

# A Harmonian Way of Life

by

Seelver

“Harry? Do you have a moment?” The voice called from outside the door.

He’d been locked in his room at Grimmauld Place for almost three weeks. Dobby, under Molly’s orders, had been slipping food into the room every few hours, and returning to remove the nearly-full tray after an hour or so. He’d been eating something, not enough for a growing young man, but enough to survive on.

“Busy...” Harry mumbled in the direction of the door.

With a click, the door unlocked, then creaked open. In the doorway stood the ever-formidable Molly Weasley. “Up, Harry!” She commanded sharply.

“Don’t wanna.” Harry moaned.

Molly glared sharply at him. “Do you want some cheese to go with that whine, young man?” She said archly. “Now, get up, and get in the shower. I can smell you from over here.”

“Go ‘way.” Harry slurred into his pillow, before pulling the duvet up over himself. It was a second later when he shot out of bed, holding onto his left arse cheek, the recent recipient of a stinging hex from Molly.

“Mrs. Weasley!” Harry near-shouted. Another stinging hex hit him in the chest, directly on his nipple. With a ‘eep’ of pain, he ran, heading straight into the bathroom.

“Get showered, dressed, and meet me in the kitchen when you’re done.” Molly ordered.

Harry, leaning against the other side of the bathroom door, tried to find an appropriate retort.

“Don’t even think of saying *that*, young man!” Molly commanded, correctly anticipating Harry’s response. “You have twenty minutes. If you’re not down there, I’ll come in after you!” She span on her heel, and marched out of the bedroom.

“Christ...” Harry muttered, before pulling off his shirt. As it passed his nose, he recoiled in disgust. *Okay... maybe I could use a little shower...*

Twenty-five minutes later, he entered the kitchen, before slumping into a chair at the far end of the table. Molly was puttering about the kitchen, earning a sharp glare from Harry as she passed him.

“I’m here, Mrs. Weasley.” He said sulkily.

“Good.” Molly replied, setting down a full bowl of chicken soup in front of him. “Now, eat up. I’d like to have a chat with you.”

*No... why does everyone want a ‘chat’ with me? Harry thought as he started to slurp his soup noisily. Why can’t I just be left alone to sulk in peace?*

“Properly, Harry.” Molly said, sitting down next to him with a cup of tea. “I know what you’re doing.”

Harry arched an eyebrow at her. “And what am I doing?” He asked, his tone the typically rebellious moan of a fifteen-year old male.

“You’re hoping that if you’re petulant and childish enough, I’ll leave you alone.” Molly replied. “You forget, Harry, I’ve got six sons older than you. I’ve been there, seen it, and even have the awards for surviving it.”

Harry just pouted at her, and took another spoonful of his soup, eating it without slurping.

“Now, Harry... I know that you’re grieving over Sirius-”

“Oh...” Harry interrupted. “Is this the part where you tell me that it’ll be fine, don’t grieve, he wouldn’t want you to be sad.” He snorted. “Don’t wanna hear it.”

“No.” Molly said frostily. “I wasn’t going to say that at all.” She took a soothing sip of her tea. “Now, you seem to be forgetting that my parents are dead. My brothers are dead. I’ve been where you are now, and I know that nothing anybody says will be of any use to you. You need to come to terms with it on your own.”

Harry slumped in his chair slightly, properly chastised.

“What I was going to say is, that other people in this house are grieving, too. If you help them with their grief, it might help you with yours.” She placed a hand over his. “Don’t shut out your friends, Harry, dear. They’re your greatest strength. Everyone’s seen it. You have family. True, they’re not of your blood, but they are of your love. And that’s what matters.

“Now, I’m not your mother, Harry, and I would never try to be. Lily Potter was a sweet, beautiful woman, who holds a special place in your heart.” She squeezed his hand again, before releasing it to take up her cup. “I would like, though, to be a favourite Aunt.” She pursed her lips. “I hope that I’d be better at it than...” She trailed off, not wanting to speak ill of his relatives. He nodded at her uncertainly, prompting her to continue. “Well, to be frank, Harry, dear, I hope I’d be a better Aunt than that horse-faced bitch you currently have.”

Harry snorted. “Mrs. Weasley, a naughty chimp would be a better relative than Petunia. A dead chimp would be better.”

She nodded. “In that case, Harry, I’d like it if you referred to me as ‘Aunt Molly’. Mrs. Weasley makes me feel old.”

He looked at her, then nodded slowly. “I’ll try... Aunt Molly.” He looked uncomfortable at saying it, but

decided to give it a go.

“Now, there was one other thing, Harry.” Molly now looked uncomfortable. “There are two young ladies in this house, at the moment, that are... very taken with you.”

Harry blushed, before looking back down at his soup.

“I realise that you’re uncomfortable, Harry.” Molly said. “I’m not exactly... easy about this situation, either. However, I do know the benefits of having a loving partner, and I think that’s certainly something you could use.”

“Are... are you telling me you want me to go out with Ginny, Mrs. Weasley?” He asked timidly.

“No, I’m not saying that, Harry.” She smiled, and squeezed his hand again. “Ginny is certainly taken with you, but I know you’ve not spent much time with her. I believe that quite a bit of her feelings are hero-worship. She grew up with your story, and was always very taken with you. You saved her life at the end of her first year, which has certainly increased her view of you as the champion on the white steed. She may have genuine feelings, or may not, but that’s something that you’d need to find out for yourself, if you were interested.”

“Hmm.” Harry grunted. He’d always been a little wary of the girls he’d met at Hogwarts, since the vast majority of them looked at his forehead before they looked at *him*.

“Now, Hermione’s also very taken with you.” Molly continued. “She’s been a good and loyal friend for all the time you’ve been at Hogwarts.” She suddenly looked embarrassed. “Even more so than Ron. She tries to hide it, but she does have feelings for you, Harry. I believe that your health and wellbeing is more important to her than her own.”

Harry looked confused. “This is... weird, Aunt Molly.” He said, smiling at how easily ‘Aunt Molly’ sounded. “I mean... I’d have thought you’d be pushing me towards Ginny, and Hermione towards Ron.”

She burst out laughing, tears coming to her eyes. It took almost three minutes for her to get her breathing under control. She pulled up her apron, using it to wipe her eyes. “You...” She managed a single word before falling into another laughing jag. When she *finally* got herself under control, she looked at him.

“You... you thought I’d be pushing Ron and Hermione together?” She sniggered, but quickly stamped it down. “Good lord, no! They’d never work as a couple.”

Harry looked confused. “What? Why? Everyone at Hogwarts says they act like an old married couple, what with all the bickering they do.”

“Harry, I’ve been with Arthur now for 29 years. We’ve been married for 27 of those years. Do you really think that if we bickered like Ron and Hermione, we’d have been married that long?” She snorted. “Good lord, those two wouldn’t make it past the reception before filing for divorce.”

He still looked confused. She took pity on him.

