

Simply Beautiful

by

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Chapter 1

Harry fidgeted with his overcoat while awaiting for the inevitable, if not apprehensive Yule Ball to begin. He took in a deep breathe, as his nervousness took over. It was the first time that he would be attending a function such as this. The first time too that he had to find a date for something that he was actually invited too as well. And to add to that, it was a celebration as well, not for the continuation of the Tri-Wizard Tournament, but for the fact that it was Christmas. The Yule Ball itself though was an annual celebration within the confines of the Tournament. It was apart of the tradition, but it was just like any other Ball.

Taking in another deep breathe, he glanced apprehensively at the giant English Oak doors of the Great Hall, knowing full well that within the confines of that room that the Yule Ball was going to commence. So far all of the champions had arrived. He glanced over at his date, drifting his eyes over her clothing and her face, her body. Parvati Patail. She was an attractive girl, dark skinned which made her look more elegant, if he should say so himself. she was very pretty in that dress of hers. He tore his eyes away from her and drifted over towards the others, noticing Fleur Delacor with Roger Davies, and Cho and Cedric. His gaze lingered upon the Asian girl for a moment, watching her, studying her. Now she was a rare beauty. Beside him he heard Parvati speak.

“She’s beautiful.”

He turned and faced his date, obviously thinking that she was talking about Cho. He smiled slightly. “Yeah,” he said confidently, if not a little sorrowful, “she is.”

It was then that he noticed that Parvati was not looking at Cho, or even glancing towards her, and his brow furrowed in confusion. She was instead glancing up the stairs, her eyes transfixed. This made Harry turn swiftly to see what she was staring at, and his eyes too widened at what he saw. There coming down the stairs was a rare beauty of a woman, someone who seemed not to even compare with Cho Chang, someone whom he thought was the most attractive girl within the school itself. But then again, he had been known to be wrong. It took a moment for him to compose himself, for as he stared at the girl he noticed the similar facial features that adorned her. His eyes widened at the shock, and his jaw literally dropped.

It was Hermione.

But she didn’t look like Hermione at all...She was also smiling – although rather nervously – yet the reduction in the size of her front teeth was more noticeable than ever; Harry couldn’t understand how he hadn’t spotted it before. He had never seen Hermione dressed this way before and frankly, he had an idea why. Should she dress like this everyday, he swear, every boy in this school would have their bloody eyes on her. Including him. His gaze didn’t even linger on his date anymore, nor even his thoughts on Cho Chang, as they had just vanished. His entire thoughts and gaze were shifted to the girl that he would never have thought would ever look like this. Yet, it was possible. His gaze swept over her, taking in what she was wearing. She was wearing a beautiful pink colored dress, the neck part dipping low at the front towards the top of her chest, and the back opened until her waist. Her normally bushy brown hair was known drawn into a bun of messy curls, some fell down by her neck. Her brown eyes shimmered from the candles of the castle, her lips drawn in a smile.

“Hi, Harry! Hi, Parvati!”

Harry automatically said ‘hi’ as his mind started spinning. He shook himself out of his daze, yet his thoughts still lingered upon Hermione. ‘When had Hermione become so beautiful?’ he asked himself. It wasn’t just her teeth that made her look good, it was her entire body as a whole, and the elegant sway of her hips as she moved forward. Harry’s gaze still followed her, his thoughts drifting to her again. ‘Why didn’t I ask her to the ball? She looks so beautiful. The swaying of her hips, the tightness of her body, her face, so supple and attractive...wait!’ When did he start to think of Hermione, his best friend, like this?

‘Since you just saw her,’ a voice answered in the back of his head. ‘Since you just saw the way that she naturally looks. You have just been a witness to the beauty that he actually holds.’ He shook his head, still lost in his thoughts as Parvati guided him to the large round table at the top of the hall. He still couldn’t believe it. He stared at her again, watching as Viktor Krum guided her up towards the stage, and he couldn’t help the surge of jealousy that whipped up within him as he saw them touching each other, their hands intermingling with each other. He smiled slightly.

