

Her Deepest Desires

by *articcat621*

Hermione looks to find the Mirror of Erised. She's curious as to what her deepest desire is. What will she do when she finds out what is?

Part One

Chapter 1 of 2

Hermione looks to find the Mirror of Erised. She's curious as to what her deepest desire is. What will she do when she finds out what is?

A/N: This is a short piece of work that contains two parts. Yes, this is an unusual pairing, but I have read some really good stories featuring them. I hope you all enjoy, however.

Betas: Many thanks to Krissy and krazyredhead0317 for both looking this over. I appreciate your help!

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Her Deepest Desires

"Harry?"

"Yes, Hermione?" Harry asked, looking up from his homework.

She bit her lip as she shifted in her seat. "Do you know where the Mirror of Erised is?"

Harry sent her a funny look. "No, I don't. Professor Dumbledore told me my first year that it had been moved. I don't know where to." He paused. "Why?"

"Oh, I was just wondering," she murmured, her cheeks growing red. "I had read about it in *Hogwarts, A History* and was wondering where it was. I'd love to see it in person."

He shrugged. "Sorry, 'Mione."

She scowled at the use of that *horrid* nickname, but nodded. If she wanted to find the mirror, she'd have to do it on her own.

"Thanks anyways," she murmured.

That night, Hermione sneaked out of Gryffindor Tower. She was determined to find the Mirror of Erised. Ever since reading about, she wanted to see it. She wanted to know what she would see.

She had no idea what her deepest desire was. No clue at all, which made the mirror that much more appealing.

So she started her search. She started in the dungeons and worked her way upwards. She checked every nook and cranny she could think of. Luckily, she didn't run into trouble, as she had the Marauder's Map on her.

As the night dragged on, Hermione grew tired. Checking the time, she saw it was now past one in the morning. She had classes in the morning, and it wouldn't do for her to be late because of tiredness.

Just one more level, she thought to herself. And if she didn't see it, she would turn in.

As she walked along the fourth corridor, she huffed. She would never find it. Suddenly, something caught her eye. There was a stone that seemed strangely out of place in the castle's wall.

Hermione quickly walked over to the wall and gently touched the funny-looking stone. It suddenly moved, along with the stones surrounding it, revealing a small passageway.

Excitement bubbled up within her. She had definitely found something!

Walking into the passage, she cast a small Lumos spell. There were steps leading upwards. Carefully, she climbed them.

Hermione assumed that she must have been in one of the small towers of the school. A passage that was obviously abandoned, as there were cobwebs everywhere.

As she reached the top of the stairs, she held her breath. She glanced into the room.

There it was!

It stood tall in the center of the room. The gold trimmings sparkled, as if they were brand new. She saw the words written on the top. "Erised stra ehru oyt ube cafru oyt on wohsi." She tilted her head to the side, trying to figure out what was written. "Oh!" she exclaimed, grinning. "'I show not your face but your heart's desire.' Well, that's silly. They've got the spaces all mixed up."

Moving towards the mirror, Hermione held her breath. She couldn't wait to see what it would reveal. She would finally know what she wanted most in the world.

As she stepped in front of the mirror, she closed her eyes. After waiting a few moments, she opened them.

Her jaw immediately dropped.

She was in a rather romantic position with someone she had never met before. She couldn't see his face, but from behind, he had light colored skin and dirty blond hair. His hair was shoulder length, and his back was quite muscular.

The two of them were on a bed. He hovered over her, dipping his head low to plant kisses along her neck.

"Who is that?" she asked, peering closer at the mirror. Why couldn't he turn around so she could see his face?

Hermione watched eagerly, her own body stirring with desire. She sat down in front of the mirror, watching intently. It was like she was watching a Muggle porn movie. A small part of her protested that this was wrong, but she pushed that away.

The man turned, showing Hermione his face. She immediately gasped.

No... that couldn't be... Was it?

It was. She had seen him in the picture Harry had shown her last year. He was a part of the original Order of the Phoenix.

It was really him.

Her heart thudded in the chest as she realized a younger version of Alastor Moody stared back at her.

Her deepest desire was Alastor Moody.

Shaking her head, she tried to relax. Hermione knew that she admired the old Auror, but had never expected that she desired him that way.

But the more she thought about it, the more she realized he was a good fit for her. He was smart, both academically and in the real world. He always acted like he was tough and emotionless, but she had seen a more caring side to him.

When she was hurt during the Ministry battle last year, he had stepped in and dueled Dolohov. He had then stayed by her side, ensuring that she wasn't injured even more. He was the one who brought her to the Hospital Wing at Hogwarts. She saw the care in his eyes.

