting for her reply.

Hermione's head reeled. *This was wrong, wrong, wrong.* Bile rose up in the back of her throat, and she desperately pushed Harry away, harder than she thought as he fell back onto the floor.

"I just can't do this, Harry. I'm so sorry," Tears welled up as she Accio'd her clothes and dressed hurriedly. "It's not your fault; it's mine. I thought I was ready, but I'm not. I'm sorry."

She Apparated home, arriving on her doorstep with a loud pop. She choked back sobs as she fumbled for her wand to lower the wards.

"Hermione?"

Her head snapped up. The man, the voice that had been haunting her all night was standing at the base of the stairs.

"It's you," she breathed, and her voice hardened. "What do you want?"

"I have missed you," he said simply. "I went out tonight with another witch, and all I could think about was you."

Hermione closed her eyes. "I saw you. You were laughing, and you kissed her." With a shaky breath, she looked Severus in the eye. "I thought I was over you, but I'm not. I went to Harry for comfort. I thought I could have a one-night stand and get you out of my mind, but I can't."

Severus' eyes darkened. "You and Potter?"

"It wasn't the same, Severus," she snapped, turning her back to him and lowering the wards. "All I could think about was you and that he wasn't you." She sighed dejectedly. "It wasn't your hands, your kiss, your anything."

"I felt the same with Sarah."

"The witch you were with?"

"Yes. She is an old acquaintance, and I, too, thought I could forget you in her arms. She was not happy, and neither was I. She was not you, and you were what I wanted."

Hermione sighed, her lips quirked. "I left Harry with a serious case of blue balls."

A deep chuckle sounded in her ear as strong arms enfolded her. She leaned back, breathing in the familiar scent of sandalwood and musk. "I was a fool to let you leave, Hermione. Do you think we could have another chance?"

Hermione turned and smiled, stroking his cheek gently. "Why don't we talk it over and see?" she asked as she opened the door and invited him in for tea.