“Harry, Ron is rather... unmotivated.” She said it delicately, but Harry could tell what she wanted to say was ‘lazy’. “Hermione is a driven girl. She’s intelligent, and has a wide range of interests. She excels in high-pressure situations, which require careful thought.

“Ron... well,” she sighed, “he’s only really interested in food, Quidditch and chess. He hates school and learning in general. Those two would never survive as a couple.”

“But...” Harry didn’t know what to say.

“Harry, I’ve seen you study. You hide it well, but you’re going to have very high scores on your NEWTs. To be honest, I rather see you as the perfect blend of Ron and Hermione. You have his passion for Quidditch, and her devotion to learning. You know when to buckle down and work, and when to sit back and relax. You would be very good for Hermione. You’d work hard with her, but you’d make her take breaks as well.”

*Is she really telling me to pursue Hermione, instead of Ginny?* He asked himself. “What about Ginny?” He asked her, now engaged in the conversation, not focussing on his grief over Sirius.

“Well...” Molly leaned back in her chair. “Ginny’s a good girl, Harry. Would I like her to end up with you? I couldn’t say. I do know that you’re a grand man, and she’d be lucky to end up with someone like you. However, I don’t know if you’re compatible. As I said, it’s something that you’d need to work out on your own.”

“Would... would you be upset if I ended up with Hermione?” He asked, after a few moments.

She shook her head. “Not for you, Harry. I’d be upset for Ginny, but only because she’d be missing out on such a wonderful boy. But, I want you to make your own choices. I don’t want you to feel pressured by me, or anyone else.” She leaned forward and squeezed his hand again. “Be selfish for a change, Harry. For all the years I’ve known you, you think of others first. Do this for *you*.”

Harry pushed his soup bowl away, standing up. He pulled on Molly’s hand, drawing a squeak of protest before he wrapped her in a hug. “Thanks, Aunt Molly.” He said into her neck as he held her for a moment.

She pushed him away, making a ‘shoo’ gesture with her hands. “Go on, Harry. Good luck.”

Harry vanished back into his bedroom to think, only to recoil when he walked in the door. The room *stank!* He quickly hit every surface with *Scourgify*, banishing the traces of body odour with a thought. He sat on the now-clean bed, thinking about everything he’d talked about with Aunt Molly.

*Aunt Molly... that’s actually kinda cool.* He thought. *Why couldn’t I have actually been her nephew, instead of Petunia’s? Damn, she’d have made sure that I was raised properly. No ‘Harry Hunting’, no starvation, no beatings. I could’ve had friends growing up, instead of being alone.*

*She thinks I should get a girlfriend.* He cast his mind back to the disastrous ‘date’ he’d had with Cho Chang during the year. *What a flop that was... she was upset because I had to go and meet Hermione...* With that thought, an image of Hermione entered his mind. *She’s certainly very beautiful. Smart, too,*

*which is a major turn-on. She's not enamoured with my fame. She likes me for me, not for the 'Boy-Who-Didn't-Bloody-Die'. Then again, there's Ginny. She's pretty... I guess. At least she's gotten over that annoying bloody squeaking whenever I enter a room. But, Molly was right... She's grown up with the legend of the 'Boy-Who-Lived', unconquerable hero on a white horse. A White Knight, even.*

*Besides, Ginny's got a boyfriend. Dean's a good bloke. I know he won't hurt her.*

*His mind switched back to Hermione. It's strange, really... I mean, I'd never see myself having Confrontations in the Common Room with her... and we did have that Silliness at the World Cup... She's always stood by me. She's never Out of Time for me... For quite a while now, every time I see her... my stomach goes into a Quantum Leap. But, does she feel the same for me? Aunt Molly said so, but how does she know?*

He stood up, deciding to go and find out for himself.

Hermione was laying on her bed, making a note in her diary. She'd been doing this ever since she'd started at Hogwarts, wanting to make sure that she recording everything that happened. However, shortly after Halloween her first year, it changed from being a diary about Hogwarts, to a diary about a certain dreamy green-eyed student of her acquaintance.

She glanced down at her most recent entry.

*Harry's been so withdrawn and distant lately. I wish there was something I could do to make him feel better, but he locked himself into his room when he arrived here at Headquarters, and no-one's been able to get him out.*

*I know he's barely eating. I've got an overwhelming urge to go and cook him a meal, break down his door, and force him to eat. Only two things stop me from doing that; 1. I can't cook. 2. He's one of the only students at Hogwarts who's better at DADA than I am. He'd end up kicking my arse.*

*Why can't I get him out of my head? I mean... whenever I'm sitting here on my own, his face just appears in my mind's eye. He stands there, all... good-looking and delectable. I just wanna nibble on him...*

A knock on her bedroom door drew her attention away from the journal. She closed the book, and muttered the locking spell, making sure that she was the only one who could open and read it.

With a sigh, she got up, opening her bedroom door. With a squeal, she launched herself forward, wrapping her arms around the young man in front of her.

"Harry!" To her surprise and pleasure, he wrapped his arms around her tightly, pulling her close.

"Hey, Hermione." He said in a thick, husky voice. The surprises kept on coming when he didn't release her straight away. Normally, he was very reluctant to be held in a hug, but he was holding on to her with as much passion as she was holding him.

After almost a minute, he stepped back, putting almost two inches of space between them. "May I

come in?" He asked formally.

She nodded, pulling him inside the room, and shutting the door. With a discrete wand flick, she silenced the room, and sealed the door. She saw Harry stood near the chair next to her bed, his hands held loosely behind him.

"Won't you sit down, Harry?" She asked, feeling as though her heart was trying to punch its way through her rib cage.

He sat down in the chair, resting his hands in his lap.

"How're you feeling?" She asked, sitting on the bed, and taking one of his hands.

"I'm doing better, now." He replied. "Aunt Molly decided it was time for me to get up."

"Aunt Molly?" Hermione asked. "And how did she manage that?"

Harry grimaced. "She threw a stinging hex at my arse, and another one of my nipple." He sighed theatrically. "I tell you, there's not much that can resist the commands of Mother Weasley. And she told me to call her 'Aunt Molly'. Said she'd be better at it than Petunia. Can't exactly disagree." He looked around her room. "Not sharing with Ginny?" He asked.

"No. There's enough room here for everyone to take their own." She squeezed his hand, and leaned back slightly. "So, what can I do for you, Harry?"

*Time to bite the bullet, Potter...* He took a deep breath. "Hermione... you're single at the moment, aren't you?"

She nodded, a little confused. "Yeah. Who exactly would I be dating?" *Since you don't fancy me at all.*

"Well... you know Ron's into you, don't you?" He asked delicately.

Hermione snorted, rolling her eyes. "I think it's obvious he's into me. It should also be fairly obvious I'm *not* into him. Don't get me wrong; he's a nice enough guy, but he does nothing for me romantically."

"Is... i-is there anyone you are into, romantically?" He stammered, blushing brightly.

*Oh, he's so cute!* Hermione squealed mentally. At that moment, she wanted to wrap him into a big hug, making sure his face was about chest height on her. "There's... there's one boy that I like. But, he doesn't like me the way I like him." She said slowly.

