

# Harry's Curiosity

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## One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Some itches are better left unscratched. Harry has an Unforgivable request of Hermione.

The main definition of power is to have control and influence over other people and their actions.

Harry Potter, by all accounts, should have felt powerful. He was a teenage wizard given the task of defeating the darkest wizard in their world. Everything about that screamed power.

Truthfully, he felt as if he weren't in control of anything. Dumbledore was pushing him, telling him what he must do. Molly Weasley had practically shoved her only daughter in his face over the summer, virtually making it known that he could do as he please with her as long as he married her once Voldemort was defeated. Oh, yes, there was *that* right bastard, doing his damndest to destroy the only place where Harry had ever felt he truly belonged.

There was Ron. Harry knew his best mate would be there for him no matter what, but this year the youngest Weasley male's head was everywhere it should not have been. Ron's main focus was on Lavender Brown. Merlin, Harry really could not short him for that. The raven-haired wizard was having his own hormonal battles on top of everything else.

And those battles were coming in the shape of his other best friend, Hermione Granger. She had been on his back about that damn book that had belonged to the Half-Blood Prince. But, and he would only admit this to himself, she had a point. As usual, Hermione was correct. There was something off about that book, but it was that same something that drew him to it. Some of those spells, harmful or not, were indeed powerful.

Harry had acquired an itch he needed to scratch.

Now, let it be known that he knew he was nutters for even considering anything even remotely close to the idea his mind had conjured. The proposal, especially coming from one Harry Potter, was positively disturbing. But at the same time, it was a notion that had completely taken over his thoughts, waking and sleeping.

He wanted power, even if only for a moment. He wanted to know what it felt like to be in control of someone since it didn't seem he had control over his own life.

The less confident side of him wanted to know he'd be able to cast such a curse. He wanted to know he'd truly be ready for battle. Granted, it wasn't the same as the killing curse, but it was considered just as lethal by the Ministry.

He had to go to the one person he trusted above all others. He needed someone whose loyalties never faltered. He needed...

"Harry?"

Her voice was practically a whisper, yet it didn't fail to startle him. He stared at the girl before him, his mind racing with images of her over the past five years. The first

prominent memory was of the little girl he met on the Hogwarts Express. The second was a motionless body that lay in the infirmary while a basilisk invaded the castle. The third was the warm body pressed against his back while they rode Buckbeak on their way to rescue Sirius. The fourth was a periwinkle dress that adorned a feminine shape that was normally hidden under school robes. The fifth was a fallen body at the Department of Mysteries after being hit by Dolohov's hex.

What would be his sixth prominent memory of the young woman...yes, she was definitely looking more like a woman and not a girl...that stood by his side endlessly?

"Harry, are you okay?"

Her voice remained quiet as she took a seat next to him on the sofa in the Gryffindor Common Room. She was too close. The simple brush of her knee against his thigh caused a tiny spark in the pit of his stomach. He remained silent, but looked her in the eyes. She was genuinely concerned, but completely at ease and comfortable. Despite their difference of opinion about that ruddy book, she trusted him implicitly. She knew this fact and he knew it as well.

Yes, this was the opportunity he had unknowingly been waiting for.

The request he was about to make of his loyal female friend would most definitely mark his sixth prominent memory of her.

"Hermione, I need your help."

She was quiet for about ten seconds. "I'm not writing any papers for you," she stated, then, as an afterthought, "especially in Potions."

His gaze never left her face. "I don't need help with homework," he admitted quietly.

This seemed to cause her pause. Without a doubt, she was allowing her thoughts to whirl with possible scenarios.

She couldn't possibly imagine what he had in mind.

"I'm here for you, Harry." She looked down, taking his hand in hers and giving it a squeeze. "No matter what, I'm here for you."

The confirmation was music to Harry's ears.

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For all intents and purposes, Draco Malfoy was a right bastard. He attempted to come off as a bully, but failed miserably without some type of backup.

No amount of backup could get him out of the predicament he was currently in.

