

“We thought you had a plan!” Spittle went flying from the ginger’s mouth, and Harry absently wiped it away from where it landed on his cheek.

“I told you everything I knew! I didn’t hide a fucking thing! If you can’t handle it, then do us all a favor and run back home to your mummy. Wouldn’t want you to miss another meal.” Harry just couldn’t stand him. Here they were doing something important, something that would allow them to kill the snake-nosed bastard once and for all, and Ron was bitching about it. *He’s always been a whiny little bastard. Why did I think he’d be able to handle this when he couldn’t even handle me getting selected for the tournament back in fourth year.*

In the days since they managed to infiltrate the Ministry, Harry couldn’t help but think it’d been nothing but a mistake bringing Ron along. There was a part of him that thought that was the locket talking, but there was another part that thought it was just reasonable. *Inevitable even... He’s been stuffing his face at every opportunity since I met him whether it was at Hogwarts or the Burrow. How the hell was he going to manage roughing it.*

Ron didn’t back down from Harry’s anger, if anything it made him more furious, “I think I will, Potter!” He looked to Hermione and extended his hand, “Are you coming, or not?” Losing Ron, Harry could handle, but the prospect of Hermione going along with him was... terrifying.

“Take it off!” Instead of taking his hand, she rushed toward him, her hands going to the locket on Ron’s neck, “Take it off, you wouldn’t be saying any of this if it weren’t for that blasted thing.”

Ron pushed her away, “Bullshite, you think the same bloody thing, Hermione. We both thought there was something, anything, that Dumbledore had told him... but there’s nothing! He’s just wandering around aimlessly hoping to get somewhere!”

Hermione scowled at his words, “Yes, I hoped that there might’ve been something else, but I also didn’t think that Harry was lying to us! When he assured us that he told us everything... I believed him, and I still decided to come. I thought **you** did the same.”

Ron scoffed and the look on his face was utterly disgusted, “Of course, you’re defending him... you’re always defending him!”

“Well, I’m not the one who nearly got her killed by a Troll,” Harry reminded him, years of frustration bleeding into his voice, “And I’m not the one who bitched at her about Crookshanks for a whole year... And I’m not the one who berated her for having a good time at the Yule Ball. Oh! And then there’s Lavender! It’s almost like most of the worst arguments and moments of her life have everything to do with you, Ron!” He didn’t think he’d been perfect, but he certainly hadn’t belittled her the way that Ron did.

His friend’s face was as red as hair. Reaching for the chain around his neck, he pulled the heavy locket off and threw it down into the wet ground at his feet, “Fuck you, Potter! Fuck both of you.” He pushed Hermione again, harder this time, and Harry had the wherewithal to catch her before she fell on her bum, “I’m done with this. I’m done being tired and cold with no idea what we should do next!” He walked toward their ward-line and neither of them followed.

Harry was holding Hermione on either arm as they heard the tell-tale pop of apparition. He didn’t mean to let it slip out, but it did anyway, “Prat.” His bushy-haired best friend snorted a laugh, before she

sagged in his arms and started shaking with little sobs, "Hey, hey, it's alright." He turned her around and hugged her against his chest.

Hermione pulled back and wiped her eyes, "I know... it's just, I never thought he'd abandon us."

"I'm used to it." Harry said with a little shrug of his shoulders, "He's stood by my side plenty of times, but after the whole thing with the tournament... I don't expect much to be honest. That way I'm not disappointed."

Hermione looked up at him, and he could see fresh tears in her lovely brown eyes, "Harry... that's terrible."

"Maybe... but that's reality." It wasn't something he gave much thought to with any regularity, but for years now, he'd always been a bit more cautious of his ginger friend. *Too bad he decided to be a bastard again when the whole of magical Britain hangs in the balance... at least.*

Hermione looked at him for a long moment, and something in her hardened. It wasn't anything directed at him, but it was her resolve. She hugged him with an intensity that he didn't fully anticipate, "You're right... but we've always taken care of each other. Even when we've been frustrated. So, this will be no different. We'll figure it out together."