Harry slumped in his chair, an air of defeat hanging over him. "Oh." He muttered dejectedly.

"Why do you ask, Harry?" She asked softly.

"Well..." Harry's blush intensified, becoming bright enough to act as a red lightbulb. "I was, er... I was wondering if you'd consider going out with me..." He relied quietly.

*Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!* Hermione's brain chanted. She couldn't chant out loud, however, as her lips were trying to fuse themselves to Harry's. He pulled away slightly, making her moan in protest, which was cut off as he physically pulled her onto his lap, kissing her again. He deepened the kiss, gently massaging his tongue with hers.

When they both came up for air, Hermione leaned against his chest, panting slightly. "Where the hell did that come from?" She gasped.

Harry pulled her close, his hands resting on her hips. "I... I've wanted to do that for a while." He admitted. "But... I thought you were into Ron. That's why I went after Cho."

"Harry, you're really bloody stupid sometimes." She chided gently, taking his hand. "I'm into *you*, not Ron. How could Ron compare to you?"

"I... I didn't think anyone would ever like me for me, you know? I mean, Cho's the only girl who's shown an interest, and that was 'cause she was trying to recreate what she had with Cedric."

"Well, Cho may be in Ravenclaw," Hermione said snootily, "but she sure as hell ain't bright." She swooped in for another kiss, becoming even more excited when she felt Harry start to react.

"Hermione..." He gasped, after pulling away. She could tell, by the immense blush on his face, that he was embarrassed. "Uh... we... we should stop, now..." He stammered.

She ground down on him, making his 'eep'. "Why, Harry?" She asked huskily. "I think things are getting *so* much more interesting." With a growl, she inhaled his face again, kissing him all over.

*Bollocks to it.* Harry thought, giving as good as he got.

As he was kissing her, her hand snaked out, taking his. She pulled his hand, agonisingly slowly, towards her waist, then pushed it down.

Harry was enjoying the sensation of kissing her, when his hand brushed against the hem of her dress. With a start, he pulled back slightly. "Hermione?"

She pouted at him, as he pulled back on his hand. "Harry, don't you... I mean..."

"Hermione..." Harry replied slowly. "I know next to nothing about girls. Can't you just tell me?"

*Oh, god... this is gonna be embarrassing.* She thought, while trying to decide what to say. "Harry... judging by the fact that it feels like I'm sitting on top of a steel rod, can I assume that you're aroused?"

Harry blushed. "Well... yeah, I mean... it's *you*."

She smiled warmly at him, her normally frail self-confidence soaring to a new height. "Right... when I just tried to put your hand under my dress, why did you resist?"

"Er... I didn't want to take advantage of you." Harry mumbled.

Rolling her eyes, she thought to herself. *God damn the bloody Dursleys! I mean, I'm the one sticking*

*his hand up my dress, and he thinks he's taking advantage of me! They've damn near broken this boy. It's gonna take time to fix him.* “Harry, it’s not exactly taking advantage of me if I try and force your hand up my dress. Christ, if anything, I’m trying to take advantage of you!”

He looked at her sharply. “You could never take advantage of me, Hermione.” He said solemnly. “I trust you.”

Yet another comment from Harry that made her heart melt in her chest. “Harry, I trust you, too. That’s why I want you to touch me.”

“T-Touch you?” Harry stammered. “What do you mean... ‘touch you’?”

Hermione fought the urge to roll her eyes. “Harry, you had the basic sex education talk when you were at Junior school, right?” He nodded. “So, you know what’s down there.” He nodded again. “So, touch me, please!”

With a trembling hand, Harry moved his hand under the hem of her dress, letting it rest at the top of her thigh. *Creamy skin...* He noted. He tried to move his hand up further, but found he couldn’t do it. He simply felt too shy. “Hermione... I...”

Hermione, realising instantly what the problem was, kissed his cheek. “It’s okay, Harry. I know you’re nervous.” He blushed and looked down. “Why do you feel nervous, though? I mean, you want to be here, I want you to be here... what’s wrong?”

“I... I don’t wanna disappoint you.” Harry mumbled, still not looking up.

She took pity on him, and gently pulled his face back up. “Harry... my sweet, innocent Harry.” She kissed the tip of his nose. “You could never disappoint me.” She suddenly looked nauseas. “Unless you told me that you’re gay and in love with Malfoy.”

Harry’s look of revulsion was priceless. The fading of his erection, however, was a source of concern for Hermione. “Hermione... if that were to ever happen, I’d chop it off and kill myself.”

“So, what’s the problem. I mean, you’re sixteen in three days. I don’t expect you to be a perfect lover. I’m a sixteen year old virgin myself. I might be crap.”

He squeezed her waist. “Hermione, you could never be anything but perfect in what you do. You wouldn’t settle for less.”

“So, let’s practice and make perfect, Harry.” Hermione said, grinding down slightly. “Now, I want you to touch me, Harry.” She said huskily. “Please.”

Unable to resist her pleading, (*Damn it!*) Harry placed his hand on her knee, and slowly slid it up, feeling his erection come back with a roar as he gently stroked the silky-smooth skin of her thigh. When he felt cloth at the tips of his fingers, he stopped, looking into Hermione’s face, wanting approval.

She’d closed her eyes while his hand was stroking her thigh, relaxing into the sensation. He was so gentle! When his hand stopped, her eyes opened, to lock onto his. There was a strange expression on

his face, which she recognised from her five years of experience with him. He was looking for permission to continue.

“Just a little further...” She whispered into his ear. “You’re close, Harry. Please... go higher...”

Taking a deep breath, Harry moved his hand a little higher, feeling the soft cotton of her panties. *I am a Gryffindor. Gryffindors charge forward.* Absently noting that that phrase had gotten him into a *lot* of trouble over the years, he prayed to God, Merlin and the Tooth Fairy that this wouldn’t be one of those times. His fingertips touched the gusset of her panties, feeling a dampness in there.

Long-forgotten memories from his Biology class surfaced, remembering that the Bartholin gland in Hermione’s body was working, and lubricating her prior to a sexual encounter. While this knowledge was cerebral, and something he had known since he was ten years old, it had done nothing to prepare him for the feeling it gave him. She was wet for *him!* *He* had made her wet!

“Yes, Harry...” Hermione whimpered. “There... feel how wet you’ve made me...” The instant she said that, she felt Harry twitch underneath her. *Oh, he’s one of them...*

She kissed him tenderly for a moment, gasping when his fingers began to move slowly over her. “Harry, you liked it when I told you that you made me wet?” She felt him twitch again. “Ah, you like being talked dirty to, don’t you?”

Harry’s blush was bright enough to light the whole block of houses. “H-Hermione?” He squeaked.

Hermione pulled back slightly, looking into his eyes. She could tell they’d darkened in pure lust, and she knew that he was as horny as she was. “You like that, don’t you?”

His head dropped in embarrassment, but he nodded quickly. Hermione placed a finger under his chin, and gently raised his face. “You don’t need to be embarrassed, Harry. We’re both learning what we like.” He mumbled something too quiet for her to hear. “What?”

