

Watch, Feel, Love, Heal

by Good_Witch

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This is an entry into the Livejournal hp_kinkfest, 2011, responding to a prompt submitted by softobsidian74, plus more inspiration from a prompt submitted by mistress_ashley. The Kinks Showcased: voyeurism/exhibitionism, double penetration

part one

Chapter 1 of 2

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Author's Notes: This fic was supposed to be a PWP romp, but when I got the bright idea to make it canon-compliant and pick up at the end of the last chapter of the last book (before the Epilogue of Doom), all of that got crushed under the heavy emotions that avalanched down in the aftermath of war. So, we ended up with this much-longer-than-anticipated fic. I hope the smut manages to make up for the heaviness and pain, and that you enjoy it, even though I'd bet dollars to doughnuts that something like this was the furthest thing from your mind when you wrote your prompts. Thanks to nannycrafts, gelsey, SnapeyBears, and darkcelestial20 for beta and feedback. Any and all remaining mistakes are my own problems and in no way reflect on those lovely ladies.

Watch, Feel, Love, Heal

May 2, 1998

The war was finally over.

It had ended, leaving Harry...among far too many others...bruised and weary and with an ache in his soul that just kept hurting. He and Ron and Hermione left the Headmaster's office and trudged up to Gryffindor Tower to get away from the anguish that permeated the Great Hall. They perched on the edges of the boys' beds, unbearably tired but unable to bring themselves to relax and rest.

They stared at each other with hollow eyes, Hermione leaning against Ron within the protective curve of his arm.

"You look awful, Harry. You need to get some sleep," she said, gazing at him mournfully. Ron nodded.

Facing them, a united front at last, Harry sighed and murmured, "We all do."

Ron nodded again and started to rise, saying, "We'll let you rest...", but panic flooded Harry at the thought of being alone, and he sprang to his feet, his hands outstretched.

"No!"

Ron fell back, and he and Hermione stared at Harry, bewildered.

Harry wrapped his arms around himself and whispered, "Please. I don't want to be alone. Not yet."

Hermione's lips trembled and she looked at Ron, whose jaw was throbbing as he ground his teeth. As one, they stood and closed the distance between them and Harry, reaching out to draw him into their embrace. Harry clung to them with fierce desperation, and Ron mumbled against Harry's shoulder, "You're not alone, mate. It's us. We're always together."

Harry's shuddering sighs were dangerously close to becoming sobs, and Hermione rubbed his back to soothe him, gently saying, "Why don't we get you out of here where you can get some peace and quiet. You deserve it."

Harry croaked, "Where?"

Ron backed away and said, "Can't you summon Kreacher and have him find out if Grimmauld Place is clear now that Voldemort is gone?"

Harry took a deep breath, nodding at the encouraging look Hermione gave him as she squeezed his upper arm. "Yeah. Yeah, that's a good idea."

Ron flashed a lopsided smile at him, clapping him on the shoulder. Harry stepped back, leaving Ron and Hermione with their arms around each other, and fervently hoped that the ancient house-elf hadn't been one of the casualties as he said, "Kreacher, I summon you!"

They all nearly wilted in relief at the loud crack of Apparition when Kreacher appeared. "Master called?"

Harry collapsed to his knees and buried his face in his hands, grateful that the elf was alive and relatively unscathed, unlike poor Dobby. "I'm so glad you're all right, Kreacher. Thank you for fighting."

Kreacher thrust his chest forward and said, "Kreacher is a good house-elf! Kreacher will always help his Master. What does young Master need?"

Harry's smile was weak but sincere. "Can you tell us if Grimmauld Place is safe now?"

Kreacher nodded, bowing low, then disappeared with a loud *crack*. All three of them were silent as they waited for him to return. Finally, after several long moments, Kreacher reappeared and announced, "All is clear, Master."

Harry exhaled a long note of relief and looked up at his friends. "Well, there's plenty of room at the house..."

Ron nodded sharply and said, "Why don't you and Hermione head on over, and I'll go tell Mum and Dad and McGonagall where we went."

Hermione beamed up at him in gratitude and helped pull Harry to his feet. "I think that's a wonderful idea, Ron. Come along, Harry."

Kreacher said, "Master needs to eat and rest. Kreacher will have something ready soon."

Harry leant into Hermione's comforting arm around his shoulders and said, "Thanks, mate. And you, Kreacher. I reckon some hot chocolate would go down a treat."

They all trekked out of the dorm again, Ron heading to the Great Hall and Hermione Apparating herself and Harry to Grimmauld Place. Ron joined them soon after, and they ate a simple meal in silence before climbing the stairs to the bedrooms.

Harry passed the smaller, individual rooms on his way to the master suite. It had nothing to do with him being the master of the house; he just wanted to find the biggest room with the biggest bed. When he paused on the threshold, casting freshening charms on the furniture and linens, he looked back at Ron and Hermione and said, "There's enough room, isn't there? Just... stay with me."

Hermione's lips spread in a gentle smile of reassurance and Ron nodded. They trooped into the room, and Harry headed straight for the bed, but stopped short before flopping down onto it. Glancing down at himself, he muttered, "I'm filthy. I should clean up before I lie down."

Hermione perched on the dressing table chair and said, "Go ahead and shower. I'll get something for you to change into. And then we can do the same."

Ron was standing at her shoulder, one hand idly stroking her hair. "Go on, mate. We'll be right out here. No worries."

Harry nodded sharply, taking a deep breath as he strode into the spacious bathroom, pushing the door almost closed, but not latched. The shower washed all the dirt and grime away, leaving him feeling raw...and not just where he was cut and scratched and burned. The howling pain inside him welled up, and he allowed himself the luxury of sobbing his heartbreak into the cleansing spray, his tears mixing with the water to drip down his face.

He heard the door open and held his breath, listening hard, relieved when he heard Hermione saying, "It's just me, Harry. I've put your pyjamas on the counter."

He cleared his throat and croaked, "Thanks, Hermione."

"It's no trouble." There was a pregnant pause, then she continued, "Is there anything else I can do?"

Harry couldn't help but smile at the great surge of love and gratitude that helped mask the pain. "No, thanks, Hermione. I'll be out soon."

"All right then." The acoustics in the bathroom changed again as she once again pulled the door to.

He composed himself and finished up, drying off and donning the old pyjamas that had been left behind when they had been forced to abandon Grimmauld Place. When he emerged, he found Ron and Hermione curled up on the floor together, leaning against the foot of the bed.

At Harry's perplexed look, Ron said, "Didn't want to get the bed dirty." He turned to Hermione and patted her shoulder. "You should go next. I know girls take longer."

Hermione grimaced at him, torn between being impressed at his offer and exasperated at the underlying sexism in his oblivious comment. Shaking her head, she smiled and said, "How thoughtful of you, Ron."

He flashed a self-satisfied smile at her as she rose, then heaved to his feet to drag the chair from the dressing table to beside the bed. As the door to the bathroom closed, he gestured toward the bed and said, "What are you waiting for?"

Harry padded over and flung the covers back, letting the breath sough out of him as he lay down. His eyes closed for a beat, then they flew open again to look at Ron straddling the backwards chair with his arms crossed and resting on the chairback. His brow creasing in a worried scowl, Harry said, "It's really over, right?"

Ron pursed his lips in an attempt to still their sudden trembling, and his eyes misted as he rasped, "Yeah. It's over. You won."

Harry curled forward and reached out to grip Ron's arm. "We won. Not just me."

They stared at each other in silence for a long moment, then Ron jerked his head in a brusque nod. His voice was a gravelly whisper as he said, "I just wish we hadn't lost so much in order to win."

The lump climbed into Harry's throat again and he murmured, "I'm so sorry, Ron. Really, I am."

Ron rubbed his sleeve against his eyes and sniffed. "I know. I don't blame you. I just... miss Fred, y'know?"

Harry swallowed hard, his eyes smarting with hot tears. "I do. I miss him too." His voice trailed off into a whisper as he said, almost to himself, "Him and so many others." There was a heavy silence, then he continued, "Can I tell you something?"

Ron looked at him, instantly concerned. "Of course!"

Harry blinked several times, taking deep breaths, working out how best to say it. He flicked a glance at the bathroom door and said, "It hurts... so *much*... that so many people died...for *me*. I never wanted that! But, as awful as it sounds, and as horrible a person as it makes me... if they all had to die in order for you two to be alive... to me, it was worth it."

His eyes begged for understanding as he met Ron's gaze. Ron's jaw twitched. In the silence after his confession, the click of the bathroom door opening sounded like a gunshot. Hermione slipped out quietly, drawing their attention. She gazed at them solemnly as she crossed to the bed, where she sank onto the edge by Harry's knees. She looked between them and softly said, "I heard what you said, Harry."

Both boys turned wide eyes to her, Harry's wary and pleading, Ron's shadowed with grief. She placed her hands in each of theirs. "I understand." Holding Ron's gaze, she said, "And I don't think you're a horrible person, Harry. You've lost more than both of us put together." Ron closed his eyes and inclined his head, taking deep, steadying breaths. "But I can appreciate how you feel about us." She released Ron's hand and tenderly brushed his hair back, cupping his cheek, urging him to look at her. When he lifted his glassy eyes to meet hers, she continued, looking at Ron but speaking to Harry, "We love you, too, Harry."

She and Ron exchanged a resolute look, and Ron reached out to clasp their joined hands. Then they both turned to look at Harry, who looked a little startled that they had included him in their expression of devotion. They all dropped their gaze to their tangled hands, then Ron squeezed once before pulling away, saying, "My turn in the shower."

Both Harry and Hermione looked up at him, and he quirked a faint, weary smile. When he had disappeared into the bathroom, Harry turned to Hermione, gratitude overflowing like the tears that drowned the green of his eyes.

"Thanks again, Hermione. I don't know what I'd do without you."

She pulled him into a hug and said, "Don't worry about it, 'cause you won't have to."

When she backed away, Harry sank back onto his elbows, and Hermione scrambled into the middle of the bed, leaning against the headboard. She plunked a pillow on her lap and patted it. Harry smiled and crawled closer, laying his head on the pillow and hugging her knees. Her hands rested on him, one rubbing his shoulder and the other playing with his hair. Harry felt himself start to relax, finally starting to feel safe.

He had fallen into a light doze when Ron emerged from the bathroom, but quickly sat up and squirmed back to the side of the bed, rubbing his face. Ron snorted as he leapt onto the bed, bouncing them all. "Ease up, mate. No worries, remember?"

Harry blinked blearily at them, and they both smiled. Hermione scooted further down the bed, shoving her feet under the covers. Gesturing at the boys to lie down properly, she flicked her wand at the lights and said, "Nox."

Ron sprawled on one side and Harry sank back on the other side, framing Hermione in the middle of the large bed. Once they were settled, Harry yawned, then murmured, "Thanks..."

Ron's voice was thick with his own yawn as he said, "No problem, now shut up already."

Hermione *tsked* and added, "Go to sleep, Harry. Everything's fine."

Harry, warming up under the covers, felt himself being pulled back into oblivion, and the repeated surge of love and gratitude was his last conscious thought before he fell deeply asleep.

A few hours later, Hermione woke to the feel of Ron pulling her tighter into his spooning embrace. His nose was nuzzling against the back of her neck, and he slowly ground his erection against her arse. She came fully awake with a gasp, freezing as she remembered where they were and what had happened. When she felt Ron's lips grazing along the side of her throat, she stifled a moan.

