

Protean

by peppermint

Fun things happen when Hermione feels positively wanton.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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He's at it again.

Who, you ask?

Harry.

Look, I know we're supposed to just be mates and all, but you can't blame a girl for noticing how very fit her bestie is when he insists upon dealing with an oppressive heat wave by going about shirtless most of the time. I suppose all that Quidditch at school put the muscles on, and the year of starving while living in a musty tent on the run from Voldemort added the definition.

The definition is very nice, by the way. Harry is short for a man, but his shoulders are broad and strong, and his abdominal muscles would make an angel weep.

Right now, he's out in the back garden in his swim trunks. While I was out at the local Muggle library, Harry managed to conjure a Muggle garden sprinkler and enchant it to work without a hosepipe. His sodden trunks are clinging to the curve of his arse, and I want to grab it, then pull him to me and lick the water droplets from where they glisten invitingly on his shoulders.

The heat is making me feel strange. Before this disgusting, muggy weather arrived three days ago, I never had given a conscious thought to how Harry looked without his shirt. He was just there—Harry, an occasional annoyance, a mate, a boy to be looked after. I'd like to join him, but I think that is probably a very bad idea. Cooling down in the spray would be the last thing on my mind, and I don't think he's interested in me *that* way. Maybe a cool shower—even a slow walk in this weather has left me sweaty and hot, and if just watching Harry cavort under the sprinkler is heating me up that much more, I need the help. I allow myself one last, lustful glance out of the back parlour window and then trudge up to my room.

The sweat makes my thin vest stick to my skin. I peel it from my body and toss it into a corner. A whisper of a breeze from the window caresses my heated body. I gasp, feeling my nipples crinkle in response to the drafts of air. A glance in the dresser mirror, and I'm flushed, my cheeks red, my hair escaping its plaits and frizzing around my head due to the humidity. I look positively wanton. I *feel* positively wanton. I wriggle out of my shorts and my bra and knickers, drawing my hands down my sides, watching in the mirror as the droplets of moisture disappear in the wake of my fingers. I slide my hand down between my thighs, humming in satisfaction as I skim my fingertips against my clit.

Something golden glints from the collection of items on the dresser, and I pick it up. It's one of the Galleons from the DA - the master control. Harry gave it back to me a few months ago. A wicked thought enters my mind, and I reach for my wand. I tap the Galleon, whispering *Vibratio!* It shakes in my palm, the vibrations a pleasant tingle. I'm fairly sure this will cause the slave Galleons to vibrate as well, assuming the charms I placed on them are still active. It's been a couple of years, and I'm not sure how long a Protean Charm, even strongly cast, lasts. For a moment, I wonder if anybody keeps theirs close any longer. Then I curl my hand around it and decide I don't care.

I grab my towel from the hook on back of my door and dart, nude, across the hall into the bathroom. A flick of my wand turns on the taps and the shower head, and Galleon in hand, I climb into the shower, a moan of pleasure escaping my parched lips as the cool water cascades over my body. A quick *Impervius* keeps the water out of my eyes. Leaning back against the wall, I tease the Galleon against my nipples before skimming it down along my stomach. I hold it between the tips of my fore and middle fingers, using the edge of the golden coin where the vibrations are strongest. I move it along my outer labia for a moment, teasingly, before I grasp it between my thumb and fingers and press it flat against my clit. The strength of the vibrations is just right. I congratulate myself on the finesse of my charmwork before the only thoughts in my head are the sensations the Galleon is producing and the thought of Harry's delicious body writhing against mine.

The first orgasm is minor, a little shake, and I readjust the position of my makeshift sex-toy to a new angle, delving into my cunt with the fingers of my other hand, bracing one foot up on the side of the shower. I can tell the second is going to be stronger than the first, and I move my hand from my cunt to my breasts, tugging and pulling at my nipples. I am breathing hard and fast, keening, seconds from what I *know* will be one of the best orgasms of my life, when I hear footsteps thudding down the hallway and the door of the bathroom being flung open.

He throws the shower curtain aside, and it's too late to try to stop. I'm gone. I look at his shocked face and scream his name in passion before my knees finally give, and I slide down the shower wall, covering my face with my hands.

"Her... Hermione?" he stammers, holding out his hand. A shiny Galleon lies shivering in his palm. "I thought you were in trouble."

I glance up at him from between my fingers. He looks... amused. And interested.

I smile. "Not yet," I answer.

This is the first and final time I ever imagine I will write this pairing. It's not even one I ship, but the muse wanted it for May's pterpronprmts entry.

Thank you to pyjamapants for beating me over the head with the TPP emdash, endash, and hyphen rules.