“I said... I was afraid you’d think I’m a pervert.” He said softly, looking down.

Hermione giggled softly. “Harry, who’s more of a pervert? The guy who gets aroused by hearing his girl talk dirty, or the girl who talks dirty?”

“M-my girl?” Harry stammered. “Are you my girl?”

She was fully aware that Harry had very stunted relationship skills, so reserved judgement on his comment until she could get clarification. “Do you want me to be your girl, Harry?”

He nodded so quickly, he looked like Dobby. “God, yes! Why would I do this if I didn’t?”

Hermione smiled warmly at him. “Then I’m yours, Harry. Heart, mind, body and soul. For as long as you want me.”

“Forever.” He said seriously, staring into her eyes. She felt the power in his words, and knew then that he was ‘the One’. The one she’d give her heart to. Her soul. Her virtue.

“Good.” She cooed at him, before wriggling on his erection. “Now, Mr. Potter, please take that wonderful hand and touch me.”

His fingers began to circle her womanhood through her panties, feeling them become even more damp. “Hermione?”

“Hmm?” Hermione’s eyes had drifted closed again as the pleasure in her crotch began to intensify.

“Could you... I mean... will you...” He trailed off, his cheeks lighting up again.

She re-opened her eyes, smiling warmly at him. “I’ll do whatever you want, Harry.”

“Could you... talk... again?”

*He’s so cute.* She thought to herself. It was a turn-on for her, too, feeling him twitch whenever she said something rude. “Of course, baby.” She said, kissing the tip of his nose again. “Shall I tell you about how good it feels when you rub my clit?” As she spoke, Harry’s hand pressed against the bundle of nerves, sending a wave of pleasure through her body, causing her to buck slightly. “Oh, yeah, right there, Harry!” She said in a breathy moan.

“Oh, you’re so good at this!” While her right arm was around Harry’s neck, her left hand was free. She reached up and started caressing her nipples. “See how hard my nipples have gone, Harry? That’s because of you!”

Harry’s fingers were getting faster, setting up a smooth rhythm just above her clitoris. Hermione was bucking more and more as she got closer to orgasm. “Can you feel how wet you’ve made me? I’m such a dirty little girl, Harry.”

With a muffled grunt, Hermione came. She wrapped her arm around Harry’s neck, clinging to him while she played with her nipples, trying to prolong the orgasm. As it started to subside, she grabbed Harry’s face, kissing him passionately. While enjoying the aftershocks, she noticed that Harry hadn’t stopped his ministrations, and was leading her towards a second orgasm.

“That’s it, Harry... keep going, please... make your dirty little girl cum again...” With a groan, Hermione came again, squeezing the life out of Harry’s neck. After a few moments of enjoying the sensations, she pulled his hand away. “Too intense...” She gasped, leaning into his embrace.

““My dirty little girl’?” He quoted back to her, quite bemused. She nodded, looking down at her hands.

“Is... is that a problem?” She asked, realising that she’d been quite... vocal.

“Not at all.” Harry leaned up and kissed her tenderly. “To be honest, I don’t know how I avoided... er... cumming myself.” He still looked embarrassed at using dirty talk to her.

She kissed him back, caressing his tongue with hers. “You’re very good at touching my pussy, Harry.” She felt him twitch under her again. “What do you want to do now?” She was hoping that she’d get to return the favour on him.

“Can... can I take your panties off?” He asked her, again blushing. At this point, she wasn’t sure where

he was getting the blood to blush from, since a good portion of his body's total supply appeared to be inside the monster under her butt.

"Oh, yes." Hermione breathed, hopping off him. For a moment, her legs buckled, until she grabbed the arm of the chair he was sitting in.

"Are you all right?" Harry asked, his tone full of concern, that melted Hermione's heart *yet again*.

"I'm fine, Harry." She replied soothingly. "It's just... two powerfully delicious orgasms... bit weak in the knees..."

"Oh..." Harry looked puzzled, then embarrassed again. "Is that a good thing?"

*Ah, sweet, clueless little Harry.* She giggled to herself. *Really not so little...* "Yes, Harry. Giving a girl two near-screaming orgasms is a very good thing." She noticed that he seemed... put-out by something. "What is it, Harry?"

He looked up at her. "Well... I was hoping I could give you more than two..."

*I love this boy.* "Harry, you can give me as many as you want." She saw the maniacal grin, and the gleam in his eye, and began to worry. *Why do I get the feeling I've just bitten off more than I can chew?* "Harry?"

"Yes?" He said innocently.

She was a little shocked by the complete role reversal. Now, *he* was the confidant one, and *she* was more timid. She shrugged. "Would you like me to take off my panties, or do you want to?"

He sat up in the chair, resting his hands on her hips. "Can I?" She nodded. With rock steady hands, and his gaze locked on her face, he reached up under her skirt, causing her to tremble as his hands ghosted up on the outside of her thighs. His fingers gently took hold of her underwear, pulling them down. As soon as his hands reached her knees, he glanced down to see what he was removing. Plain, simple white cotton panties.

For some reason, this seemed... *natural*, to him. Not something silly or slinky. Practical, yet still feminine and sexy. Exactly, he realised, what Hermione was. She lifted one of her legs slightly, so he could pull them off, then shifted to the other leg.

Hermione gently draped herself back on Harry's lap, wrapping one of her arms around his neck. With her free hand, she took the panties from him. Deciding to go back on the offensive, she twisted the fabric in her hands, until the soiled patch was at the front. "See what you do to me? See what a mess I made of my knickers 'cause of you? You've turned me into such a dirty little girl, Harry."

Harry's eyebrow arched up. "I think you were always a naughty little girl, Hermione." He said huskily. "I just gave you an excuse to let it out."

"And I did, Harry... all over my knickers." She said, waving the soiled underwear at him. To her utter shock, and sudden arousal, Harry leaned forward and kissed the cloth, sending a wave of desire through her. "H-Harry?"

“Can’t you smell it, Hermione? Your arousal... you smell fantastic.” He grinned at her, taking a deep breath.

Hermione just stared for a moment, before bringing the panties to her face, and inhaling deeply. Harry couldn’t help but twitch as he watched his girl sniff her own panties. *Christ, that’s hot...* “Hermione, you’re absolute filth...”

She grinned at him. “Thank you, Harry. May I say you bring out the very worst in me?” She took another sniff, making Harry groan. “Ah, you like that, too... my little pervert.” She said, smiling at him. “What else would you like to do, Harry? We’ll go as far as you want.”

Deciding to go for broke, he made his request. “As good as you smell, Hermione... I want to taste you.”

Hermione gave a little squeal of happiness, as she dropped her underwear to the floor, and held up her hand, two fingers extended. “One sec...” She reached down, pushing her hand up under her dress. She made another little happy noise, along with a moan, before she pulled her hand back out. When she raised it again, Harry could see the two fingers glistening.

