

# What Hermione Wants

by Southern\_Witch\_69

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## Harry Wants Hermione

Chapter 1 of 1

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**Disclaimer:** J.K. Rowling created all characters pertaining to Harry Potter. I own nothing here except the plot. Happy reading!

*Thanks to my original beta, Charmed Nay, and thanks to CocoaChristy for doing a second beta job all this time later after I changed some things!*

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Harry watched Hermione... as he always did. She was looking longingly at Ron while he was kissing Lavender. He knew she must love him still or want what he had...someone to snog with and call her own.

He looked across the hall to where Ginny was sitting. She was still trying to get his attention, even after he'd told her that things had to end. That was when he was worried that she would be a target for Voldemort, but time passed, causing his feelings to fade. In an interesting turn of events, he realized that he liked someone less aggressive. Bravery, brains, beauty, and a loving heart also attracted him. Someone like Hermione was what he wanted. It was a pity he hadn't noticed until their last year in school. *Ron should never have overlooked her. She's perfect.*

Hermione sighed and said she was off to do her Astronomy homework. Harry nodded. Ron and Lavender never noticed. He saw her glance back once with tears in her eyes. *The Astronomy Tower, eh?* He'd been up there a few times while he had dated Ginny. He flashed a wicked grin to Neville. Suddenly, he had the urge to do his Astronomy homework as well.

Slowly, he took the path that would lead him to Hermione. On the way, he summoned Dobby, the house-elf. He made arrangements for Dobby to sneak a six-pack of Muggle beer and a blanket to him at the base of the stairwell. True to his word, Dobby met him there within minutes. Harry and the others had smuggled some in after they'd found it to be a cheap and easy to obtain. Dobby was happy to keep it safe for them.

He nervously opened the door that led to the roof of the tower. He closed and warded it so nobody else could enter. He found her in the shadows, not a book in sight. She was crying with her head in her hands. The breeze was blowing her bushy hair wildly. He laid out the blanket as best as he could, whispered a Cushioning Charm, and placed the cold beer next to it.

Hermione sniffed, but she still didn't look up. He walked to her, bent down, and placed a hand on her shoulder. *Finally!* he thought. *Eye contact.* Her eyes were red-rimmed. Her cheeks were tear-streaked.

"Harry?" she asked softly.

He didn't say a word. He picked her small frame up easily, though she was more solid than he'd imagined. Gently, he set her on his blanket, taking his place next to her.

He still hadn't spoken. He simply handed her a beer. She nearly downed the whole thing by the time he'd taken off his shoes. He took a quick sip from his own can.

"Thanks, Harry," she said before sucking down the last of her drink. He handed her another can, and she continued speaking. "I mean... I just don't know what's wrong with me. I'm so emotional lately."

He nodded. She prattled on for a few minutes. He let her have at it. She needed to talk and get it out. While talking, she drank two more cans of beer. He laughed when she started with the hiccups.

"Harry? Why did you come?" She raised her head slightly to meet his eyes.

He grinned almost shyly and pushed stray strands of hair back from her face.

She gasped as realization set in. "Harry! Are you... are you trying to seduce me?"

He knew one moment of uncertainty before answering honestly. "Yes, I am, Hermione."

He watched her eyes flicker with different emotions. She whispered something. "Sorry? What was that?" he asked.

She grinned. "I said that you did."

"Brilliant," he quipped.

She looked down shyly. "Please make love to me, Harry. I need you. I need to forget him. It's the only way."

He pulled her face to his for a long, passionate kiss. He moved down to nuzzle her neck while he helped her unfasten her robes. His lips moved to her ears to nibble her lobes while unbuttoning her shirt and shrugging it off her shoulders. His mouth claimed hers again for a long moment while he pulled her skirt down.

His mouth released hers as he pulled back to slip out of his own robe and shirt. Her eyes widened at the sight of his naked chest. When he began to unzip his trousers, he saw fear in her eyes. *Probably her first time*, he thought. Clad only in his boxers, he eased back over her and pushed her gently down onto the blanket.

