

Moonstar Violets

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It was an interesting night in the Forbidden Forest.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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For LucianaMalfoy: Hermione needs to collect a rare potions ingredient in the Forbidden Forest, at midnight, full moon, naked! Who sees her and what happens?

When she took the job as Potions mistress, she had never dreamed that she would be walking around naked in the Forbidden Forest. This wasn't her first trip into the Forbidden Forest, and it probably wouldn't be her last, but she hoped that it would be the only one that she would have to make naked. The moonstar violet specifically said that it had to be gathered at midnight, while the person was naked. What kind of strange instruction was that? The only thing that made it bearable was the fact that it was summertime and the air was warm.

When it was half an hour until midnight, she made her way out of the castle and down to the Forbidden Forest. She wore a simple robe which was clasped at the shoulder and nothing underneath. She figured that this would make the harvesting that much easier. She could stay clothed until she was ready to pick the flower, undress, pick it, and then get dressed again.

The full moon bathed the Hogwarts grounds in its glow, making it almost as bright as daytime. She held her wand aloft as she entered the darkness of the forest, using *Lumos* to guide her way. She had never heard of the moonstar violet; it hadn't been mentioned in any of the potions in the Hogwarts books. But since taking the job as Potions mistress this year, she had discovered that there were a lot of things that she was unaware of.

The forest was quiet, with the occasional hooting of an owl or the sound of small animals as they scurried through the underbrush. Her footsteps padded on the forest floor, and the sound of her breath seemed to echo in the quiet night.

After approximately fifteen minutes in the forest, Hermione found her quarry: a small purple and white flower growing in a patch by a large oak tree. Careful not to brush her cloak against the delicate flowers, Hermione waited the remaining ten minutes before disrobing.

Once she was completely naked, she had the odd sensation that she was no longer alone, that someone was behind her. But before she could turn around, she heard the raspy breath and felt it on her neck. Two unseen objects made their way under her arms to cup her breasts, making her nipples spring to life immediately. Although she could not see them, they felt like hands and fingers. The unseen hands began to knead and tease her breasts, making her squirm with pleasure.

Do not be afraid. I see you received my note.

"Your note?" Hermione asked, gasping with pleasure as one of the unseen hands made its way lower to find her sensitive nub. It was intriguing to watch her breast being kneaded, being able to watch as well as feel what the unseen lover was doing to her.

Yes. I left that clue for you so that you would come to me. I knew that you would not come out here to meet me otherwise.

She could feel the person changing position. She felt the air whoosh as he or she passed her, coming around to her front.

"Why don't you let me see you?" she asked, wondering who her secret lover was.

Ah, but then you would know what I was going to do next. Then you may be... too distracted to be able to enjoy yourself.

She saw the indentations in the ground as the person knelt down, taking her wrist and tugging gently to bring her down to the same level. She surmised that she was kneeling across from the person, whoever he or she was.

If I do anything that you do not like or do not want to do, please tell me. I will not do anything to you against your will.

The person uttered a spell and a blanket appeared behind her.

Lay down and make yourself more comfortable. I promise that you will experience pleasure beyond your wildest dreams.

She did as she was told, trusting the person's voice. If it had been someone untrustworthy, she knew that chances were that she would be dead by now. Her core was aching for more of the person's touch, and her body readied itself at the thought of more pleasure.

Once she was laying down, she felt the person's breath on her as a kiss was planted on her lips. The person's breath was cool and minty, their lips soft and moist. The person made his or her way down her throat, covering every inch with delicious kisses. At each breast, she watched as the person's unseen tongue rolled around her nipple, making them harder than they already were. She still had no clue who her lover was. All she knew was that he or she knew just what to do to give her pleasure.

She nearly cried when the person was finished with her breasts. She had never experienced such pleasure before, and she wanted it to continue. When the person reached the apex between her legs, it was all she could do to keep from crying out as she arched her back, trying to get ever closer to the unseen person's tongue.

Too soon, she could tell that the person was finished.

"Won't you tell me who you are before you go?" she asked, feeling tremors of pleasure still spreading through her body.

Let's just say I am someone who has appreciated your brilliance for a long time, and I wanted to show you how much I appreciated it.

"But that could be anyone!" Hermione said ruefully.

I know.

In the person's answer Hermione could swear she heard a smirk, and she knew exactly who her unseen lover had been. It was a night she would always remember.