

# If Only For A Moment

*by Mu xxx*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Harry was quiet as a mouse when he snuck into Hermione's room, gently closing the door behind him with an almost final 'snick'. The curtains were open, allowing the dull yellow light from the street lamps to seep into the room, staining everything with its miserable hue. He could see Hermione curled up tightly, her back facing him, her long hair tangled around her shoulders and the bed sheets...it was an utter mess, but that only made Harry smile. He crept up and touched her shoulder lightly, gently curling his fingers into the soft, warm flesh of her arm.

"Hermione..." Harry whispered, wishing he'd brought his wand to cast a silencing charm. He tightened his grip a little and whispered her name more urgently.

Stirring, Hermione opened her eyes blearily, swiftly turning over and sitting up when she realised she wasn't alone, knocking her head into Harry's and sending his glasses sprawling.

"Ouch!" Harry rubbed his nose, fumbled around for his glasses, and faced his friend's glare.

"What are you doing, Harry? It's two in the morning!" she ground out grumpily before her features softened and she frowned. "What's wrong? It's not your scar, is it?"

Harry smiled at her concern. "No, it's not. Don't worry. I just..." he trailed off, not really knowing why he was in Hermione's room on Christmas Eve, in her parents' house, while Ron was surely tucked away in his own bed at the Burrow. They'd been invited, but circumstances had led to Harry being where he was, and he was glad for it at the moment.

Hermione sighed and shifted over, motioning for him to get in her bed with her. It was a single, since she'd rarely slept in it since she'd turned eleven, and it was a tight squeeze.

"Thanks," Harry mumbled, getting into the warmth and pulling the sheets and duvet up high.

They remained silent, listening to the hum of the odd car driving past, the faint bass-beat of a party, and even the distant hoot of an owl.

"Was there something you wanted to talk about, Harry?" Hermione asked softly, wriggling onto her side so she could face the green-eyed boy sharing her bed.

Harry smiled faintly and moved to face her. "I don't know. I just couldn't sleep. I think I just... I just really needed some company. So thanks, I guess."

"No problem."

But Harry talked regardless, allowing himself to relax a bit. "I can't help but keep thinking about what's going to happen... how the hell we'll find these damned horcruxes, or destroy them and live to tell the tale. I want Him gone so much, Hermione, and if I could use my will alone, Voldemort would've been long since crucified," Harry whispered desperately, his eyes glistening in the miasma of artificial light that bathed them through the window.

"I know, Harry, I know. I think crucifixion, now that you mention it, would be an apt way for Voldemort to die... on display for everyone to see, proof that no man is immortal, bleeding red blood just like anyone else." Hermione reached out and stroked Harry's cheek, smiling when he leaned into it like a kitten she'd once had as a child.

"That's nice..." Harry mumbled, his eyes drifting shut, his glasses digging into his already abused nose and looking terribly uncomfortable.

"What is? The thought of being rid of Him forever, or my hand on your face?" she asked, her smile widening when Harry's lips curved. She carefully dislodged his glasses from his face before Harry took them and flung them carelessly on the floor.

"Both. Though, now that you mention it, I'm pretty sure Voldemort's blood would be black, just like his tattered, ripped up soul."

Harry had never been this close to Hermione for so long. They'd hugged occasionally, sat next to each other in class and on the train, but never anything like this. It was calming and peaceful, and Harry felt more content than he had in what seemed like his whole life, though he knew that his parents had held and loved him as a young babe.

"How could anyone ever hurt you, Harry?" Hermione whispered, moisture accumulating in her honey-brown eyes.

Harry opened his eyes in a panicked instant. "The Dursleys..."

"... Are monsters, fuelled by hate and ignorance. You're so much more than them, Harry." She ran her fingertips along his bare arm, realising belatedly what an intimate gesture it was, but disregarding that thought when it became apparent that Harry was enjoying it.

Harry smiled and shivered as his arm broke out in goose flesh. Wanting to reciprocate, Harry trailed his own more callused fingertips over Hermione's palm, feeling the patterns of the lines all over it. He moved his seeking finger to her wrist, running over the bluish veins, and heard Hermione suck in a slight breath.

"Hermione?" Harry questioned, wondering if he'd hurt her.