Eyes opening wide in the darkness, she tried to see if Harry had woken up as well. It was too dark, so she slid her hand under her pillow to grip her wand, non-verbally casting *Lumos* and slipping the wandtip out from under the pillow. In the faint glow, she saw Harry curled up with his back to them, his breathing still deep and steady.

Ron looked too, and when he saw that Harry was fast asleep, he pressed his advantage and lifted up over Hermione, turning her in his arms. She met his heated gaze for a moment before he descended on her with a fierce kiss. Hermione squirmed onto her back, her hands roaming over his back as he shifted to press his hard cock against her leg and drag one hand up her side to cup her breast.

They lay there, snogging vehemently and grinding, flicking glances at Harry until they no longer cared, and Ron's hand crept under her top to caress her breast and palm the stiff nipple. Hermione dipped her fingers beneath the waist of Ron's pyjama bottoms, kneading his arse and undulating against his knee pressed between her legs. As if by unspoken accord, Ron slipped under Hermione's waistband and stroked her damp curls at the same time she grazed her hand around his hip to grip his straining erection.

Their shocked cries were muffled by each other's lips, but their eyes flew open to stare at each other in molten desire. Backing away, they panted shallowly, then Ron whispered, "I want you so much."

Hermione exhaled a shuddering breath and retorted, "Don't wake Harry." She licked her lips and breathed, "Carefully now...get off the bed."

Ron's brow furrowed in confusion, but he complied, frowning when her soft hand released him. Hermione watched Harry as Ron backed out of the bed, but he never stirred. Then, slowly, she edged out as well, holding her breath until they were both standing there, waiting to see if he noticed their absence. After a long moment of silence, she turned to Ron and tilted her head toward the bathroom. Twining her fingers with his, she led him to tiptoe across the room and push the door almost closed behind them.

His breath tickled her ear as Ron whispered, "Why not shut it?"

Leaning her faintly lit wand against the mirror, Hermione hissed, "You heard how loud it was earlier. We just have to be quiet."

Ron squinted at her in the dim light and said, "Be quiet doing what?"

Hermione pinned him with a scorching look and backed him against the counter, her hands tangling in his hair as she pulled him down for a kiss. He responded eagerly, wrapping his arms around her and gripping her arse as he guided her to one side, turning them so he had her trapped against the counter instead. Shifting his hands to grasp her waist, he lifted her enough that she sat on the countertop, her knees spreading to pull him closer as she wound her legs around his hips. Her embrace was

crushingly tight as she pulled away from the kiss and buried her face against his neck, rasping, "I was so scared I'd lose you."

Ron breathed, "Me too," then lifted her face to look her in the eyes. "I was afraid something would happen and I'd never get the chance to tell you I love you."

Hermione gazed at him adoringly and whispered, "I love you, Ron. I have for ages. And I've wanted this for so long now."

Their lips met in another passionate kiss, and Hermione trailed her hands down his back and under his pyjama bottoms again, massaging his arse and pulling him tight against her cleft as she perched on the edge of the counter.

Ron kept one arm wrapped around her but let his other hand roam over her body, once again ending with his fingers slipping along her damp curls, eliciting gasps of pleasure from Hermione.

Suddenly, she let go of him and backed away, causing Ron to blink at her in alarm and step backward. But she simply wriggled out of her pyjama bottoms, shoving them down her legs and leaving her bare-arsed on the countertop.

Ron sucked in a ragged breath, his cock bouncing as he drank in the sight of her naked from the waist down, spreading her knees again as she beckoned for him to come back. He bounded forward again, his hands caressing her thighs as they snogged. Hermione fumbled with his clothing until she had one hand wrapped around his aching erection and the other arm around his neck, holding him close so she could whisper in his ear.

"Please... I want to feel alive. Ron, please... I love you."

He turned to look in her eyes and she squeezed his cock, making him shudder. Incredulous, he choked, "Are you sure?"

Hermione nodded even as she kissed him, then breathed on his lips, "Make love to me, Ron."

He groaned and shifted to shove his pyjama bottoms down, feeling them pool around his ankles. His cock sprang forward, twitching in excitement, and he gently stroked her curls, dipping one finger between her slick, swollen lips. She gasped in his ear and tilted her hips, spreading her legs further in encouragement.

The tip of his finger sank into her wet heat, and his thumb traced upward, sliding until he touched her throbbing clit. Her stifled moan sent a jolt of arousal through his body, ending in his bollocks. He thrust into her, adding a second finger, then spread her slippery juices over her heated flesh.

When he withdrew his fingers and licked his palm to coat his length with saliva, Hermione's breath caught in anticipation. Closing in on her, he guided his cock toward her cunt, exhaling slowly as he sank in. Once the first couple of inches were safely inside her warm embrace, he gripped her hips and tugged her forward, tilting her back so she was barely resting on the counter, her arse hanging over the edge. She locked her legs around his waist and wrapped her arms around his neck as he pressed forward with agonizing slowness until he was fully immersed in her clutching depths.

Hermione's eyes rolled back and she heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction. Ron tilted his hips, grinding into her, and she gasped. With one hand, Ron unbuttoned her pyjama top to cup her breasts and tease her nipples as they rocked in a languid rhythm.

Harry woke with a start. Something had woken him, and he strained to see and hear in the darkness. He heard faint sounds of breathing in the bathroom and carefully rolled over, his questing hand finding nothing but empty bed beside him. A flash of panic...*Don't leave me alone!*...made him sit up, throwing the covers back and snatching his wand from under his pillow.

Eyes wide, trying to see any movement in the bedroom, Harry gingerly slid off the edge of the bed and tiptoed toward the bathroom, from which a sliver of dim light shone along the narrow opening of the door. The sounds of breathing grew more discernible, as did the rustling of clothing, of skin rubbing on skin. Edging up to the door, he peered in, holding his breath.

Hermione was wrapped around Ron, her head thrown back as he fucked her, rocking her at the edge of the bathroom counter. Hermione had opened Ron's pyjama top and shoved it off his shoulders and down his arms, where it bunched and hung around his elbows. Hermione's top was rumpled in a heap behind her, halfway in the sink to one side, and her breasts bounced with every thrust.

Harry slowly released the air trapped in his lungs, relief that he wasn't alone, and that they were apparently in no danger, washing over him like a bucket of cold water. Immediately after that, a wave of heat followed, and he bit his lip to hold back the moan of fascination that threatened to expose him as a voyeur.

He stood there, mesmerized by the play of muscles in Ron's freckled shoulders and chest, the dance of soft light and shadow over Hermione's smooth skin and blissful expression. He smiled at the realization that the two people he loved most had finally come together the way they should have long ago.

Ron's legs couldn't stay in the same position much longer, so he pulled Hermione closer and whispered, "Hang on a tick... I need to move."

Hermione unlocked her legs from around his hips and leant back on her elbows as his cock withdrew from her completely. He stepped out of his pyjama bottoms, let his pyjama top fall to the floor, and circled around the side of the counter, lifting one foot to settle on the toilet lid and steadying himself with one hand against the wall. He beckoned to Hermione and she grinned, spinning ninety degrees to the side and raising one foot to rest on his shoulder as she lay back along the counter and scooted her arse over the edge again.

Ron grinned back at her as he gripped her thigh and tilted forward, sinking into her again and making her arch in a silent squeal.

From Harry's vantage point, he could see the top of Hermione's head, down her slender body to the junction where Ron's bright red curls meshed with her dark brown bush on every stroke. Ron was facing Harry's direction, and Harry could watch the rippling muscles down his pale chest and belly as well as the ever-shifting expressions of pleasure on his face.

Hermione kept undulating against Ron, her breathing uneven. Ron increased the pace and force of his thrusts, and one particularly hard one was met with just the right angle of Hermione's writhing hips, eliciting a short cry. Ron's eyes widened, and he flicked a glance at the door.

Harry was rooted to the spot, and he couldn't even react when he realized that Ron could see him watching them through the cracked door. Ron's eyes locked with his and he swallowed hard, but he didn't stop plunging deep into Hermione, making wet, rhythmic, smacking noises.

There was a long, charged moment, then Ron nodded slowly at Harry before whispering, "Hermione, I want to feel you come on my cock."

Harry's eyes closed with the tingle that raced over him at Ron's words. He swallowed and opened his eyes again to see Hermione trailing one hand down her belly to circle her clit. Ron tore his gaze from Harry to look down at the erotic sight, cursing under his breath. When he looked back at Harry, his blue eyes were almost black with lust.

Harry nodded encouragement, and Ron pistoned faster as he panted, "Yeah, Hermione, come on my cock. I wanna' feel it. Fuck, you're so wet..."

Hermione was panting too, and her fingers were dancing over her clit. Her other hand crept up to fist in her hair, her mouth open as her head canted back, and her eyes screwed shut. Ron looked down at her as she crested her peak, flashing a triumphant grin at Harry as she shuddered and convulsed in climax.

Ron locked eyes with Harry again, pounding hard to draw out her orgasm. When she relaxed, gasping, his eyes blazed at Harry as he backed away enough to stroke himself. His fist was pumping feverishly on his cock, and he licked his lips just before his eyes closed and he bucked, his face contorted in a rictus of ecstasy as he came, spurting ropes of creamy liquid all over Hermione's mound and belly.

When he opened his eyes again, breathing heavily, he instantly checked to see if Harry was still watching. A deliciously sated smirk spread his lips and he rasped, "Fuck, that was brilliant!"

Hermione chuckled in agreement, reaching down to caress his fingers where they were wrapped around her thigh. "I love you."

Ron smiled and pressed a kiss to her leg where it was propped on his shoulder. "I love you." He continued kissing down her leg, flicking smug glances at Harry, until he sank onto the toilet lid and leant down, burying his tongue in Hermione's cunt, making her writhe in pleasure. Licking and suckling on her glistening flesh, his mischievous eyes barely visible above her mound, he held Harry's fascinated gaze.

Hermione was quickly becoming aroused again, and Ron lifted his damp face from her pussy enough to sink two fingers into her, fucking her with them. She clamped a hand over her mouth to muffle the moans that she couldn't stop. Ron bent down and sucked her clit between his lips, cocking one eyebrow at Harry as she thrashed and flailed.

Ron continued his carnal assault until he could feel her cunt tightening around his fingers, then he winked at Harry as he hummed encouragement. The vibrations of his voice against her sensitive spot, coupled with the pressure of his fingers inside her, sent Hermione over the edge into another shuddering orgasm.

When she quieted again, Ron released her and sat back, murmuring, "You taste so fucking good..."

Hermione sighed in repletion and whispered, "I promise I'll return the favour soon."

Ron snorted faintly and grinned. "I promise I'll let you."

They both laughed silently, then Ron cast a meaningful look at Harry and whispered, "Why don't we get cleaned up and get some sleep? I don't know about you, but I feel pretty relaxed."

Harry jerked back from the doorway and scrambled back to the bed, taking care to gently climb back in, hoping the mattress wouldn't squeak. He had burrowed back under the covers, heart pounding, when the bathroom door slowly opened. Shutting his eyes and feigning sleep, he listened as Ron and Hermione crept back to bed, carefully slipping under the covers and settling beside him.