As he hugged her back, he felt lighter than he had at any point since they retrieved the locket, "I know we will, Hermione. We always do." She smiled up at him, and he couldn't help but do it back. There was a part of him that thought they should be distraught after they'd gone from three to two. But instead, he felt relieved.

Giving her one last squeeze, he stepped past her and reached down for the locket and let it sit on his neck. He knew what it was doing, but for some reason it wasn't nearly as bad as he remembered it.

It'd been just the two of them for three weeks... and Harry couldn't help but feel that things were going better than they had before. Ron had been horribly negative, either because of the locket or just because he really couldn't handle the constant struggle, and that meant that he'd been basically useless.

In these days he found himself looking at the Marauder's Map less, not because he wasn't concerned with Ginny or her well-being, but because he and Hermione found themselves deep in conversation... whether it was about the horcruxes or something else didn't seem to matter.

And through all of it things were becoming... difficult. It wasn't the locket. No, if anything, these days it felt more like a normal locket than something housing a part of Tom's soul. The darkness that seemed to seep from it was easier to endure without Ron's whining. The difficulties were coming from the fact that without Ron there, Harry was more acutely aware than ever that he was alone with a gorgeous, intelligent, young woman who'd always been there for him. Even in the moments where they fought, she still thought she was doing what was best for him.

With two stressed young adults living in constant close proximity, the tension was probably the most normal thing going on in that tent. He'd caught himself staring at her lovely bum as she bent over more than once, imagining what it would look like bouncing against his hips. It was starting to cause some small problems because more than once now he'd needed to find a quiet moment to discreetly rub one out.

And making matters worse, he was pretty sure that he'd caught his best friend doing the same thing more than once. Looking at him, he meant, not rubbing one out. *Not as though that'd be a bad thing.* It felt like they were falling toward something that they couldn't avoid. And until they dealt with it, the horcrux hunt was feeling superfluous.

Harry gave the soup over the fire one last stir before he ladled it into a bowl. Moving toward the flap of the tent, he pushed past it and out into the cool night air. Hermione was sitting against the side of the tent looking off into the distance absently.

Padding over, he offered one of the bowls to her, "Here... you need to get something in your belly."

She startled as though she hadn't realized that he was there before she looked up at him. Her eyes found his for just a moment before she turned them away, and he thought he saw a blush on her cheeks, but decided it must just be the cold, "Thank you, Harry."

Sitting down next to her, he asked, "You alright?"

She glanced in his direction as she took a spoonful of the soup. There was a hint of surprise at that first taste, "This is really good."

"Thanks," he smiled at her and nudged her shoulder with his own, "But that didn't answer the question."

"Fine, I'm fine," She said it a little too quickly, and found the soup in front of her much more interesting, "As good as you could expect... considering everything."

"Thinking about Ron?" He didn't mean to pry, but he couldn't help his curiosity either. He'd known since fourth year that they had feelings for each other... even if he didn't really understand it on Hermione's part. *He's never anything but a miserable git toward her... makes me wonder what her parent's are like if she finds that attractive.*

Hermione snorted at that and quickly dissolved into full blown laughter as she leaned closer into his side, "No, definitely not thinking about him. He made his choice, and I made mine." It was quiet, the only noise the distant skittering of some woodland creature as they just enjoyed each other's company.

They ate it all, both happy to put something warm in their bellies. When they were finished, Harry stood and offered her a hand up, "Come on, we should go get warm."

"You're right," She took the offered hand, and let him pull her to her feet. It was a bit more than was necessary, and she ended up pressed against his chest. Even layered up as they were, against the cold, it still felt wonderful to have her against him like that. *It would feel much better with nothing at all.*

Stopping his mind from chasing that train of thought, he watched as she moved to the tent flap and opened it for him, "Are you coming?" *I hope I get the chance to later, that's for damn sure.*

"Yep," he tried to sound normal, but wasn't sure if he actually managed it. There was a little smile on Hermione's face as she just waved the tent flap for him. Hurrying underneath it, he couldn't help but think that her eyes were firmly glued to his bum as he made his way in. Heading over to the radio, he turned it on before he started stripping out of some of his heavier clothing.