She opened her eyes and, had the visibility been better, Harry would've noticed her blush.

"That felt nice, but you'd better not do it again." Smiling, Hermione made to pull her hand away.

"Why? If it feels nice, I mean." Catching her hand, Harry resumed running his fingers over the sensitive area.

"Because it feels too nice, Harry." She laughed lightly, pulled her hand from his, and then began the same torment he'd been inflicting upon her.

"Ohh..." Harry almost moaned. He sucked in a sharp breath as the tendril of pleasure from his wrist connected intimately with his loins, causing them to stir. He cursed himself for not wearing underpants under his pyjamas, but refused to take his hand from Hermione's as it felt just too good.

"Good, yes?" Harry's tormentor asked, a single finger moving up the length of his arm, pausing in the junction of his elbow and sending more sparks of pleasure into his system. His heart sped up, pumping more blood south. He didn't care anymore; he only wanted to feel, and this was certainly feeling.

Harry teased Hermione with his other hand, so that they were both on the receiving end of the shiver-inducing ministrations. He noticed her breathing had shallowed and wondered briefly if she was becoming as aroused as he was. She moved closer to him, and Harry gasped loudly in pleasure when her thigh came into contact with the hardness between his legs.

"Oh!" Hermione startled, her hand pausing, but not retracting her leg. "I'm sorry I... I didn't realise!"

Releasing a breath, Harry relaxed. "That's okay, Hermione. I didn't even notice at first how much I was being affected." He licked his suddenly dry lips. "It does feel awfully nice, this, doesn't it?" He curled his entire hand around her petite wrist and smoothed his rough thumb over the tender skin of her inner-wrist. Harry knew he should be embarrassed, but he just couldn't bring that particular emotion to the surface.

"It does..." She ducked her head and then giggled slightly. "I just realise that I... um, well that is to say... since we're being upfront here, that I seem to like it as much as you!" she said, and they were both silent, before erupting into peals of silent laughter.

Harry rolled onto his back and pulled Hermione against him, both of them still shaking with mirth. When they both calmed down, Harry finally did feel slightly abashed at the obvious tent in the sheet, but Hermione didn't seem to mind as she just leant in close, her head on his shoulder and an arm over his stomach.

"At least you have no outward evidence... oh, to be a girl," Harry muttered, burying his face in Hermione's wild locks that smelled compellingly of sweet herbs. He moved away as she angled her head up, their faces only centimetres apart.

Without thinking, Harry pressed his lips to hers, their eyes wide open, in a dry kiss. He lingered for a moment, then pulled away, almost surprised when he felt another significant twitch in his cock, and he was now almost fully aroused.

Opening his mouth to speak, Hermione's fingers silenced him. "Shh, don't, Harry. Just let it be." Her breath was sweet and warm, and her lips even more so when they found his.

Letting his eyes drift shut, Harry succumbed to the kiss, relaxing and shifting back towards Hermione, pressing himself against her, pleasure hammering almost unpleasantly in his groin. She released a sharp breath from her nose and arched against him, their bodies aligning, her mouth opening against his.

The first taste was bliss, and as the kiss deepened, Harry wrapped an arm securely around Hermione and stroked the length of her back. Being almost the same height, their groins pressed together with increasing urgency, Harry wanting to touch and be touched. Their tongues seemed to know just how to manoeuvre around one another, despite this being their first real kiss together, and it was advantageous that they both possessed small, petite noses that didn't get in the way.

Hermione threw a leg over Harry's hip, and Harry swore he could feel the heat of the apex between her thighs even through their clothes. Wrenching himself away, Harry pulled Hermione up and stripped off her singlet, revealing her breasts. Harry paused; his eyes focused, though his vision was still blurred without his glasses, and then he cupped first one, then the other in his hand, making sure to give her nipples a gentle pinch. Hermione's breasts as he fondled them were warm and heavy in his palm, large enough to fill them perfectly, and firm and pert (as far as Harry's limited experience with the female body lead him to believe).

"Oh, that's good," Hermione gasped, throwing her head back. However, Harry, wanting to continue, wrestled his own t-shirt off and then his shorts, not bothering to feel insecure when Hermione's eyes settled directly on his erect cock. He managed to get her naked before kissing her again, now without clothes to hinder their adventures.