He lay there, trying to regulate his breathing, and heard them kiss before lying still. After a long while, he heard Ron's faint snoring and Hermione's steady breathing, and he relaxed again, relieved that he hadn't been caught...well, by Hermione, at least.

It took a long time for Harry to fall asleep again. He couldn't stop replaying what he had seen...Hermione's smooth curves and sensuous movements, Ron's lean muscles and intense gaze...and while it *did* make him fairly hard, it was the feelings in his heart that interested him more than just the feelings in his trousers.

May 3, 1998

The next morning, Harry was up before either of the other two, having been roused from his fitful sleep by nightmarish flashbacks of the battle. His shallow, racing breathing slowed as soon as he looked over at his sleeping mates...he wasn't alone. Quietly, he slipped out of the bed, got dressed, and headed down to the kitchen to look into breakfast.

Ron woke next, a slow smirk spreading his lips at the memories that assailed him of his middle-of-the-night liaison. Yawning and stretching, he glanced over to see Harry's space in the bed empty, and an amused yet relieved expression took up residence after his yawn. He edged out of bed, trying not to disturb Hermione, and got dressed. Before he left, he crept onto the bed again and kissed Hermione to wake her.

"Hermione, sleep as long as you like. I just wanted to let you know Harry and I were up and about. If I'm gone when you get up, don't worry. I'll be back soon. Love you."

Hermione sighed and blinked blearily at him, smiling as she mumbled, "Mmm, 'kay. Love you..." She rolled over and burrowed more comfortably under the covers, and Ron shook his head, flashing a fond grin.

Harry was at the kitchen table, eating porridge and reading the *Daily Prophet* when Ron loped in and sat across from him. He looked up, wary and startled, scrabbling for his wand, then relaxed immediately when he saw it was him. Harry's smile of greeting was tempered by his awkward flushing, remembering his voyeuristic antics.

Ron nodded, one corner of his mouth quirked up in a knowing smirk, and took the steaming bowl of porridge from Kreacher with a cheerful, "Thanks, Kreacher." As he spooned sweetener into it, he drawled, "How are you feeling this morning? Did you sleep okay?"

Harry swallowed nervously, unable to meet Ron's knowing gaze. Playing with a corner of the newspaper, he said, "Uh, yeah, I guess. I had some nightmares this morning, so I just got up."

Ron's smirk vanished, his brow furrowing with a look of concern. "Are you all right?"

Harry shrugged, shredding the corner of the paper. Suddenly, his anxious movement was stilled by Ron's hand covering his, gripping it and stroking his thumb along Harry's skin in a soothing manner. Harry snapped his gaze up to Ron, green eyes meeting blue.

Ron's expression was full of compassion as he said, "It's okay. It's all over. We're here with you, and we're not going anywhere."

The knot of tension in Harry's belly loosened, and he heaved a sigh of relief, closing his eyes for a beat before offering Ron a shaky smile. Ron beamed back at him, squeezing his hand before returning his attention to his porridge.

Harry looked down at the paper, his brow furrowing again at the headlines detailing all the carnage and destruction of the day before, and Ron, deciding not to tease Harry...it really wasn't the moment for that...mumbled around a mouthful of porridge, "I'm gonna' go to the Burrow after breakfast and check on everyone."

Harry nodded, the stabbing pain of loss and guilt making him unable to meet Ron's eyes. He knew as well as Ron did that "everyone" mostly meant "George." Gut roiling, Harry stammered, "I-I want t-to... know, but... I don't think I can... go..."

Ron gripped Harry's hand again and said, "I wasn't expecting you to, mate. You need to stay here, away from the chaos, so you can work on healing yourself. As much as I love my family, I don't know that I could stay there long...in that atmosphere. Besides, you need me, too. Like we said, we're in this together, the three of us. That's why I'm going: to tell them that I'm staying with you but I wanted to see how they're holding up."

Harry's eyes misted as the intense feeling of love and gratitude welled up. Throat tight, he managed a whispered, "Thanks."

Ron squeezed Harry's hand again before finishing his porridge and pouring a tall glass of pumpkin juice. Harry was staring at the list of those who had died the day before, his gaze lingering over Lupin's and Tonks's names, when Hermione entered the kitchen.

"Morning!" She went first to Harry and gave him a hug, dropping a kiss on his head, then rounded the table to sit by Ron, ducking to give him a chaste kiss on the lips before sinking into the chair and caressing his thigh as she reached for the pumpkin juice with her other hand. Once she was seated, and had her breakfast in front of her, she looked at Harry and said, her voice full of concern, "Apparently you were up first... is everything all right? How are you feeling?"

Harry shrugged, keeping his face averted to hide his blushing cheeks. "I had some nightmares that woke me, so I just got up instead of trying to go back to sleep or taking the chance of waking you two. I'm okay now."

Hermione flicked an anxious glance at Ron and he nodded, indicating that things were as fine as they could be under the circumstances. Hermione relaxed and began eating her toast as Ron gulped the last of his juice and stood.

"All right, I'm off. I doubt I'll be gone long."

Hermione peered up at him and clasped his hand. "Where are you going?"

"The Burrow."

Her face fell. "Oh, of course. Should we go with you?"

Ron met Harry's gaze and said, "No, you two stay here. It's... it's a family thing for now; you understand."

Harry heaved a silent sigh of relief as Hermione said, "Of course. Well, give them our love."

"Will do." Ron bent down to kiss Hermione, then strode to the fireplace to use the Floo.

When he was gone, Hermione appraised Harry again, then said, "Here, why don't you give me that. You shouldn't torture yourself by dwelling on things you can't change."

Harry sat back in his chair, allowing Hermione to tug the paper from him. He scrubbed his face with his hands and said, "I don't know how I can face all the funerals..."

Hermione made a faint noise of sympathy and immediately got up to round the table again, stopping beside him and wrapping her arms around his shoulders. "Don't think about that right now. You have to focus on *you*."

Harry snorted. "That's what Ron said."

Hermione voiced a low chuckle and murmured, "Well, he was right."

"What happens now? I mean, it's finally over, but there's so much that's been destroyed. What do we do now?"

Hermione sat in the chair beside him and gripped his hand. "We live, Harry. We move ahead into the future that waits for us. We clean up what needs to be cleaned up, remember those who died fighting for this new reality, and honour them by learning to enjoy life and love again."

Harry looked into her earnest brown eyes and felt warmed by the love he saw there. He twisted and enveloped her in a tight hug, his breath shaky as he whispered, "I'm so glad you and Ron are safe. I love you both so much."

Hermione soothed him, murmuring, "We know. And we love you too. We'll get through this, Harry. Together."

He nodded and released her, letting her drag her breakfast across the table so she could remain beside him.

After she had eaten a bit more, she said, "To be more specific, in answer to your question... I plan to go to the Ministry to talk to the Magical Reversal Squad about whether it's possible to repair my parents' memories and bring them back from Australia."

Harry's eyes widened. "Hermione, that's brilliant! I'm sure they can help."

Her smile was watery, but she said, "I hope so. But if not, I at least want to make sure they're all right."

She wiped her mouth with a napkin and pushed her plate away before sitting back in her chair, looking pensive. Harry said, "What are you waiting for? You're finished eating, right?"

Hermione snapped her gaze to his and said, "Ron's not back yet!"

"Are you going to take him with you?"

Hermione closed her eyes and shook her head. "No. But I'm not about to leave you here alone. When he gets back, I'll go then."

Harry blinked, the realization at how seriously they took staying with him once again sparking a surge of relief and love.

Hermione looked at him and smiled gently. "So, why don't we do something fun? Take your mind off... things."

Harry shrugged and said, "Sure. What?"

"How about some Exploding Snap?" She stood and proffered her hand.

Harry clasped her hand and rose, too, and they went upstairs to settle on the library floor with the game.

A little over an hour after he left, Ron returned; Harry and Hermione heard his muffled call, "I'm back!" They heaved to their feet and dashed to meet him at the top of the kitchen stairs. His face was drawn, and he moved wearily. Hermione immediately threw her arms around his neck.

Harry watched them hugging, his gut roiling with tension. Ron opened his eyes and saw Harry watching them again. With one hand, Ron reached out, inviting Harry into the embrace. Harry exhaled in relief, his gut calming, as he stepped into Ron's arm, wrapping one arm around Ron's shoulders and one around Hermione's.

Hermione's voice was muffled against Ron's chest as she said, "Are you all right?"

Ron sighed, squeezing them both before backing away. Hermione's anxious eyes were trained on his face as he said, "Yeah. I'm glad to be back. It's... pretty awful over there."

As one, they moved into the library again, Ron murmuring, "George is holed up in his room, dosed up with some sedative potions. Mum is practically *stuck* to Ginny. Bill and Charlie have joined with the Ministry people working on clean-up at the school. Percy is helping Dad and the others at the Ministry itself, clearing up after the Death Eater infiltration. Mum did tell me that there had already been discussion about having concurrent funerals."

At that, Harry winced, and Hermione flicked a glance at him, squeezing his hand.

Ron continued, "Mum also said that Kingsley is personally attending to each and every department, making sure things are going the way they're supposed to. He's been flitting from one group to the next non-stop since yesterday." He looked at Hermione. "So, if you want to get folks working on retrieving your parents, I reckon you better get over there fast before they get too long a list of other things to do first."

Hermione bit her lower lip in anxiety. She glanced back at Harry, and he said, "Well, go on. Ron's back, so you don't need to stick around any longer."

"Are you sure?" Her brow furrowed with worry as she looked back and forth between them.

Both boys nodded, and Ron said, "Hermione, go. We've got things under control here."

Nodding, she darted forward and hugged them, saying, "Hopefully, I won't be long," before hastening down to the Floo.

Left in the silence of the library, Ron sank back onto the couch, closed his eyes, and scrubbed his face. Harry summoned Kreacher and quietly requested some Firewhisky. The elf returned with a dusty bottle and two tumblers, bowing low in response to Harry's thanks.

Harry poured a liberal amount into each glass and held one out to Ron, clearing his throat to get his attention. Ron blinked at him in a mixture of surprise and gratitude, took the glass, and held it aloft, saying, "To absent friends."

Harry mumbled the toast and touched glasses before downing a large gulp, gasping at the searing burn as it made its way to his belly.

Ron coughed, eyes tearing at the intensity of the alcohol, then croaked, "I always thought that was such a trite thing to say... but I guess it really does mean something after all." He took another swallow, then said, "Thanks, mate. It does help."

Harry shrugged. "I didn't know what else to do, and I don't think we have any potions in the house."

Ron snorted, reminded of George in his potion-induced haze. Then, he shook his head violently and took a deep breath. "So, what were you two doing while I was gone?"

Harry gestured to the game on the floor. "Hermione said we should do something fun to take our minds off things."

Ron smiled. "She would. 'S a good idea...same thing with this stuff." He lifted the Firewhisky. "Right then, let's think about something fun..." He closed his eyes for a beat, then opened them and pinned Harry with a smug, amused look. "Last night was pretty fun, wouldn't you say?"

Harry blushed, averting his gaze from Ron's wicked blue eyes. "I-I'm sorry about that..."

Ron laughed and said, "Don't be sorry! If I'd had a problem with it, I'd have done something about it then, yeah?"

Harry glanced up at him, incredulous. "You didn't tell Hermione, did you? I reckon she might feel a bit differently."

