

Practice Makes Perfect

by CiraArana

It was an idea that only Hermione could come up with. Set during HBP. There?s actually plot there ... somewhere.

Part I

Chapter 1 of 5

It was an idea that only Hermione could come up with. Set during HBP. There?s actually plot there ... somewhere.

A/N: A nice, little one-shot that got out of hand and had to be divided into chapters.

Enjoy!

I.

They sat at the back of the library in companionable silence. Harry was working his way through his Potions homework while Hermione was reading a book on Advanced Arithmancy. There were few other students here so late in the evening, and only the rustling of turned pages and an occasional whisper broke the quiet.

Harry had come to like this atmosphere of calm and peace, and during the last two weeks had, more often than not, chosen to join Hermione at her table rather than Ron and Lavender in the riotous Gryffindor common room. The added bonus was, of course, that he could always ask Hermione if he had a question concerning his homework.

He looked up at her as she put the book down with a sigh. Meeting her eyes, he raised an eyebrow*What's up?*

She shook her head slightly, then rolled her shoulders.*Nothing, just tired.*

Harry nodded and bent back down to his essay, part of his mind already concentrating on the proper ingredients for the Pastoral Pleasures Potion, which was a rather tricky variation of Amortentia. The other part marvelled at just how well he and Hermione communicated without words. But then, they had been friends for years and had recently spent a lot of time with each other, so it probably wasn't all that surprising.

Some time later, Harry finished his last sentence with a flourish and smiled in satisfaction. There it was, all done, four days before it was due and completely without the help of the Half-blood Prince. This time, Hermione could not nag.

He put his quill down and leaned back; his eyes met Hermione's. She was leaning forwards, chin resting in her palm and brown eyes fixed intently on him. He blinked and gazed down at his essay, then behind him, one hand nervously trying to flatten his hair, in an attempt to find out what was wrong. He couldn't find anything and cast her a questioning glance.

She blushed and looked away, shaking her head. Harry frowned. This wasn't the first time he had caught her staring at him, and he couldn't help wondering what was going on. Not that she would tell him. Whatever it was was probably connected to Ron, and that was a subject Harry didn't want to broach.

With a sigh, he began to pack up his things, stuffing parchments and books into his rucksack. Opposite him, Hermione did the same, but with more care. Right on cue Madam Pince appeared, giving them a stern glance.

'The library is closed now,' she announced.

Hermione nodded. 'Yes, we know. We were about to leave.'

Madam Pince snorted and followed them close on their heels to the door. It was flung closed the moment Harry crossed the threshold, and they heard the tell-tale sound of a turned key.

Harry grinned at his friend. 'Don't you think she's overdoing it a bit? From the way she's acting, you would think she must protect her babies from dangers.'

Hermione sniffed. 'No one who has seen the way you treat books can be surprised at Madam Pince's reaction.'

Harry rolled his eyes. 'Gimme a break, Hermione. I'm not the one who tore out a page from a book.'

Hermione's shoulders stiffened. 'That was an emergency,' she informed him coolly. 'Besides, you always write in your books and not always school-related things either.'

He ducked in mocked fear. 'Don't scold me!'

Hermione grinned and slapped him playfully. 'Just don't start calling me stupid the next time I won't go into raptures over your broom.'

'Aw, Hermione, I don't do that.'

'Yes, you do.' Before he could protest again, she grabbed his arm and dragged him towards the nearest staircase. 'Come on, Harry. If we stay here for too long, either Mrs Norris or Peeves will show up.'

Harry shuddered, remembering an evening a week ago when Peeves had chased them up to Gryffindor Tower. 'Yeah, let's hurry.'

They climbed the staircase and headed towards their house's dormitories, once more silent, each of them deep in thought. Harry wondered how long this would go on, Hermione's refusing to stay in their common room while Ron was there, and his being torn between his two friends. It was a damnable situation, but he didn't know what he could do to change it apart from suggesting to both parts to start talking to each other again. But neither would budge, though Harry was sure that at least Ron wouldn't mind. He wasn't sure about Hermione, though. She was a girl, and he had never been able to guess at her emotions.

He cast her a furtive glance out of the corner of his eyes and noticed she was chewing her bottom lip. What was she thinking about? He sighed inwardly. Love was just too complicated. He was sure Ron and Hermione liked each other, but ... yeah, well, things weren't easy. And he ... He knew that there was more than one witch who would be willing to become the Chosen One's girlfriend, though he rather preferred not to think about it. The one he wanted was out of bounds to him. He sighed again. It was all so complicated.

They came to a sudden stop as the staircase underneath their feet started moving.

'Great,' complained Harry. 'Now we have to walk the whole way back.'

Hermione was silent, but he noticed she was watching him again.

They stepped from the staircase into a hallway with several closed doors on both sides. Harry looked around. 'Third floor,' he said and looked at Hermione. 'I know this corridor.'

A faint smile appeared on her lips. 'Fluffy's.'

'Yeah.'

They shared a smile and walked on. Harry began to feel uncomfortable. Silent Hermione watching him was new, and he didn't know what it could possibly mean. Just when he was about to ask what was up, she stopped.

'Harry,' she began, and he eyed her apprehensively. He knew that tone. She was determined about whatever she was about to do, and a sinking feeling in his stomach told him that he would not like it. 'Harry, I need to talk to you.'

'Uh, Hermione ...'

She grabbed his arm once more and dragged him to a door. A quick *Alohomora!* and it opened. She pushed him into one of Hogwarts' unused classrooms, then closed the door behind her.

'Hermione, what ...?'

'I have a question, Harry, and I want an answer,' she said in a steely voice. 'And no fiddling around!'

'Uh ...' He wasn't sure what to say or what to expect. What was the question that she expected him to try to worm his way out of?

'Harry, back in December when Ron started acting weird and ignored me, what the hell was the reason?'

Harry blinked and then blushed and looked away from her. Intensively studying his toes that peeped out under the hem of his robes, he tried to think of something to say.

'Harry!'

He glanced up at her, her determined face and hard eyes and back down at his toes. 'Uh ... dunno, maybe you argued?' he suggested.

'No, we did not! You know that. I had just invited him to Slughorn's Christmas party, Harry! But from one day to the other, he was cold and more insulting than Malfoy's ever been. I want to know why! And don't tell me you don't know, Harry Potter! I can see from your face that you do!'

Harry bent his head even further, trying to hide his face, fleetingly wondering whether Hermione had learned Legilimency. How could she know? And why would she ask that? He didn't want to tell her that it was all out of absurd jealousy. It would be a betrayal of his friendship with Ron if he told her. He couldn't let his best mate down like this. Besides, he just knew she would get angry ... so angry, maybe, that she would storm into their common room and confront Ron in front of all the people. Or bite his head off first, and then storm off to Gryffindor tower.

'Harry!'

At her cry, he looked up and with horror realised her eyes were glistening with tears. He felt panic creep up his spine.

'Hermione ...'

'Why won't you tell me? I thought I was your friend!'

'Hey, you are my friend!' he hurriedly reassured her. 'It's just ... you know, it's Ron's, well, business and ...'

'And of course that's why you can't tell me, right? Well, wouldn't want to hurt Won-Won's feelings ...'

'Now, wait a moment, Hermione! I can't go around telling other people's secrets, can I?'

'I don't want to know other people's secrets! I just want to know why Ron told me one day that he'd love to go with me to the party and on the next treated me as if I had murdered his bloody owl! And I don't know why!'

Horrified, Harry saw a tear run down her cheeks. Impatiently, she brushed it away.

'Don't you see, Harry? I only want to know why!'

