

He's My Cherry Pie

by Keppiehed

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Big thanks go to my beta, MystressXOXO. All the mistakes left are mine, especially concerning POV. Thanks for helping, love!

"Would anyone like dessert? You can't have a big meal and not finish with something sweet!" Mrs. Weasley stood up and went into the kitchen amidst a chorus of groans.

The Burrow was packed full for the holidays. In celebration of the return of her brood, Mrs. Weasley had made an enormous meal. Everyone felt as though they had eaten themselves sick. The food just hadn't stopped coming. Hermione's eyes were glazing as she thought about how much she had stuffed down. The idea of dessert was not even slightly appealing.

"I have three kinds of pie, cookies, an apple tart ..." Mrs. Weasley ticked off the impressive list of dessert items. Hermione sighed.

Being too full didn't stop the boys from partaking of the sweets. George clamored for the pumpkin pie, and Ron helped himself to a double handful of cookies.

"Harry, love, what can I get for you?" Mrs. Weasley offered.

Hermione peeked up from under the fringe of her bangs. She waited to hear what Harry would say. She hadn't told anyone, but lately she had been harboring a secret crush on him. In fact, it had gone past crush and into longing pretty quickly. Hermione held her breath as she waited for his answer.

"Actually, Mrs. Weasley, I'd love a slice of cherry pie, please," Harry said with a shy smile.

"Of course, Harry! So polite ..." Mrs. Weasley went off to get Harry his pie, and Hermione ducked her head. Cherry pie! That was her favorite, too.

Hermione pushed the remains of her meal around on her plate and tried to keep her mind on what Ginny was saying to her, but her eyes kept drifting to Harry as he ate his pie. He licked his lips, wetting them slightly in anticipation of the sweetness. Hermione caught herself doing the same thing before she blushed and nodded too vigorously at Ginny to cover her embarrassment.

"...so you DO agree that he's the better looking player on the team?!" Ginny squealed. "Hermione! You never said!"

Hermione jerked her thoughts away from Harry and the way that he was slowly devouring his pie to stare at Ginny. "What? Uh... yes. I mean, no. What was the question? I think I might be tired. Or full. Yes, definitely too full. Sorry, Ginny." Hermione tried to smile in apology, but her eyes wandered back to Harry, whose lips were wrapped

around the fork in a particularly luscious pucker. He brought a finger up to brush a stray crumb from the corner of his lip, and Hermione was captivated. She was weirdly embarrassed to be getting aroused, here in the middle of a family dinner, watching Harry Potter eat his cherry pie. She just wanted to lean over and lick that stray stripe of juice...

"Hermione, are you sure you're okay? You seem a little sick," Ginny interrupted.

Hermione forced herself to blink. Her eyeballs had glazed over for a moment, and she felt a dampness starting to well up in between her legs at the images in her head. What was wrong with her? She took a shaky breath and ignored the sight of Harry's tongue darting out to catch a bit of crust. "Sure, Ginny, just fine," she replied weakly. "I think I'll go lie down, though."

"Now?" Ginny looked confused.

"No time like the present!" Hermione forced herself to be cheerful and stood up abruptly, ignoring the looks directed her way. She kept her gaze safely away from Harry and took her things to the sink, hoping the trembling in her hands didn't give her away.

Up alone in the room that she shared with Ginny, Hermione closed the door behind her and lay down on the bed. She was tormented with her longing for Harry. Now she just wanted a minute when she could be free of the want, the desire for him.

Hermione closed her eyes and was assaulted by images of Harry. She felt a tightening in her belly, and the familiar warmth rushed through her veins. She couldn't help but reach down and slip her fingers inside the waistband of her panties. The need was so overwhelming, and before she could even think anything else, her fingers had slipped past the curls and into her own warmth, teasing little circles in the puddle of wetness she found there. She didn't want to go slow; she just wanted to be free from the constant nagging want, so when her hips started begging for more, she allowed a finger to slip inside her pussy, and then two, without much preparation. She just wanted release. Now.

She could hear the ragged noises she was making as her breathing became more uneven, and her hand seemed to move on its own, in and out, her hips rising to meet it. It felt so good, so wet, that her orgasm took her by surprise. It was hard and fast, the release of it ripping through her, making her bite her lip and feel her walls clench around her fingers, drenching them in wetness.

Hermione finally relaxed, but she wasn't satisfied. She only wished that it had been Harry inside of her instead of her own fingers. Before she could stop herself, a tear leaked from her eye, and she shut them and drifted off to sleep.

When she woke up, it was the middle of the night. She hadn't meant to fall asleep like that. She sat up, wide awake. She had the urge to get up, now that she had been sleeping for so long. Incredibly, her stomach was rumbling, even after that big meal. Hermione blushed as she thought of the cherry pie, but that sounded really good right now. She could go and help herself to a slice.

Down in the kitchen, Hermione cut herself a healthy slice of pie and set the remainder on the table. She lifted her fork to her mouth and took a bite of the juicy pie, enjoying the sweet flavor.

"Hermione?"

Hermione jumped. She whirled around, nearly dropping her plate, to see Harry standing in the doorway of the kitchen, wearing nothing but a pair of boxers. His hair was messed up from sleep, and she couldn't seem to tear her gaze from the expanse of chest he was showing. Who knew he was so buff? Hermione swallowed hard. "Um. Harry"

"Hungry?" Harry grinned.

Hermione could only nod.

Harry took a step closer. "Then let me help you," he said, taking the fork from her limp hand. He fed her the bite on her fork, and as she tasted the sweet cherries, he leaned in and said, "You missed a spot." Harry kissed her gently, and she felt herself melt into him, her arms going around him.

Hermione had been waiting too long for this to be gentle. She nipped at Harry's lip, and he pulled back in surprise, a devilish look in his eyes. Harry grabbed the front of her shirt, and with a quick motion, ripped it right off of her.

Hermione moaned, loving the feel of the cool air on her bare breasts. Harry leaned down and suckled her greedily. Hermione felt like she was on fire.

"Harry... I can't wait. I need you now!" she panted.

Hermione's back was to the table, and Harry lifted her up so she was sitting on the edge. She wrapped her legs around him and slid onto his waiting cock.

"Ohhh, 'Mione, that feels so good," Harry groaned, his head falling forward as he tried to master himself.

Hermione couldn't wait. She wriggled to get more friction. "Harder, Harry! I want it now!"

Harry took a shaky breath as he tried not to come. Who knew Hermione was such a fireball? He let his instinct take over as he pushed in and out of her warmth, letting her wetness coat him. She was so hot and slick and tight...

As Harry pounded into her, Hermione's bottom caught the edge of the tin of cherry pie, and it splattered all over them. Hermione couldn't care less, as she felt her orgasm approaching. "That's it, Harry, fuck me harder! I'm almost there..."

When Harry heard those dirty words from Hermione's mouth, he felt his balls tighten, and he knew he couldn't last any longer. That threw him over the edge, and he let out a harsh gasp, his orgasm undeniable any longer.

Hermione heard Harry lose control, and that did it. She felt herself come when she heard him gasp.

They rested there for a minute until they heard a noise. Fred came into the kitchen just then and went to the refrigerator. "I guess I'll have to settle for a slice of pumpkin. You clearly got the cherry on top!"

Harry and Hermione both blushed as red as... well, a cherry!