Ron grimaced and took another sip of Firewhisky. "Nah, she doesn't know." There was a pause, then he added, "Did you wish it was you?"

"What?"

Ron regarded him with narrowed eyes. "With Hermione, like that. Or with me like that, for that matter."

Harry's eyes flew open wide, and he could only gape helplessly at his best friend. Unable to answer, he gulped more alcohol, coughing at the burn.

Ron tossed his head. "I mean, I know you and Ginny..."

Harry cut him off. "Ginny and I never did that!"

Ron nodded. "I know that. I meant, I didn't know if you wanted Hermione like that, since... y'know... Ginny."

Harry blinked. "I love Ginny. But... not like you two. The three of us have been through too much that she can't ever understand like you two can. Besides, she's still got to finish school, and I... I don't know if I could even be with her right now. Everything is too raw. You guys keep saying it: I need to get better first..." and he ducked his head as he continued in a whisper, "...and I need you two for that."

"I know what you mean."

At that, Harry looked back up in surprise. Brow furrowed, he said, "What do you mean by that?"

Ron eyed Harry speculatively, took another drink, and said, "I *mean* that as amazing as finally being with Hermione was last night, it was better with you watching."

Harry's mouth went dry.

Ron continued, "I guess I need you both too. At least, until I can get whole on my own. I'm pretty sure that Hermione feels the same way. I just didn't want to freak her out, since it was our first time together, but I wish I could've invited you in."

Harry's gut fluttered, and he swallowed hard. His voice was cautious as he said, "I didn't think you were into blokes."

Ron snorted, tossed back the last of his Firewhisky, and smirked lopsidedly at Harry. "I'm not. But you're not a *bloke*. You're just Harry!"

Harry couldn't help but return the smile. Somehow, Ron had managed to put into words the exact thing Harry had been feeling the night before as he lay in the dark and pondered what he had seen and felt. Clearing his throat, he said, "So, you reckon you're gonna' say anything to Hermione about all this?"

Ron frowned in thought, then sniffed. "Some time. I mean, I'm *done* keeping things bottled up...that's how that damned horcrux nearly got me. And, we *know* how short and precarious life can be... So, yeah, I don't know when, but it's bound to come out at some point."

Harry snorted at the inadvertent pun and drained his glass of Firewhisky, reflecting on the pleasant lassitude that was extending through his body, numbing the ache at the reminder of everyone they'd lost. He spun from his sideways perch beside Ron to sink back onto the couch next to him, smiling when Ron flung his arm around Harry's shoulder and squeezed his arm. They propped their feet on the low table in front of them and squirmed until they were comfortably ensconced, Harry's head leaning against Ron's bicep and Ron's cheek pillowed on Harry's untidy hair.

After a long moment of companionable silence, Ron murmured, "Got any more of that?"

Harry Summoned the bottle and tumblers and poured the remaining alcohol into their glasses. He dropped the empty bottle onto the floor and held up his glass. Ron clinked his glass against Harry's and said, "Time for another toast."

"Like what?" Harry snuggled a little lower and turned his head enough that he could hear Ron's heartbeat.

Ron tousled Harry's hair with a lazy movement and said, "How about, 'To love'?"

Harry smiled and added, "It's what got us through this war; it's why we won. I like it. To love!"

They downed the rest of the Firewhisky, even though it took several swallows to get through it. Once they were finished with their coughing fits, Harry twisted to look up at Ron and said, "Everything's gonna' be okay, innit?"

Ron gazed down at Harry's upturned face and felt the warmth of the alcohol mixing with the warmth of being safe and comfortable with Harry, away from the anguish elsewhere. Quirking a lopsided smile, he whispered, "Yeah, mate. We're all gonna' be brilliant," then bent his head to press a Firewhisky-laced kiss to Harry's lips.

Harry froze, his reactions slowed by the alcohol-induced haze. Still, he found himself opening his lips to Ron's tentative tongue. Tingles streaked through him, and he felt surrounded with warmth and comfort. Harry shifted enough to allow their snog to progress more easily, so his neck wasn't twisted awkwardly. His movement spurred Ron to twist toward Harry, lifting his far hand to cup Harry's jaw and hold him in place for Ron's languid kisses.

The weight that seemed to rest on Harry's shoulders felt lighter, and his heartache eased under the tender onslaught. His hand gripped Ron's leg just above the knee, but as their snogging continued, his hand slid higher until his wrist bumped against Ron's erection. At that, Harry's roaming hand stopped, but he stroked Ron's thigh, his fingertips tracing circles and massaging the crease of Ron's leg.

Blissfully fuzzy and relaxed from the Firewhisky, the two boys lost themselves in pleasurable sensations. They were so oblivious to the world that they never heard Hermione approaching the library.

Hermione paused on the threshold, too stunned to even voice her surprise. Eyes wide, mouth open, she stared unblinkingly at the scene, taking in the empty bottle of Firewhisky, their empty glasses, and the slow, sweet nature of the two boys' intimate embrace. As unprepared as she was for such a sight, she was less prepared for the stab of heat that raced over her, leaving goose bumps on her skin, ending with a throb in her centre.

Sucking in a steady breath, she backed away from the doorway, edging to one side and across the corridor so that she could watch without being seen. Her pulse was racing from the shock, but, the longer she watched them together, the more it raced in joyful recognition.

She would have been terribly hurt if she had come upon Ron snogging anyone else this way, seeing it as a betrayal of their relationship. But, Harry... He wasn't *anyone else*; he's *Harry*. The three of them had a bond like no one else she had ever heard of, after all they had gone through together. It seemed only logical that their love for each other should be expressed this way.

Still, she didn't know how they would react to her catching them in the act, so she waited and watched, feeling her face warming in response. After several long minutes, the slow kisses stopped, and Ron pressed his forehead against Harry's, heaving a deep sigh of contentment. Hermione barely heard his whisper as he said, "Wish Hermione was here..."

Harry's faint, "Me too," made Ron smile and Hermione's breath catch. Ron let go of Harry's jaw and lifted his head, guiding Harry's head back to its previous position cradled against Ron's chest.

The pose was peaceful, and Hermione realized it was safe to "come home" now. She tiptoed back down the corridor, descended a few steps before turning around again, and called, "I'm home!"

She heard the boys' pleased cries, and by the time she had strode down the corridor again, they were both at the library door, to welcome her back.

Ron pulled her into a hug and said, "Well, what'd you find out?"

Harry's eyes lit up with hope at her tentative smile. "I got to speak to the Squad, and I even saw Kingsley...he says to send his regards. I'm on the list of tasks, but it'll still probably be a few weeks before they can even begin looking into things."

Ron dragged her to the couch where he had so recently been snogging Harry and guided her to sit in the middle, so he and Harry could sit on either side of her. She bent to move one of the tumblers out of the way, casting a querying glance at them.

Harry flushed and said, "Sorry. It wasn't a full bottle to begin with, but we should have left some for you too."

Hermione shrugged. "It's okay. If you needed something to take the edge off, I can't say I blame you. But I *am* glad I didn't come back to find you pissed."

Ron beamed at her and said, "A little tipsy, perhaps, but hardly soused. I have full control over my faculties, thank you very much."

Harry snapped his gaze to Ron and found him pinning him with a meaningful look. He flashed a smile and looked away, not noticing Hermione's pink cheeks and quickened breathing.

Hermione murmured faintly, "Perhaps we should take stock and place an order for supplies...including more Firewhisky if you want to keep some around."

Ron nodded. "Good idea. Let's go." Shooting to his feet, he proffered a hand to each of them, pulling them to their feet and dragging them behind him as he headed back to the kitchen. When they reached the library door, Harry and Hermione...both with their hands in Ron's iron grip...knocked against each other, forming a scrum in the doorway and making Ron jerk to a stop as they sorted themselves out.

By the time Hermione disentangled herself from Harry, noticing how nice his body felt against hers, everyone was laughing. Glad of the excuse for her flushed cheeks, Hermione continued jostling the boys as they romped their way along the corridor and down into the kitchen. The roughhousing gave her another reason to touch them and be close to them, without revealing that she had been a voyeur to their earlier intimacy.

Later that night, when it was time for bed, they once again took turns bathing. While Hermione was in the shower, Ron grinned and whispered to Harry, "Want a replay of last night?"

Harry's eyes widened even as he shivered at the memory. He hissed back, "What do you mean?"

Ron leant closer and breathed, "I'll make sure to shake the bed enough to wake you, just don't *tact* like you're awake. Then you can watch us again."

"Do you really think we should do that?"

"Don't you want to?"

Harry swallowed hard and flicked a guilty glance at the bathroom door. "Well..." He trailed off, then was surprised when Ron surged forward and kissed him, gripping the back of his neck.

"Please, Harry? It's so much better when you're a part of it."

Harry could only stare mutely at Ron, who sank back onto the bed, away from Harry as they heard the water stop. A couple of minutes later, Hermione emerged from the bathroom and smiled at Ron as he passed her on his way in.

As she clambered into the middle of the bed again, Hermione said, "I hope you'll sleep better tonight. It was nice to finally have a peaceful day like today, wasn't it?"

Harry smiled at her, then frowned anxiously. Hermione instantly knelt closer to him and clasped his hand, saying, "What's wrong?"

Harry closed his eyes, feeling his face warm as he struggled to find the right words. "I was just wondering... what you think... someone... should do... if they saw something... personal..."

Hermione froze, going pale in shock. In an aghast whisper, she said, "How did you know? I thought you couldn't see me!"

Harry's brows shot up to his hairline as he met her mortified gaze. "What?"

Hermione shook her head and gripped his hands, her expression imploring. "I didn't mean to spy...not at first! I just... never expected to see you two like that. But then I realized how perfect it was..."

It all came together, and Harry rasped, "How much did you see?"

Hermione whispered, "I saw you kissing, and... and it was so gentle... and sweet."

Heart pounding, Harry said, "And you didn't mind?"

Hermione lifted a hand to Harry's cheek and said, "I was shocked, but it makes sense. After all we've been through, I know you must've bonded with Ron as much as I have."

Harry covered her hand with his hand where it lay against his cheek and whispered, "It's not just me and Ron, or you and Ron. It's all of us. You know that, right? We can't say it enough: we're all in this together."

Hermione nodded, biting her lower lip. Harry lifted his other hand, releasing her bitten lip with his thumb and leaning into her palm. Then, meeting her dilated eyes, he leant forward and kissed her, taking a moment to suckle her lower lip in an attempt to soothe it. Hermione sighed and kissed him back, until they heard the water stop again, and they backed away with a start, casting guilty glances at the bathroom door.

Harry smiled shakily and said, "I don't know why we stopped. It's not like it would bother him."

Hermione let out a shuddery breath and whispered, "Not right now, Harry. It's all just so new... Soon."

Harry nodded and settled under the covers as Ron came out of the bathroom. "I don't know about you, but I'm ready to get some sleep...and we didn't even *do* much today!"

Hermione, rebuilding her composure, said, "Well, we *do* have a lot to make up for, and we deserve a rest, so just take it when you can get it."

Ron grinned and flopped into the bed, leaning over to kiss her before dousing the light. "Trust me; I will." At Harry's snort and Hermione's exasperated huff, he chuckled. "Sweet dreams, mates!"