His father had thrown him to the wolves, literally. Although, at this point, Draco was beginning to wonder if he'd be better off at the mercy of Fenrir Greyback rather than Voldemort. At least with Fenrir, his death would be swift. There would be no agonizingly tedious tasks to complete in order to prove he was worthy, to redeem his family's name that had been besmirched thanks to his father's shortcomings.

But no, he had the responsibility of fixing that blasted cabinet so that Death Eaters could attack the very castle he currently inhabited.

He by no means wanted to turn to the light, but he didn't fancy following the orders of a half-blood madman either. He was metaphorically screwed. That was the worst feeling ever. If he was going to be screwed, he at least wanted to get enjoyment out of it.

The trip to his destination was a well-worn path. The torches flickered as he passed, practically taunting him.

*You can't do it.*

*You'll fail just like your father.*

*Your mother's blood will be on your hands.*

He noticed his breathing had quickened and stopped momentarily. The cowardly little boy that still existed inside him had to go. Within a matter of weeks, most likely, he would be expected to cast the killing curse without a second thought. He could almost hear his father's voice over the pounding in his ears.

*"You mustn't fail us, Draco. You're the last of the Malfoy line. You must succeed and make us proud. Succeed and help to rid the world of useless lives, like those of Potter and his blasted friends."*

Yes, he could do this. He knew he could do this. He just had to figure out how to fix that fucking cabinet.

He continued en route, drawing closer to his destination, when he heard more than just his footsteps. Poking his head around the corner, he was greeted with the most rewarding site. There, standing right where the Room of Requirement doors would appear and slowly removing an invisibility cloak from their forms were Potter and his Mudblood. It was well after curfew, and Draco knew that they were up to no better than he.

No, this was definitely *not* an impromptu meeting of Dumbledore's Army. If it were, Draco was certain Weasley would have been with the two.

Suddenly, he heard the familiar sound of the door appearing. With his eyes still trained on the couple, Draco noted that the room looked to be simple. Potter and Granger were shagging, was that it? If so, this find was sweeter than he thought. The task of fixing the cabinet took a backseat for the moment, knowing he could definitely use what he expected to find as ammunition. He knew Potter doted over the Mudblood, but never imagined there was any physical relationship going on. The Dark Lord could definitely use this bit of information. Hermione Granger was not merely the brains of the operation; she was the heart of it. Now all Draco had to do was quietly wait for a small amount of time, just enough to catch them in the act of something positively mortifying, and hit Potter where it hurt.

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Harry stared at Hermione while she slowly walked around the room, taking note of her feminine movements. A hand moved hair behind her ear whilst hips unknowingly swayed to an unheard beat.

"Are you ready, Harry?"

He shook his head confidently. "Thank you for doing this. I... I just need to know that I can cast a curse like this."

She nodded in agreement but worried her bottom lip between her teeth. "I trust you Harry. I know you won't abuse the power."

His insides burned at her words, conflict clouding his mind.

No, now was not the time for internal turmoil.

She approached him slowly, never breaking eye contact. "I'm ready." Her confirmation practically came out as a breath instead of her normally strong voice.

Harry lifted his wand, his hand as steady as could be. He cleared his mind and focused on the warm, female flesh before him. *Imperio!*

Hermione's eyes glazed over momentarily, quickly returning to normal. Yet, she still held the dazed look. She blinked several times, but never lost the gaze that Harry found slightly intoxicating. She looked upon him as if she adored him and would listen to whatever request he made of her.

"Hermione, sit on the floor." She quickly responded, but was graceful with her movements.

"Hermione, I want you to stand up, come over to me and kiss me." Once again, she quickly responded but never lost the gracefulness. As she approached him, her gaze never faltered. She also didn't hesitate in kissing him. Warm lips claimed his dry ones, soon making them just as soft. Their tongues began to dance with each other, tasting the essence of boy and girl, male and female, man and woman.

Her flavor reminded him of pumpkin pasties.

He'd never be able to indulge in that treat the same way ever again.