His date, Parvati, besides him, dragged him up to the stage, sharply jerking him out of his stupor and bringing him up upon the stage. Harry drew his face up against hers and saw that she had a slight frown upon her face. He raised his brows as she placed her hands upon his back and his hands upon her waist.

“You’re my date remember,” she said in a low but yet dangerous whisper.

Harry knotted his brow in a frown. “I was just looking at Hermione...”

“Exactly,” she hissed. “You can do that at anytime, she is your friend for Merlin’s sake, and I am your date.” She shook her head, “You see her everyday, she barely leaves your side.”

He didn’t even hear the announcement made by Professor McGonagall behind him to allow the Champions to start dancing. He barely even noticed that he was suddenly dancing with Parvati, as his eyes never lingered off of her. He barely even noticed the conceited, excited and unknown whispers that bounced off of the students around them as his thoughts had drifted again, thinking about what Parvati had said and then about Hermione.

It was true; he never even noticed that Hermione, the one person that had stayed with him, who was forever by his side, who was always looking out for him, who was always there, end of story, was the girl whom he had never thought about anymore than a sister. Hermione was a girl whom he never thought would ever be more than that, but now, he had to wonder if there was more to his feelings, if perhaps they were hidden, if perhaps a chance that he could have something more with Hermione.

He sighed as he admitted silently that he was jealous and that he definitely fancied Hermione. Yet, what could he do about it? The dance came to an end, and the Champions returned to their seats, unless that wanted another round of dancing. Hermione and Viktor walked to the other end of the stage and started dancing once more, and around Harry a number of girls suddenly appeared asking him for a dance, of which Harry partook with them as their dates danced with Parvati. Truthfully, he just wanted to get away from her as she was starting to grate upon his nerves.

The night continued on and he started to think more and more about Hermione and how he had never noticed her before, and how he had never noticed her. His gaze locked on to Ron once in a while and he

saw that he was glaring openly at Harry and also at Hermione. Beside him, Padma, Parvati's twin was glaring at him. He knew that Ron had feelings for Hermione, and it made him feel inconsiderate as he was sure that Hermione wanted Ron to notice her. He sighed again, perhaps he would never have a chance with her.

But then again, he could always try. And try he would.

One by one the girls made their way off of him and away to their dates, and Harry resigned himself to dance with Parvati again, who was glaring at him, but he maintained all eye contact with her. This made her somewhat happy, but even she knew that he wanted to dance with Hermione. And she would be happy to oblige him to do so as long as she could dance with Krum.

"Why don't you ask her to dance?" she asked him in a light tone of voice.

Harry shook himself out of his stupor. "What?"

"Hermione."

"What about her?"

"You fancy her," she stated affirmatively.

Harry was confused. Was he that obvious? "I do?" he watched as she nodded, her head shaking up and down. "Am I that obvious?"

She giggled at his hysterical voice. "You are," she started, sighing. "But I don't blame you, as I am sure that almost every guy in this room has noticed her."

"Perhaps because she is dancing with Viktor Krum..."

"Even if she was dancing with you and she looked like that, and you had asked her before Krum, everyone would still have noticed her." Their gazes drifted over to Hermione, watching her drink with her date. Harry sighed. "She looks beautiful Harry," Parvati continued. "Just ask her."

Harry drew his gaze upon Parvati again. "You wouldn't mind – I mean – you are my date, remember?"

Her eyes narrowed. "And you are mine, remember?"

Harry knew then that he had gone too far. He should have been paying more attention to Parvati than to Hermione. They were just as beautiful as each other, but this was a side of Hermione he had not yet seen.

"Do you think that she will want to?" he asked in a small tone of voice.

Parvati smiled. "How about we swap partners for a while, I can dance with Viktor, and you with Hermione."

Harry's smile brightened. "If you are willing?"

“Oh,” she said, smiling mischievously, “I believe that I am Potter.”