He moved to her neck, kissing and biting her gently until she spoke.

"I didn't know you were circumcised," she said as her hand wrapped firmly around his cock. "I also wouldn't've thought you'd be so... well, you know." She grinned at him, and Harry smiled with embarrassment.

"I shouldn't think you'd know before now, 'Mione," he teased, his fingers reaching the soft curls of her pubis and delving gently further, groaning at how wet she was. Her curls were short and neat, and Harry had an embarrassing urge to bury his nose in them. "I hadn't thought it possible for a girl to get this wet." He smiled, miraculously finding her clitoris without a personal tour guide and a map, and applied light pressure.

"Yes, keep doing that!" she moaned, tightening her grip on his cock and setting a good, steady pace for her stroking. She was spread wide open for him, so when Harry decided to dip his finger inside, there was no resistance. She was so wet that his fingers were more than slippery with her juices as he teased the deep passage within her mercilessly, sure to only delve as deep as his second knuckle.

Hermione paused her stroking to swipe her thumb over the head of Harry's rather thick cock, delighting when she encountered a moist drip of pre-come, as it meant that he too was as aroused as she. She rubbed it around until more seeped out, then moved down to cup his balls and press against the spot just behind them, causing Harry to arch into her.

"Oh, god, Hermione, I want to... want to be in you..." Harry panted, kissing her fiercely, their tongues waging a war that neither of them were destined to win alone, though they were sure to emerge as equal victors.

Instead of verbalising an answer, Hermione rolled onto her back and urged Harry on top of her. His weight was delicious, as was the feel of his cock pressing against her, begging to enter her temple and worship her.

"I've never..." Harry whispered as he adjusted his hips, both of them gasping when the tip of his cock pressed gently against her folds and slipped forward in the wetness, threatening to take her virginity.

"It's okay, I haven't either. Please, Harry..." Hermione widened her legs and bent her knees as Harry's hand snaked between their heated bodies to position his cock. She took a deep breath as he pushed, wincing at the sharp initial pain.

Pausing, Harry didn't move until Hermione pressed up with her hips, and a moment later he was fully inside of her, stretching her like no man ever had. He swallowed, wishing he could reach down and tug on his balls to hold back his orgasm, but at the same time not wanting to. He shuddered, breathing out a harsh breath through his nose, and opened his eyes to see Hermione closer than he ever had.

Rocking gently, for both Hermione's and his own sake, their pleasure began to build, though much too soon for Harry's tastes. He didn't wait to disappoint Hermione during her first time, even though he knew that first-time sex was never supposed to be all that good, but for the moment he didn't know why such a thought had ever been uttered. Having Hermione beneath him was almost completely overwhelming, the tightness of her surrounding his cock threatening to push him over the edge...

"Harry, please..." Hermione murmured breathily, urging her hips up to meet with his, before lifting both her legs and wrapping her slim thighs tightly around his hips, his cock sinking impossibly deeper within her silken depths. One of her hands released its death grip on his shoulder to snake between their sweaty bodies, and Harry bit back a moan when he realised she was stimulating herself.

Not able to hold on much longer, Harry snapped his hips against Hermione's harder than before, increasing both pace and force, before grinding his teeth in hopes of stifling his moans as he reached his climax, pumping Hermione's depths full of his release. Knowing she hadn't peaked yet, Harry continued to pump in and out of her, despite his tiredness and satiation, though he keened in disappointment when his rapidly softening cock slipped out of her quim with a rather unsightly squelch.

"Fuck!" Harry cursed softly, collapsing to the side, his hand automatically slipping between Hermione's thighs. In the dim, unhealthy light Harry could see she had scrunched her eyes shut, and when his fingers bumped against hers he realised she was still working towards her own orgasm. A pang of guilt shot Harry rather harshly in the chest, and he felt dreadful for being a typically bad first-time lover, in that he hadn't even lasted long enough for her to climax too.

However, as Harry's finger dipped into Hermione's utterly drenched nether-lips, inspiration struck. He was nervous, but pushed his nerves aside as pleasing Hermione was far more important than his own sensibilities. Clamouring over her, his thighs weak from satiation and exertion, Harry kissed Hermione's lips gently before scooting his way down her body until his face was between her legs.