"Harry, maybe we shouldn't. No..."

He silenced her with a kiss until he felt her give in, pulling him closer to her. His hands roamed all over her body. The bra wouldn't unfasten, so he simply pulled it up, releasing her soft breasts. She gasped. He chose that moment to leave her mouth and bring his lips to a rosy peak on her breast.

"God... Harry..."

"I want this, too. We'll be fine," he said. He trailed kisses across to her other nipple. While his mouth was on her nipple, his fingers slipped inside her knickers and were delving into her one at a time. She was extremely hot and wet. He quickly pulled off her knickers and his boxers.

His fingers once again found their mark, caressing her center, while he lowered his head to allow his tongue to explore her more thoroughly. *God! She not only feels good, but she tastes good.* He felt her fingers pulling at his hair, heard her calling his name. Suddenly, she began to shudder beneath his mouth. Hermione's legs collapsed, and she sighed contentedly, pushing him away after a moment.

"That's enough, Harry."

In one smooth movement, he pulled himself completely over her. Her eyes were closed. He kissed her lips softly. She opened them slightly. He smiled at her. "I love you," he blurted.

She blinked in confusion. "How long?"

"I don't know," he admitted.

"Harry, I've always had feelings for Ron."

"I know."

She looked away. "I was with him one night during last summer."

Harry was shocked. Ron had never shared that bit of information with him, but he realized it didn't matter. "I don't care, Hermione. I'll help you forget about him. Let him have Lavender. I want you."

Hermione's hands pulled his mouth back to hers in a fierce kiss. Smugly, Harry thought *I must have said the right thing.* She was pressing against him eagerly. He pulled back to look at her, smiling almost shyly as he placed himself at her entrance, and pushed into her completely. She cried out and clutched him tightly. He let the surprise pass before moving slowly within her. She felt so good to him. Nothing could have prepared him for the feeling of Hermione.

She began to move under him, trying to quicken his strokes. He groaned and muttered, "If you keep that up, I won't last long."

Giggling, she locked her legs behind his thighs and pulled him roughly into her. "Is that so?"

He lowered his lips to suckle her neck, wanting to leave his mark. When he felt her nails clawing into his back, he lost control, and his climax claimed him. "Hermione..." he whispered fervently and fell fully on top of her. He felt her shaking beneath him and pulled back a bit to look into her eyes. "Are you all right?" he asked softly. Was she crying? Laughing?

"I... I don't know," she replied honestly. He tried to move back, but she held him close. "I feel as though I've used you. ~~do~~ care about you, but it's not as strongly as you feel for me."

"Don't feel bad, love. It's what we both needed and wanted. I'll never leave you. I'll always be here for you, and one day you will grow to love me as well," he said earnestly, hoping she would agree.

She raised a hand to his cheek. "Always?" she asked timidly. He nodded vigorously. "I could love you easily," she replied. "I never thought you felt this way. I thought you were waiting for the right moment to talk to Ginny again."

"No. It's you that I want." He pushed back a dampened lock of hair from her face. "I promise I'll make you happy. Things will be all right."

She moved then, keeping their bodies connected, though he was partially flaccid, and he found himself under her. "How about now? This all right?" she asked, grinning wickedly.

"Oh, yes. I think this could work," he said, feeling himself grow again within her.

"Good because I think you owe me a better shag than that!" she said, smirking slightly. Her evil grin never faded as she lowered her mouth to kiss his. Harry knew that he'd

finally gotten what he wanted. Hermione had also gotten what she had wanted all along...someone to snog and call her own.

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**Southern's Notes:** This is an older story of mine. I was just getting to enjoy the Harry and Hermione ship back then. Heehee... I changed a few things around, and even though I'm still not completely satisfied, I figure it's fine, as it was only intended to be a quick read with light smut.

I'm thinking of writing a second part where Ron gets a little jealous and tries to get Hermione back. Surely she wouldn't leave Harry after he finally came forward for her when Ron wouldn't? Ah, who knows? Let's hope he finds a bit of stamina though. ~snicker~