He couldn't resist her pleading eyes. After all, he thought it was rather unfair of Ron to treat her like this because of something that happened two years ago. He shuffled his feet.

'Well ... he's jealous,' he mumbled, not looking at her.

'He's what?'

Harry shifted uneasily. 'Uh-huh.'

For a moment, there was stunned silence. Then, 'JEALOUS? The prat's jealous? He's the one snogging that stupid cow!'

'It's about Krum,' Harry mumbled and cautiously looked at her. She gaped at him.

'Viktor? What's he got to do with this?'

'Uh, well ...' Harry really didn't want to say that. 'It was ... it was one evening after Quidditch practice, we caught Ginny snogging Dean and they got into a row, Ron and Ginny that is, and she yelled at him that ... that I had snogged Cho and you had Krum and that he was the only one who'd never snogged anybody,' he finished in a rush.

Hermione blinked at him. 'And?'

He shrugged. 'Well, when we were back in the dorm, he asked me if I thought Ginny'd been right, about you and Krum, and ... well ...'

She stared at him a moment longer, then lowered her lashes. 'I see.' Her hands clenched into fists. Harry took a step back. Her head snapped up and her eyes flashed in anger. 'And that's it? Because of something that happened almost two years ago he went and ... and he's ignoring me like this and ... and keeps snogging Lavender whenever he thinks I'm looking?'

Harry stared at the ceiling as Hermione began to rage in earnest. Well, he could understand her. He'd have reacted the same way. And she was right; Ron was a prat. Okay, sometimes. But she was right, if Krum had so annoyed him, he ought to have done something about it.

'Uh, Hermione, maybe he didn't ... didn't dare ...' he tried cautiously.

'Didn't dare what?' she snapped.

'Tell you. Thought you'd laugh at him or something. He's a bit ... well, with those brothers, you know ...'

Hermione's shoulders sagged and her fury evaporated. With a shuddering sigh, she buried her face in her hands. Harry wished fervently to be somewhere else, even with Ron and Lavender while she was wriggling around in his lap.

'Don't cry,' he said awkwardly and patted her shoulder.

Her hands fell down. 'I'm not crying,' she said quietly, then sighed. 'It's my fault,' she added.

'Eh? Why?'

'Well, I kept ... kept throwing Viktor in his face, didn't I,' she told her fingertips. 'I ... I thought that ... if he saw that other boys fancied me then ... then he'd *do* something, you know. Ask me out.'

Harry blinked, confused. 'Um, Hermione, if a boy thinks another boy fancies the girl he likes ... and the girl likes that bloke as well, he's ... he's more likely to, um, to pull back.'

She looked up at him. 'That's not what the book said.'

He frowned. 'Book?'

She nodded miserably. 'When I was home the summer before last, I bought a book about ... well, about boys and relationships and stuff. It said that a sure way to get a boy's attention would be to show you're ... desired.'

Harry wrinkled his nose. 'Well, I'm not sure what this means, but ... The author can't have been a boy.'

'No, it was a woman, but she had a PhD in Psychology, Harry! She ought to know these things! But it didn't really work. All Ron did was get angry every time and ...' She shrugged.

'This woman can't have studied boys closely,' Harry said. 'After all, I'm a boy, and ... well, I'd rather have a girl come to me and tell me she likes me than try to make me jealous, you know.'

She sighed and brushed her eyes. 'But it was in the book ... I must have done something wrong ... Or maybe it doesn't work with all boys.'

He took her shoulders and shook her. 'Hermione! Did you listen to me? If you like a boy, tell him! Otherwise he won't understand you!'

She gazed pensively at him. 'Yes, maybe that's it ...'

Harry wasn't about to ask what she meant by that. But now that they were talking about these things anyway, he was curious. 'Hermione ... don't get mad, I'm just curious you know ...'

She tilted her head. He squirmed a bit, but ploughed on. 'Just curious ... Did you, um ... snog Krum?'

She blinked and blushed a little. 'Oh ...' Then, her eyes narrowed suspiciously. 'And are you going to tell Won-Won?'

'Only if you want me to.'

'Oh ...' Her face relaxed. 'I ... I don't c-care if you tell him or not. Yes, I did!'

Harry, already cringing inwardly, just nodded. 'Um ... okay.'

He was half-way to the door when she added, 'Kind of, anyway.'

He stopped dead in his tracks and turned to her again. 'Kind of?' This had him really curious. 'How do you snog "kind of"?'

She flushed a deeper shade of red and nervously tangled her fingers. 'I ... we ... we kissed, but ... not like Ron and Lavender do!'

Harry flushed, too, as a vivid image of his best friend wrapped around a girl popped up in his mind. 'Me neither,' he said involuntarily.

Embarrassed silence fell between them. Harry wondered why he had said it.

'Was ... was Cho ... the only one?' he heard her ask tentatively.

He nodded. 'Yeah. And ... just this once. Before Christmas. And she cried,' he added in an afterthought.

Another long silence. Then he felt a hand on his arm and looked up. Hermione was standing next to him, a strangely bright light in her eyes.

'Harry,' she began breathlessly, 'I ... would you kiss me? I mean, like ... like Ron and Lavender do?'

Part II

Chapter 2 of 5

It was an idea only Hermione could come up with.

II.

Harry jumped a foot in the air. 'What?!'

'Just ... just as an experience,' she added hurriedly. 'I'm sure there's a girl you ... you want to snog rather than me, but ... I thought ... Maybe, let's get some practice? So we do it right?'

He was still gaping at her. Hell, who was this and what had she done to Hermione? Kiss her? Snog her, his best friend? To get practice? Okay, that was an idea only Hermione could come up with. So, maybe not a Polyjuiced impostor. But ... snog her? He'd never thought of her that way.

The image of a red-headed witch appeared in front of his inner eye. Ginny. But she was his best friend's sister ... she was out of bounds ... and she was snogging Dean ...

'Harry?'

He looked back at the brown-haired witch. There was an eager glow in her eyes. Of course, this would be new to her, and she loved learning. A grin spread across his face. Damn sure, only Hermione could come up with the idea of practising snogging. But still ...

'Uh, Hermione, I don't think it's a good idea ...'

The glow in her eyes faded. 'Oh. Aren't ... aren't I ... it's me, isn't it? I'm not pretty enough and too bookish and...'

'No!' Harry grabbed her arm. 'No, it's not that. It's just ... you're a friend ...' She glanced at him. 'It's not right to kiss a friend,' he finished lamely.

She shook her head. 'Don't you see, Harry? That's the reason why it's so perfect! We can practise and ... well, no one's going to be hurt when the other does something wrong and ... no one's expecting more ...'

He wasn't convinced, but from her expression he could tell it would be easier to just give in than to argue with her. 'Okay, then,' he agreed, and she beamed at him. Nervously, he tried to flatten his hair. 'Um ... what?'

'I think we'd better sit down,' instructed Hermione, and, glad for this small delay, he went to the nearest bench and drew out two chairs. Sitting down on one of them, he expected her to take the other and was completely baffled when she dropped into his lap.

'Wha...?'

'Harry!' She sounded as reproofing as Professor McGonagall. 'We're practising snogging, right? This all belongs to the practice.'

'Uh ...'

'That's how Won-Won and Lavender do it, anyway,' she said waspishly.

'Uh ... okay ...' He didn't know where to look or what to do with his hands. The feeling of her sitting on his lap was strange. Having her so close made him feel awkward. 'What next?'

She rolled her eyes. 'Harry! How did you do it with Cho?'

