

Chapter 2

Harry sighed as he watched Hermione rush out of Charms class before he could even try to talk to her. Ever since the dorm party the girls threw the night before, she'd been avoiding him at all costs. He hoped she just needed a little time to come to terms with what had happened, but in the back of his mind, he worried she was upset. The problem was that he had no idea what she might actually be upset about, and so he had no idea how to fix it.

Lost in thought as he made his way to the Great Hall, he didn't realize someone was following him until they grabbed him roughly by the arm and yanked him into a broom cupboard. In a panic, he stumbled to get his feet under him and drew his wand.

"Lumos," whispered a familiar voice.

Squinting his eyes at the sudden bright light, Harry relaxed when he looked at the smiling face of Ginny Weasley.

"Bloody hell," he said, letting out a breath. "You scared the crap out of me."

"You know, when I pulled you in here, that wasn't the wand I was hoping to have pressed against me," Ginny smirked.

Glancing down, Harry realized he still had the tip of his wand pressed directly between her breasts. Muttering an apology, he pocketed his wand.

"So, I take it Hermione isn't taking things well?" Ginny asked.

"No," Harry sighed. "And to make things worse, I don't even know what she's really upset about. She didn't seem to have a problem with it last night, but today..."

"I think she's just struggling with the fact she was basically involved in a reverse gangbang, and she liked it," Ginny said.

Harry blinked and shook his head. The words 'Hermione and 'gangbang' were not something he thought he'd ever hear together like that.

"So, what should I do?" he asked.

"We'll, you've really got two choices," Ginny replied. "You can give her space and let her come around in her own time, which could take days or even weeks."

Groaning in frustration, Harry slid his hands under his glasses and rubbed his face. He really didn't want to go weeks with his best friend avoiding him constantly.

"And the other option," he asked, expecting it to be something he wouldn't like either.

"Look, I'll be honest with you," Ginny said. "I talked to Lavender and Parvati this morning, and we want to have another party with you this weekend, but Hermione's a problem. If she isn't involved, she's a lot more likely to try and stop us, or she might even go to McGonagall. So, we think the best solution is for you to seduce her."

"What?" Harry exclaimed. "Ginny, I don't know how to seduce someone."

"Really? Because you did a pretty good job last night," she pointed out. "None of us expected her to let things go as far as they did. And there's no way she would have if it was anyone other than you. She might not want to admit it, but Hermione's in love with you. She'll do anything for you. All you have to do is ask."

"So, what, you want me to just ask her to come to another party?" Harry asked incredulously. "She won't even talk to me right now."

“No. Like I said, you need to seduce her,” Ginny said. “Right, here’s what you need to do. Lavender will leave the window unlocked when she goes to bed tonight. When everyone’s asleep, you fly into the dorm and sneak into her bed. Confront her, ask her why she avoiding you. When she tells you, comfort her and tell her how much you enjoyed everything you did together. She’s probably worried you think she’s a slut now or something ridiculous. Once she’s calm, kiss her. Go as far as she’s willing to let you.”

“And what if she just goes back to avoiding me the next day?” Harry asked.

“Then you go back the next night,” Ginny shrugged. “And you tell her you’re going to keep coming back until she stops.”

“You really think that will work?” he asked nervously.

“Trust me,” Ginny smirked. “Hermione’s good at hiding it, but she’s gagging for your cock. And she’s not the only one.”

Trailing her fingers down his chest, she dropped to her knees and unbuckled his belt. Harry swallowed thickly, his length hardening as she pulled him out into the open. Ginny gave him a salacious grin before stuffing his entire semi-hard shaft into her mouth. He rapidly hardened as she sucked, her tongue bathing every inch of him. Grabbing his hips, she gagged when his size grew to be too much for her but steadfastly remained in place. Harry throbbed excitedly as she stared up at him, her eyes becoming teary and bloodshot. Thick strands of saliva dripped from her lips and down onto her white blouse as she continued choking herself on his rigid length.

“Fuck, Ginny,” Harry hissed, his hands reaching out to rest on her head.