He leaned in and kissed her on the cheek, and they slowly dragged themselves off of the dance floor and towards Hermione and Krum. They walked up slowly together, and Harry tried not to notice the glaring looks coming from Ron. He did wonder that if he fancied her why he didn't ask her for a dance, let alone, why she didn't want to take Padma, who was looking livid next to him, to the dance floor. Trying not to appear nervous, he stood next to Hermione, drawing her and Viktor's attention. He smiled slightly. “Hermione, may I have the next dance?” He then turned to Viktor. “If you don't mind, of course Viktor, we could switch partners.”

Hermione noticed the hopeful tone in his voice, she grinned at him, “Of course, Harry.”

Krum looked ready to object, but Hermione leaned in and whispered something to him which calmed him down. He nodded, accepting what she had said and faced Harry's date.

“It would be an honor,” he said kissing her hand as she blushed, “to dance with such a precious lady as yourself.” He indicated towards Harry to introduce her. The Boy-who-lived caught on in a moment. “Viktor,” he motioned towards Parvati, “this is Parvati. Parvati, this is Viktor.”

Krum eyed Harry suspiciously for a moment, his eyes narrowing. He smiled nonetheless at his new partner. It would only be for a little while though. Harry nodded and took Hermione's hand and led her to the dance floor. Slowly they pressed themselves together, feeling their clothing and skin press against each other. Hermione could feel Harry's breath on her skin, and it made her tingle. Harry could feel her hands link around his waist and back, as he did the same to her, and they started swinging to the music.

He smiled at her, and she did back. They gazed into each other's eyes, watching them swirl with emotions said and unsaid, read and unreadable. They remained silent for a while, content with each others presence before Harry took in as deep breath.

“Enjoying yourself?” he asked in a tight, hyperactive tone of voice.

She smiled at him, and shook her head. “I am indeed. Viktor and I are enjoying each others presence dearly.”

‘Clearly’ Harry thought. “What do you talk about?”

Her smile faded a little. “We don't really, we just feel content with each others presence.”

Harry caught her tone of voice, and seemed saddened by it. “You say that as if it is a bad thing?”

She looked stricken for a moment. “Well, it would be nice to talk once in a while, but all he does is gaze at me.”

‘Like what you are doing now.’ The voice stated once more.

“Shutup” Harry hissed silently, but Hermione caught it.

“What?” she asked, but Harry merely shook his head.

“Nothing.” He cleared his throat and glanced at Hermione, spinning her around to have a look at her swaying hips and back. ‘Nice back, firm buttox, elegant swaying hips. She has a knowledge of things that you cannot yet even comprehend, and a beauty for which you would die for. She is the perfect girl.’ Harry shook his head, clearing the voice away. He sighed and glanced at her again. “You look pretty tonight.”

Hermione snapped his head towards him and stared wide-eyed, her mouth agape. “What did you say?”

“I said that you look pretty tonight.”

She shut her mouth with a snap and look away, blushing. She closed her eyes, never thinking that Harry would ever say such a thing to her. She felt herself drag her face back to face Harry, not noticing until too late that Harry had his right hand placed upon her chin. He smiled at her.

“It’s true,” he said silently.

“You think that I am pretty?” she asked in a low and concerned, if not afraid voice.

Harry shook his head. “No, not pretty,” she looked away but Harry caught her before she could do so. “You are beautiful Hermione. Simply Beautiful.”

She smiled, not believing what she was hearing from Harry. Hermione couldn’t believe what she was hearing. It sounded like he was saying that she had caught his eye. She knew that she had caught his glances once in a while tonight, but it was a better look than Ron’s constant glares. Hermione silently thought something different from what she hoped though. ‘No that couldn’t be it. Harry doesn’t see me like that. He couldn’t, I am no more than a sister to him. There is no way that Harry could like me like that...at least he didn’t used to.’ She thought back to what he had called her. “‘Simply Beautiful’” that was what he had said. She started to breath in heavily as butterflies seemed to fill her stomach. She was drawn out of her daze as Harry continued speaking.