He shrugged. 'Dunno ... Just ... kissed her?'

She sighed. 'Okay, then. Put your arms around me.'

Hesitantly, he obeyed. So far it was fine. He had hugged her before. Well, she had never been sitting in his lap, then, but apart from that he could pretend this was nothing extraordinary. Then she wriggled a little, and he gasped and tried to get up, but firm hands pushed on his shoulders.

'Harry, relax! Seriously, you'll need a lot of practice!' Why did she have to sound so smug? Grumpily, Harry tried to relax. Her hands began to massage his shoulders. He stiffened, but then did as she told him and relaxed.

After a while, he noticed that it was a nice feeling of having a girl in his lap. She was a little heavy, but that was fine. He liked the feeling of her weight. And warmth. Yes, she was warm and soft. And she smelled good. His arms around her tightened.

'Are you relaxed?' she whispered in his ear.

'Hmmm.'

He felt her remove his glasses and blinked at her. Her face was now a little blurred, but he could still see her bright eyes and pink cheeks.

'Okay?' she asked a little breathless.

He nodded, suddenly feeling awkward again. They hesitated, then both moved forwards at the same moment, and their noses bumped against each other. She giggled nervously and he felt his cheeks flush, but then she tilted her head and their lips touched in a feather-light caress.

After a moment, she pulled back and looked nervously at him.

'That's ... that's what I did with Viktor,' she said uncertainly.

'Oh ...'

'Was it ... was it okay?'

He blinked and tried to focus on her face. She sounded anxious, and if he squinted hard enough, he could see her worried frown.

'Oh ... oh, yeah, it was ... nice,' he said lamely. It had indeed been nice. Her lips were so incredibly soft, and it had felt good as she leaned into him. But it had also been rather short.

'Um ...' Hermione wriggled a little more in his lap, and her weight rubbing over him stirred some sensations that could lead to acute embarrassment. He tried to inconspicuously edge out from under her, but she gave him an impatient slap.

'Stop twisting, Harry,' she scolded. 'Was it that bad?'

'N-no, it's just ...'

'What?'

'Er ...' How do you tell your best friend that if she kept wriggling like that you'll get a bloody hard-on? Harry blushed furiously.

But Hermione paid no intention to his discomfort. She was a woman on a mission.

'Okay, Harry, I showed you what I did with Viktor. Now ... could you ... well, show me what you did with Cho? So that we can compare, you know, and progress from there.'

Harry wished he had never agreed to this mad idea.

'Uh, okay, but ... close your eyes.'

Hermione eyed him suspiciously, but did as she was asked. Harry licked his suddenly dry lips, took a deep breath and leaned in. He kissed her slowly, cautiously, waiting for her reaction. When she began to respond, he opened his lips and brushed his tongue over hers. She started and gave a surprised squeak, but Harry did not pull back. He'd never gather enough courage again.

After the first surprise, Hermione relaxed against him and tentatively opened her mouth. Harry slowly slid his tongue between her lips and over her teeth, and when she did not protest, deeper into her mouth. He teased her tongue with his, and after a moment she got the drift and teased back.

Harry's arms around the girl in his lap tightened, and he deepened the kiss. Her enthusiastic response encouraged him further, and he thrust his tongue into her mouth. She squeaked again, but not in protest. Her hands on his shoulders tightened, and she snuggled closer to him.

Harry soon forgot whom it was he was kissing. The girl was willing and warm and soft, and she tasted incredible. And she wasn't crying. It was the best kiss ever!

She shifted again in his lap, and one of her buttocks rubbed enticingly over his slowly hardening cock. It twitched, and Harry moaned into the girl's wonderful mouth. His hands began to wander over her back, from her shoulders to her bum which he gave a slight squeeze. She sighed into his mouth and shifted again.

Harry's head clouded with lust as his teenage hormones raged out of control. He wanted to feel more of her, feel her skin and find out if it was as soft as her lips. He wanted to kiss her forever and yet longed to taste more of her. His hands caressed her back, up and down, and then slipped under her sweater and blouse, and came into contact with her bare skin.

It was soft and hot and felt incredible. He moaned again, and his cock swelled in anticipation. Instinctively, he bucked up his hips against her. She gave a little sound that seemed to shoot straight into his groin, and he gripped her waist and pressed her down onto him. She gasped and wriggled a little, and he moaned again in heedless pleasure.

She moaned an answer and began sucking on his tongue. It nearly killed him, and he thought his cock would tear a hole through his boxers and trousers. The cloth didn't seem sufficient to contain anything so hard.

He tore his mouth away from hers, and she whimpered in protest and tried to pull him back, but then he pressed his lips on her neck, kissing and nibbling and tasting her. The hands that had tugged on his hair loosened and began to caress his scalp. It felt wonderful, and whenever her fingers touched the spot right behind his ears, shivers ran down his spine. He wanted to see if she enjoyed the touch there as much as he did and placed a small light kiss on the soft skin behind the shell of her ear.

'H-harry, oh, Harry ...' she moaned, and he concluded that she liked it and did it again. After peppering her skin with tiny kisses, he turned his attention to her ear, nibbled and sucked on the lobe and traced the shell with the tip of his tongue.

Her hands raked over his back and then clamped down on his shoulders.

'Harry, Harry,' she panted, 'oh, stop, stop! Harry!'

Stop? Had he done something she didn't like? He raised his head and peered questioningly at her. She looked gorgeous, with her wet, red lips and flushed cheeks.

'What's up?' he wanted to ask, but all he did was croak.

She pulled a trembling hand through her hair. 'Harry, is ... is this still snogging?'

What was she talking about? Sure he was snogging her, and if she would stop talking, he'd go back and show her more.

'Uh ... that was ... that was really ... good,' she stammered.

Harry took that as a sign to continue and kissed her again, playing with her tongue while his hands crept further under her clothes and brushed over the bare skin of her neck. She made that small, pleased sound again, and he went on to discover her back, the hard ridge of her spine, the shapes of her shoulder-blades, the muscles in her back moving as she massaged his shoulders, the soft curves of her waist. Daringly, he dipped his fingertips under the waistband of her skirt and traced the crease of her bum with one fingertip. Wonderful, it felt bloody marvellous.

She twitched and giggled at this touch, and pulled back. 'Don't, Harry, that tickles!'

He grinned and did it again and revelled in her giggles that made her body rub against his. But when he grew bolder and slipped both hands into her knickers to cup the fleshy cheeks of her bum, she stiffened and squeaked in protest.

'Ah, no! No, no, Harry, only snogging!'

She struggled against his embrace and then scrambled off his lap. Her knees were a little wobbly, and she stumbled against the next desk. Her hands gripped the edge of the table tightly, and she took several deep breaths to calm herself.

Harry blinked owlishly at her, his desire-clouded mind not understanding what was going on. One moment, she was giggling and rubbing against him in the most encouraging manner, and the next she jumped up and told him no?

'Eh?' he croaked, then cleared his throat and tried again. 'Wh-what's wrong?'

The girl brushed her hair out of her face. 'It's ... aren't we going a bit far, Harry? I mean, I don't know that much about snogging, but ... but, um, fondling doesn't seem to be part of it, does it? I mean, I've never w-watched Ron and ... and that girl snog. Maybe they do ... fondling. But I don't know ... I'm not sure ... um, Harry?'

The mentioning of Ron had cleared his mind, and with a groan Harry had buried his face in his hands. God, what kind of friend was he? Snogging the girl he knew his mate liked, his own best friend! Snogging and ... touching her like this? He cursed his cock for putting stupid ideas in his head.