Harry and Hermione chorused, "G'night," and they all settled down for the night.

end of part one

part two

Chapter 2 of 2

After years of relying on each other to survive, now the Trio must rely on each other to live.

This is an entry into the Livejournal [hp_kinkfest](#), 2011, responding to a prompt submitted by [softobsidian74](#), plus more inspiration from a prompt submitted by [mistress_ashley](#). The Kinks Showcased: voyeurism/exhibitionism, double penetration

Author's Note: Please see the previous chapter for details.

*****PART TWO*****

It took a while for Harry to fall asleep; his mind kept whirling with unease at how many ways things with Ron and Hermione could go wrong, interspersed with dread about the funerals to come and sorrow for all the lives lost. Thus it was that he woke easily at the movement behind him when Ron and Hermione started kissing and touching again. He concentrated on keeping his breathing steady, his ears straining to hear their faint whispers.

"Let's go... I want you so much, Hermione."

"Hush... don't wake Harry."

"We'll be quiet. Come on... please?"

"Just be careful..."

The bed shook as they squirmed off it, and Hermione hissed, "Wait! That may have woken him."

Harry stayed still, knowing Ron had jounced the bed so hard on purpose. Eventually, Hermione whispered, "All right, let's go."

As they got near the bathroom door, Ron paused and hissed, "Hey, I've got an idea!" At Hermione's questioning look, he continued, "Why don't I cast a one-way Silencing Charm just outside the door, so he can't hear us, but we can hear if he gets up..."

Hermione flashed him a smile that was both impressed and excited, and retorted, "Why didn't we think of that ~~last~~ night?"

Ron chuckled and said, "I daresay we had *other* things on our minds at the time..."

Hermione stretched up and kissed him, then whispered, "I'll go in there and you stay out here and cast the charm; then we can make sure you can't hear me but I can hear you."

Ron nodded and Hermione ducked into the bathroom. Shooting a furtive glance at Harry, Ron cast the charm, making sure to give it some room outside the door before the spell's effects began. Carefully, he whispered, "If you can hear me, Hermione, wave."

Her hand poked out from behind the door, and Ron grinned. Then, her head followed, and he could see her mouth moving, but couldn't hear her. Stepping forward, within the perimeter of the charm, he then heard her whisper, "...worked perfectly." At his satisfied smirk, she chuckled and spoke in a normal voice. "I guess we don't have to worry about being quiet anymore."

Ron advanced on her, and she backed into the bathroom. He left the door open a crack, just like before, and wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her against him as

he said, "Excellent, because I want to *hear* you when you come tonight."

Hermione simply responded with a moan muffled by Ron's lips when she kissed him. They made short work of undressing, leaving their pyjamas in rumpled heaps on the floor, then Ron once again lifted her and perched her on the counter so he could slide his fingers inside her. Her head canted back and her back arched as she gripped the counter edge for balance when Ron dropped to his knees and licked her clit while he pumped two fingers into her wet heat.

Harry lay in the bed, eyes wide open in the dark, heart thundering, as he grappled with whether or not he would accede to Ron's request and spy on him and Hermione again. After a long while, unable to hear anything from the bathroom, thanks to Ron's charm, his curiosity got the best of him, and he crept out of bed and tiptoed to the door. As soon as he crossed the threshold of the spell, he heard Hermione's voluptuous moans and coos in counterpoint to Ron's deep panting grunts. The wet sounds of sex assaulted his ears, and he paused, gut clenching in anticipation of what he would see this time.

Ron had snagged the towels from the rack and placed them between his knees and the uncomfortable tile floor. One hand was wrapped around Hermione's thigh, holding her in place as his face and other hand were buried between her legs, which were draped around his shoulders. Hermione was leaning back on the counter, holding herself up with one hand and gripping Ron's hair with the other. Her eyes were closed as she uttered a stream of encouragement in breathy squeals and filthy talk.

Harry was stunned by the graphic nature of her words, but it sent a searing bolt of arousal straight to his cock. He stood there, frozen in awe, as Ron continued his actions.

Not long after Harry started watching, Hermione's back arched, her eyes screwed shut, her fingers tightened in Ron's hair, and her mouth opened with a string of profanity that heralded her orgasm. Ron's muffled groans increased in volume and intensity as he welcomed the shuddering of her body, the clutching of her cunt on his fingers, and the taste of her juices that coated his tongue.

When she had relaxed from her convulsing climax, releasing Ron's hair and slumping back onto the counter, panting, Ron withdrew from her and sprawled on the floor, a satisfied smirk on his swollen lips and his erection jutting upward obscenely. He flicked a glance at the doorway and his eyes lit up at the sight of Harry watching again. Grinning more broadly, he stretched every limb and shoved to his feet again to kiss Hermione.

Their snogging was much more languorous in Hermione's afterglow. But, after a long moment of kissing, Hermione backed away and murmured, "Mmm, I can taste myself on you."

Ron purred, "Delicious, isn't it?"

Hermione chuckled, then said, "I'm glad you think so, but it's reminded me of something else."

Ron was nuzzling her throat as he murmured, "What's that?"

Hermione planted one hand on his chest and pushed him backward at the same time her other hand gripped his cock. Meeting his surprised look, she said, "I promised I'd return the favour."

Ron beamed in delight and let her lead him around to the back wall. As she bent to gather the towels he had used, Ron looked straight at Harry and grinned. When she dropped to her knees in front of Ron, her back to Harry, Harry couldn't help but notice how luscious the line of her back and arse was, and his cock twitched in envy at the sight of her hands stroking Ron.

Her bushy hair swung and bounced as she rocked forward and back, pressing kisses and licks over Ron's thighs, belly, cock, and bollocks. Ron's head slammed back against the wall and his breath exploded out of him when she enveloped the head of his cock in her warm mouth, circling it with her tongue and sucking as she released it.

Ron stared down at her, looking dazed, and said, "Un-fucking-believable, you are..."

Hermione voiced a low, sultry chuckle and sucked him in again, sliding him in deeper and caressing his bollocks. Ron's groan started out soft but grew louder the farther she went, and his gaze was fevered when his eyes sought Harry's.

Harry had stepped closer to the door, nearly pressing his face to the opening, and if Hermione had been facing that direction, she could have easily seen him. Harry...and Ron...just felt lucky that she had chosen that position facing the wall.

Ron's hands came to rest in her hair, alternately gripping and stroking it as he tried to refrain from thrusting into her mouth. It wasn't very long before Ron interrupted Hermione and rasped, "If you want me to fuck you, then you better stop, 'cause if you don't, I won't be able to hold back any more."

Hermione hummed and flashed a wicked smirk. "You've already satisfied me, love. I'd like to satisfy you, if that's all right."

Ron's eyes rolled back for a moment and he sighed, "I think it's *brilliant*..." Hermione bent to her task again, and Ron locked eyes with Harry as he murmured, "Fuck yeah, that's good... I love it... Mmm, don't stop..."

Harry felt light-headed, like he wasn't getting enough oxygen. His cock was painfully hard, and his heart was racing. He couldn't take it any longer and plunged his hand into his pyjama bottoms to squeeze his erection. Ron's eyes narrowed as he tried to see, so Harry nudged the door open a bit more, showing Ron his hand moving under his trousers.

Ron gasped, his eyes widening, and he moaned, "Yeah, that's it..." nodding at Harry. Harry pushed his pyjama bottoms down to mid-thigh and let his gaze travel between Hermione bobbing on Ron's cock and Ron's burning eyes as Ron watched him wanking.

Harry's breath became more erratic, and Ron's hands gripped Hermione's hair again, holding her still as he thrust into her encircling fist and inviting mouth. Ron's litany of, "Fuck...yeah...do it...yeah...come on...fuck...I love it...yeah..." ended with him grimacing and bucking as he growled his climax, trying to keep his eyes open to see Hermione's wet mouth locked around the head of his spurting cock and Harry convulsing in gasping shudders, come dribbling over his knuckles as he leant against the door frame.

Ron let go of Hermione's hair and held himself propped against the wall, taking deep, quavering breaths. Hermione reached for some toilet roll and wiped her mouth discreetly, clearing her throat. Harry swallowed hard and exchanged one more astonished look with Ron before he backed away, pushing the door further closed again, and stumbled to the bed. Snatching his wand from under his pillow, he cast a cleansing charm on himself, yanked his pyjamas up, and dived under the covers again, where he lay there trying to calm his frantic pulse.

Several minutes later, Ron and Hermione tiptoed out of the bathroom and carefully crawled back into bed. Harry heard them kissing some more as they settled in. Once they were in bed, and all was quiet, the calm that follows orgasm won its battle with Harry's anxiety over watching again, and he drifted to sleep.

May 4, 1998

The next day, no one mentioned their liaisons or connections, which was just as well, since the schedule for the funerals...~~the~~*next day*... how could it possibly be so soon?...had come out in the *Prophet*, and they were sobered by the task of working out which ones they could go to and which they'd have to miss. The paper was marred with circles and lines and arrows as all three of them offered their opinions on the scheduling nightmare. Even Hermione's vast experience with timetables wasn't enough to solve all their problems, and they all lamented the loss of the Timeturners two years before.

Ron Flooded to the Burrow for a quick check-in, and that evening, after a quiet dinner, all three were content to keep to themselves, holding vigil with their own thoughts until bedtime. They knew they had to get a good night's rest to fortify themselves for the stress of the next day.

Still, when Hermione got in bed and saw how miserable Harry looked, curled in on himself, she didn't say a word but instead curled up behind him, offering the comfort of an understanding embrace. And when Ron came out of the bathroom and saw them that way, he simply nodded and climbed in behind her, spooning against her and reaching forward to lay a hand on Harry's arm as well. The closeness allowed them all to fall asleep.

May 5, 1998

The next morning, they were up early, grim and quiet as they donned formal black robes for the services. It was only to curb Hermione's stern lecture that Harry and Ron ate anything before they left Grimmauld Place, as neither of them felt like they would ever be hungry again. Harry's bitter mutter that he wished they could go Polyjuiced was met with sober looks of rueful agreement, but they were silent when Hermione gripped their hands...like she had so many times before...and Apparated them to the cemetery.

The day went by like a blur of pain; Harry's throat was so tight that he doubted he could utter a sound. The haze of anguish was broken up by needle-sharp moments of clarity, forming memories that he knew would be burned into his mind forever...

A chalk-white Andromeda Tonks holding baby Teddy as she watched her daughter's casket being lowered into the ground beside her husband's grave, her eyes hardly more than burnt holes in a blanket...stark contrast with Teddy's rainbow-hued, ever-shifting hair...

The plain marker and simple, unadorned casket that contained what was left of Remus Lupin, finally free of offending the sensibilities of bigoted wizarding folk who blamed him for what he was...

Wails enough to rival a banshee's that cut through them like razors...

The variety of sunset hues that capped the heads of the crowd of Weasleys around Fred's grave, a ring of fire on a sea of black...

When they approached the Weasleys, Harry stiffened, fully expecting...even half-hoping...to be attacked. But Arthur just clapped him on the shoulder and thanked him quietly for coming, Molly enveloped him in a trembling hug, and Ginny squeezed his hand. Even Bill, Charlie, and Percy murmured acknowledgements. But George...

George had eyes for no one and nothing but the casket that hid the other half of his soul from him. As the service went on, tears flowed freely, including from Ron, Hermione, and Harry, but George merely stared, blank and dry-eyed, until they finished lowering the casket into the ground.