“Did you...” He asked. She nodded, before holding out her fingers for him. Without bothering to waste his mouth on words, he licked up her fingers, before taking them into his mouth. Hermione watched with fascination, and no small amount of glee. Watching Harry lick her juices off her fingers was making her produce far more of said juices than she realised... *Oh... my... god...* She watched Harry suck her fingers clean, before licking his lips.

“You taste... it’s like heaven, Hermione.” He said softly. He looked like he was about to kiss her, but then realised that he had her taste on his lips. Hermione’s hand shot downwards, disappearing under her skirt. She wriggled and moaned again, before pulling her hand out. Harry expected her to offer it to him again, and was pleasantly surprised, not to mention *seriously* turned on when she put her fingers into her own mouth, licking and sucking like a professional. He twitched under her yet again.

Hermione slowly pulled out her fingers, before pulling Harry into a fiery kiss, licking his tongue, and sharing her taste. After a few moments, she pulled back, licking her lips. “You’re right... I do taste good.”

“I’m... Oh my god, Hermione...”

She licked her lips. “What now, my love?”

“Do you trust me?” He asked suddenly. Hermione arched her eyebrows.

“Harry, do you really think I’d be sitting in your lap fingering my pussy for you if I *didn’t* trust you?”

Harry started reciting potions ingredients in his mind, in an attempt to calm himself down. It really wasn’t working all that well... “Please stop... Hermione, I’m this far from cumming.” He held up his hand, his fingers about a centimetre apart.

“Don’t you dare!” Hermione replied bossily. “That’s mine, and I won’t have you wasting it! You wanted to taste mine, and I want yours.” She took a deep breath, calming herself down a little. “Now,

why do you want to know if I trust you? And I do, you know.”

“If I ask you to do something... weird, will you do it?” She nodded. “Even without knowing?”

“Harry... just tell me.” She replied, grinning at him.

“Will you go and kneel down on the bed?”

She leapt to her feet, racing over to the bed. She’d been expecting something like this ever since she sat in his lap. From what she’d read on the subject (and she’d read *a lot*), boys particularly liked blowjobs, and she was only too happy to oblige Harry’s request.

She knelt at the top of the bed, her butt pressing against her heels. She watched, a little confused, as Harry pulled down the duvet covering the bed, and lay down. “Harry, what-”

“Shh.” He interrupted. “Trust me.” He started to inch his way up the bed, and Hermione realised what he was planning. With another squeal, she raised herself up, giving Harry plenty of room. “Now, just lower yourself down, sweetie.”

As soon as Hermione reached the bottom, a warm, moist object pressed against her folds. “Oh, Harry...” Harry’s tongue slowly traced its way up one lip, flicked against her clit for a couple of seconds, then made its way down the other lip. He licked her opening, lapping up the rather copious amount of fluid she was emitting.

“Oh, god, Harry...” Harry kept following the same torturous path, extending the licking time on her clit each pass. She could feel her orgasm growing in the pit of her stomach, and knew that this one was going to be the most powerful, destructive orgasm she’d ever felt. She was on the edge, when Harry’s tongue suddenly moved to her clit, flicking it mercilessly. With an inarticulate yell, she came hard, her knees clamping on both sides of Harry’s head, locking him in place.

Based on the smooth rhythm of his tongue, Harry didn’t seem to mind as he kept licking, prolonging the sensations. Hermione’s IQ dropped to the low teens as she growled at him.

The door to the bedroom started to open. Hermione desperately reached forward, grabbing the duvet and pulling it up, covering Harry’s body. When she saw who it was, Hermione froze in place.

Molly stuck her head around the door, about to tell Hermione about dinner, when she got a good look at the room. While Molly was many things, stupid was not one of them. She took in the sight: a girl kneeling on her bed, red face, rapid breathing, light sweat; a suspicious lump on the bed in front of her, about the right size to be a teenaged male, with a distinctive tent about halfway down.

“Ah... I’ll come back later.” She said, turning round. Hermione squeaked as Harry had not stopped his ministrations during the entire encounter. “Oh, Hermione, dear? Make sure you return the favour.” She winked and closed the door. The instant it was shut, Hermione let out a long moan, and came again, not releasing her death grip on Harry’s head. As soon as the aftershocks started, she slumped forward, her head barely missing the tent Harry was pitching.

With a strangled gasp, she rolled off him, landing as a pile of barely articulate goo. With monumental effort, she raised her head up to see Harry innocently staring at her, his mouth, nose, chin and cheeks

covered with her essence.

“You do make a mess, baby.” He said huskily, running a finger over his cheek, before licking the residue off.

“Get over here and kiss me, Harry.” Hermione commanded weakly. “I can barely move.”

Harry, ever the gentleman, complied with the order, letting her lick her own juices off his face before sharing them in passionate kisses. As soon as he was cleaned up, he lay next to her, resting his fingers on the nipple closest to him. “So, what did Aunt Molly want?” He asked, his tone the picture of innocence.

“I have no idea.” Hermione replied dreamily. “She did say to return the favour, though.”

“Hermione, you don’t have to if you don’t want to.” He offered politely.

“Oh no you don’t!” She said. “I’m gonna have that in my mouth very soon, Harry.” She groaned. “Just as soon as I can move...” She slowly struggled herself to a sitting position, and slowly inched round, so she was sitting at the head of the bed. “Now, take your trousers off, Harry.” She commanded.

Harry stared at her for a moment, before slowly crossing his arms. She realised that he was wanting more dirty talk, and to be honest, so was she. “Oh... Harry, please, may your dirty little girl have the pleasure of sucking your huge cock?” She watched the hidden beast twitch.

He nearly tore his trousers in an attempt to get them off as quickly as possible. “How do you want me?” He asked, grinning impishly at her. She looked at the bed, then at Harry, then at the impressive tool he possessed.

“Can you straddle my chest?” She asked. As soon as she finished speaking, Harry was across her chest, his member less than an inch from her mouth. She looked up at him, before sticking out her tongue, gently caressing the tip in front of her.

“Ooh, hang on a sec.” He reached down, pulling his wand from his trouser pocket, before tapping it against his scrotum, muttering an incantation she couldn’t hear.

“What was that?” she asked, looking up at him.

“Surprise.” Harry said with a grin. He leaned back, his hand reaching for the bottom of her dress. Hermione shrugged, and took him into her mouth, going forward as far as she could, then pulling back slowly, adding a hard suction on the outstroke. She gasped as Harry’s super fingers found her clit, timing his strokes against hers.

She sped up, feeling Harry increase his speed. “Hermione, I’m gonna...” That was as far as he got, when a wave of warm fluid erupted onto her tongue.

Hermione had been told by one of her room-mates (Lavender... the little slut) what to expect when performing fellatio on a guy; a mouthful of warm, salty grit. However, what Hermione tasted was warm, melted chocolate. She latched on, sucking Harry to make sure she got every drop.

Harry, meanwhile, had not stopped his stroking on her, driving her to the edge of another orgasm. As soon as his release hit her tongue, she came again, her lips clamping onto his member, feeling like she was attempting to remove every drop of fluid.