“I wish that I had asked you to the Ball.” He said in a resigned tone of voice.

Hermione stared at him, once again not believing what she was hearing.

“You...” she started, stuttering with relief, hope “You do?”

Harry nodded. “I will admit that you look absolutely stunning tonight.” His hands started to motion their way up and down her back in a soothing manner, and Hermione felt the soothing yet rough, yet careful way they maneuvered around her body. It sent a pleasurable shiver down her spine. She closed her eyes, enjoying the moment as Harry continued speaking. “I would never have though of you in this way before, as I had always seen you as a sister. But tonight, I will admit that you caught my eye, yet it was a shame that I didn’t see you earlier.”

Harry looked into her eyes, staring at the feelings that were within them, and feeling the butterflies that were welling up within his stomach. “But that’s not the only reason. Ow you look tonight is apart of it. I have just never seen you look like this before, but perhaps I should have looked at her earlier. All night I’ve been thinking about what a wonderful friend you’ve been, and what a wonderful person you are. You were my only friend for a while there month ago. And you have been a better friend than

Ron...”

“Harry...” She started, but Harry continued, quieting her.

“You have always been looking out for me. In first year you were with me until the end with the potion bottles guarding the Philosophers Stone. In second year, you were concerned of my well being during the Heir of Slytherin debacle. Last year during the whole Sirius Black issue, you were always concerned for my wellbeing, and you have always placed me above yourself. You’ve always been there for me when I needed you, and I...I...”

He was interrupted suddenly as he felt a hand on his shoulder. Turning, he saw Viktor looking at him with a resigned expression. His eyes hardened as they stared at his face. He motioned towards Parvati and Harry understood. He wanted his date back. He turned and faced Hermione, watching her stricken expression upon her face, almost wanting him to continue speaking, begging him to. Harry would have, but it was wrong. He leaned over and kissed her upon the cheek, earning a blush from her.

He held her hands for a moment, but then stalked off, Parvati following him, and disappearing into the crowd. Hermione watched him go, but where he went, nobody knew.

Chapter 2

To say that Hermione was frustrated would have been an understatement. She was beyond that at the moment, her face red and full of unsaid anger. Resentment, if possible. First, Harry had almost admitted his feelings to her, and although that was one of the sweetest things that he would have done to her, he was interrupted by Viktor wanting to take her back again. Even now she wanted to find Harry and have him finish what he had started saying. But she couldn't find him, and as a result all of her frustration was thrown at Viktor, which she didn't mean at all. But it was after that that she became really riled up.

Ronald Weasley. Those words said it all. He was so frustrating. She was now angered beyond relief. She hated him, couldn't stand him at the moment. She just wanted to slap the boy senseless, repeatedly. He had officially ruined the night with Viktor now. In fact, he had just ruined the night period. She loathed him now, and he had the audacity to feel smug. It was a smugness that she just wanted to be rid of. It was near the end of the night when Ron had confronted her, and he had made her cry. Harry had turned up a few moments later, and she had just lashed out at him. The look in his eyes at that moment made her want to apologize, it was almost heartbreaking. And it was all Ron's fault. She hoped that Ron that not ruined her chances of hearing what Harry had wanted to say to her. She shook her head, letting the tears fall freely to the ground.

"Well, you know the solution, then, don't you?" Hermione asked, looking close to tears.

"Yeah?" Ron asked in an indignant manner. "What's that?"

"Next time there's a ball, pluck up the courage and ask me first, and not as a last resort!" Hermione said, walking away; she spotted Harry, who had been watching the scene in confusion.

"Where've you been?" Hermione asked him angrily. Harry started to speak, but she interrupted. "Never mind, off to bed, both of you!"