Hermione watched as Moody returned his attention to her in the mirror. His hands roamed her body as he kissed his way down her body. Both of his hands cupped her breasts, and his thumbs flicked over her nipples, causing them to stiffen into peaks.

Hermione felt her own nipples tighten. She bit her lip as desire coursed through her. She wanted Moody. She wanted to feel his hands on her body... her real body, not the one in the mirror.

Moody moved his head between her legs. The mirror Hermione arched her back as she tangled her hands in his hair.

She bit her lip as she watched. She moved her own hands lower, slipping them beneath her waistband. She was unsurprised to find herself wet. Watching Moody worship her own body turned her on more than she could admit. She slipped one finger into her heat and slowly moved it in and out. Her thumb flicked her clit as she continued to watch Moody and herself.

He was thrusting into her now. Her head was rolled back in what appeared to be pleasure. One of his hands gripped her waist as the other cupped her breast.

Hermione watched the muscles in his back bunch and relax with every move. The Moody she saw must have been in his early Auror days, as he was very muscular.

Her own fingers worked quickly. As Moody increased his thrusts, Hermione increased her own. She wanted to come at the same time as him. There was something intimate about it. Her face felt flush as she felt the growing sensation between her legs.

Moody climaxed, his body shuddering in pleasure. Mirror Hermione followed suit, thrusting her hips against him. Her arms snaked their way around his neck.

Hermione gasped as her own body shuddered. "Alastor," she moaned his name as she came, arching her body as her head fell backwards.

She lay there on the dusty floor as the spasms abated. Once she caught her breath, she sat upwards and looked back towards the mirror. She and Moody were still kissing, and it seemed they were getting ready for another round.

Utterly spent, Hermione stood. She wiped her hands on her skirt, getting rid of the dust. She smiled to herself as she glanced at the mirror once more. She looked so happy.

Full of bliss, Hermione returned to Gryffindor Tower, knowing that she would return the following night.

Hermione returned to the mirror the next four nights in a row. She grew more and more attached to the man in the mirror. Young Moody seemed to be a thorough lover, one that always left both her and the mirror Hermione wanting more.

However, on the fifth night, Hermione was disappointed to find the mirror wasn't there.

She stood in the dusty, old tower, a frown etched onto her face.

"It's been moved, Miss Granger."

She turned abruptly, embarrassed to see Professor Dumbledore standing in the doorway.

"It's no longer on school grounds." He looked at her with sympathetic eyes.

"Sir, couldn't I just see it one last time?" Hermione asked, hating how her voice sounded. She hated how desperate she sounded and felt.

"I'm sorry, Miss Granger, but that won't be happening. I understand the lure of the mirror, truly I do, but it's for the best. Many waste their days in front of it, and I would hate to see that happen to you."

"But it's the only way," Hermione murmured, trailing off. Heat colored her cheeks.

"I know, Miss Granger," he said sympathetically. He crossed the room and placed a gentle hand on her shoulder. "The mirror shows us what we desire. Oftentimes, it is not something we can realistically attain."

Hermione knew that he was right. There was no way she'd be able to be with the Moody she wanted. The one she knew wasn't the man she desired. There was no way Moody would even contemplate a relationship with her. And Hermione knew there were no more Time-Turners in existence.

There was no way she would be with Moody. Her heart ached with the knowledge.

"I apologize, Miss Granger," Professor Dumbledore said. "It's for the best, as you'll see in time."

Hermione nodded. "If you'll excuse me, sir, I think I'll go to bed now."

"Sleep well, Miss Granger." He watched as she turned and left the tower.

She sniffled as she returned to Gryffindor Tower. Hermione knew she shouldn't have looked in the mirror, but her curiosity had been too great. She hadn't been able to resist, and look where it landed her.

With a broken heart.

She knew she would be able to move on in time, but it still hurt. It hurt knowing she would be around Moody, but not in the way she truly wanted.

Curiosity certainly did kill the cat in this case.

Hermione headed to bed that night with a heavy heart. Lying in bed, she closed her eyes. At least she would still see Moody in her dreams.

And who knows, maybe someday she will see the Mirror of Erised once more.

Part Two

Chapter 2 of 2

Hermione looks to find the Mirror of Erised. She's curious as to what her deepest desire is. What will she do when she finds out what is?

A/N: Here's part two of this little tale! Thank you so much for reading and I hope you enjoy it!

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Her Deepest Desires Part II

It was six months since the end of the war. Six months since Voldemort had been defeated. It had been about fifteen months since Voldemort murdered Alastor Moody.