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Draco had been waiting ten minutes. That was an appropriate time for foreplay, was it not? Surely even a dolt like Potter wouldn't work *that* slowly. If he was a normal bloke, a point Draco wasn't completely sure of, the Mudblood's clothes would be history by now. Anticipation and revulsion shuddered through his body at the thought of seeing Granger and Potter partially or completely starkers. He had to get over that vomit-inducing image of Potter naked, but took a sick pleasure at the possibility of seeing Granger completely nude. Mudblood or not, she was female and surely had the body to prove as much.

He paced in front of the wall three times, thinking he needed a simple place to meet with Potter and Granger. He hoped it would work. He remembered the many failed attempts at getting in when Potter's precious followers were meeting there on a regular basis. Then again, at that time, they had no clue what the room was even about. He'd gotten a glimpse of the room this evening. But would that be enough?

Apparently, it was.

The doors appeared and Draco swiftly entered, ready to gloat and goad in all his glory.

But what he saw surprised him, to say the least.

The young couple before him had obviously just ended a heated snog, Potter's face flush and chest rising rapidly. He then watched as Potter raised his wand and aimed it right at Granger.

What in the bloody hell was this all about?

Potter tore his stare away from his friend and it landed upon Draco. The blonde saw Harry was about to speak and Draco gripped his wand tighter as he pointed in the direction of the raven-haired wizard. "Don't move, Potter." Draco practically slithered forward slowly, taking note that Granger hadn't been startled in the least by his appearance. This fact disturbed him the most. Usually the Mudblood couldn't wait to chastise him, let him know he was not wanted where she and her puppies were concerned.

But there she stood, staring at Potter and not moving an inch.

Then it clicked. The Slytherin couldn't hide the evil glint in his eyes and smirk on his lips. "Well done, Potter. Finally shut the little bitch up and took charge."

"Get the fuck out, Malfoy!"

"I don't think so. *Accio* Potter's wand!" Well, well, well, it seemed Dumbledore's little pet was off his game this evening. "The Imperius, I presume?" Harry said nothing, just stared daggers at Draco. "It seems I've caught you in a... delicate situation."

"Malfoy, I swear I'll..."

"You'll what, Potter? Plan on hexing me? Oh, wait! I've got your wand! For once, it looks like I'll be in control." Draco's eyes roamed the form of Granger, assessing where to begin. Well, that was quite obvious. He aimed the wand at the brunette, formulating his first request. "Little Mudblood, time for you to strip. Show Potter what he really wanted to gain out of this whole thing."

Hermione seemed to hesitate for only a moment, but kept her eyes locked on Harry. She pulled her nightshirt over her head and dropped it to the ground. Her sweatpants and panties followed in its path. She made no move to cover herself, baring all and showing no shame for what she had to offer.

Harry's stomach clenched at the sight before him. It was absolutely right and unbelievably wrong all in one. Before they arrived that evening, he hadn't decided how far his curiosity would go. Now Malfoy had come in and blown it all to hell.

Or had he?

"Potter, as much as the thought of you naked makes me positively want to wretch, you need to rid yourself of your clothing for this to continue."

"Plan to put me under the Imperius as well, then?"

"Oh, no, Potter. That would be too easy. You could claim it was the curse that made you do it. No, I want you to feel the guilt of making your little Mudblood friend sully herself with your cock." Draco watched as Harry stood still, but then slowly began to uncliothe. Potter was going along with this too easily, wandless or not. "Then again, maybe you won't feel any guilt at all." Harry halted his motions of unzipping his trousers and looked up at Draco. "Maybe you're just as sick of a fuck as I am." The blonde could not hide the gleeful smirk, extremely pleased to have firsthand knowledge in confirming the fact that The Boy Who Lived was not as perfect or proper as nearly everyone believed.

By the end of this little journey, Harry Potter would realize just how sick and twisted he truly was. But in the end, would Potter even care?

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Harry divested himself of his remaining clothes, only feeling a twinge of embarrassment.

"Granger, kneel before Potter."

Harry watched as Hermione practically glided towards him, falling to her knees once she was before him. He looked down and was captivated by the site of Hermione's face inches from his cock. She'd most likely never been in a position such as that before.