Then, after the group began to break up, many moving on to the next service, Harry looked at Hermione from the discreet distance they had retreated to so the family could have the final moments alone and croaked, "I know we said we'd go to Snape's next, but I'm not moving until Ron is ready. You go on, and if anyone asks, tell them we're on our way."

Harry knew that Snape's funeral would be sparsely attended, and he knew he owed it to the man to be there, but at the moment, the living were more important than the dead, and he had to be there for Ron. Hermione dithered, torn between her duelling responsibilities. Harry whispered, "Please, Hermione, the man deserves some recognition for all he did..."

Hermione set her teeth and nodded. "All right. I'll go. I don't want to leave him either."

"I know."

"Just... just make sure he knows I didn't desert him, okay?"

Harry hugged her and murmured, "He'd never even think that. Thank you."

Hermione patted his back and stepped away, casting one last look at the mourning group before hurrying across the cemetery to where Snape's funeral had begun.

Harry stood alone, his hand stuffed into his pockets, blinking back the tears that insisted on welling up. Suddenly, there was a commotion at the grave, and he heard voices raised in distress. Brandishing his wand, he ran closer, only to stop short in horror at what he saw.

The Weasleys had tried to leave, encouraging George to come away, but he resisted their pleas. Then, when his father had clasped his arm to guide him away, George had wrenched free, hurling himself onto the casket and shouting, "No! I won't leave him alone! I can't!"

He prostrated himself on the casket lid and broke into savage sobs. Writheing and pounding on the lid, scratching at the wood and bloodying his fingernails, he wailed, "Pour the dirt in! Do it! Just leave me here with him! Fred... Fre-e-ed! You can't leave me alone!"

Chaos erupted after that first frozen moment of sickening shock. Molly screamed in anguish, her hands covering her face. Ginny collapsed in a dead faint, only saved from hitting the ground by Percy grabbing at her robes. Arthur dropped to his knees in the dirt and stretched an imploring hand to his grief-stricken son. Charlie jumped onto the casket and struggled to lift his brother to his feet, to stop him from doing any more damage to himself. Bill immediately began casting spells to shield them from prying eyes and keep their family drama to themselves. Ron stood with his arms wrapped tightly around his middle, bent forward as if in physical pain, staring with haunted eyes at what looked like his brother losing his sanity all at once.

Harry looked around in panic, partly glad that Hermione wasn't there to witness the disturbing spectacle, and partly wishing she were there to know what to do. He ran to Ron, wrapping his arm around him and supporting him as the taller boy swayed on his feet. Ron was decidedly green, and he shook in Harry's grasp as he rasped, "Oh gods, get me out of here, Harry. *Please*..."

Harry nodded, guiding Ron to stagger away, panting, "Right. Okay. We'll go find Hermione at Snape's service..."

Ron shuddered violently and barked, "No! No more funerals! I have to get *out* of here!"

Cold sweat trickled down Harry's neck and he stopped, holding onto Ron as if for dear life. "Okay. We'll go home. Just... just hang on, okay?"

Ron made a sort of choking sound, but nodded, leaning heavily against Harry. Harry closed his eyes and tried to block out the screaming and weeping from behind them. Concentrating as hard as he could, he Apparated them to Grimmauld Place, directly to the bedroom.

Ron's groan of relief marked his surge of strength and he lurched toward the bathroom, slamming the door open and crumpling to his hands and knees on the tile. Harry rushed forward to help him, but Ron didn't make it to the toilet fast enough and retched onto the floor, heaving up the breakfast he had forced down that morning.

Harry grabbed a towel and dropped to his knees beside his friend, rubbing his back and muttering soothing nonsense as Ron convulsed and dry heaved, his choking turning into wracking sobs. Harry Vanished the pool of sick, but there were splatters on Ron's clothes, and his face was a mess of vomit, tears, and snot.

Yanking the shower curtain open, Harry shot to his feet and wrenched the taps on. Crouching, he wrapped his arms around Ron's ribs and struggled to help him stand. "It's okay. I'm here. It'll all be okay. I promise. Come on now. Let's get you cleaned up. The water's nice and warm. You'll feel better. I swear."

While he continued his stream of encouragement, he wrestled the soiled clothes off of Ron's trembling frame and led him to step into the shower. But when he started to let go, Ron listed dangerously to one side, his knees buckling. Harry once again wrapped his arms around Ron and ended up under the spray, soaking his robes. Giving it up as a bad job, Harry propped Ron against the shower wall, shucked his clothes, and then returned to embrace his best friend...Ron leaning back against Harry's chest...holding him as he suffered through his paroxysm of grief.

Wetting a flannel, Harry wiped Ron's face, still crooning comforting phrases. Eventually, the throat-tearing sobs subsided into weaker sniffles and shudders, and Ron lifted

his hands to cover Harry's where they were splayed across Ron's chest and belly. Harry rested his head on the back of Ron's shoulder, and Ron let his head fall back on Harry's shoulder, his hair draining in rivulets down Harry's back.

Ron felt the vibrations on his shoulder as Harry said, "It's okay. You're not alone." The statement was punctuated with a gentle kiss, a demonstration of the love and loyalty that bound them to each other. They stood there, silent, under the hot water, breathing in the steam, for a long while. Harry wasn't going to move until Ron did, and Ron seemed almost frozen in Harry's arms.

After who knew how long...time seemed to have lost all meaning...Hermione burst into the bathroom, her eyes wide in panic. Taking in the sodden, rumpled piles of robes at a glance, she gasped and flung the curtain open, gaping at Ron leaning into Harry's supporting embrace. Gaze racing between Ron's haggard expression and Harry's pleading eyes, she merely whispered, "What happened?"

Ron turned his face toward the wall, grimacing, so Harry quickly said, "George lost it. Ron was sick. I had to get him out of there."

Hermione's eyes filled with tears and she nodded in sympathy. "I left as soon as Professor Snape's service was over...it wasn't very long...and I looked everywhere for you, but no one could tell me where you were. I knew something had to be wrong for you to just not show up..."

She paused, struggling with the strap on her shoe. Harry was staring at her, owl-eyed; she had been disrobing the entire time she was talking, and he didn't know what to do or say.

Wrenching the shoe off, she briskly stripped off her bra and knickers, kicking their clothes to the side before she stepped into the tub as well. Ducking in front of Ron, she framed his face with her hands and urged him to look at her. Tears were mixing with the shower spray trickling down his cheeks.

"Ron, please, look at me. We're here. Everything's going to be all right. I'm sorry I wasn't there to help Harry take care of you, but I'm here now, and we're not going anywhere. We love you."

Ron's lips trembled and he released Harry's hands to wrap his arms around Hermione, crushing her against him. Harry slid his hands from in between Ron and Hermione and splayed his fingers over Hermione's ribs at the same time he felt Hermione's hands on his sides, surrounding Ron with love and support.

They were all drenched and naked and pressed together, but they finally started to feel calmer. When Hermione felt Ron's trembling subside, she backed away to look at him again. The haunted look in his eyes had faded, and his muscles had regained some strength. When she smoothed his sodden hair out of his face and stretched up to kiss him, he jerked away and muttered, "Don't. I need to brush my teeth first."

Hermione smiled tenderly and stepped back, flicking a glance at Harry. He understood that Ron was finally out of the thrall of funeral horror and relaxed his grip around the taller boy, carefully backing away. Ron took a deep breath and turned to look back at Harry.

Sober green eyes met blue, and Harry murmured, "You all right?"

Ron blinked several times, then nodded faintly. "Thanks. I just really want to finish getting cleaned up."

Harry nodded and tilted his head at Hermione, indicating they should leave Ron to his privacy. She flashed an acknowledging smile and edged past Ron to crowd by Harry, saying, "We'll leave you to it then. But we'll be right out there, so don't worry. You're not alone."

There, she had said it too. That was the message that seemed necessary to repeat, for all of them to know, deep down. As isolated as their pain and misery might make them feel, they weren't alone. They had each other, and that love would be what healed them.

Hermione opened the curtain and stepped out first, reaching over to grab the last towel still hanging up. When she had wrapped it around herself, she crossed to the linen cabinet and grabbed two more, handing one to Harry as he emerged from the tub. She hung the third towel by the shower and retrieved her wand to send their clothes and the used towels still on the floor to the laundry. With a practiced flick, she cast a drying spell on her hair, and Harry watched it frizz in the steam filling the bathroom.

Smiling reassuringly, she said, "Come on."

They retreated to the bedroom and climbed onto the bed, still shrouded in damp towels. Finally relaxing from his heightened state of vigilance, Harry sighed and leant against the pillows propped at the headboard, closing his eyes. He jumped when he felt Hermione's hand brushing his fringe over his forehead, and his eyes snapped open.

She was smiling fondly, her gaze full of sympathy. "That must have been horrible. I'm glad you were there to help."

"Yeah. It was. I'm kinda' glad you didn't see it."

She nodded. "Indeed. Of course, Professor Snape's service was sad enough..."

Harry cringed. "I feel terrible that I missed it. Honest!" He hung his head and mumbled, "What was it like?"

Hermione frowned and said, "The only people there were from Hogwarts or the press. And there were few enough of them as it was. It's such a shame that we all misjudged him for so long."

"I hope the press didn't think I wasn't there because I didn't care... because I do! To do what he did for all those years...he was braver than I ever imagined."

Hermione nodded pensively. "Did you notice...there was no Headmaster portrait in the office. I had hoped it might have meant that he hadn't really died, but... I was wrong."

Harry's brows rose and he sat forward. "You're right! I *didn't* realize that until you said it. That's just wrong. And unfair!" He scowled in righteous indignation for a moment, then lit up, saying, "That's *it*! I'm gonna' make sure he gets a portrait, and I'm gonna' have a dedication once it's done...and the press can report that Harry Potter did *not* ignore his sacrifices even if I didn't manage to make it to the funeral!"

Hermione beamed at him and said, "That's a wonderful idea, Harry!" Harry grinned back, a spark of warmth at doing something worthwhile spreading in his chest. Hermione leant forward and enveloped him in a hug, saying, "I'm so proud of you," then pulled back and kissed him.

He returned her embrace and kiss with enthusiasm; the shred of relieved happiness in the wake of such a stressful day felt magnified in comparison. The joyful kiss melted into eager snogging, and it was a few minutes before they broke apart, flushed and breathless.

They both gave a startled gasp at Ron saying, "Don't stop now..." and turned wide eyes to see him lounging against the bathroom doorframe, his hair damp and tousled, the towel slung low around his hips, and a definite bulge tenting the cloth in front. His amused smirk widened and his eyes darkened with wicked intent as they gaped at him, abashed.

Hermione began, "Ron, I...we...it's not what you think..."

Ron cut her off, saying, "What? It's not people who love each other expressing it? Doing what they can to stave off the darkness...the pain? Helping each other feel alive in the wake of death?" He slowly crossed to them, resting his hands on their shoulders. "What is it, then?"

Hermione gazed up at him, amazed understanding and adoration making her eyes almost glow. In a whisper, she said, "Well, actually, I guess it *is* what you think."

He smiled, bending down to press a gentle kiss on her lips. "Excellent. Then I want to be a part of it, too."