Harry opened his mouth again, staring at her in confusion. Their eyes met momentarily and she read within them the deep confusion, loss and brokenness. She felt her heart breaking and immediately felt sorry for herself. She attempted to reach out to him, but Harry withdrew his stance and gaze and walked towards Ron, staring at him in a partly bemused, narrowed, saddened and frightening manner. Ron looked at him questioningly, but Harry withdrew his gaze again and silently went up the stairs. Ron stared at him, then Hermione, then back at Harry again, he scoffed at Hermione.

"Look what you have done now?"

"Ron, you've spoiled everything!" Hermione yelled, stalking after him. Ron followed Harry quickly up the steps while Hermione fell on the stairs, crying her eyes out

Hermione threw her shoes to the ground, and started to wipe away the tears that were falling freely down her face. Rubbing her foot she started thinking about Ron and how he had just ruined everything for her. His temper had just gotten the better of her, and she had flared up at him in response, although that did little to dent his minimal demeanor and literal non-existent emotional range of which people

compared with a teaspoon. At the moment, she thought that there was no emotional range within Ron, besides an empty head.

She sighed, feeling depressed. She so wanted to hear what Harry had to say, for him to express his feelings towards her. Through the night she had seen him glance at her, and had watched Parvati get pissy about it. Obviously Hermione had caught more than Harry's eye, indeed, more so his attention. In a way, that was what she had wanted, but also, not what she had wanted. Ron of course, he got totally jealous, and at the moment made Hermione wonder what exactly she wanted him to see in her. But she wanted to know Harry's feelings more so than anyone else's. She sighed to herself, more tears escaping and sobbing wildly. It was lucky that there was no-one else around at the moment as the Ball had basically finished.

"Hermione."

She froze as she heard a voice behind her, and turned slowly, and gasping as she came face to face with Harry. She softened as she motioned for him to sit down besides her, which he did willingly. As if by nature, Harry took Hermione's foot, which she was rubbing and started to do it for her.

It elicited a small gasp from her as Harry started to rub her foot up and down with his hands, massaging her ankle and toes and the centre of her foot. "Shoes are too small for me I think." She stated in a calm manner. "Three sizes too small, I swear". Harry chuckled at her.

"I would have to agree," he said in an almost laughing, but mostly concerned manner. "Your feet seem swollen in a way."

She glanced at him, her eyebrows raised. "I thought I told you to go to bed."

Harry stopped what he was doing and placed her foot on the ground. Immediately she regretted what she had said as she wanted to feel his hands on her body once more, like she had felt during their dancing, and how she had felt with her foot then.

"You may be older than me Hermione," Harry started, his tone pointed and stern, "and you may be smarter, more intelligent and knowledgeable. You may be prettier than any other girl in Hogwarts, and you may be the smartest witch of our age, but you do not have command authority over me to tell me what to do".

"I never said that I did..."

"But you always act like you do." He sniped at her with a stern expression.

She tore her eyes away from him, feeling downcast. She felt saddened by his reactions towards her now. She above all didn't want her relationship with Harry to end like this. Let alone, she didn't want to act like it was Third Year again when Harry and Ron hadn't talked to her over the Firebolt incident for a couple of months. Shaking her head she sobbed.

"I'm sorry," she started.

Harry looked at her, his gaze wide. "What?"

"I'm Sorry," she cried and flung herself over Harry, crying into his shirt. Harry was momentarily shocked, and then threw his arms around her, rubbing her back and also patting her head. He cradled her in his arms, soothing her. She calmed down, feeling his hands massage her back, sending a tingle down her spine. She stopped and leaned back, staring into Harry's eyes. Their gazes met and they leaned in slowly, but Harry spoke before their lips met.

"What are you apologizing for?"

Hermione snapped back and stared at him with a withdrawn expression. Within a moment she had pulled herself back against Harry, crushing him. His breathe was almost taken out of him, but he started to soothe her again as she started breaking down. "I'm sorry that I lashed out at you before, it was just that Ron..."

"I know". Harry completed. "He can act like that. I understand."

"I didn't mean to..." Hermione continued.

"I know..." Harry said in a firm voice. He breathed in, staring at Hermione. "I'm guessing you were waiting for him to ask you to the ball?"