"Suck him off," Draco ordered.

A barely audible squeak escaped her lips and her mouth seemed to tremble.

Harry wanted the control again. He wanted the feeling that he had when they had begun this. A spark ignited inside his mind and then his right hand moved to Hermione's head, letting her know that she needed to do as she was told.

Her mouth moved to engulf his cock, Harry relishing in the feeling of her warm tongue and hallowed cheeks. While he enjoyed it, he knew he wanted more, needed more.

The power of making her do this wasn't enough.

Through lidded eyes, Harry noticed that Draco was becoming preoccupied with watching Hermione.

It was a risky move, revealing an unknown skill to a member of the enemy party, but it was a risk he was willing to take. For tonight was all about risks. Harry began to pet Hermione's hair as she continued to work his cock. He roughly grabbed her head, removing her mouth from his cock, and he raised his hand towards Malfoy. "*Accio wand!*"

Draco was startled, unsure of how to react to the power that was just displayed before him. He'd only seen one wizard perform such a skill and that was Albus Dumbledore. As far as he knew, not even Lord Voldemort was able to perform wandless magic. He quickly got a grip on the situation at hand and aimed his wand at Potter, ready to fight. "What's the meaning of this?"

"*Incarcerous!*" Thick ropes shot from Harry's wand, effectively causing Draco to drop his wand and tying him to the chair that Harry had mentally requested of the room.

"Potter, I'll fucking hex you!"

"*Silencio.*" Harry's voice remained full of authority, his wand still aimed at the Slytherin. He then aimed the wand at Hermione, his other hand taking the opportunity to affectionately stroke her cheek. "You, my poppet, may take a seat on the floor while I deal with our unwelcome visitor."

Her facial features seemed to convey disappointment. Whether it was for having to stop or the lingering thought of having to continue, Harry wasn't sure.

Furthermore, he found that he wasn't sure he cared.

Harry made his way towards his silenced and bound enemy, feeling even more power than before. He picked up the Hawthorn wand, tossing it near his clothes. "Malfoy, you just *had* to stick that aristocratic nose where it didn't belong, didn't you? You're forever butting into other's business. Don't have enough going on? That leads me to my next thought. What requirement do you seek in this room? Why were you coming here at this hour to begin with?" Harry looked down and was greeted with an icy stare. "I'd take the silencing spell off of you, but I know it wouldn't lead me to any answers."

He began to pace slowly. He was in charge here. What was the next step to take? "Well, your demands earlier make it clear to me that you were wanting a show. Not getting any from Parkinson?" The blonde sneered as Harry continued. "I shall give you a show. It will be one that I'm positive you'll enjoy."

Harry made his way back to Hermione, taking note that she hadn't moved an inch since he'd left her. He knelt beside her, gently taking her chin in his hand. "Such a good little Gryffindor, aren't you? You have a tempting body, Hermione. You do well at covering it up." He allowed his hand to drop, running it lightly over one of her nipples. She gasped and lightly shuddered. "Do you like when I touch you?"

"Yes, Harry. Your hands feel good."

"Touch me, Hermione. Touch my body." Her hand moved automatically, grasping at his hardened cock. He threw his head back, trying to gain control over himself. He needed to enjoy this, but also remain in control. "Lay down, Hermione."

He watched her hand release his cock, her body quickly before him on the floor. She continued to stare at him, her eyes almost vacant and yet not. She was still in there, but definitely on a metaphorical leash.

That thought made his cock twitch.

"Enjoy this, Hermione," he whispered. "Don't hold back at all." With that, he began kissing down her neck, brushed over her nipples, licked her stomach and arrived at the female altar of worship.

He swiped his tongue across her clit, eliciting a sharp intake of breath from her lips. He licked lower, teasing her entrance with his tongue. He heard her whimper, then moan. He moved upwards once again, sucking the sensitive bud. Hermione's moans became louder, soothing his ears like the melodic voices of the mermaids... voices of the underwater mermaids.