Moaning around him, she pulled back to the tip and sucked in a deep breath before jamming him back into her mouth. Again, she gagged loudly when his head hit the back of her throat. A thick glob of saliva fell from her lips onto her blouse. The white fabric turned transparent as it soaked in, revealing her hard, pink nipple underneath. Ginny’s chest heaved as she choked loudly before pulling back quickly. Her hand stroked him lightly but quickly as she smirked.

“As much as I like sucking your cock, I really need you to fuck me,” Ginny said.

Giving his shaft a long lick, she climbed to her feet and spun around. Setting her wand down on a shelf stacked with cleaning supplies, she reached and lifted the bottom of her skirt, tucking it securely into the waistband. Harry could resist reaching out and cupping her small, bubbly cheeks, groping the firm globes roughly. Ginny moaned, pressing her hands against the wall as she wiggled her hips impatiently.

Knowing they were short on time, Harry grabbed her black panties and pulled them down to her feet, where she stepped out of them quickly. Bending at the waist, Ginny looked over her shoulder with a sparkle in her eyes and shook her bum back and forth. He throbbed at the of her pink, glistening lips peeking out from between her pale white thighs.

“Fuck me. Hard,” Ginny panted lightly.

Resting one hand on her shoulder, Harry lined himself up with the other and sank into her tight, hot depths. They moaned in unison as his hips rested against her bum, his full length buried in her steaming, slippery core. After taking a moment to savor the feeling, Harry began sawing his hips back and forth in long, powerful strokes.

“Ooh, fuck, yes!” Ginny hissed, throwing her hips back into his thrusts. “Harder! Pound me! Make me Harry Potter’s bitch!”

Harry growled at her words, his shaft pulsing inside of her. As he started thrusting harder and faster, he watched her long ponytail swishing back and forth in front of his face. Knowing Ginny liked it a bit rough, he caught it, gripping it like a handle, and tugged her head back just as he slammed his hips forward.

“Fuck!” Ginny cried, her depths fluttering wildly around him.

Her face and neck turned bright red as her mouth hung open, eyes staring unseeingly at the wall in front of her. A gush of arousal drenched his length while a trembling moan left her lips.

The reaction spurred Harry on to raise his hand and bring it down with a loud clap on her bare cheek.

“Is this what you want?” Harry asked, spanking her again when she only moaned. “You like this, you little slut?”

“Your... slut,” Ginny panted as she came down from her climax.

Harry smiled, touched and excited by her response. He knew that she’d fancied him for years, and the thought of her leaving herself open to him whenever and however he wanted made his pulse race with excitement. It also showed how much she trusted him... or how kinky she was, depending on how you looked at it. Harry preferred to think it was the former.

“My slut,” Harry said, pressing her flat against the rough stone wall and tugging her head back to kiss her neck. “I like the sound of that.”

“Oh, Merlin, Harry,” Ginny whimpered. “Your cock... it feels so good. Shit... I’m cumming again!”

Harry continued his hard, steady pace as she shook and trembled, droplets of excitement dripping from his shaft to the floor.

“Damn, you cum easy,” he groaned, pummeling her clutching depths.

“You’re hitting my... G-spot,” Ginny panted.

Harry didn’t know if that was a good thing or not, so he slowed his thrust to a crawl and looked at her cautiously. Her eyes darted to the side and narrowed as she glared at him.

“Don’t you dare fucking stop,” Ginny growled.

Chuckling, Harry slammed into her, forcing a pleased groan from her lips.

“Don’t stop!” Ginny gasped. “Merlin, don’t ever stop. I’ll do anything you want. I’ll help you fuck any girl you want. Just don’t stop fucking me!”

Harry growled, slamming into her furiously as he felt his climax nearing. Ginny screamed, a spray of hot arousal drenching his shaft as she came again from his savage thrusts. Burying himself as deeply as possible, he erupted in her depths. Letting go of her hair, he wrapped his arms around Ginny and held her tightly, his hips bucking instinctively as he emptied himself inside of her. The redhead hummed contentedly, turning her head to kiss him on the cheek.

“So good,” Ginny mumbled.

Harry pulled out of her with a chuckle and took a step back. Ginny stumbled on weak legs, prompting him to wrap his arms around her and hold her up until she could stand on her own. After getting dressed and cleaning themselves up, she wrapped her arms around him and kissed him deeply.