Hermione stared at him, smiling slightly. "I was hoping that he might have the courage to come up and ask me to the Ball, but when he didn't..." she shook her head. "He was already too late and through that I was without a date, and I did hope that with Viktor that it would make him realise his mistake and..."

"You were using Viktor?" Harry asked incredulously. "I never thought that Hermione Granger would stoop so low".

"Well, it kind of backfired, didn't it?"

Harry nodded solemnly. "Yeah, it did."

Hermione smiled. "But I did get your attention didn't I?"

Harry looked up at her with wide unfazed eyes. "But it wasn't he one that you wanted."

She frowned suddenly. "Who says that it wasn't?" Harry stared at her, and she nodded. "I amy have wanted Ron to look at me more, as I know that he has feelings for me, and I do for him as well," Harry's shoulders slumped, now he might never get the chance to go far with Hermione. Hermione herself, noticed this, and sighed. "I know that I caught your eye, and I was grateful for it. Indeed, I actually felt, pleased, that I had at least caught your attention, although I hadn't felt that way for you in a long time."

Harry's head snapped up, his eyes wide. "You liked me? When? Where?"

"Last year," Hermione said. "It came to a climax when we went back in time together. I was hoping that you would notice me, but with everything that went on last year...hmmphh..."

She was silenced suddenly by a persons lips settling upon hers. At first she struggled as she wanted to

finished what she was saying, and let along to be able to get comfortable, but she was unable to do so. Hermione soon found herself settling into the kiss, and kissing back in a vigorous manner. Oblivious to what was happening around them, which was, not much, besides a few students walking around them, Harry and Hermione leaned back onto the stairs and started melting into each others embrace. Harry grabbed one of her hands and placed it above her head whilst another caressed the back of her head. Hermione's free hand did the same, pulling Harry forward to meet her lips. And she refused to let him go.

Hermione, after the initial shock, was so pleased. Inside she was as giddy as could be. She never thought that Harry could like her this way. Harry was kissing her! And she, Hermione, was kissing him! She couldn't believe it. Within a few moments she felt Harry's tongue involuntarily touch her lips. Hermione groaned into his mouth as her tongue came out to play with Harry's. This shocked him that he tried to pull away but the hand behind his head kept him firmly in place. They tasted each other again and again with their tongues fighting for supremacy in their kisses.

Harry broke away momentarily, grabbing hold of Hermione's other hand and staring her in the face. He smiled at her, making her respond in kind. They just sat there, staring into each others eyes longingly, in maternal bliss, as some would say. They were at peace with each other, they were happy.

"We should head back," Harry said. He stared at hErmione and she gazed at him questioningly. "To the Common Room."

Hermione nodded her head and went to pick up her other shoe but was stopped by Harry. She stared at him questioningly and watched as he picked up her shoe, and then took the other one off of her other foot.

"Barefoot Hermione," he said with a grin, "It might be better for you." He leaned in and gave her a small kiss, lingering there for a moment. He smiled as he dragged her up off of the floor and they started to walk up the stairs, their fingers and hands intertwined.

On every staircase they held each other securely, and along every corridor they kissed and embraced some more. Harry was wondering if this was love or not, as he had deep feelings for Hermione, and his magic somehow felt complete in a way. He felt, more pure, clean. He felt complete, as if a part of his life had suddenly changed. He smiled as he thought that Hermione could possibly be the person that he wanted to be with for the rest of his life, if that were possible, unless things changed. This was, indeed, the first time in a while that he felt happy.

Hermione stared at Harry. Unknowingly they had actually been in front of the Fat Lady for about five minutes, and Hermione was close to laughing at Harry's dazed expression on his face. She merely giggled and said the password to the Fat Lady, and then entered the room, dragging Harry to the couch with him, and then slamming her mouth upon his. This, it seemed, dragged Harry out of his stupor as he started to kiss Hermione back wildly, vigorously. For a while they savored the tastes of each others mouths, enjoying their constant tongue dueling. Their kisses were far more stimulating and more passionate. His lips started to burn as their mouths played with each other, and he could tell that they were getting swollen with the constant rubbing. Harry pushed her off of him, and as they separated, they were both grinning.