Each sound she made drove him further to please her. He had the *power* to satisfy her. He had the *power* to make her writhe with pleasure.

He worked feverishly, showing no mercy to her swollen clit, until he heard her feminine squeal of delight, smelling her wetness as it increased with her climax.

He had the *power* to own her.

He positioned himself above her, knowing the next step he wanted to take. But, this was the one and only time he truly felt hesitant.

He could cast an Unforgivable, an act punishable by life in Azkaban, but he couldn't bring himself to willingly violate this creature that was before him.

Did that make him fucked up? Surely it did. But in the end, he chalked it up to his own twisted psyche.

He closed his eyes and grabbed his wand, pointing it directly at the lust-induced nymph. *Finite Incantatem!*"

Hermione blinked, her eyes darting around wildly until her eyes settled on the wizard above her. "Why did you do that?" It came out as a whimper.

"I can't continue without knowing..." he trailed off, feeling his power spiraling downward.

"Put me back under, Harry! Please!" She quickly grabbed his face, pulling him down for a forceful kiss.

She wanted this!

She wanted to be controlled, to give him the power she knew he craved.

Hermione released his lips and he spoke the curse roughly. *Imperio!*"

He put his wand down and, holding her gaze once again, began to speak forcefully. "I'm going to fuck you, Hermione. I'm going to fuck you hard and you're going to love it." No sooner were the words out of his mouth, he shoved his cock into her waiting entrance. Harry could have sworn he heard her gasp, but paid no heed to the small sound. He allowed his head to drop in the crook of her neck, thrusting his cock at a rapid speed.

He felt Hermione's hands on his back, holding onto him like her life depended upon it. "Wrap your legs around me," he grunted. Soon he felt her smooth legs brush against his hips, her lovely feet digging into the flesh of his arse.

He felt her breasts rubbing against his chest as he moved, felt their stomachs slide against each other as the sweat continued to form. Sex was a deliciously dirty act.

So was the Imperius curse.

They fit hand in hand beautifully in this moment.

Harry began to experience the tingling sensation, the feeling of his balls tightening, and knew that his release would be soon. He chanced a look at the warm body below him. Hermione continued to stare above them, but her stoic features suggested she was experiencing euphoria. Her breathing was deep, her skin was flushed, and almost inaudible murmurs passed her lips, though they did not move.

He felt her walls clench around him. Harry buried his cock deep inside her humid walls, his release laying claim on her womb. Should he have cast a charm before this began?

Whatever will be, will be, he supposed.

He looked up to take a breath and noticed Draco still bound to the chair. Honestly, Harry had forgotten all about him. But there was no way he was going to let him know that. "Did I or did I not promise you a show that you would enjoy?"

The blonde didn't attempt to say anything, knowing it to be a futile effort, but he did try to wriggle out of his bindings.

Harry slid his cock from Hermione, kneeling between her legs as she continued to lie before him. He looked down and noticed a small amount of blood on his cock and on the floor, just below her entrance. The power he'd felt only multiplied, knowing for a fact that he had declared her to be his no matter what. He cast a quick *Scourgify* on the floor and was about to do the same to his softened cock, when a thought struck him.

He slowly got up, pointing his wand once again at Hermione. "Stay here and don't move." She shook her head softly and remained lying on the floor. Harry moved towards Draco, an evil spark in his eyes as he got closer to the Slytherin.

Draco looked at Potter, unable to ignore the Gryffindor's nakedness. He wasn't attracted to blokes, but you couldn't very well ignore something like *that* when it was in front of you. What was worse, the Mudblood's *blood* was on it! What was Potter thinking? Draco had known that Harry was one screwed up bloke, but all he had just witnessed proved it.

Harry took note that Draco was staring at his cock, reveling in the fact that he had claimed Hermione right in front of him. "Looks like yours, doesn't it? The blood is as red as your *Pureblood*." Harry spat the last word. "I may be completely nutters, but I haven't lost sight of what this whole thing is about." Harry pressed his wand to Draco's cheek, digging the eleven inch holly and phoenix feather to pale flesh roughly. "Is your blood red, Malfoy? If I made you bleed, would we see the color red? How about gold? No, I know! It would be the vile color of green: the same as your precious House!"

