

Reading Material

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Hermione's got a new book--one that speaks to the reader.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione's got a new book--one that speaks to the reader.

Disclaimer: Just having some fun. Haha

I wrote this for luvsev, who prompted me during Potter Place's Saturday Night Drabble Chat. The prompt can be found at the end.

Harry smiled as he smelled the scent of baking cookies. Hermione had moved in with him at Grimmauld Place the month before—after she'd found Ron in bed with the new helper from the joke shop—and had been trying to take care of him since then. Deciding to break things off with Ginny had been one of the hardest things he'd done, and he'd been quite lonely without her. However, Hermione's presence helped a great deal.

Knowing she'd find him in the library with a plate of cookies and a glass of milk, as she was wont to do lately, he sat down and got comfortable, noticing her books on the table before him. "Hmmm, haven't seen this one before. She must have got it today when she went out to Diagon Alley."

He picked up the small, plain brown book and opened the cover. There was only one sentence on the page, and it caused his eyebrows to arch immediately.

You want to get fucked, don't you?

"Oi, what kind of rubbish is Hermione reading?" he muttered, shocked. And, unable to help himself, he turned to the next page and found another single sentence.

Think about it: the way to a man's heart is his stomach.

His mind jumped to the meals and snacks Hermione had been trying to cook for him. Was she...? "Nah, couldn't be. Coincidence," he said, turning the page.

Of course she wants you, pillock.

"Shit." Harry wondered if this could be some type of Dark magic—like the diary had been. He flicked his wand and detected nothing. "So... definitely not some Horcrux."

When he moved on to the next page, he smirked.

You must be joking.

"Right then. What is this if not?"

It's easy to tell eager readers what they want... and what others want.

"Hang on! I don't want... You can't think that I..." He shook his head at the book and then looked to the doorway to make certain he was still alone. He lowered his voice to a whisper and said, "I don't want to shag her. She's my best friend," then turned the page.

Oh, yes, you do.

His brow furrowed. Did he? Harry closed his eyes and imagined sliding into her bed in the dark, reaching out to place a hand on her warm bare body. As he thought this, his crotch twitched. "Bloody hell, how did that happen?" He turned to find the answer.

This is the way of things—lonely man, lonely woman.

"And you mean to say that she wants," he lowered his voice again, peeking around, "to do it?"

Turn.

Most definitely.

"Er, does she know that I want to do it with her, too?"

Turn.

She's aware of it, yes, and is hoping you go to her and claim her.

Could he be with Hermione? In THAT way? That would be a bit strange. Well, her company had been nice though. And things had been different, them sharing those long talks and commiserating. She knew how it felt to end things with someone and knew how it felt to feel alone and worry about starting over.

He leaned back against the couch and closed his eyes, imagining how it would be with her. He could plan it so that he walked in as she lounged in her bath and pretended it was an accident. Then he could say something clever, something like, 'How's the water?'

This caused Harry to snort and open his eyes. "No, don't think I'll do that, thanks."

Turn.

Go to the kitchen, clear everything off the table, lift her robes, and have your way with her.

Harry gulped and turned the page again without saying anything, unable to get the image out of his mind.

She's thinking of you now as she licks melted chocolate off her fingers.

Without another glance at the book, he tossed it where he'd found it, and then Harry headed for the door that led to the kitchen, pushing through it quickly and spying his prey bending over to place something in a cabinet.

He went up behind her, pulled her up and against him, and began to nibble on the exposed flesh of her neck. When she gasped in surprise and leaned back against him, he murmured, "Hermione," and ground his erection against her bum. "I want you."

In the next instant, he spun her around and picked her up, hefting her atop the big kitchen table and clambering up next to her. Her eyes were wide and her mouth open, chest heaving with heavy breaths.

"I know," he said with a smile and wondered why he'd never noticed how sexy she was before that moment. His hand slid down to cup her breast gently as his mouth found hers, tasting her lips lightly before deepening the kiss, her mouth opening in surrender.

Though it began awkwardly, the caressing and exploring, they soon became fervent and direct in what they wanted, partially undressing each other—just enough to gain access to each other with Harry finally moving between her thighs, gazing down into her light brown eyes. "Aaah," he said as he slid in.

"Oh, Harry," he heard her say before moaning and wrapping her legs around his waist.

Together they rocked, panted, and moved, chasing what may come. "Hermione," he said, still shocked that it was she he'd been wanting. He liked the sound of it, so he said it again. "Hermione."

"Don't stop, I'm... Oh, Harry, I—anh!"

"Me, too, me, too," he called out and thrust more rapidly until— "FUCK, yeah..."

They lay there, his head on her shoulder, sated and spent, for a long while before she spoke as she ran her fingers through his hair. "I don't know what prompted this, but I'm glad this happened, Harry."

"So am I," he said softly.

"I think we should go to a real bed and explore this further. What do you think?"

He nodded and leaned up on his elbows. "I'd like that." He assisted her up, helping to right her robes and his own before holding out his hand to lead her up the stairs to her bedroom.

When they passed the library, she said, "Oh, blast, I was supposed to go deliver a book to Mr. Weasley from George. He said his father special ordered it after having a chat the other day. I was going to bring some of those cookies along with it." She laughed. "I had a look, and it talks about spark plugs and such. Odd, that. But you know how he likes Muggle things."

Harry stopped, eyes wide, and turned to look at her. "Er..."

"That can definitely wait." She pulled him to her and stood on her tiptoes to brush his lips with hers. "I think this is more important, don't you?" Hermione flashed a breathtaking smile at him before tugging on his hand.

"Oh, yeah," he said with a grin, vowing to not say he'd opened the ruddy book and had thought that... "Fancy a bath?" he asked mischievously, thinking of his earlier fantasy.

SW's Notes:

Luvsev issued the following prompt to me:

Harry discovers one of Hermione's books isn't quite what it seems. What is it and how does he react?