"Hermione," Harry said hoarsely, he leaned in closer and kissed her. "I think I love you."

Hermione gaped. Harry had just admitted something like that to her. It was at that moment that she knew that she didn't want to waste anymore time. She smiled at him, and then straddled him, dragging her legs around him and stared him in the face. They kissed once more, passionately, and his mouth and tongue started to kiss her jaw and neck, making her breath heavily. She giggled as she pulled away from him, but still staring him in the face. "I know Harry, I think that I love you as well. I think that I always have."

He smiled at her again. "I love you, Hermione Granger."

As he leaned in for a kiss, Hermione stopped him, and gazed into his eyes. What was written within there was understanding, or longing even. She smiled shyly at him and merely whispered three chosen words. "Then show me."

Harry merely blinked, and watched as she stood up, taking his hand in hers and then dragging her up towards her staircase. For a moment he followed blindly before he noticed where she was taking him, and he stalled.

"I can't go up there," he exclaimed in a whisper, "the stairs will stop me before I even have a chance to look into your room".

Hermione merely stared at him with a small smile written upon his face. "I am not even sure Harry if the stairs are bewitched, and as far as I know, not many boys have tried to enter into the girls dorms to see".

He raised his eyebrows at her in a curious manner, to which she merely sighed. "Just try it, would you."

He took in a deep breathe and nodded his head, following her up the staircase, one step at a time. On the first step nothing happened, and he wondered why, so he tried again upon the next, where again, nothing happened. The teachers and prefects had always said that the stairs were supposed to slide into a slide incase any boy attempted to head up the stairs into their dorms, but it seems that Harry had just proven it wrong. He headed up the next step, and then paused, staring at Hermione, staring at how beautiful that she looked right now, and how much he wanted to feel her, but then again, he was also unsure.

"Are you sure about this Hermione?" he asked quietly, almost scared of the answer.

Her only answer was a small kiss upon his lips. They both smiled at each other and then headed up the rest of the stairs.

Upon entering her dorm, Hermione led Harry towards her bed, taking off her shoes in the process. She turned and took off her earrings and then undid her hair, and when her gaze met Harry's she noticed that he only had his shirt and pants on him. They smiled shyly one last time before Harry acted. Within seconds he'd backed Hermione into the beds post and captured her mouth with his own. Harry crushed his mouth against Hermione's, kissing her with all the passion that he could muster, and she returned the kiss against his with as much passion and longing. Their tongues dueled each other within their mouths, battling for supremacy, Hermione moaned as Harry continued to kiss her over and over, murmuring incoherently. She wrapped her arms around him pressing her body against his returning his kisses heatedly. His hands wrapped themselves around her waist, bringing her closer to him, feeling his manhood as it bulged within his pants.

They broke apart suddenly, their lips swollen but they were still close. Hermione merely stared at him, and then proceeded to lower herself upon the bed, dragging Harry with her. She closed the curtains and then mutters a small incantation which Harry didn't hear. Then, within a number of seconds she had captured his moth again, dragging him upon her, feeling his weight, his body, his manhood pressing against him. She moaned, and he whimpered as he had never felt something so surreal in his life. He may have been concerned about what was happening, but he was enjoying far too much, and he wanted this as much as he did.

They undressed each other slowly, kissing each other passionately, longingly, lovingly. Hermione took off his shirt and kissed his chest, undoing button by button, then she made her way down upon his pants, slowly undoing the fly and the buttons, and then dragging them off of him. Harry, feeling her doing his work, got up off of her and then proceeded to take his pants off, and without waiting for an invitation took his boxers off, revealing his manhood for the first time.