Draco was cowering as much as he could, actually fearing for his life at the moment. Harry's face moved close to Draco's, his hot breath tainting the Slytherin's skin. He stepped away, causing Draco to exhale, but he quickly doused the relief felt by the blonde when he spit on his cheek, marring the porcelain skin with his *half-blood* saliva.

Harry saw Draco begin to seethe and knew he needed to act sooner rather than later. He quickly walked over to his clothing and put his trousers back on. He then requested a blanket from the room and covered Hermione with it. Content with his setup, he grabbed Draco's wand and walked back over to him. Raising his own wand, Harry spoke, "*Wingardium Leviosa*." Draco's eyes widened in fear as he and the chair were lifted off the ground. Harry carefully maneuvered him towards the door, setting him down lightly.

"I'd say that I'm sorry about having to do this... but I would be lying." He aimed his wand and spoke clearly. *Obliviate!* Now, Draco, you've happened upon Hermione and me here in the Room of Requirement. You will not remember a bit of what you've witnessed this evening except for the fact that Hermione and I beat you to the use of this room. *Finite Incantatem!*" Then, Harry added a charm for good measure. *Confundo!*

Draco stood up and blinked. "What am I doing here?"

Harry began to sneer a usual response. "You've got me, Malfoy, but I'd appreciate if you left! I was in the Room of Requirement first!"

Still slightly feeling the effects of the Confundus Charm, Draco nodded, agreeing, and left the room without argument.

Harry took a ragged breath, happy to be rid of *that* hassle. He turned and realized he still needed to deal with Hermione.

This was supposed to have been an experiment, an experiment of power. But he realized that evening it was a power he wasn't willing to give up. He wouldn't keep Hermione under the Imperius Curse forever, but he could definitely use a different approach to get what he sought.

He knelt beside her covered form, her eyes darting to meet his stare. His fingers grazed the plump skin of her cheeks. "You've been so cooperative, so willing. You understand I can't lose you, don't you? Tell me you're mine."

"I'm yours, Harry."

He closed his eyes and nodded. Grabbing her clothes, he handed them to her. "Get dressed." He promptly followed suit. As he did so, his mind formulated the plan. Once he saw that she was completely dressed, he acted. "I'm going to remove you from the Imperius Curse, Hermione. But before I do, I want you to remember tonight. Remember that it was me who claimed you. What I want you to remember most of all is that you are completely devoted to me. You will feel the need to put me before others. You will love me and want only me. You may or may not listen to another's orders, but you will always obey mine." She nodded dutifully. "*Finite Incantatem!*" He sealed his last words with a kiss. He backed away slowly, noticing that her eyes were focusing intently on him. "Are you okay?"

"Harry, what was all this about?"

He tamped down the darker force within him for the moment, a boyish grin gracing his lips. "Not really the reaction I was looking for."

She blushed but tried to recover quickly. "I'm not saying I didn't like it. I just don't know what took you so long."

His boyish grin turned to a full-fledged smile. "Been a bit busy, I guess. You see, dark wizards and nonsensical books have been taking over my time."

Hermione smiled sweetly. "Well, then, it's my duty to make sure you are able to forget about those things from time to time." Her body pressed dangerously close to his, proving to him that his plan was definitely starting out smoothly.

"How about we continue tomorrow night? We don't want to be caught by Filch, do we?"

She sighed, but resigned from any further advances. "You're right, I suppose."

"For once," Harry smiled.

"For once and once only," Hermione laughed.

Harry picked up his invisibility cloak and they locked hands, making their way towards the door. Harry stopped short, taking a moment before they left. "I don't know what I'd do without you, Hermione."

Again, she smiled sweetly. "You'll never have to find out."

Something else Harry Potter would never find out? Hermione Granger had been able to resist the Imperius Curse for many months.

But she'd make sure he continued to feel the power he deserved.

She'd serve Harry regardless: him and all of his twisted curiosities.