Hermione's delighted laugh drew answering grins from both boys, and they exchanged a glance as she crawled backward on the bed, giving Ron room to climb on with them. When he was seated, one leg dangling over the side of the bed, and the bulge of his towel still visible in his lap, Ron said, "So, looks like we're all on the same page here. I mean, everyone's seen the others together in some way already."

Hermione's brow furrowed in confusion, and Harry ducked his head, his cheeks flushing. "What do you mean, Ron? I know I told you I had seen you and Harry together, and you just walked in on us..."

Ron's smirk was devilish as he said, "And Harry's seen you and me. Right, Harry?"

Hermione snapped her astonished gaze to Harry, and he shrugged sheepishly. "I didn't know how to tell you, or when, but I saw you and Ron in the bathroom that first night."

Hermione's hand rose to cover her mouth as she blushed. She started curling in on herself, her other hand coming up to cross her chest. Ron immediately reached out and gripped her arm, saying, "Don't. There's nothing to be embarrassed about...you were starters in the shower just now, so what's the problem?"

Harry thwacked Ron and said, "It's different! She made the choice to strip down now, but the other night, she thought things were private!"

Hermione glanced shyly at Harry and murmured, "Exactly. Thank you, Harry."

Harry met her eyes and said, "I'm sorry I spied on you, and I'm sorry I didn't tell you, especially when you came clean to me. But I will say this: I couldn't stop watching because... not only was it beautiful, I wished I was in there too."

Ron looked between them with a lopsided grin, and Hermione flashed a tentative smile of forgiveness at Harry, squeezing his hand. Shifting to curl his legs under him and kneel on the bed, Ron said, "So, if we all want the same thing...each other...then what's stopping us?"

Both Harry and Hermione turned startled gazes on Ron, who simply stared back in challenge and invitation. Then, Harry looked back at Hermione and caressed her hand where it was still tucked into his. She looked down at their hands, then up at Harry. He smiled tentatively, and she relaxed, biting her lower lip and blushing again as she averted her eyes.

Ron clasped their arms and urged them to move closer. His voice was low and coaxing as he said, "Why don't you get back to what you were doing when I so rudely interrupted..."

Harry glanced at Ron and saw the blue of his eyes almost obliterated by his dilated pupils. Then he locked eyes with Hermione as he closed the distance between them, once again using his thumb to release her lower lip from between her teeth so he could soothe it with a kiss. Hermione responded with fervour, and they squirmed closer, their hands roaming over their now-dry skin.

Ron exhaled a low groan of appreciation and loosened his towel so it could slide off as he crawled around them, pausing to brush their hair out of the way and trail a caress or graze his lips over their flesh. After several moments, he eased the towels off of them, flinging them to the floor.

Harry felt the towel slipping away and a stab of heat washed over him, ending in his cock, which bounced and strained toward Hermione. His hands slid down her sides and over her hips, and she moaned against his mouth. He backed away and nibbled along her jaw and down her throat as her head canted back in pleasure. Ron was behind her, but he quickly moved to the side, allowing Harry to press her backward, guiding her to lie down.

Hermione twisted her legs out from under her and sank onto her elbows, gasping as Harry continued down her chest, diverting to either side and suckling her nipples before laving along her ribs and down to her navel. Hermione shuddered and collapsed onto her back, her hands flying up to pass over her face and rake through her hair, her eyes closed and mouth open, and her knees bent, framing Harry's shoulders.

Ron was crouched to one side, barely blinking, his body flushed and burning with desire as he drank in the sight of the two people he loved loving each other. Unable to hold back any longer, he surged forward and descended on Hermione, snogging her deeply while Harry inched backward, his wet kisses zeroing in on the inviting heat between her thighs. Hermione squealed into Ron's mouth at the sensation of Harry's tongue delving into her cleft, laving her from cunt to clit.

Ron backed away and looked down at Harry's face buried between Hermione's legs, exhaling heavily. Licking his lips, he breathed, "Fuck yeah... doesn't she taste good, Harry?" Harry hummed an affirmative, making Hermione buck, and Ron voiced a wicked chuckle. "She feels even better. Don't you want her? To sink deep into her?"

Hermione moaned at that, and Ron inched closer to Harry, leaning down to watch his friend sucking Hermione's clit. His voice was hoarse as he continued, "You want her to come for you? Touch her. You watched us; you know what to do. Go on; make her squeeze your fingers. She's so fucking hot and she gets so wet. Make her come, and then maybe she'll let you fuck her too."

Again, Hermione moaned, panting and whimpering as Harry followed Ron's urging and slid two fingers into her cunt. Ron grinned, looking up the length of Hermione's undulating body, and crawled down beside Harry, where he smoothed a hand across Harry's back, feeling the play of muscles and sinew as Harry slowly fucked Hermione with one hand and sucked her clit at the same time.

Ron continued caressing Harry as he watched Hermione writhing in bliss. He knew she was building to her peak, and he wanted to see her shatter in ecstasy at Harry's hands. He trailed a hand down Harry's back, then over his hip and down his haunch, feeling Harry tense up beneath his fingers. Leaning near Harry's ear, he breathed, "Relax. Just enjoy. We love you, you love us... it's all good."

At the end of his words, Ron pressed a tender kiss to Harry's neck, grazing his lips over his shoulder and down his back as he massaged Harry's hamstring, soothing the taut muscle. Harry's eyes closed at the electric charge that raced over him, starting at Ron's touches and ending in his pulsing cock. Ron's lips pulled away from Harry's flesh at the same time he slipped his hand between Harry's legs and gently stroked along his bollocks and down his erection.

Harry's surprised shout was muffled against Hermione's pussy, and the startled thrust of his fingers plus the vibrations of his voice sent Hermione over the edge of the abyss, making her curl forward in shuddering convulsions, shrieking her release. Ron wrapped his forefinger and thumb around the base of Harry's cock and squeezed in an effort to stave off the possibility of Harry shooting his load too early. The feel of Ron's hand touching him so intimately while Hermione orgasmed from his efforts flooded him with elation, warming him with more than sexual heat.

As Hermione calmed, Ron released Harry's cock, once again gently stroking it, as he purred, "That's it... see? Isn't she amazing? Don't you want to feel her squeezing your cock the same way?" He wrapped his hand around Harry's shaft and squeezed, making Harry shiver. "I wonder if she needs convincing..."

Harry lifted his damp face from between her thighs and withdrew his fingers, carefully crawling forward, trying to meet Hermione's eyes. She heaved a few more deep breaths, then opened glazed eyes to lock gazes with Harry. She saw the apprehension mixed with desire and affection, and she smiled, reaching up to pull him down for a reassuring kiss. After a long moment of snogging, tasting herself on him, she pulled away, whispering, "Harry... please... make love to me."

Harry's moan blended with Ron's deeper groan, then Harry and Hermione both gasped at the feel of Ron's hands between their legs, guiding Harry to fill her in one long excruciatingly slow stroke. When Harry was buried completely, he sighed, revelling in the warmth of Hermione's cunt clenching along his length. Ron moved up to one side, eyes alight with arousal as he watched them rock against each other.

Harry shifted so he could sink back onto his heels, with Hermione angled up on his thighs. He looked down and marvelled at the sight of his cock sliding in and out of her slick curls. Ron breathed, "Amazing..."

Harry glanced up at Ron, who locked eyes with him again, edging closer. Ron lifted one hand to tangle his fingers in Harry's hair at the back of his neck, pulling him in for a vehement kiss. Hermione whimpered at the sight of them snogging again, tongues duelling for dominance. After several minutes of kissing Harry while he was fucking Hermione, Ron pulled away, looking down at Hermione's fingers circling her clit. Eyes narrowing and lips spreading in a feral grin, he crawled backward and ducked down to replace her fingers with his tongue, making Hermione squeal at the same time Harry groaned at the implications of seeing Ron's ginger head bobbing below his waist.

Hermione reached out and tugged on Ron's leg, guiding him toward her. She panted, "I want you too."

Ron lifted up and beamed at Harry as she pulled him into position, straddling her head, and when she enveloped his cock in her mouth, Ron once again pulled Harry into a passionate kiss. Harry could taste Hermione's juices on Ron's tongue, and thrust harder. Hermione cried out, the sound muffled by Ron, and Ron let go of Harry so he could dive down to lick her again.

Harry peered down, leaning back and trying to see, but Ron's head was in the way. As he leant back, however, sliding out of Hermione's cunt, he moved too far, and accidentally disengaged completely, bouncing upward. Ron's eyes were trained on the glistening head bobbing in front of him and he stretched forward, capturing it with his lips and sucking it in deep, swirling his tongue along the underside to the accompaniment of Harry's shout of, "Oh gods yeah! Yesss... Ronnn..."

Hermione made an excited squealing noise, pulling Ron down and sucking him in until the head of his cock was lodged at the back of her throat. Ron's eyes rolled back and he groaned, sending delicious vibrations into Harry's bollocks. A moment later, Hermione urged Ron up, releasing him and gasping, "Ron, Harry, wait..."

Ron let Harry's cock slip out of his mouth and carefully rolled to the side. Harry was panting, his erection throbbing in time with his heartbeat, leaning back, holding himself up with both hands while his feet were trapped under his arse. Ron was crouched on his hands and knees, and Hermione struggled to sit up, backing away from being propped up and spread on Harry's lap.

They all stared at each other, overwhelmed by how fantastic everything felt with the three of them together. Hermione licked her lips, suddenly looking nervous.

Harry was instantly concerned at her change of expression and rasped, "Are you all right?"

Hermione nodded, saying, "Yes! I'm great...this is all great. I just..."

She trailed off, biting her lip again, and Ron caressed her calf, saying, "Hermione, tell us what's wrong, please."

Harry shoved forward and listed to one side, freeing his feet and stretching. His expression rueful, he added, "I doubt you can surprise us now, after all this..."

Everyone grinned, and Hermione cleared her throat. Taking a deep breath and squaring her shoulders, she murmured, "It was so wonderful to have both of you. I just... want to *really* have both of you."

Harry and Ron exchanged stunned glances, and Hermione ducked her head, blushing at her boldness. Ron breathed, "I'm game. You?"

Harry wasn't sure exactly what Hermione wanted, but he realized he didn't much care. As long as he was with them and they were all enjoying each other, that was all that mattered. He would do anything he could to have happiness and love, after all the pain and misery they had suffered. He looked at Ron, then at Hermione. "Whatever you want, I want."

Hermione's eyes flashed in arousal, and she shifted onto her knees so she could crawl forward and kiss both of them in turn. "Well then, I want you both..."

Ron's voice was hoarse with suppressed excitement as he said, "How?"

Hermione wrapped one hand around each cock, stroking in tandem, eliciting sighs of pleasure. Thoughtfully examining them both, she noted which was longer, which was thicker, and how straight or curved they were. Ron was longer and more slender, pointing straight out from his nest of bright red curls. Harry was thicker, if not as long, and curved up toward his belly. A lascivious smile curving her swollen lips, she said, her voice husky with need, "Harry, I want you in front. And Ron, I want you in back."

Both boys groaned as they comprehended her intent. Hermione's hands gripped tighter when she said, "But we have to go slow. It's not something one can just *do* without proper preparation...at least that's what I've read."