She blushed and turned away, but Harry caught her head and then turned it to face him. She saw his smile and knew it to be alright. He rotated their positions so that he was on the bottom and he started to take her dress off, to which she didn't even complain or object. To his surprise she was wearing no bra or even any underwear, and he smiled at this.

Once they were completely naked he stared at her, and once again he rotated his position so that he was on top of her. The feel of their skin against each other was calm, pleasant. "Are you sure?" he managed to rasp out, a little embarrassed by how ragged his breathing was.

To his surprise, Hermione didn't falter. She merely reached for her wand picked it up and pointed it at her stomach with a murmured word. Then throwing the wand away she wrapped her arms around his back, feeling his soft, cool bare skin for the first time. "Yes." She pulled him back down into a bruising kiss, and the last of his reservations vanished.

Her hand slid between their bodies, nudging him, guiding him until he was once again pressed against the hot wetness of her. She arched upwards, her breasts rubbing against his chest, crying out in pain as his hard manhood broke what little remained of her youth, and what little remained of his control and his hips surged forward. He felt her stiffen and heard her sharp intake of breath that was almost a cry and stopped, fully buried inside her, clenching his jaw as he rested his forehead against hers.

There was a tightness around him, and he gasped as he moved to get comfortable, causing them both pleasure and pain. He stiffened and stared at her face, her eyes closed and tears cascading down her eyes. "Are- are you okay?" he gasped out.

She nodded.

"Are you sure?"

She nodded, tightening her grip around his back, making him move a little. "Please Harry," she started, "I want this".

Harry nodded, and then captured her lips, moving his hips at the same time, and to his surprise, she did so as well.

He kissed her softly, gently, tenderly, passionately. Their minds met in pure bliss, each of them crying out each others names. There was no pain; instead it was pleasure, love, a growing friction, an emotion that needed to be released. There was a power that was leading them, helping them explore each other. The feel of their bodies intertwined with each other made the passion even greater. They kissed each other with compassion, with fire, swelling their lips at the same time. She kissed him harder, her hands sliding down his back to cup his butt, encouraging him. This made him more vibrant as he started to go faster.

“Harry,” she gasped feeling the intense pleasure of Harry within her. She was breathing heavily now as their musky smell fermented the air within the enclosed space.

“Hermione,” he groaned in response as he began to move, faster, increasing the pleasure. He pulled out and eased his way back in, each time the movement became more enticing for them, bringing them closer to their release.

She moaned loudly, flinging her head back. Her legs wrapped around his hips, bringing him in deeper. He grunted in response, started to move faster and harder, increasing his speed as he went. “Oh... Gods...” She panted, her breathing becoming erratic. She could not believe the kind of feelings and emotions were even possible of what she was feeling now. This was pure bliss for her. For Harry it was total love, something that he had never experienced in his life. He felt her moving beneath him, as she pressed up harder against him increasing both her pleasure and his. He was on the edge, coming closer, knowing that he was almost spent, and by the way Hermione was moving she was too, he increased his speed again, wanting her orgasm to be intense.

There was a moment as if everything froze. Nothing was moving, they were alone, and then it happened. She bucked under the pressure, and he followed soon after. Their pain and pleasure disappearing as she screamed in delight, throwing her head back, and as Harry pushed up once more, finally spending the last of his momentum in one final thrust. They released each other at the same time, Harry collapsing upon her as she wrapped one hand around his head and neck, and then disposing of her legs around his body. They were breathing heavily, and their bodies were covered in sweat.

They had no idea how long they were laying there before they covered each other up; they had no idea how long they lay, feeling each other, their pleasure and pain, feeling the moment; no idea of the intensity of their time that they had spent together. They were only aware of their own thoughts, and how long it would be before they needed to separate from each other and for Harry to return to his own dorm. They also didn't know how everyone else would take it that they had slept together, how Ron would take it, or even Viktor. But none of that mattered now, for they were just content with each others presence. They were content with the people that they loved.

Harry smiled before he fell asleep, and kissed her fondly.

“You are so beautiful ‘Mione,” he said slowly, “Simply beautiful”.