As soon as Hermione realised just exactly what Harry had in mind she squeaked, trying to close her legs, but Harry was already in the way.

"Hermione, I... please let me do this. If you don't like it, I'll stop, I promise," Harry whispered urgently, his voice a croak as a result of his nerves. This close to her quim, Harry realised she smelled quite strongly, but it was a strange sort of pleasant smell, a little sweet and musky, and he realised with a start that he could also smell his own release and wondered briefly if he'd be able to taste it, too. Harry hoped, a little, that he'd come too deep inside her for him to be able to taste his own semen, but realised that in the end it wasn't overly important.

Hermione's nervous swallow was almost audible, but Harry felt the muscles in her thighs relax, cradling him gently now that she had apparently accepted him and his intentions. With a nervous swallow of his own Harry used his fingers to smooth her damp curls aside, though in the dim light he wasn't able to see much. With a hint of both excitement and a little trepidation, Harry leant in and licked Hermione's wet, glistening nether-lips, shuddering when he realised that despite the taste being foreign, it wasn't unpleasant. Relaxing, Harry licked her again, smiling slightly when Hermione gasped a little.

Gaining confidence, Harry dipped his tongue into Hermione's deep passage, grimacing when he tasted a bitter, musky flavour that was surely his own. Hermione's hands had clenched in his hair, holding him in place, and her hips were lifting and meeting his licks, and she even squealed softly when he sucked gently on her clitoris. Harry moaned at her reactions, realising that his cock had hardened again. He continued to lick and suck while grinding his hips against the firm surface of Hermione's mattress.

Pulling back to take a much needed breath, Hermione's hands urged Harry up, kissing him deeply and hungrily, shocking Harry because he wouldn't have expected Hermione to be so eager about tasting their combined juices on his tongue. But she was, and her tongue was playful in his mouth, and somehow (Harry wasn't quite sure how) his cock founds its way between Hermione's legs and was pressing against her, begging for entrance.

Hermione moaned deeply and pulled away to bite Harry gently on the neck before leaning back to grin at him.

"Yes, again..." she whispered breathily, inching her hips up, and the head of Harry's cock slipped back into the slick, delightfully hot passage. Hermione cringed in pain a bit when he thrust himself fully inside, but she smiled again to let him know that it was okay.

This time, Harry made certain that Hermione climaxed, at least before he did. He used his fingers to rub her clit and repositioned his hips until his angle had her gasping. His arousal wasn't as urgent this time, though that was not to say that he wasn't incredibly horny. Concentrating so heavily on Hermione, Harry felt it the moment Hermione's orgasm began as the tight passage encasing his cock contracted, and she shuddered before she grunted and arched up against him, her slick walls tightening spasmodically around his cock in such a way that Harry climaxed again too.

Harry only barely managed not to collapse on top of Hermione, and when their bodies parted Hermione wrinkled her nose, grimacing.

"What's the matter?" Harry asked quietly, his voice still deeper and huskier than he'd ever heard it.

"Let's just say that I'm probably going to have to wash these sheets tomorrow," she said, smiling at him, her hand reaching out to push some of his hair off his sweaty forehead. Harry realised what she meant and blushed, hoping that her parents didn't figure out what they'd been up to.

Hermione huddled close to his side, wrapping an arm around him, and Harry felt calmer, safer and a whole lot more loved in that one moment than he had in his entire life.

"You can stay, Harry," Hermione said softly, her smile evident in her voice.

"I wouldn't leave anyway," Harry murmured as he felt his heart swelling with emotion. "I'm not leaving," he repeated, nuzzling Hermione's sweet-smelling curls, feeling her arms tighten around him.

"Good. Go to sleep, Harry, let's not think of anything. I want to remember this night forever."

"Me too," Harry murmured sleepily, his worries and concerns forgotten for the moment.

For now, with Hermione in his arms, horcruxes and Dark Lords were unimportant, especially not compared to the beautiful woman curled around him. For a moment even the sickly yellow of the street lamps wasn't so dismal, nor the night so dark and long. And yes, in this very moment, Harry knew complete calm...if only for a moment.