“Are you going to see Hermione tonight?” she asked as they stepped out into the hall.

“I’m not sure yet,” Harry replied. “Do you really think it will work? I really don’t want to make things worse between us.”

“You won’t,” Ginny said. “I can’t guarantee how she’ll react, but I know she wants you. She just doesn’t want to admit it.”

“I’ll think about it,” Harry said.

Harry did think about it. It was all that was on his mind for the rest of the day. Hermione still avoided him, but he caught her looking at him during classes. When he caught her eye, she looked away quickly and went back to ignoring him. When she ran straight up to her dorm after dinner, Harry made his decision.

A little after midnight, when he was certain his dormmates were asleep, he crept out of bed and grabbed his broom. As silently as he could, he slipped out of the window and closed it behind him. Flying around to the other side of the tower, shivering in the cold December air, he found the window to Hermione's dorm and swooped over.

"Alohamora," Harry whispered.

The window unlatched itself and swung inwards, allowing him inside. Landing lightly, Harry propped his broom in the corner and closed the window behind him. He wasn't actually sure which bed was Hermione's – the beds had all been moved around the last time he was here – but, fortunately, the trunks at the ends of their beds had their names on them. Her bed was closest to the door on the right-hand side of the room.

Taking a deep breath, Harry slipped off his shoes and quietly opened her curtains. Hermione lay curled up on her side, facing away from him, her chest rising and falling evenly in her sleep. Carefully climbing onto the bed so as to not wake her quite yet, he closed the curtains and rolled over to look at her. Taking out his wand, he cast a quick Privacy Charm before setting it down on the nightstand next to hers and then shook her shoulder.

"Hermione," Harry whispered.

Hermione rolled over onto her back, blinking her eyes and scrunching her brow cutely as she looked at him.

"Harry!" she gasped softly. "What are you doing here? Did something happen?"

"You tell me," Harry said. "You're the one that's been avoiding me all day."

Biting her lip, Hermione looked down.

“Can’t this wait until morning?” she asked in a barely audible whisper.

“No, it can’t,” Harry said. “What’s wrong, Hermione?”

“You know what I did last night,” she whined.

“So?” Harry asked. “Everyone was involved. I thought you enjoyed it.”

“I did. It’s just...,” Hermione paused and glanced up at him before looking down again and started picking at the sheets. “You’re not... disappointed, are you?”

“What?” Harry asked, surprised. “Why on earth would I be disappointed?”

“I’m not as... curvy as Lavender or as adventurous as Ginny or as pretty as Romilda,” Hermione listed off with a sigh. “And – and I don’t want you to think I’m some kind of slut that would do that with anyone.”

“Of course, I don’t,” Harry said, rubbing her arm soothingly and leaning to the side so their faces were closer together. “Hermione, whether you want to believe it or not, you’re beautiful. I loved everything we did, and I’d love to do it again if you’re willing to.”

“Are you sure this isn’t just about the others?” Hermione asked, lifting her face and studying him intently. “I won’t get in the way if you want to play more games with them. Merlin knows you deserve it after everything you’ve been through.”

“I’d prefer it if you were there too,” Harry said, stroking her cheek.

“Are you sure?” Hermione asked again, this time more nervously.

“Who am I in bed with, Hermione?” Harry asked. “Who did I spend all day trying to talk to? Who did I break fifty school rules to come and see?”

Hermione bit her lip, her eyes tearing up before she suddenly threw herself at him. Harry grunted as she squeezed him tightly. With a chuckle, he wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head.

“What does this mean... for us?” Hermione whispered, her face buried in his chest.

“I don’t know,” Harry admitted. “I like it, though. I felt like we were closer than ever last night, and I really, *really* want to kiss you again.”

Pulling back slightly, Hermione chewed her bottom lip as she looked at him nervously. Brushing her hair behind her ear, Harry slowly leaned forward and softly pressed his lips to hers. Gradually, the kiss deepened until they were snogging heavily. Harry’s hand caressed her hip and bum while Hermione’s moved slowly over his chest.