After being drained dry, Harry slumped backwards, every muscle in his body stopping working.

“Gods, Hermione... that was brilliant!”

Hermione sat up, smiling at him. “Why did you taste like chocolate?” She asked.

“One of the books Sirius gave me last year.” He replied, wincing slightly as he mentioned his godfather’s name. “He said it was something every young male celebrity should know.” He grinned slightly as he said that. “It was one of the books to charm witches. Says they’re more likely to offer a repeat performance.”

She just snorted. “Harry, I’d do that to you every day if you wanted me to.” She shrugged. “Hell, I’ll try and do it every day anyway.”

Harry got off the bed, wincing slightly as his knees straightened out with a faint crack. He grabbed his pants. “We should go and see what Molly wants.”

Hermione slowly rolled off the bed, and reached for her panties, then thought for a moment. “Harry... I think, for you, I’m gonna stop wearing knickers. I want you to have unfettered access to me, whenever you want.”

“Forever...” He repeated, wrapping his arms around her waist from behind. She pressed up against him, leaning her head back on his shoulder. Harry’s hand raised slightly, so he was cupping her breasts.

“If you keep doing that,” she moaned, “we’ll never get out of here.”

Harry’s thumbs started grazing over her nipples, making her breath in sharply. “I don’t have a problem with that.” He whispered huskily in her ear. Without thinking, Hermione raised the soiled panties to her face, inhaling deeply.

“Isn’t it wrong that I’m turned on by...” she gasped as Harry pressed down sharply with his thumbs, before resuming his circling motions. “Turned on by sniffing my own dirty knickers?”

“Why?” Harry asked. “I am. I love your scent. And your taste...” He started to suckle on her neck, making her moan. Her hands disappeared from view as she moaned again, before raising two glistening fingers, one to her own mouth, and one for Harry. He sucked it into his mouth, moaning slightly at her taste, a move she copied.

After another orgasm for Hermione, the two had a heavy kiss, before straightening out. “All I can smell is my pussy.” Hermione said. “Am I some kind of weirdo?”

“Who isn’t?” Harry replied. “And no, you’re not a weirdo. You’re my dirty,” he kissed her, “slutty,” he kissed her again, “naughty little girl, who I’m gonna ravage as soon as we get back up here.” She moaned at him, before pulling away, throwing her knickers onto the pillow.

“You know Ron and Ginny will be pissed at us, don’t you?” Hermione asked.

“Don’t care.” Harry replied nonchalantly. “Ron’s turned away from me before. If he does it again, it’s his loss. And despite what Ginny may think, I’m not hers. Besides, she’s dating Dean.”

Hermione shook her head. “No, she isn’t. She just said that to annoy Ron.”

“Mmm.” Harry replied. “Still, I’ve got my dirty little girl... what more do I need?”

“Stamina.” Hermione replied instantly. “I’m planning on wearing you out tonight, my love. You’re gonna need your strength.”

Harry nodded, grinning. “Fine by me.” He pondered for a moment. “Do you want to move your stuff into my room?”

She gave another squeal, and wrapped him in a hug. “You know, officially, we can’t do anything until your birthday, since you’re not sixteen for another three days.” He nodded. “Fuck it. Tonight, I’m gonna ride you at a gallop until you pop like warm champagne.”

“Cool.”

After another snogging session, giving Hermione another two orgasms, the pair left the bedroom, intent on searching out the rest of the residents. Upon entering the kitchen, hand-in-hand, they drew the gaze of everyone there.

Ron was devouring his dinner with all the grace of a retarded spider monkey, when his eyes dropped to see their joined hands. His face instantly went red as his temper rose. He gently put his fork down, and stared at his ‘best friends’. “Anything you two want to tell me?” He asked archly.

“No.” Harry replied, leading Hermione to a chair, and then sitting next to her.

The remainder of the people in the kitchen knew a confrontation was imminent. Had they any shred of decency, they’d have left, letting the Trio work this out in private. However, they were in a war, and any entertainment, especially meal-time entertainment, was always worth watching.

Lupin sat at the table, watching with undisguised awe. Thanks to his werewolf senses, he could smell Hermione’s arousal, something that appealed to his inner wolf but was mercilessly squashed by his human side, and he could smell both teens on each other. If Sirius were still alive, he’d owe him ten galleons...

“Why, Harry?” Ron asked acidly. “How could you betray me like this?”

Harry reached for the potatoes, serving himself a generous portion, *I’ll need all my strength for tonight...* before turning back to his friend. “Please tell me, Ron, exactly how I’ve betrayed you?”

“You got together with Hermione! Damn it, Harry, you know I like her!”

Harry chewed his beef thoughtfully, before swallowing. "Do I?"

"Yes!"

"And how, Ron, do I know that you like Hermione? When *exactly* did you tell me that you liked her? Because I must have blinked and missed it."

"You know I like her!"

"I ask again, Ron, how do I know? I'm not telepathic... except with Voldemort, and that's something quite different."

"Everyone knows I like Hermione!" Ron turned to the girl in question. "You know, don't you?"

She nodded. "Yes, I know. However, I've made it very clear that I'm not interested in you."

"But... what about the perfume I gave you last Christmas?"

Hermione looked puzzled. "That was perfume?"

"Yes!" Ron stared at her. "Wait a minute... what did you think it was?"

She blushed, and looked down at her dinner. "I thought it was something to make Crookshanks keep off the bed. I sprayed it round the floor in the dorm. Crooks doesn't dare come in now." Harry snorted, and sniggered behind his hand. Hermione, oblivious to the entertainment she was providing, carried on. "Also, I've been spraying Malfoy with it every time I pass him in the corridors."

Harry coughed. Every eye switched to him. "Sorry..." He muttered. "I wondered what the hell that stench was on Malfoy. I just thought something had crawled up his arse and died."

Somebody at the end of the table sniggered. To Harry and Hermione's immense surprise, it was Snape, chortling like a little girl. When he saw the two teens staring at him, he plastered a sneer on his face. However, these two teens had been subjected to five years of Snape's various sneers, and they could tell this one was half-arsed.

Ron, oblivious to the Snape-byplay, pressed onwards. "Why, Harry? Why do you have to take the one thing I wanted for myself?"

*Oh, shit! Duck and cover!* The part of Harry's brain the controlled survival called out. Inside his mind, little klaxons went off, with red lights flashing. *I wonder if I could fit under the table before Mount Granger erupts... No... too late.*

"Ronald Weasley! I am *not* a 'thing' you can claim for yourself! In case you didn't notice, I am a person, not a possession!"

"You know what I mean, Herms!" Ron protested weakly.

*Oh, double shit... she hates that nickname...* Harry was considering popping through the anti-apparition wards that covered Grimmauld Place, only to escape from his new girlfriend's fury.

“*Do not call me ‘Herms’!*” Hermione shrieked. “My name is Hermione, and that is all I will answer to!”

Ron dismissed her, turning back to Harry. *Ooh... strike three, Weasley. You’re out.* Harry thought.