'Sorry, Hermione,' he mumbled roughly through his fingers. 'I'm sorry. I didn't mean to ... do that. Go that far. It's just ... uh, sorry.'

He raised his head a little and peered at her over his fingers. She was only a blur of colour, and he turned and fished for his glasses. After he had found them and shoved them up on his nose, he peered at Hermione again. She was still standing, or rather leaning, against the desk, her cheeks beet red, her hair a mess, and she was watching him with an odd expression in her eyes. Harry scooted back.

'Um ... are you angry with me?' he asked cautiously.

She slowly shook her head. 'Harry,' she began in a very strange voice, 'what did you mean "go that far"?''

Harry rubbed his brow, feeling embarrassed. The bloody erection tenting his trousers did nothing to relieve the awkwardness of the situation. God, he felt bad for getting so hard over his best friend!

'Um ... well, just what I said, I guess.' He shrugged nervously. 'I just ... you said kiss you like I kissed Cho, and ... well, I guess I got ... uh ... carried away. Er ...'

He eyed her suspiciously, wondering whether she would explode. But she only regarded him with that odd expression in her eyes.

'Harry, do you ... like kissing me?' she asked slowly.

This was such an understatement that he burst out, 'Like it!? You ask me if I ... like it?!'

'Oh, thank you very much,' she snapped at him, eyes now flashing with anger. 'I know that I'm not pretty like Cho or Ginny or Lavender, but ... anyway, you c-could have s-said that n-nicer!'

She turned and buried her face in her hands, her shoulders heaving in silent sobs. Harry stared incredulously at her. What was that about? He got up, grimacing as his still hard cock brushed painfully against the seam of his jeans, and stepped over to Hermione. Tentatively, he laid a hand on her shoulder. She flinched away. Harry, listening to her muffled sobs, frowned.

'Um, Hermione, what's wrong?' he finally asked. And in the next second, he stepped back involuntarily as she whirled around to him, eyes flashing.

'What's wrong?' she screeched. 'How am I supposed to react when my best friend snogged me silly and then said he didn't like it?!'

'Wh-what?' Harry asked feebly. 'No, Hermione, I did! I did like kissing you!'

She snorted and crossed her arms across her chest. 'Yeah, sure,' she drawled. 'Do you think I'll believe that?'

'Bloody hell, Hermione,' Harry cried in exasperation. Not knowing what else to do, he grabbed one wrist and tugged it free against her struggles, and then pressed her palm against the bulge in his trousers. 'Does that translate to you as like it?'

Her eyes widened, and she gasped as she felt him hot and hard under her hand. She stared at his crotch, and then up at his face, and then back down where his hand still held hers. Her mouth opened and closed, but she didn't say anything. She didn't move, either.

Part III

Chapter 3 of 5

It was an idea only Hermione could come up with.

III.

Harry cursed and let go of her hand, running his fingers through his hair. Inwardly he called himself a bloody idiot. Not only had he forced his body's reaction upon her, the touch of her hand had only hardened him further, and it was all he could do not to grab her and throw her back over the desk and bury himself inside of her body.

After a moment of silent, pained misery, he became aware that there was still a warm hand pressed to his crotch. Incredulously, he looked down. Hermione had not

removed her hand. She was still standing in the same position, half bent down, her hand and eyes on his erection. There was a fascinated, surprised expression in her eyes. She licked her lips and then gasped as the hardness under her hand twitched. Her eyes flew up to his face and she blushed as she met his gaze, but still didn't pull away.

'Unh, Her-Hermione,' Harry pressed through clenched teeth. 'You'd better ... let go.' He balled his fists at his sides to prevent his hands from grabbing her and himself from carrying out his fantasy.

Hermione blinked, looked down, then back up and ... gave him a gentle squeeze. Harry groaned in anguished delight. God, her hand felt so good! How would it feel if she touched him without the layers of clothes separating them? The thought of him in her hands wrested another groan from his throat.

'God, Hermione, you'll kill me!'

'S-sorry,' she whispered and pulled back, finally. 'I didn't mean to hurt you.'

He tried to laugh, but it sounded more like another groan. 'You ... you didn't hurt me, Hermione. At-at least, not in the bad sense.'

He closed his eyes at her confused face and forced himself to breathe slowly and deeply. She was really killing him! Why did she have to look so gorgeous in her confusion? Since he had his eyes closed, he did not see the sudden understanding on Hermione's face, nor did he see the speculative glow in her eyes. She bit her lip, cast a glance at his tightly shut eyes, then at his crotch, hesitated, and then lunged herself at him, sending them stumbling back against the desk behind him. Her arms flew around his neck, her lips claimed his mouth in a fiery kiss, and her hips pressed close against his.

Harry froze, then groaned, his self-control straining. She rubbed herself against him, and it broke.

His arms came up and wrapped around her, pulling her tightly against him. His lips opened to hers, and within seconds they were hungrily devouring each other. She kept moving against him, and he couldn't stop his hands from roaming her body, over her shoulders and back down to her bum. This time, she did not protest when he squeezed it. She sighed into his mouth and rotated her hips. Harry thought he would explode.

Her mouth left his and she dusted heated little kisses all over his face, his jaw, and then down his neck. He sighed in pleasure at the sensation her touches caused him. Her lips sent tingling sparks straight to his groin, and her hips flexing against his made even the last drop of blood in his body flow southwards, leaving him very light-headed. She felt good, so good, and he wanted more. He squeezed her shapely buttocks and pressed her against him in exactly the right position to achieve maximal friction. She moaned and repeated the motion, and they both panted at how good it felt.

Getting desperate to feel her soft skin once more, Harry lifted her skirt and grabbed her knickers-clad buttocks with both hands, kneading and massaging the soft flesh. God, it felt incredible! He could feel her heat, close to his fingertips, and the hem of her knickers under his hands drove him wild. He wished he could kiss her again, but she was still kissing and licking his neck and ear and, oh! She had found that spot behind his ear! He growled encouragingly, breathlessly.

'Do that again!'

'This?' she whispered and tickled the spot with the tip of her tongue.

'Uhh-hn.'

'With pleasure.'

Her husky voice whispering in his ear sent another flash of desire to his groin. And then she got onto her tiptoes and, her body flush against his, gently grazed her teeth over the spot behind his ear.

Harry cried at the pleasurable shivers coursing through his body and bucked his hips wildly against her. He felt a moist spot in his boxers and wondered briefly if he had come. It had certainly felt wonderful enough. But then he felt her soft stomach against his rigid erection and moaned.

She laughed, throatily, delightedly, and teased him again with her teeth. Harry's hips flexed out of sheer instinct.

'God, oh ... Hermione! W-what are you doing?' he ground out.

'Practising,' she purred and nipped at his earlobe.

Harry closed his eyes and drew a shaky breath. 'B-but ... Hermione, stop! Oh, God, stop!'

He gathered his strength and managed to push her a little away. At the sight of her face his resolve nearly broke again, but he gritted his teeth and refused to give in. She looked at him with misty, glowing eyes, a smile hovering on her lips, and raked her fingers through his hair, making it even messier than usual.

'Harry ...' she breathed.

He shook his head. 'N-no, Hermione ...'

She stilled, the light in her eyes dimmed. 'Oh ... you don't ... don't want to ...?'

Harry grimaced. 'Hermione, if we don't stop right now, I won't be able to stop till I ... I'm through with this.'

Hermione relaxed and smiled. 'Good.'

Harry eyed her in askance. 'Eh?'

She blushed adorably and twirled his hair round her finger. 'Oh ... it's just ... I thought ...' She raised her eyes to his. 'Let's take this further and ... and see where it leads us.'