Sitting up, he took off his shirt before reaching for the bottom of hers. Hermione sat up and let him pull it off of her, exposing her beautiful breasts and toned stomach. A thoughtful look crossed her face before she suddenly took off her pants as well, leaving her completely naked. Harry couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow in surprise.

“I – I don’t want my first time to be in front of everyone,” she said softly.

Harry blinked in surprise. For the first time, he was really starting to believe what Ginny had told him earlier. Maybe Hermione really did want him as badly as she thought. Holding her gaze, he took off his pants and tossed them to the side. Staring at his erection and biting her lip, she reached out for him as soon as he laid back down on his side, facing her. Her fingers wrapped around him, holding him lightly while her thumb caressed his skin.

“Wow,” Hermione breathed.

Smiling, Harry cupped her cheek and leaned in for a kiss. As their lips moved and their tongues entwined, her hand continued to explore his length. Sliding his hand down her arm, he cupped her breast and teased her nipple. With a moan, Hermione stroked him a bit quicker before pulling back breathlessly.

“How do you, um, want me?” she asked nervously.

Harry slid his hand down her thigh and pulled it up so it was resting on his hip. Pulling her close and reaching around, he grabbed his length and placed it at her entrance before pausing.

“Ready?” he asked, throbbing in anticipation.

Biting her lip nervously, Hermione nodded, her hands gripping his shoulders. As he pushed forward, his thick shaft stretching open her taut folds, her eyes widened, and she gasped sharply.

“Oh! It’s... big,” she panted.

Pausing with his head trapped in her snug folds, Harry caressed her cheek and gave her a moment to adjust. She looked nervous, but he could feel her excitement dripping down his shaft.

“Tell me if you want me to slow down or stop, okay?” he asked.

Nodding, Hermione licked her lips and looked down between their bodies, her cheeks flushing prettily as she stared at the point where they were connected.

“There’s so much left,” she mumbled.

Harry didn’t think he was supposed to hear that, so he ignored it with a smile and eased his hips forward. At an agonizingly slow pace, inch after inch of his length sank into her impossibly tight depths. Hermione felt much tighter than Katie, Lavender, or even Ginny. He could feel his shaft stretching her open, touching places that nothing had ever touched before. After several painfully slow moments, he finally bottomed out in her vice-like depths. Hermione’s face remained pressed against his chest as she panted, but Harry wanted to see the look on her face. When he curled his fingers under her chin and lifted it, he was surprised and worried to see tears in her eyes.

“Hermione?” Harry asked in concern.

She shook her head and took a deep, shuddering breath.

“I’m fine,” she said with a teary smile. “I’m happy. This is exactly like I always dreamed it would be. It’s... perfect.”

Smiling, Harry wiped away a tear with his thumb and kissed her softly. As they parted, Hermione beamed and hugged him tightly, her head resting just below his nose.

“I love you, Harry,” she whispered softly.

“I love you, too,” Harry said, holding her tight and savoring the moment.

When she looked up again, he kissed her briefly before resting his forehead against hers. Staring into her eyes, he pulled his hips back just an inch before pushing forward in a slow, deliberate thrust. Eyes widening, she gasped, her hands gripping his shoulders tightly. On his second thrust, her eyes fluttered closed with a pleased moan.

“Oh, Harry,” she sighed breathily.

Harry stared at the rapturous look on her face in wonder as he shifted his hips slowly, more grinding into her than actually thrusting. That was alright, though; her tightness more than made up for it. Sliding his hand down her thigh, he cupped her small, firm bum and pulled her onto him, grinding his pelvis against her clit. Hermione responded with a long, sensuous moan, her warm, chocolate-brown eyes staring soulfully into his. Biting her lip, she whimpered, and Harry could feel every twitch, flutter, and spasm of her inner walls.

Just by feeling her reactions on his length, he was able to figure out exactly how hard to thrust and at what angle. Harry loved watching the way her breath hitched and her eyes widened before rolling into the back of her head. Hermione's body suddenly stiffened, her walls clenching down on him so tightly he was unable to move. Mouth hanging open, she made no sound at first, then a deep guttural wail worked its way out of her throat.