“Harry, why? You’ve got everything! Money, fame, girls throwing themselves at you! Why do you want the one girl I wanted?”

Harry gently placed his fork down, and leaned back in his chair, fully aware that every Order member was watching with undivided attention. “Shall we go through your list, Ron?” Harry asked softly, his tone dangerous. “Why do I have a lot of money, Ron?”

“Because you’re rich!” Ron retorted.

“*Why* do I have a lot of money, Ron?” Harry asked again, speaking slower.

“The Potters are a rich family.” Ron replied.

“The Potters are a *dead* family!” Harry shouted loudly, making everyone present jump. “I’m rich ‘cause my parents were killed by a psychotic fuckwit!” He lowered his tone back to the soft, dangerous one. “Why am I famous, Ron?”

“‘Cause you’re the ‘Boy-Who-Lived’!”

Harry nodded. “Yes. The ‘Boy-Who-Lived’... *when his family was murdered in cold blood!*” Again, his voice rose to a hoarse shout, causing Ron to flinch. “Now, your final comment. You said ‘girls throwing themselves at me’. Why do girls throw themselves at me, Ron?”

“You’re rich and famous!” Ron spat, looking with disgust at Harry.

“They only want two things from me, Ron.” Harry said sadly, realising that his once-friend just didn’t get it. “When girls look at me, they see only the fame and the money. Not the poor bastard who owns these dubious items.”

“Oh, cry me a river, Potter.” Ron sat back, biting on his lip for a moment. “You know, Snape’s right. You are arrogant. I mean, look at you! Just now, rubbing it in that you’re rich and famous. What about me? Why do I get, Harry?”

Every eye turned to the Slytherin sat at the end, who flinched slightly when he had everyone’s attention. “Hey, don’t look at me. I just don’t like him ‘cause he looks like his bloody dad. Leave me out of it.”

Harry cleared his throat, before looking at Molly and Arthur. “I’m sorry.”

“Whatever for, Harry, dear?” Molly asked.

Without answering, Harry stood, reaching across the table and punching Ron in the jaw. The youngest male Weasley slumped back in his chair, staring at his ex-friend with fury. “You ignorant asshole! Do

you know what I would give to be in your place? You have *five* brothers. You have a sister. You have a mother. You have a father. You have aunties and uncles. You have cousins, nieces and nephews. You have godparents! You have a wealth beyond measure, but you're too wrapped up in material possessions to see it!"

Harry reached up, ripping off his shirt, before turning his back to Ron. "What do I get, Ron?"

The Order looked at Harry's back, seeing a series of ropey scars, running from shoulder blade to hip. "This is what I got, Ron! An abusive uncle, who decided that beating me was the only way to get rid of my magic! Who hated me for ten years for something I didn't understand!" Harry span round, revealing more scars on his torso. "I didn't even know my own bloody name until I was five, and a primary school teacher told me what it was! I was always called 'freak'! I didn't know my birthday until I was seven! You think you have a rough life, just 'cause you have a successful family? At least you have a fucking family!"

Harry pulled his shirt back on, before he slumped into his chair, picking up his fork and carrying on with dinner, ignoring the snuffles and whimpers from the rest of his dining companions. After another mouthful of beef and potatoes, he looked up at Ron, who was white in the face.

"You think you've had a hard life, Ron? Just 'cause you had hand-me-downs from your *loving, supportive* family? 'Cause your brothers are successful?" He snorted and rolled his eyes, before looking down at his meal. "You know nothing."

"H-Harry, mate-"

"Save it, Ron." Harry interrupted coldly. "You do not understand. You will *never* understand. You expect everything to be handed to you, on a silver platter. Bill was Head Boy. Was it just *given* to him, or did he have to work for it? Charlie was Quidditch captain. Was it just *given* to him, or did he have to work for it? Percy, Fred, George, Arthur... each of them *worked hard* to get where they are." He reached down and took Hermione's hand, noting idly that it was shaking.

"What about Hermione? She's going to be Head Girl. Why? Because she works hard for it. She enforces her Prefect duties every day. You were given the prefect position... what did you do? Did you work at it? No. You just left it to Hermione. All you care about is Quidditch, Chess, food and girls. Your future career goals include fuck-and-chuck, eat, drink and play. That's it. The prefect position that you received wasn't even yours to begin with. It was a gift, and you squandered it."

Ron's head shot up. "What?"

Harry turned to the end of the table. "Professor Snape, who was Professor McGonagall's choice for fifth-year male prefect last year?"

Snape shook his head, but a fierce glare from Harry made him relent. "You were." He sighed.

"And why was I not given the position I had *earned*?"

"The headmaster overrode her choice. He felt you had enough to deal with, without the added responsibilities of being a prefect."

Harry turned back to Ron. "So, we know what your plans for the future are, Ron. Wanna hear mine?" Ron opened his mouth to reply, but Harry carried on, ignoring the silly prat. "My future plans are basically kill or die."

"What?" Hermione asked in a shaking voice.

"The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord shall be born as the seventh month dies, born to those who have thrice defied him, and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not, and either must die at the hand of the other, for neither can live while the other survives..." Harry quoted. "That's my future, Ron. Kill or be killed." He snorted at the dumbstruck expression on Ron's face. "Thank you for dinner, Aunt Molly. I seem to have lost my appetite. If you'll excuse me?" Without waiting for a response, Harry stood and left the kitchen, his new girlfriend hot on his heels.

Harry got to Hermione's bedroom, and threw himself on the bed. After a moment, he heard someone else enter the room, before the door shut with the characteristic 'squelch' of a sealing charm.

"Harry?" Hermione's voice was soft and trembling.

He rolled over on the bed, looking at his new girlfriend. "Come here." He said, opening his arms. She threw herself forward, wrapping her arms around him in a tight hug. "Shh... It's okay, Hermione."

"It's not!" She sobbed. "You've been through so much, Harry... so much pain and misery... and I've not been able to help you."

"Hey, none of that." Harry whispered into her hair. "You have helped me, more than you know."

"How?" Hermione spat. "I've belittled you, nagged you... I don't deserve to be your friend." She tried to pull away, only to find a pair of impossibly strong arms wrapped round her. "Harry, let me go!"

"Sit!" Harry roared. Hermione's butt hit the mattress instantly. "Now, as I was saying, you *have* helped me, Hermione. You've supported me, helped me, been there for me, whenever I've needed to talk. No-one else, not even Ron, can claim to have done that. The fact that I've not brought up the Dursleys is no reflection on you. It's just... I've never been comfortable talking about them. So, I let it go. When I got back from Hogwarts, Vernon began to realise that physically assaulting me would get him in far more trouble than it was worth, so he stopped."

"But, still-"

"No, Hermione." Harry said firmly. "Now, you listen to me. You mean more to me than anyone else. You're my best friend. My girlfriend. Hopefully, my lover." She nodded emphatically. "Now... if you can find it within yourself to see past my scars..."