Hermione still mourned for Alastor. No one quite understood why she was so upset over his death. Ron and Harry assumed she just let her emotions get the better of her. Molly and Tonks both insisted that it was the stress of war.

None of them knew the truth. No one knew that Hermione had fallen in love with the older, paranoid man. Ever since she saw him in the mirror, her feelings had grown out of control. She kept it to herself, however, knowing that Alastor wouldn't have approved of her feelings anyways.

Hermione glanced down at her Charms essay with a sigh. She had returned to Hogwarts to complete her seventh year, unlike Harry and Ron, both of whom had accepted the honorary N.E.W.T.s offered by the Ministry.

"Hermione, did you hear?" Ginny asked, taking a seat next to her. An excited grin was on her face. "Tell me you've heard!"

"Heard what?" Hermione asked, somewhat confused. "What are you talking about?"

"Someone's been found by the lake!" Ginny gushed. "He's not a student at Hogwarts, but he was found wandering around. Headmistress McGonagall is speaking with him now." Her eyes glowed in delight. "Rumor has it he claims to be Alastor Moody. But that can't be possible, right?"

Hermione's heart pounded in her chest. "What?" she asked, her voice barely a whisper.

"It's supposedly Moody. It sure looks like him from the picture Harry has. Why don't you go find out?" Ginny suggested.

Hermione abruptly stood, shoving her parchment and book into her bag.

"I know you dream about him," Ginny added. "I've heard you moan his name in your sleep. Sometimes you cry, and I know it's for him. I don't know how or why, but I know."

She flushed. "I... It's hard to explain."

Ginny smirked. "Go see him, but when you get back, I want an explanation, got it?"

"Of course!" Hermione promised. "I'll see you later." She headed towards the Headmistress's office, hoping that Minerva would allow her to see him. She had to know... She just had to.

When she stood near the gargoyles, she said the password. "Peppermint toads." Hermione smiled. Minerva had kept Professor Dumbledore's tradition of setting the password as a type of candy.

Climbing the stairs, Hermione paused outside the doors. Tentatively, she raised her hand and knocked. She held her breath as she waited for an invite in.

"Come in," Minerva's voice rang out.

Hermione pushed the door open and entered the office. Her eyes immediately went to the figure standing in front of Minerva's desk.

"Hermione, what are you doing here?" Minerva asked.

He turned and glanced at her.

It was him. It was Alastor Moody. It was the version she had seen in the mirror.

"Hermione?" Minerva asked. "What is it?"

"It's you," she whispered. "Alastor..."

A confused expression crossed his face. "I'm sorry, have we met?"

Hermione flushed. "Er, yes, we have... At least, your older version and I have."

"Ah," he said, nodding. "It's all a bit confusing."

"How did you get here?" Hermione asked.

"A special, forward-moving Time-Turner," Alastor explained. "Although I didn't mean to come this far ahead obviously. My Time-Turner was destroyed in the process, so I'm stuck here."

Internally, Hermione jumped for joy. Fate had given her a chance. Alastor was here in her own time line. He was young and handsome, and she finally had a real chance to be with him.

"Ah," Minerva said, clearing her throat. "I see." She glanced at Hermione sympathetically. "I understand now, Hermione. Perhaps you could be the one to help Alastor settle in?"

"I'd love to," Hermione answered, smiling at Alastor. Her smile fell suddenly. "Minerva, what'll happen with the time line? Will the future Alastor disappear?"

Minerva pursed her lips. "I'm not sure, Hermione. Nothing like this has ever happened before, but I'm going to assume no. We can still remember the older Alastor, even though the younger one has acquiesced to stay in this time period. His case is truly unique, and I will certainly have to let Kingsley know."

"Right," Hermione said and nodded. She glanced at Alastor, a small blush appearing on her face. "I'd be happy to show you around Hogwarts."

"I've been to Hogwarts," he answered gruffly. "I don't need you to show me around."

"Well, the castle has changed a bit, as some of it was damaged during the war. Let me show you around," Hermione pressed.

Alastor watched her warily before nodding. "Very well. Headmistress, is that all?"

"Yes, Alastor, that's all."

The two of them exited the office. Hermione led Alastor towards the Great Hall. "Haven't you already graduated from Hogwarts? What are you doing here?"

He shrugged. "Brushing up on my skills, I suppose. It's a bit weird seeing people I know looking old." He glanced at her. "I knew you well in the future?"

Hermione nodded, trying not to blush again. "Yes, you were a mentor of sorts. I admired you greatly."