The sight of Hermione completely losing herself was so erotic Harry exploded instantly. Hermione let out a trembling moan as he filled her, her legs shaking uncontrollably. Holding her tight, he kissed and sucked at her neck as they each rode out their climaxes. By the time they were done, both of them were panting breathlessly, the sweat slowly cooling their bodies. After catching his breath, Harry slowly eased out of Hermione, her tight folds snapping closed behind him.

"Was that as good as your dreams?" Harry asked teasingly.

"Better," Hermione said, snuggling into his chest tiredly. "Will you stay?"

"As long as you want me to," Harry said, kissing the top of her head.

Rolling over, Hermione set an alarm with her wand. Before she could turn back to face him, Harry wrapped an arm around her, his hand clutching her breast, and pulled her back against his chest. Sighing contentedly, she laced her fingers through his and closed her eyes. Her orgasm must have taken a lot out of her because she fell asleep almost instantly. Smiling, Harry pulled the blankets over them and closed his eyes. He enjoyed the feel of her body against his for a long time before finally drifting off to sleep.

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Hermione woke slowly the next morning when her wand began buzzing and almost screamed when she felt someone's arms wrapped around her chest and a hard, throbbing erection against her bum. Just as she sucked in a breath, her memories of the night before came back to her, stifling her scream, but her heart kept racing. Slowly, a smile stretched across her face, and she rolled over to face Harry. He looked so calm and peaceful when he was asleep I actually made her heart ache.

Every morning, he was up and dressed before she was. And though he never mentioned it, she knew it was because of his nightmares. With everything that had happened in his life, she could on imagine how his mind tortured him while he slept.

Watching his face, she bit her lip and tried to sear the memory into her mind. Despite what he had told her and how much love and passion she'd felt from him last night, a small voice in the back of her mind worried this might not happen again. It was the insecure part of her that worried he'd find someone with bigger tits, a better ass, and a prettier face and forget all about her. Intellectually, she knew he wouldn't. Hermione knew Harry had meant everything he said. But that didn't stop her mind from raising lifelong fears of abandonment.

Since it was a Tuesday, and they didn't have any classes until after lunch, she decided to let him sleep a while longer. Kissing him softly on the lips, she slipped out of his arms and threw on a robe before making her way to the bathroom. When she returned, Lavender was sitting up, waiting for her with a smile on her face.

"So, how was it?" she asked brightly.

Hermione froze and glanced over to her bed, trying to remember if she'd put up a Silencing Charm.

"I heard him come in," Lavender grinned. "Now, come on. How was it?"

“It was amazing,” Hermione said, trying and failing to suppress a smile.

Lavender giggled and bounced on her mattress, her perky breasts following the movement.

“It sounded like it,” she smirked. “I’ve never heard you scream like that before.”

“You heard?” Hermione asked with a blush, glancing at Parvati’s bed.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Lavender told her. “Harry put up a Silencing Charm. I just extended it a bit to include my bed, too.”

Hermione opened her mouth to speak, closed it with a snap, and shook her head. Leave it to Lavender to perform a complicated piece of magic just for a bit of gossip.

“So, do you mind if we still play with him on the weekends?” Lavender asked hopefully.

Hermione shrugged, surprised by the lack of jealousy she felt. She’d have to examine that thought later.

“That’s not really up to me,” she said.

Lavender scoffed and rolled her eyes.

“Of course it is,” she said. “Hermione, that boy loves you. He might like playing with the rest of us, and I’m pretty sure he cares about Katie a lot – probably Ginny, too – but if you asked him to stop, he would.”

Hermione bit her lip as she looked back over at her bed.

He really does deserve to have some fun, she thought before turning back to her roommate with a shrug.

"I don't mind," she said.

Grinning brightly, Lavender jumped up from her bed and hugged Hermione tightly. She blushed as she felt the other girl's breasts press against her chest.

"Thank you," Lavender said gratefully.

Kissing Hermione on the cheek, she pranced into the bathroom and started the shower. Shaking her head and filled with confusing emotions, Hermione made her way back over to her bed. Taking off her robe, she climbed back on the mattress, smiling when Harry's arms wrapped around her. Burying her face in his chest, she sighed contentedly, all of her worries washed away by his gentle breathing. In moments, she fell back into a peaceful sleep.