"Of course, Harry." She leaned up and kissed him tenderly. "They're part of who you are, but they aren't *what* you are." She tugged on his shirt. "Take it off, and lie on the bed, on your front."

Smiling at his bossy little bushy-haired nymphomaniac, he complied, pulling off the shirt, and lying

down, his arms under the pillow. Hermione clambered up onto the bed, straddling Harry's arse, and began to gently stroke his back.

Harry felt some of the stress of the evening leave him, and slowly started to close his eyes. After a moment of thought, he pulled Hermione's panties, still on the pillow from their encounters earlier, and pulled them under his face, before settling down.

Hermione, starting to massage him, smiled as he pulled her soiled knickers to him. *He's a good man.* She thought fondly. *From what Parvati and Lavender told me, most blokes would run screaming from a girl's pussy. He can't get enough of it.* She giggled quietly. *Not that I really have a problem with that.* She started to press harder on his back, spotting the tangled muscles and bullying them back into shape. As she encountered a particularly stubborn knot, Harry moaned. *Okay... not a good noise for me to hear.* She thought, as her Bartholin glands went into overdrive. She leaned down low, so she could whisper in his ear. "Does that feel good, Harry?" As a bonus, she flicked out her tongue on his earlobe, before gently sucking on it.

From her prone position, she could smell the aroma of her soiled underwear on the pillow, the sensation only increasing her arousal. She pulled back slightly, and started to nibble on the back of Harry's neck, all the while kneading his back.

"Hermione?" Harry's muffled voice emerged from somewhere in the pillow.

"Hmm?" She grunted back as she kissed his neck.

"Thank you."

She sat back up, stopping her work on his neck and ears, and carried on with his back. "For what, Harry?"

He turned his head, trying to look up at her. "As long as you're by my side, I'll be able to face whatever comes."

She leaned closer and kissed his cheek. "I'll always be by your side, Harry." She promised. "Except for those times when I'm lying underneath you, writhing in pleasure. Or on top of you, riding you." She could see him grin. "Forever, Harry. You and me."

## **21 Years Later...**

Platform 9<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> hadn't changed in over two centuries, ever since the advent of rail technology. The trolleys containing student trunks still couldn't be steered worth a damn; in that respect, they were like shopping trolleys. Always one wheel that tried to go off in its own direction. Owls squawked, cats hissed at each other, toads croaked, and students hugged, kissed, cried and fought on the ancient platform.

Harry led his wife and children through the Muggle barrier, onto the platform proper. He was pushing

the trolley, where two trunks rested; this was James' fifth year, and Lily's first. Little Rose, only nine, wouldn't be going for another two years.

"Dad..." Lily pouted, watching people rush past. "Can't you do something about all these people pushing past?" She raised her nose into the air. "The little people should learn the proper respect for us."

Harry, in disguise so he wouldn't be swamped with people wanting to speak to him, just shook his head. "Lily, we've talked about this."

She grinned at him. "I know, Dad. It's just... ever since I heard that the little bastard was gonna be here, I thought I'd see if I can 'out-snob' him."

"Lily..." Harry warned.

"Come on, Dad, you know it's true." She glanced up the platform, seeing the Malfoy heir walking forward, his nose high in the air. "Look, there he is."

Hermione just gripped her daughter's shoulder. "Lily Potter." She said quietly, not wanting to draw attention to the crowd. "You shouldn't pick on him. It's not his fault his father's in prison."

Lily looked up incredulously. "Are you kidding, Mum? Look at him! He's just as stuck up as Draco!"

Harry glanced at his wife, nodding and shrugging. "It's true. He's probably got the same speech memorised as his dear old Dad."

"Still... he might be nice..." Hermione trailed off, refusing to believe that the son of Draco Malfoy could be anything but a stuck-up little prick. "Besides, Draco's been in prison for all his life."

"Still think he should have been executed." Harry mumbled. It was still a sore point for him that Draco Malfoy, Death Eater and murderer, hadn't been kissed or killed for his crimes.

"Well, he's not getting out of Azkaban... ever." Hermione said. "Besides, I doubt anyone in their right mind would take a child to that dreadful place."

Harry just wrapped his hand around Hermione's shoulders. "True." He kissed her temple. "Anyway, folks, let's get you all on board the train."

"Are you going into work today, Daddy?" Rose asked, looking up at him with her emerald-green eyes.

"Yes, I am." Harry replied, kneeling down next to his daughter. "If I don't go in, the Ministry would fall apart. Same for Mummy."

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Somehow, I doubt the DMLE would collapse without me, Mr. Minister."

Harry stood up, kissing his wife squarely on the lips, ignoring the disgusted cry from James and Lily, who grabbed their trunks and rushed onto the train. Harry broke the kiss, looking down at the now-empty space. "You know, that never fails to work."

Hermione rapped him on the back of his head. “Is that all I’m good for, Mr. Minister?” She asked archly. “Getting rid of your children?”

“No.” Harry replied, grinning his usual goofy grin, the same grin that had given him control of Wizarding Britain, and the key to his love’s heart, not to mention three healthy, happy children. “You’re perfect for everything you do.”

The three Potters watched the Hogwarts Express vanish in a trail of smoke. Harry and Hermione sighed together, watching their children be carted away. Harry pulled his wife closer, feeling her rest her head on his shoulder. “You know... this gets a little more painful, every year.”

“I know...” Hermione said. “Still, you knew that you’d have to let them go, Harry.”

He sighed again. “I know... I don’t like it... but I know.” He kissed her neck, then started to nibble on her earlobe. “As long as I never have to let you go...”

“You sappy prat.” Hermione said. “Get to work!”

“Ooh, I love it when your bossy!” He retorted, giving her puppy-dog eyes *and* the grin. Even now, twenty-one years later, it still set her blood on fire.

“Stop it, Harry!” She hissed. “Don’t you remember what happened last time you did that?”

His grin grew wider. The Minister of Magic of Great Britain and the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement making love on the Minister’s Desk. For three hours. During the work day. Hermione’s blush and rapid breathing told him that she remembered it, too.

“Mummy?” A little voice called up. “You’re doing it, again.”

“Sorry, sweetie.” Hermione replied, picking her daughter up, and resting her on her hip. “You’ll be going to Hogwarts soon.”

The trio started to walk out of the train station, Hermione breaking off for a quick visit to the Ladies before they got in the car.

When they arrived at the vehicle, Harry put his daughter in the back seat, fastening her in. She’d be dropped at magical daycare, where children learned basic magical history and Latin, in preparation for attending school.

Harry was about to get into the car, when his wife slammed the door shut, pressing up against him and kissing him harshly. She placed something soft into his hand, before stepping back. “I’ll be back to collect those when we arrive at the office, Mr. Potter.” She stalked round to the other side, getting into the passenger seat.

He glanced down to see a pair of black lace panties in his hand, grinning at the thought. As he stuffed the fabric into his pocket, he absently reached up to his forehead. The symbol of his fame, that had faded shortly after defeating Voldemort at the end of his seventh year. The scar hadn’t troubled him nineteen years. All was well.