"Were you upset when I died?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes, I was. I still am," she said sadly. She felt a tear slide down her cheek.

Alastor reached out and brushed the tear away. "Don't cry... Hermione, was it?" She nodded. "Don't cry, Hermione. I know it's not the same, but I am the same, if that makes any sense?" He laughed. "Come on, let's go to Hogsmeade."

"But it's a school night," Hermione protested.

He smiled wickedly. "Yes, but I know a way to sneak out, don't you?"

She glanced at Alastor. It seemed his younger version was a bit more adventurous. This must have been before his "constant vigilance" phase set in.

"All right," she said. "Let's go to Hogsmeade."

The next day, Hermione was cornered by Ginny in the library. "Well? How did it go?" she demanded.

Hermione smiled. "He's great. We went to Hogsmeade last night."

"Really? You snuck out?" Ginny asked, an excited look in her eyes. "What did you do?"

She told her friend how they had gone to the Three Broomsticks for some Shepard's Pie and Butterbeers. They had talked a bit about the school's curriculum and the experimental time turner Alastor had been using. By the time she had finished, Ginny was beaming.

"You so love him!" Ginny gushed.

Hermione shook her head, blushing. "I... er, I don't know. I mean, he's him, of course, but not at the same time. It's complicated."

"But this is better than nothing," Ginny reminded her. "Well, gotta run! Time for Quidditch practice."

She left Hermione alone to ponder her words.

The months flew by, and Hermione found herself falling more in love with Alastor. She learned that he was very academically inclined, but he loved to let loose when possible. He was always getting into trouble for being too mischievous, which she found to be very entertaining.

They shared their first kiss on Christmas Eve. He had gone to Grimmauld Place to spend the holiday with Harry and the Weasleys. The Order was there as well, so it was a bit strange for Alastor to be around people he knew from his younger years.

By New Year's Eve, they were an official couple. They spent their free time holding hands and kissing in hidden alcoves. Hermione loved him with every fiber of her being and knew that he felt the same way.

She even told him how she had seen him in the Mirror of Erised, to which he replied, "Fate has a way of working out, doesn't it?"

Soon, it was May. The two of them had just finished taking their N.E.W.T.s, which Alastor was sure he passed for the second time in a row.

It was their last night in the castle before heading out into the real world together. They had already decided they would share a flat in London.

"Hermione, come with me," he said, taking her hand. "I've got a surprise for you."

"All right," she said, smiling. She held his hand as he led her towards the Room of Requirement. When they entered, she saw the room had been decorated romantically. There was a roaring fire and a large four-poster bed.

She smiled at Alastor. "Did you bring me here to seduce me?"

Despite having been together for some time, the couple was waiting to consummate their relationship. They wanted to wait until the right time, and it seemed that this was it.

"There's something I want to do first," he said, a roguish smile on his face. "Come here." He led her to the sofa before the fireplace. "Sit down."

She did and he stood in front of her. "Alastor?" she asked.

He sighed, running his hand through his hair. "I've never been so nervous," he admitted. He looked at her, smiling. "Hermione, I never intended to end up in this time period, but it just seems meant to be. From the moment you entered Minerva's office, I was drawn to you. There was just something about you that was warm and inviting. I fell in love with you quickly, and I know you feel the same way." He smirked. "I knew you loved me before we even met, or at least, before this version of me met you. Being with you has been unlike anything I've ever known before. I never expected to be thrown into the future, nor did I expect to meet the love of my life as a result of that. It's true, Hermione. You're the love of my life, and I know that I will never want another witch in my life." He knelt down in front of her, pulling a small box from his pocket. "Will you marry me, Hermione Jean Granger?"

Hermione gasped, immediately nodding. "Yes, Alastor, oh yes!" She held out her hand and watched as he slipped the ring onto it. "I love you, Alastor." She kissed him. "I never expected to actually have a chance with you, and yet I do. I love you."

"I love you, too," he replied. "Oh, Hermione, I love you so much. You're so beautiful and clever... A perfect match for me." He kissed her tenderly. "You know," he said with a smirk, "I bet you're my soul mate. That's why fate brought us together like this. I mean, a time turner incident gone badly? Stuff like that doesn't just happen."

"Perhaps," she murmured, having already thought of the soul mate idea. It was possible, but there wasn't much research on soul mates available, as it was a very rare idea.

"Now, I'd very much like to make love with my fiancée, is that all right?" he asked, glancing into her brown eyes.

Hermione smirked. "Yes, Alastor, that's more than all right." She giggled as he stood and scooped her into his arms.