Harry stared at her. 'F-further? Hermione, do you know ...?'

She shook her head. 'No, I don't. Not really, that is. Only ... only in theory. And ... well, I I'd like to ... try it, you know? I ... I feel amazing! And ... you like it too, so I thought we could ... you know ...'

He gaped in absolute surprise. 'Hermione! Do ... do you know what you're saying?'

She nodded. 'Yes, of of course. As ... as a practise, you know?'

He had to close his eyes and take several calming breaths. 'Ron?' he managed to ground out.

He felt her shrug.

'You ... really want this?'

She nodded.

'God!'

He pulled her roughly back into his arms and kissed her passionately. She gave an approving sound and wrapped her arms around him, kissing him back. They tumbled back against the desk in a wild tangle of legs, lips, and tongues.

'Hermione, Hermione,' Harry panted between hot kisses on her lips and jaw, and then he fell silent because he was busy placing open-mouthed kisses all over her neck and throat.

She writhed against him, sighing and chanting his name under her breath. Her shaking hands roamed over his shoulders and back, her fingernails digging into his sweater. Harry groaned as her hips once more thrust against his and pulled back from her.

She glanced up at him, a question in her eyes. Harry licked his lips and rested his hands on her shoulders.

'Hermione?'

'Hm?'

'I ... I want ...'

'What?'

He made an awkward gesture at her upper body. 'Uh ... un-undress you.'

She gave him a dreamy smile and let go of him. Grabbing the hem of her sweater, she pulled it over her head and threw it aside, then began to fumblingly open the first button of her blouse.

'No.' Harry stopped her hands. 'Please, let me.'

She smiled sweetly and let her hands fall down. Harry bit his lip and tried to focus on his task. His hands were trembling and the stupid buttons were too small, and the fact that her breasts pressed against the cloth of her blouse with every breath she took, only inches from his fumbling fingers, didn't make matters easier. Additionally, he had problems seeing the buttons correctly. His sight seemed clouded by some kind of mist.

He heard Hermione giggle, and then the mist vanished, but his sight blurred further. Stupid buttons, why wouldn't they budge? Finally, however, he had managed to undo the last one of them, and slowly, savouring the moment, he opened Hermione's blouse. His throat went dry.

The skin of her stomach seemed very soft, and she had a small mole right above her navel. Below it, there was a tiny patch of blonde hair, and Harry traced it with one fingertip, the hairs tickling the pad of his finger, before he looked up.

She wore a white bra with black embroidery, and it cupped her breasts very nicely. Harry's gaze stayed riveted to the softly quivering flesh that rose and fell with every breath. Hesitantly, he raised his hands and traced the hem of her bra. Hermione took a deep, shivering breath. Her breasts rose up as if begging for his touch, Harry thought. Gently, he closed his hands over the soft mounds, cupping them in his palms. Hermione sighed.

He looked up at her face and saw she had her eyes closed, then glanced down at his hands. His heart thundered somewhere back in his throat and he wished, wanted, but did not know what to do next. Harry licked his lips and tentatively brushed the hardening tips with his thumbs. Both Harry and Hermione escaped a breathless 'Oh!' as her nipples hardened further.

Harry gulped and did it again. Then, in a reckless spirit, he shoved her bra up and cupped her bare breasts. Hermione moaned quietly, but did not protest. Encouraged, Harry returned his attention to her breasts. They felt wonderful in his hands, warm and inviting, just filling his palms. His hands shook as he gently squeezed her beautiful breasts. Their quivering fascinated him, as did the darkened tips. He brushed them again with his thumbs, enjoying how they felt without the bra in between.

Feeling bolder now, he began to knead and massage Hermione's breasts, paying attention to what elicited a sigh and what not. Slowly, he increased the pressure, getting rougher, but she didn't seem to mind. He pinched the nipples, which made her gasp, and flicked them with his fingernails, which made her wriggle her hips against his. As he pulled gently on them, she dug her fingernails into his shoulders. It was incredible how tiny moves could elicit such reactions, and he felt proud that he could do that to her. Feeling all-powerful, he tweaked a nipple.

'Ow,' she hissed, and Harry pulled back immediately, feeling stupid.

'Sorry,' he whispered miserably.

Hermione caressed his face. 'Just not so hard. Everything else was wonderful.'

He looked at her, a shy grin on his face. 'Shall I kiss it better?'

Hermione moaned, and before she had even nodded, Harry bent down and placed a gentle kiss on the tip. Instantly, it puckered again, and he kissed it once more. Then, he kissed the other nipple, lest it should feel neglected.

'Ohhh, Harry ...' sighed Hermione.

It was enough encouragement. Harry dusted kisses all over her breasts, pushed them up with his hands and nuzzled the cleavage, then nibbled gently on the skin, and finally took one hard nipple in his mouth. Hermione gasped and grasped his head, pressing it closer to her, and he took that as a sign that she liked it.

Slowly, he began to experiment, kissing and sucking and licking the nipples, carefully observing what she liked and what not. But she seemed to like it all, even his cautious nipping, as her breathy moans indicated. Harry revelled in her noises and the knowledge that his touches were pleasurable to her. It was great, absolutely fantastic, and even the burning pain in his pants became secondary.

Until she stopped his downward progress when he dipped his tongue in her navel.

'Harry ...'

He looked up and then straightened. 'Yeah? Didn't you ...?'

She smiled. 'It felt wonderful, Harry, but it's your turn.'

His eyes widened in shock. 'Eh?'

She raised her brows. 'I need practise, too.' With that, she grabbed the hem of his sweater and pulled it upward.

'Uh, hey, Hermione! Stop! Stop, you're pulling off my ears!' Harry protested.

'Well, come on then, help me.'

Together, they freed Harry from the trap his sweater had become and then grinned goofily at each other. But Hermione had set her mind on paying Harry back for the

pleasure, and she attacked his t-shirt. This time, he helped her pull it over his head, and then he stood in front of her, naked to the waist, the cool air slightly chilling him. Hermione stared at his naked chest, and Harry shuffled his feet, feeling unsure.

'Wow, Harry,' Hermione breathed finally. Harry blinked at her. She raised her hands and laid them on his chest, then spread her fingers and brushed them slowly over his skin. 'Wow.'

'W-what?' he asked nervously and peered at his chest.

'I ... I never thought you were so ... well, muscular.' She tested the muscles in his arms. 'Wow. It's a shame, really, that you always wear such baggy clothes.'

Harry shook his head, not understanding what she was driving at. But then she began to caress his nipples, and thought fled. He moaned and let his head fall back, closing his eyes, as Hermione repeated what he had done to her. He had never before had someone touch him like that. It tickled and tingled and felt wonderful.

But after a while, the tickling became a little boring. Harry opened his eyes and peered down at Hermione's concentrated face. She looked so serious that he smiled, but the smile quickly gave way to a frown. How could he tell her this was, though nice, not doing anything well, not much to him?

'Uh ... Hermione ...'

She looked up. 'Yes? Did I do something wrong?'

'No, no! Er ... just ... dunno ... harder, I guess,' he finished, blushing horribly.

'Harder? But ... I don't want to hurt you.'

Harry rubbed his scar. 'Just ... try, okay?'

Hermione looked sceptical, but pinched his right nipple, hard. Harry gasped and Hermione pulled back.

'No, no, don't stop! Do it again!'

Hermione did it again, then scratched her fingernails over his nipples. Harry moaned and closed his eyes again. They shot open the next second, and he jerked, groaning, as a flash of lust shot right into his bursting penis, and he felt more liquid leaking out. Hermione whimpered apologetically.