They couldn't help it...it was just so Hermione to have read up on kinky sex...and they all burst out laughing. Both boys shuffled closer, wrapping their arms around her and taking turns kissing her and nibbling on her neck. Ron was eager to begin, and he dipped his fingers into her slick cunt, making her gasp. Trailing his fingertips back, he circled her pucker, making her shiver at the tickle. Suddenly, he pulled away and said, "I have a better idea..."

Harry and Hermione eyed him in curiosity as he crawled out of Hermione's grasp and circled behind her, nibbling at the juncture of her shoulder and neck and pressing his erection against her lower back. "Harry, lie down." Exchanging a look with Hermione, Harry shrugged and did as he was bid. "Hermione, straddle him like you're about to fuck, but don't do it yet."

Hermione, one eyebrow quirked thoughtfully, complied, smiling at Harry as she hovered over him and felt his hands sliding along her sides. Ron bent down behind her, straddling Harry's ankles, and caressed Hermione's arse. Then, dropping to his elbows, he leant forward and dragged his tongue from her cunt up to her crack, circling her twitching hole and pressing the tip of his tongue into the indentation. Hermione's eyes flew open wide and she gasped in shock, but Harry held her up when she seemed to lose all strength, dropping lower with a quavering moan as her eyes rolled back.

Ron felt the tension in her legs, and paused for her to regain her composure. With a devilish smirk, he purred, "Everything all right?"

Hermione lifted her face from Harry's neck and met his concerned gaze. Taking a deep breath, she watched Harry's reaction as she growled, "If you want to fuck my arse with your cock, Ron Weasley, you damn well better fuck me with that tongue enough first."

Harry's breath caught, a jolt of arousal shooting through his body at hearing such filthy talk from her mouth again. Then, apparently as Ron followed her orders and dived between her cheeks again, she descended on Harry with plundering kisses of unmitigated lust.

Ron bathed her arse with his tongue, plunging in as far as he could, loosening the tight ring of muscle and making her more receptive. He slid one finger into her dripping cunt, making her squeal and clench down on his invading finger and tongue, then slowly pressed that slippery finger into her arse, exhaling harshly at her needy moan.

It slid in fairly easily, so he fucked her with it a few times before pulling out and laving her with his tongue again. Then, he dipped a second single finger into her cunt to lubricate it before pressing both fingers into her arse, grinning at how she arched back toward him, taking them deeper on her own. Gently, he started to scissor his fingers, stretching her, and she let loose a string of profanity that set Harry's cock throbbing.

Tossing her head, she panted, "I need to be fucked. Harry, please..." Ron started to withdraw his fingers but stopped when she barked, "No! Keep doing that. Don't stop."

Harry gripped his cock and dragged the head between her slick curls, searching for the inviting heat of her cunt. She rocked her hips and suddenly he was slotted inside her. Undulating, Hermione sank onto him, taking him in deep. Harry marvelled at how tight she felt around him, then cried out in surprise when Ron flexed his fingers...Harry could feel it! He stayed buried inside her as Ron started fucking her again, still scissoring his fingers as he went. It felt like he was stroking along the underside of Harry's cock, adding to the incredible sensations.

Rocking his hips, Harry thrust shallowly, and Hermione cooed in appreciation. Ron's fingers were suddenly gone, quickly replaced by his tongue tracing over Harry's bollocks and Hermione's arse. Harry's hoarse yell of, "Fuck! Ron! Yeah!" mixed with Hermione's growled litany of depraved instructions.

Finally, after a long while of Ron switching between fucking Hermione with his fingers and tongue, he licked his palm and stroked himself, then crawled closer behind

Hermione, splaying his hand on the small of her back, guiding her to lean down and thrust her arse higher. Harry stilled, sinking deep and staying there, and a hush fell over all of them as Ron pressed the tip of his cock against Hermione's arse.

Harry stared hard at Hermione, watching the shifting expressions on her face. Her brows drew together in a frown of concentration, and she wavered between biting her lips, grimacing, and exhaling slowly. Harry rubbed her back and sides, trying to help her relax against the intrusion. Ron's breathing was harsh and shallow, and Harry could feel him trembling with effort to control his movement. Periodically, Hermione would tense, and Ron would immediately stop, allowing her time to get used to the stretch of his cock filling her arse.

After a couple of agonizingly slow inches, Harry slid his hand around her hip and dipped down to tease her clit. Hermione gasped, her head flinging back, and both Harry and Ron grunted at the way her body contracted around them. She let out a long shuddering breath and whispered, "Oh gods... Harry, do that again." He circled her clit and she trembled, her breath catching. "Mmm, yes... Keep doing that... Yes... Now, Ron, more..."

Ron pressed forward, inching deeper, nearly choking at the rhythmic squeezing around his cock as Hermione relaxed enough to take him in. When he bottomed out, his bollocks flush against Harry's, he groaned and draped himself across her back, rasping, "Hermione... Harry... you're so fucking incredible..."

Hermione turned her head and kissed him, then leant down to kiss Harry. When she pulled away, she looked at them both, her pupils dilated to inky blackness, and breathed, "I love it. I love you. Both of you." She paused for a beat, then purred, "Now, *move*."

Harry instantly rocked his hips, pulling partway out, amazed at how tight she was, and both Ron and Hermione cried out. Then, Ron withdrew about halfway, and Harry huffed at the surreal sensation of Ron's cock rubbing against his while he was still encased in Hermione's tight heat. Looking past Hermione, Harry met Ron's gaze of incredulous joy and smiled. As one, they plunged in again, drawing a ragged shriek of rapture from Hermione's throat.

The intensity was beyond anything they could have ever imagined. Words became meaningless, and they created a rhythm as old as time itself. Senses overloaded with the euphoria of their union, they forgot about the rest of the world, oblivious to anything other than each other and the ecstasy they created with their bodies and souls.

Eventually, the pleasure couldn't build any more, and Hermione gasped, tensing as she reached her peak. Harry and Ron felt her clamping down on them, and they locked eyes again as they maintained their rhythm, drawing out her shuddering release.

When she collapsed between them, panting, Ron stretched down and kissed Harry over her shoulder, increasing his thrusting in both speed and force. Hermione shrieked again in encouragement, and Harry grunted against Ron's lips, the heightened intensity driving him past the pinnacle of his climax. He slammed into Hermione, bucking as come pumped out of him, flooding her clutching cunt and trickling down his bollocks.

Ron felt the pulsing of Harry's cock against his own inside Hermione, and the slippery wetness of Harry's come spreading against his bollocks when he plunged in deep, roaring his satisfaction as he followed his best friends' orgasms with his own.

Their ears were ringing as they all went weak, melting together in the wake of the blissful culmination of their love. Ron's cock slid out of Hermione, dragging across Harry's bollocks as Ron rolled to the side. Harry lay there, pinned by Hermione's limp body until she worked up enough strength to lift off his wilting erection and slump to the side between him and Ron. Her leg and arm were still flung across Harry's body, so Ron squirmed further to the side and tugged on her shoulder, rolling her onto her back. They all simply lay there, panting, coming down from their euphoric high, sweat and come drying on their skin.

In the lengthening silence, Harry exhaled a deep sigh of contentment and murmured, "Wow... that was a helluva first time."

Ron and Hermione both burst out laughing and Harry grinned at the happiness of the sound. Hermione tilted, "Well, I'm glad you enjoyed it. I know I did."

Ron piped up, "Hear hear!" They all snorted and sighed, still grinning. Then Ron shoved up onto one elbow and caressed Hermione, his voice solicitous as he asked, "Are you all right? I didn't hurt you at all?"

Harry snapped his eyes to Hermione, concerned. But Hermione's lips were quirked with a wanton smirk as she said, "I'm fine. Honestly! More than fine, really. It took some getting used to, and stung a little bit at first, but...wow...that was more intense than I could ever have imagined." She cut a wicked glance at each boy before adding, "I think you should try it yourself and find out."

Harry and Ron both wore identical expressions of surprise followed by consideration. They locked eyes and spoke at the same time. Ron said, "I'm game," and Harry said, "Worth a shot."

Hermione bounced, her hands gripping each of them in a spasm of exultation. Her voice was throaty as she said, "Don't you dare try it without me!"

The boys snorted and Ron quirked a rueful smile at her. "Love, you may be able to get there multiple times in quick succession, but I know I'm done for *at least* a few hours yet. I've never come so hard."

Harry uttered a noise of agreement, and he said, "Besides, how would we decide who tries it first?"

Ron's bark of incredulous laughter nearly drowned out Hermione's delighted gasp. She struggled to sit up and leant over Harry, smiling devilishly, as she said, "Well, since Ron already knows what it feels like to fuck a tight arse, I think it's only fair that you find out next."

Harry's eyes went round and his gut clenched again at the idea and Hermione's graphic words. Ron crawled closer and ducked down to stick his face between theirs. "Sounds like a plan to me. We've got all night to try again. After all, it's hardly even dinnertime...speaking of which, though, I'm famished. Used up a bit of energy, you see..."

Harry grinned and Hermione laughed, pushing him away. As he rolled on his back next to them, she bent down and kissed Harry. "He's got a point. What do you say we get some food to sustain us for further... explorations later?"

Harry nodded, taking a moment to stretch when Hermione rolled away to kiss Ron. She bounced off the bed and snagged her towel from the floor, saying, "I think I need a proper shower first, though." On her way to the bathroom, she cast a flirtatious glance over her shoulder and said, "You're welcome to join me if you like."

She disappeared behind the door and Harry flicked a glance at Ron. Ron grinned at him and winked. "It's probably pretty safe to join her right now, since I don't think I could get it up if I wanted to."

Harry snorted, rolling off the bed and steadying himself on weak legs. When Ron stood and started crossing to the bathroom, Harry gripped his arm and spun him around, pulling him closer. Ron gazed at him in curiosity, his brows raised. Harry frowned in concern and murmured, "I know that was spectacular, but I'm still worried about you, mate. Are you gonna' be all right? I mean, we have to go out in the real world again sometime."

Ron's expression sobered and he looked down. Taking a deep breath, he said, "I know. I'm trying not to think about things...and being with you two helps loads. Something about being close to you two like this just... helps me feel better. And not just in the naughty bits, but on the inside, too. Does that make sense?"

At Ron's grimace, Harry quirked a lopsided smile, gripped the back of Ron's neck, and said, "More than it would to anyone but us." He pulled Ron's head down and pressed his forehead to his, then kissed him...a gentle one of reassurance and love.

Ron responded by tugging Harry into an embrace. A beat later, he stepped back and jerked his head at the bathroom. "Come on, let's get in there before she's all done." Taking Harry's hand, he started to lead the way, then stopped and slanted a mischievous glance at him. "Just so you know, I may not be able to get it up right now, but I'll *definitely* be ready for round two later...so you better eat your vegetables, Harry-my-boy, 'cause I fully expect you to need that energy to rock my world and show me what a good shag feels like. Got it?"

He waggled his eyebrows and Harry laughed. Then, before they could open the door, Harry shoved Ron against it and trapped him with his body, smirking and saying, "Count on it, mate."

He abruptly pulled away and yanked the door open, pushing Ron with it. Harry entered the shower, leaving Ron to lean dazedly against the doorjamb, breathing heavily until he said, "I knew things were supposed to be better after we won the war, but... bloody hell!"

Lips spreading in a beatific grin, he ducked into the bathroom to join the two people he loved most. Together, they would all heal and be whole again. Eventually.