Alastor carried her to the bed and gently laid her upon it. He climbed onto the bed and hovered over her. Producing his wand, he vanished both of their clothing, leaving them both bare.

Hermione let out a small shriek as the cold air surrounded her body. "Alastor, a little warning would have been nice," she teased.

He smirked. "Always expect the unexpected," he murmured, lowering his head to kiss her collarbone. "You always smell so good." He sniffed her skin. "Like warm vanilla sugar." He kissed her collarbone once more. "So beautiful."

Hermione blushed at his words. She tangled her fingers in his hair as he moved his mouth lower to her breasts. He captured a nipple in his mouth, lavishing it with attention until it was a stiff peak. He then turned his attention to her other breast, his hands grasping her waist.

She let out a moan at the sensations he was creating. Every little lick and touch was sending her closer to her peak. Her body hummed with desire, and she could feel the slickness appear between her legs. Merlin, she wanted him so much.

Alastor felt himself grow even harder when he heard her small moans at his actions. He kissed his way down her stomach, eager to taste her for the first time. Once he settled between her legs, he nudged her legs wider apart with his shoulders. His eyes eagerly devoured her as he glanced upon her for the first time. Her folds glistened with desire and he felt his cock throb. "Beautiful," he murmured appreciatively. He leaned forward and licked her slit slowly, teasing her as he did so. He did it a few more times before finally turning his attention to her clit. He pressed his tongue against it before swirling it around her nub.

Her head rolled back in pleasure as he licked her. Her hands gripped the sheets tightly, and she resisted the urge to buck her hips against his mouth. *Oh, sweet Merlin, that*

felt good. Every lick and flick of his tongue made her shudder in desire. She could feel her insides tighten as her orgasm quickly approached.

"Alastor," she moaned, her breathing heavy. "More, *oh, please*, more."

Alastor increased the speed of his motions. His hands gripped her thighs roughly as he pleased her. Soon, Hermione let out as a strangled noise, panting his name.

"Alastor, Alastor, Alastor," she moaned, thrashing above him. Her body shook as her orgasm consumed her. "Please, Alastor, fuck me."

His eyes widened as he heard her curse. He pulled away from her and positioned his aching member at her entrance. Slowly, he pushed into her wet, warm heat. He met her resistance and his eyes flicked to hers. "Okay?" he asked.

Hermione nodded, still lost in the bliss of her orgasm. "Please, Alastor. I need you."

He thrust into her quickly, breaking through her thin barrier. Hermione let out a gasp and he immediately stilled. He waited a few moments, allowing her to adjust to the intrusion in her body. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm okay," she whispered after a few moments. "You can move, okay?"

He did so, careful at first. He didn't want to hurt her their first time making love.

Hermione laughed.

"What?" he asked as he stopped his movements. "Am I doing something wrong?"

She smiled at him. "You can move a bit faster than that, Alastor. It doesn't hurt so much anymore." She gave him a kiss. "I'd like you to love me properly."

Alastor smirked. "Your wish is my command, love." He thrust into her with a faster speed than he did before. She felt unbelievably good. She was absolutely perfect.

Hermione moaned, wrapping her arms around his neck. "Oh, Alastor, like that," she panted. Her eyes closed as she enjoyed the sensations he was evoking in her body.

They kissed, and it was awkward and messy as their passion brought them both higher and higher. She took everything he offered, all his love and desire, and he did the same. His thrusts increased into an urgent rhythm, as they both were eager to reach their completion. It was pure bliss.

Hermione let out another gasp, coming even harder than she did the first time. She shuddered beneath him as her nails dug into his shoulder blades. His name tumbled from her lips once more as she thrust against him roughly. She felt her walls clench his hard and aching member inside her. *Sweet Merlin.*

Her orgasm triggered his own and her name was groaned as he came. Alastor bucked against her repeatedly, spilling his warm seed inside of her. When he finished, he tightened his arms around her in a hug and pressed small kisses in the crook of her neck.

"You're so bloody beautiful, Hermione," he moaned. "Oh, Merlin, I love you."

Hermione smiled, wrapping her arms around him in return. "Alastor, I love you, too. That was amazing," she panted, still trying to catch her breath from their lovemaking. He was her happy ending... all that she had ever wanted.

His arms tightened around her again and he pulled her even closer. "I'm never letting you go, not ever." He nuzzled her neck lovingly as he felt himself grow tired. "My soul mate."

Hermione smiled at his words. It seemed that, despite all the heartache of the past few years, she finally found her happiness. She finally had what she truly desired. She finally had Alastor.

And they would indeed live happily ever after.