'Sorry, Harry, sorry.'

He shook his head, gasping for breath. 'No ... God, that was amazing!'

She blinked. 'Yes? It ... felt good?'

'Bloody brilliant.'

'Tut, tut, such language,' she mock-scolded and tweaked the other nipple. Harry sobbed at the flash of lust and caught her hands with his.

'Don't ... do it ... again,' he gasped.

'But ... I thought ... you said you liked it!'

'Too ... much. Do it ... again and I'll ... explode.'

'Oh.'

He exhaled deeply. 'Gimme a moment ...' he wheezed. After taking several, calming breaths he released her hands.

Hermione watched him with glittering eyes. 'Wow ...' she breathed.

'Yeah.'

'Can I ...?'

'Huh?'

'Um ... practise more?'

Harry choked on his laugh and then nodded. 'Yeah, I'd love you to.'

Part IV

Chapter 4 of 5

It was an idea only Hermione could come up with.

IV.

She smiled brilliantly and began planting kisses on his naked chest. Harry sighed in pleasure and began rubbing her back, occasionally sliding his hands over her ribs and giving her jiggling breasts a squeeze or her nipples a light pinch. She would then sigh against his chest, and her warm breath fluttered pleasurably over his skin, skin that was moist from her kisses. Long forgotten was the slight chill in the air. Harry felt as if he was burning.

He became even hotter when she, like he had done, added tongue and teeth to the kisses. He really liked it when she twirled her tongue over his nipples, and he swore his toes curled when she took one nipple between her teeth and pulled. And then she bit, a little too hard to be comfortable, and another flash of lust shot through him.

Hermione smirked up at him. 'Again?' she asked innocently.

'You ... minx!'

She laughed and then squealed as he smacked her bum.

'Ow, Harry!'

'That's what you get for torturing me!'

She giggled and bit him again. Harry yelped and smacked her, harder this time, then shoved her away.

'Heavens, girl, if you don't take care, I'll throw you on that desk and have my way with you.'

Stunned, he saw her eyes glaze over. Slowly, she licked her lips.

'Really?' she asked huskily.

Harry swallowed. 'Y-yeah ...'

'Uhhh ...' She shuddered. 'And what would you do?'

He gaped at her. She could not really have asked that question, could she?

'What, Harry?'

'Um ...' He shivered and closed his eyes. 'I'd ... pin you down and ... shove that skirt up and ... and your knickers down and ...' He grasped his erection through his trousers and squeezed, hard, to relieve the mounting pressure. It didn't help any, the damn bastard being lucky for the attention he got!

'And ...' prompted Hermione breathlessly.

Harry groaned as his imagination showed him in multi-colour and Dolby-surround what he'd do. He gasped and lunged at her, shoving her back against the nearest desk. She cried out, surprised, but didn't resist, and he pushed her back onto the desk. He scrambled after her and pinned her down, hovering above her on his knees, her hands held above her head by her wrists. They stared at each other, breathing hard.

'Harry ...' she sighed and arched her back up, and he swooped down and kissed her hungrily. She kissed back and tried to wriggle her hands free, but he refused to let go. Grasping both her wrists with one hand, he let the other trail down her arm, over her shoulder and breast, over her ribs and stomach to her skirt and further down. When he reached the hem, he slipped his hand underneath and trailed it up her leg. Hermione quivered and moaned, and Harry began to tremble the further his hand slipped up her leg. They both gasped when his fingertips touched the damp bit between her legs.

Harry's mind went on over-drive as he felt her. The heat and the unmistakable moisture aroused him to hitherto unknown heights. Vaguely he remembered someone telling him that moisture was good, but he couldn't recall who it was or why this was good. He slipped one finger into her knickers and brushed her pussy with the back of it. She moaned and wriggled, and he moaned back as the coarse locks tickled his finger. His conscious brain shut down, and Harry acted on feeling alone.

He removed his hand and shifted his body so that he was now lying by Hermione's side, which was damn awkward on the desk, but he was too determined to reach his goal to pay heed to it. She struggled again to get her hands free, but again he didn't let go, only bit her lower lip before he resumed his passionate kiss. She whimpered but desisted.

Then, he shoved her skirt up and out of the way, and hooked his fingers around the waistband of her white knickers. Slowly, he pulled them down, brushing his knuckles over her skin and then over the soft, hot, wet folds of her sex. Hermione cried out softly and bucked up her hips until Harry released her knickers to push her hips down. When she lay still, he pulled her knickers down as far as he could reach, and then, to his surprise, she lifted her legs so that he could slip them off entirely.

Slowly, a little hesitantly, he trailed his hand up over her leg and to his goal at the juncture of her thighs. She sighed and opened her legs to give him access, and then he felt her, felt the incredible softness, the heat and hot moisture of her sex. Curiously, he slid one trembling finger through the folds, revelling in the feeling. So soft, so unlike himself ... playfully, he tugged on the coarse locks and was rewarded with a muffled groan. And then he felt the small nub under his fingertips, and she tore her mouth away to gasp for breath, and then exhaled it in a long, drawn-out moan.

'Harry ...'

Gentle, gentle, a voice hummed inside of his head in time with his heartbeat. Yes, gentle, careful, not too much pressure, he remembered. The Weasley twins had told him that, years ago, after the Veela incident at the World Cup. They had graciously taken the task upon themselves to tell Ron about the birds and the bees, and Harry as well, since he had been sitting with Ron. Embarrassed, the two had listened to the "good advice", but now Harry was grateful. As Hermione moaned blissfully under his gentle caresses, he decided he'd have to give them another sack of Galleons.

He let go of her wrists and propped himself up on his elbow to watch her face as he moved his fingertips in small circles over her clitoris. Her eyes were closed and she bit her lip, now and then wrinkling her brow. Her hands grabbed the cloth of her skirt and clung to it. Her legs opened wider, and her hips began to move against his fingers.

'Harry ...' she whimpered. 'Oh, dear ... dear God ... oh, Harry!'

He groaned and buried his face in her hair, determined to give her as much pleasure as he could before he burst. This, he was afraid, wouldn't be long. Her thigh rubbed over his erection every time she moved, stimulating him to a painful extent, and he had no idea how he had managed to hold it in so far. Or for how long he could if she kept tormenting him like that.

'Ohh ... good, so good ...' she whispered at his ear. 'Hmm ... Harry ... a little more pressure ...'

It took a moment till his brain had understood and another moment until he could act on it. Slowly, he heightened the pressure on the tiny nub.

'Uhh ... uh, yesss ...'

Harry bit her neck. She cried out softly and flexed her hips up against his finger. One of her hands tangled in his hair and caressed his scalp, his back. And she kept whispering.

'Oh, ohhh, Harry ... little faster ... yesss ... faster ...'

He sped up until she writhed in ecstasy, then slowed down again.

'Nooo,' she moaned.

But he had something else in mind, and while his thumb kept rubbing her clit, he extended his middle finger down and found the hot, wet entrance to her body. Both drew in a shaky breath, Hermione moaned, and Harry clenched his teeth and let his finger slip in, trying not to think of the other part of his body that wanted to be inside of her.

Hermione tensed a little and her fingernails dug into his bare shoulder. The tiny pinpricks of pain cleared his head a little, sufficiently for him to know he had to go slowly.

So, he began to tease her, dipping his finger in and out, going a little deeper inside each time. The feeling was incredible. She was even softer and hotter inside!

