

# The Trouble With Spying

*by Keppiehed*

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## The Trouble With Spying

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

**Warnings:** dirty talk, explicit sexual situation, massive squick!

**A/N:** This is for Sunny33 and Quaffswinegaily, who upped the ante and asked for a Ron/Trelawney. You may not want it, but here it is. Also, a special shout out to HBAR. You know you love it.

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"I'm not so sure we should be doing this, Hermione," Harry said.

"Of course we should." Hermione assured him. They were whispering to each other and following behind Ron at a discreet distance. "Look at him. He's probably in some kind of trouble he doesn't want us to know about."

"Exactly, Hermione," Harry reasoned. "He doesn't want us to know about it. Let's just go back and leave him to his own busin—"

"He's creeping around! He's definitely acting guilty!" Hermione grabbed his arm, effectively preventing his escape.

"We're creeping around," Harry pointed out.

Hermione gave his arm a shake. "What's he doing now? Oh—" Hermione dropped his arm. "He's going up to Divination."

Harry watched Ron ascend the spiral staircase. "Why didn't he just say that when we asked him where he was headed after lunch?"

"I'm just glad he's going to speak to her. I've been telling him he needs to talk to Trelawney about his grade. Glad to see he's taking my advice!" Hermione smiled, pleased. "Come on, while we're here, I wanted to ask her a question about that last lesson. The compatibility analysis assignment that she gave us on the Natal Astrology chapter is clearly flawed. You won't *believe* who my chart keeps telling me I'm going to end up with. I think my permutations are flawed. It must be stuck somewhere in the house of Venus ..." Hermione trailed off, lost in thought.

"Er, 'Mione, why don't you just ask Professor Trelawney about it next time we come to class? Ron obviously went to a lot of trouble to get here alone. We can just go—" Harry broke off when he saw that he was addressing Hermione's back.

"Don't be silly, Harry. We're here now, so let's just go ask!" she called back over her shoulder.

Harry thought about leaving Hermione to her task, but he knew from experience that when he left her twisting in the wind she got awfully riled up. Since the damage was going to be done anyway, he would rather have one friend mad than two, so he chose to go with Hermione. Ron knew what a force of nature she was, and what could he be doing in Divination that required so much secrecy, anyway? Probably he just didn't want to drag them along asking after an assignment. Yeah, that sounded right. Ron was thoughtful like that. Harry nodded to himself.

At the top of the stairway, Harry nearly stumbled into Hermione's back. She had frozen just outside the classroom door.

"Wha ... ?" he asked in confusion. She was blocking the doorway.

She didn't answer.

Harry made to go around her when he caught sight of what had stopped her in her tracks. The shock poured over him in an icy wave; his eyeballs locked open, and he couldn't look away. The sight that greeted him simultaneously horrified him and intrigued him. He saw Ron—his best mate Ron, with whom he'd had no secrets—standing behind Professor Trelawney. She was bent over her desk, and he was stroking between her legs. Harry felt sick. *Professor Trelawney? She was so ... old! And so weird!*

That didn't seem to deter Ron. Pants pooled around ankles, he grabbed his cock and—

*Oh, Merlin, I can see Ron's cock* Harry's heart rate increased tenfold as he watched the scene unfold before him. His mouth went dry as he listened in.

"You like it when I fuck you like this, don't you, Sibyll? You are such a dirty whore. Say it. Tell me that you want my cock in you, and that you want to get fucked by a student like a filthy whore." Ron's voice was rough and low. He sounded like ... a man.

Harry felt his own cock harden in automatic response. He didn't know what was more shocking, the use of such wanton profanity from Ron in such an adult way or Professor Trelawney's name on his lips in that intimate manner. Harry couldn't suppress a shudder. They had always joked around, and of course they swore now and again, but it was clear now that Ron knew his way around some phrases that Harry hadn't even thought up yet. He was a mixture of impressed, jealous, turned-on and disgusted. It was a heady rush in his veins.

A hand on his arm brought him back to reality. Hermione.

Harry stared into eyes as wide and as shocked as his own. She jerked her head towards the staircase as the sounds of moans floated out of the classroom. They winced in tandem.

The spell broken, Harry couldn't get away fast enough. He almost stumbled over his own feet to get away from the classroom. He'd never look at tea leaves the same way again, that was for sure. He felt a cold sweat break out. He hoped Hermione couldn't see his lingering erection under his robes and willed it to go away.

Hermione was breathing heavily. "Er. I got my answer. My permutation is *definitely* flawed," she said. "Listen, Harry, I've got some things to do that I just remembered. I'll see you at dinner?"

A cry sounded from above them.

Harry nodded. He was going to find the nearest bathroom. He didn't know what Hermione was going to do, but he was in need of a good wank. He had a sick feeling that this visual was going to star prominently in his fantasies for a long time to come, like it or not. He didn't know whether to hate Ron for that or thank him for the vivid images burned into his brain. A ll he could think about as he hobbled off to find relief was Professor Trelawney's frizzled gray hair and Ron grabbing fistfuls of it and he pounded into her. Harry groaned.

Maybe Hermione would Oblivate him?