'Harry,' she sobbed urgently at his ear, and he could feel little tremors running through her. 'So close ... please ...' She tugged at his wrist and reluctantly, he gave up her inside for now and concentrated on her swollen clit.

Directed by her increasingly disjointed words, he caressed her, and she tensed further, the muscles in her thighs quivering, and then she cried out and clamped her legs close, trapping his hand between them, her hips twitching over the desk. He half-rose to look at her face and dazedly watched her lashes flutter and her lips curl back to reveal clenched teeth, through which she pressed odd sounds that sounded like 'enff, enff, enff'. Finally, her spasms died down and she relaxed, opening her legs, and allowing him to withdraw his hand.

Harry rolled onto his back and pulled up his legs, his hands in tight fists at his sides, trying to control himself, to suppress the urge to grab her and thrust inside her body ... Breathe, breathe, he ordered himself. Don't look at her, don't touch her, think of Malfoy ... Snape ... cool down, you can do that.

A hand on his shoulder jerked him out of his litany. His eyes shot open, and he looked into a concerned face that bent over him, a flushed face with glowing, satiated eyes. He groaned.

'Harry? Harry, are you all right?'

'Yeah,' he croaked. 'All right.'

'Harry ...'

'Hm ...?'

She kissed him softly. 'Your turn.'

He groaned and shook his head.

'What? Why?'

'Can't ... You touch me now ... I wouldn't ... couldn't ... control ...'

She kissed his shoulder and chest. 'That's okay.'

'No ... no, it's not! I'd ... hurt you ...'

She sighed. 'Geez, Harry. I know what will happen. I've read the books!'

He managed a strangled laugh at that and said inwards thanks as she vanished from his side. He heard her move and the rustle of clothes, and then gasped as he felt her pull off his trainers. Raising his head, he peered past his knees and felt her remove his socks.

'Hermione?'

Her head appeared over his propped up knees. She grinned. 'My turn to practise,' she announced and tugged on his legs.

'Hermione!'

'Just relax, Harry. Now, be a good boy and stretch your legs.'

Harry groaned and hit his head against the desk, but did what she wanted, allowing her to lay his legs on another desk that she pulled up, and didn't offer any resistance as she struggled with his fly and pulled down his jeans and boxers. The sight of her, totally naked, her breasts swinging with each motion, mesmerised him. He blinked as she crawled up next to him.

'Hermione ...'

She kissed him swiftly and then knelt at his side, her attention on his straining cock. For a moment, insecurity penetrated the haze. What would she think of him? Was it okay? Long enough? He peered at her face. She was smiling dreamily as she looked down and watched a small droplet of a pearly liquid seep out of the head.

'Oh!' she exclaimed softly. 'Is that pre-cum?'

Harry couldn't help the grin that spread. She was incredible, Hermione. Only she could start asking questions in such a situation. She saw his grin as she looked up to him and blushed.

'Sorry,' she said and lowered her eyes. 'Um ... not the right moment. I promise, no more questions.'

He grunted. 'You wouldn't be Hermione if you didn't. Now, are you going to do something or stare at me until I burst?'

She giggled and wrapped one hand around him, and he cursed himself for suggesting she touch him. Even this simple touch had him close to orgasm. Hastily, he reached down and cupped his balls, pressing down to stop the building pressure.

'Oh, what are you doing, Harry?'

'Stopping ... stopping myself from coming,' he managed to say.

'How?'

He groaned.

'Oh, sorry. Where?'

He took her hand and showed her.

'Not a good ... idea,' he breathed. 'Hurts like hell.'

'Well, why do you do it, then?'

'You'd deduct points from me for being uncooperative if you can't practise all you want,' he mumbled in a feeble attempt to joke.

She huffed. 'Humph. Can I touch you now?'

He nodded jerkily. She wrapped her hand around him once more, letting it slide up and down his length, occasionally brushing the head or base with her fingers. Harry closed his eyes and clenched his teeth. She continued to explore for some time, and then stopped.

'Um, Harry?'

He opened his eyes. She was beet red.

'Can you show me how ...? The books weren't very informative.'

He grimaced and took her hand, showing her how and where to hold him and guided her for some strokes, then let go and dug his heels into the hard top of the desk. Think Snape, think Snape, he chanted to himself. Snape who, asked his mind. He groaned as his attention was called back to Hermione. She held him gently, her hand moved slowly.

'Hold ... harder,' he ground out.

'Huh?'

'It won't ... break. Like this.' He wrapped his hand around hers and pressed, demonstrating her the exact pressure.

'But ... doesn't that hurt?'

'Nahh ... uh! Oh, bloody hell, Hermione!'

'What?'

'You're a natural! Keep going!'

She giggled nervously and continued. Harry thought he'd die. Who would have thought Hermione was so talented with her hands? Jesus, if the others knew, they'd pay her to give them hand-jobs! At that thought a sudden, jealous possessiveness flared up in him, and a part of his mind screamed, *No! She's mine! I'll never, ever share her with anyone!*

A sudden shift in the air made him open his eyes, and what he saw made him gasp and try to sit up. Hermione was kneeling above him, his cock in hand, a determined expression on her face.

'Hermione!' he choked out.

She looked up. 'I want to do this, Harry.'

'But ... but ...'

'Don't you?'

He closed his eyes as the admission was wrung from him, 'More than anything else!'

'Good,' she breathed, and his eyes shot open again as he felt her sink down. Throat dry, heart hammering in his throat, every single muscle in his body tensed, as he watched her guide him to the entrance of her body and then sink slowly down. His eyes rolled back in his head in sheer pleasure. She was hot, so hot, so tight ...

She sank down and he slipped inside, intense heat squeezing him in the most delightful way. He felt like he was enfolded by a tight, wet glove and bit his lip until it bled to keep himself in control and still under her as he felt her take him deeper. There was a short hindrance, an obstacle, and she hissed. But the next second it was gone, and with one rush he was sheathed all the way inside of her.

It was incredible, it was mind-blowing, and he couldn't help it. He grabbed her hips to hold her steady and thrust up into her. From far away, he heard her gasp, felt her grip his shoulders, but then all sound drowned out in the thundering of his blood in his ears as he moved, thrust up, again and again and again, tightening his grip on her, moving faster and deeper, and then she was moving with him and it was too much. He heard himself growl as he sped up, desperate to reach release, and then it was there, blinding, gripping, throbbing, and he shouted as his semen shot into her body in seemingly endless spurts.

Gasping, he fell down onto the desk, covered in sweat and feeling exhausted, sated and wonderfully peaceful. He felt a warm, soft body snuggle into his and opened his heavy eyes. Hermione smiled at him and placed a soft kiss on his lips. He sighed and closed his arms around her, holding her tight as his heartbeat slowly evened.

A/N: It's not over yet ...

Part V

Chapter 5 of 5

It was an idea only Hermione could come upw with.

V.

After a while, Harry raised his still trembling hand and brushed her hair.

'I'm sorry,' he said quietly.

She raised her head. 'What for?'

'I was ... too fast, wasn't I? I mean, you didn't enjoy it, did you?'

She smiled and kissed his jaw. 'If you mean by *enjoy* that I had another orgasm you're right, I didn't. But if you mean that I liked it, that it felt incredible and amazing and wonderful, and that I'd love to do it again, then yes, I did enjoy myself very much.'

Harry blinked. 'You did?'

She rolled her eyes. 'Yes. Honestly, what do you boys believe? Do you all think that just because girls are capable of multiple orgasms that you must make us come a half a dozen times?'

'Er ...' Yes, he had heard something similar.

Hermione propped herself up on one elbow. 'Well, of course we do want to have fun and ... well, have an orgasm. But it's not the number that counts, Harry. A girl wants to feel loved and cherished, and if a boy can make her feel that way, it doesn't matter if she comes once or seven times.'

Harry digested that silently. 'Hm,' he said, 'you're a girl, you ought to know, but that's not what I have heard.'

Hermione snorted. 'And who told you?'

Harry squirmed. 'Listen, Hermione, you're not going to go and rant at the poor guys, are you? I mean ...'

'No, but I might on occasion throw out a hint.'

Harry closed his eyes with a painful expression as he thought of Hermione throwing out hints. The poor guys would never know what hit them.

'Harry? Who?'

He shook his head. 'Not going to tell you.'

'What?'

'Nah, can't do that to my fellow men.'

'Humph. Just think of how thankful their girlfriends would be to you!'

'Hell, no!' He stared at her, horrified. 'No, Hermione! If they aren't satisfied, they can very well tell their blokes themselves. You're not going to drag me into this!'

Hermione rolled his eyes. 'Boys!'

'Yeah, whatever,' he agreed, lucky to have escaped. 'Now, if you wouldn't mind, I'm getting cold down here.'

Hermione suddenly jumped up. 'Oh! It must be horribly late! Come one, Harry!'

She whirled around the classroom, gathering her clothes and piling his next to the desk. Harry sat up and watched her, and there was an appreciative stirring in his groin. He glanced down at his flaccid cock. It twitched. Harry decided he had better dress quickly.

'Hey, Hermione,' he called as he slid off the desk. She turned to look at him.

'What? Hurry, Harry!'

'Yeah, yeah.' He bent down and searched his clothes for his wand, then straightened when he had found it. 'Come here,' he gestured at her.

'What for?' she asked but came. He flicked his wand at her, and she blinked and looked down. 'What was that?'

Harry grinned and flicked the wand at himself. 'First spell you learn as a third-year, whether you need it or not. It's the male Prefect who teaches it. I suppose the girls have something similar.'

'Harry, that was nonverbal magic!'

'Yeah, well, that's the practise.'

Her eyes narrowed. 'What is it for? A cleaning spell, isn't it? What's the incantation? Why is it special?'

'Whoa, Hermione, slow down,' Harry said as he slipped on his boxers. 'I won't tell you the incantation, it's for boys only.' He grinned at her huff. 'It's for the cleaning up the morning mess.'

'Morning mess?'

Harry blushed a little and busied himself with zipping his jeans. 'Yeah, well, you know, boys ...'

He shot her a side-glance and saw that she had understood. She had blushed.

'Oh ... I never heard about something like this.'

Harry pulled his t-shirt over his head and watched her clasp her bra. His disobedient cock twitched again at the sight.

'Don't you girls have something similar?'

She shrugged into her blouse. 'No.' She paused buttoning up and frowned. 'Yes, of course, but it's for the blood stains'

'Stop!' he yelled. 'No details!'

Hermione cast him an annoyed glance. 'Boys. Brave like what-not, but tell them about menstruation, and they become prissy.'

'It's all the blood, you know.'

'Honestly, it's not that much, Harry! It's'

'No details!'

'Fine!'

They dressed in silence, and then looked at each other.

'Um ...'

'Well ...'

They laughed uneasily.

'Still friends?'

'Of course.'

'What about Ron?'

'I don't care about Won-Won.'

'Oh, come on, Hermione! Tone it down, will you.'

She sniffed, but didn't say anything. Harry went to the door and peered out.

'Seems empty,' he said over his shoulder.

'Let's hurry, then,' Hermione said next to him.

He half-turned to her and saw she was holding his rucksack out to him. He smiled. 'Thanks.'

She smiled back, a beautiful, radiant smile. 'Thank you, Harry.'

'Eh?'

'For this.' She gestured at the room behind her.

'Uh ...'

'I'll never forget it. Thank you for letting me practise ... and for making me a woman.'

'Hermione ...'

'Shh. It means a lot to me. Now I can, every time I despair over people treating me like an honorary-boy, remember there's someone who knows I'm a girl.'

Harry shook his head. He'd never understand her. She was speaking of Ron, he knew, but why this would make her cry now and smile that strange smile, he couldn't understand. 'I knew you were a girl before.'

She kissed him lightly on his cheek. 'I know.'

He frowned as he followed her into the corridor.

'I don't understand.'

She cast him a saucy smile. 'I know.'

He shook his head again, and then grinned. 'There, if that isn't the proof you're a girl! If you were a boy, I'd perfectly understand you!'

She poked his ribs with her elbow. 'Don't tell me, tell Ron.'

Harry was about to answer when he heard a distant cackle rapidly approaching.

'Peeves!'

They looked at each other.

'Run!'

Laughing and giggling, they dashed down the corridor, down one staircase and up another, down another corridor and then up the staircase to Gryffindor tower. Breathless and still laughing, they tumbled through the portrait into the almost empty common room.

'Oy, what's going on? Where have you been?'

They turned at the voice and saw a tall, red-headed figure rise from one sofa.

'Peeves, and we were studying,' said Harry, still holding Hermione's elbow which he had grabbed to help her steady.

'We were practising,' Hermione said at the same time.

Ron frowned. 'What?'

Harry and Hermione looked at each other and grinned.

'Studying and practising,' Harry explained. 'What we learned, you know.'

Hermione giggled. Ron looked between the two, confused. 'Oh, calm down,' he finally grunted. 'It took you that long? I've been waiting for hours for you, Harry. I, um, wanted to ask you something about homework.'

'The necessary information for the Potions essay is on page 355 of a useful little book called *Anorganic Ingredients in Organic Potions*,' Hermione said lightly. 'I'll go to bed. Night, Ron. Night, Harry.'

She walked through the room and disappeared up the staircase to the girls' dorm. Harry watched her bum appreciatively, while Ron gaped after her, his jaw dropped open. When she was out of sight, he rounded on his friend.

'What was that about?' Ron asked. 'Why's she suddenly talking to me again?'

Harry shrugged. 'Dunno. Guess she found out she can be happy without you considering her as a girl.'

'What?' Ron bellowed. He clenched his fists. 'Who is he?' he demanded imperiously. 'She's dating someone, isn't she? Who is it?'

Harry shook his head. 'Dunno, Ron. She didn't say anything about dating someone. She just said,' he added when Ron looked clearly not convinced, 'that she found someone who didn't treat her as an honorary boy.'

'Eh?'

'That's what we did, I suppose.' He shrugged again. 'It's kind of funny that we did, you know. With all her cryptic mumblings[,] we should have known. Had she been a boy,

we would've understood her.'

Ron wrinkled his brow. 'What are you talking about, Harry?'

'Never mind, mate. I'm off to bed as well. You coming?'

'Yeah.'

Together, they mounted the steps to the boys' dorm and prepared to go to bed. As he lay in his large four-poster bed, hangings drawn around him, Harry allowed his mind to wander back to Hermione. For some reason, he didn't feel as bad about lying to Ron as he knew he ought to. He didn't feel bad about sleeping with Hermione, either. It had been mutual, just sex and nothing more. Practising, as Hermione had called it. They were friends. Who better to practise with? Whom else could they trust? He wouldn't tell Ron, however. Ron was incredibly touchy in some aspects, and he'd never understand it. He'd get it all wrong.

With a sigh, Harry snuggled deeper under his covers and let his hand trail down his body and under the waistband of his pyjama pants. His cock, half-attentive since he'd watched a naked Hermione run around an old classroom, sprang to life, and with a satisfied groan, Harry began to relive the evening.

The End