He turned back to his companion just in time to see her pulling her own sweater over her head. He got an exhilarating glimpse of her cute belly button as her shirt crawled up her torso. Pulling the locket off

his head, he dropped it on the table in the middle room and went over to her. The soft music coming from the radio filled their private little space and he just couldn't help himself.

Offering her his hand, she seemed reluctant for a moment before she conceded with a roll of her eyes and a cute little smile. For a few wonderful minutes, they were carefree. He didn't consider himself much of a dancer, but he had enough rhythm not to be completely out of time, and Hermione didn't seem to mind. It was a right bit better than his performance at the Yule Ball at least.

Unsure how it actually happened, he ended up with his arms wrapped fully around her shoulders. Her ear was pressed against his chest, and he was sure that she could hear the rapid beating of his heart as they gently swayed to a beautiful melody. It felt so right having her tied up in his arms, as though it was where they were always meant to end up. He could have stayed like that for hours, until his feet ached and legs burned. But it ended.

The mellow music faded out, and no more followed. The girl in his arms moved and he thought he felt her kiss against the center of his chest before she looked up at him with chocolate brown eyes. It felt like all the air left his lungs and he didn't know what to say.

Giving him one last little smile, she pushed up on her toes and kissed him on the cheek. Her voice was barely above a whisper, "Thank you, Harry. That was wonderful." With that, she pulled herself free and he felt the loss of her against him keenly, "I think we should get some sleep. Don't you?"

Sleep was the last thing on his mind, but he didn't know how to tell her that, "Yeah, of course." She rubbed his arm with her petite hand and turned away, heading for her own bed. With a sigh, Harry did the same.

His dreams that night were filled with her. The subtle scent of her perfume, the softness of her skin, and the repeated mantra of his name on her lips. It all felt so real, real enough that if he just reached out and took it, it would be his. He woke in the dark of the night, sweaty and hard. He could feel his turgid member aching against his thigh.

Then he heard it clear as day, "Harry..." It was breathy and sinfully sexy, and there was no mistaking what it meant. Reaching down beneath his pajama bottoms, he wrapped his hand around his cock as he strained his ears. He could hear it, but only just, the wet sounds of Hermione plunging her petite digits into her pussy. *How many can she fit? How much is she stretching herself to the thought of me?*

He stroked himself to that lovely, lewd sound as he heard the faintest little gasps. His cock grew slick with his own precum as he beat himself, hard and horny, but it felt... wrong. *Why take care of myself when there's a beautiful girl, who I love, playing with herself on the other side of the tent thinking of me?*

He knew that it was a risk, but after weeks of building tension, furtive glances, and the night they'd just had together, he was willing to take it. Rising from his bed, he could see that there was still a dim light at the side of Hermione's bed. It created a shadow on the wall of the tent opposite her. It allowed him to see as her hand moved up and down at the treasure between her thighs as he padded across the tent toward her.

Harry had to resist the urge to moan as he took in the sight of her. The only thing on her lower body was a shockingly sexy pair of knickers that were pulled to the side so she could plunge away at her pristine pussy. There was a small, neatly trimmed triangle of hair on her puffy mound and it all just looked

delectable. Eyes closed as she pleased herself, Hermione was panting adorably. Her other hand was beneath her thin strapped, crimson camisole as she tweaked her own nipple.

For a second, he just watched as she plowed away it her own slit, entirely oblivious to the rest of the world. The wet *schlick* as she filled herself again and again went right to his groin as it begged to get involved, but he couldn't help but think how beautiful she looked in that moment. He was brought out of his reverie as her back arched off the bed and she gasped out breathlessly, "Harry..." Her eyes pinched shut that much more tightly and he watched as the muscles in her thigh quivered.

Silently, he moved to the end of her bed. In her blissed-out state, she didn't even feel the bed move as he slid between her legs. Her fingers were still buried in her sex, giving erratic little pumps as she worked through her orgasm. There was a small wet spot on the bed beneath the pert globes of her arse that was slowly growing as she ebbed through her peak.

Her eyes snapped open when he took hold of her wrist and brought her glistening digits to his mouth. She tasted delicious, a bit minty if anything and he moaned low in his throat as he licked her clean. *Bet it's even better directly from the source.*

Hermione didn't say anything, she just stared as he lavished attention on her fingers. When he was finally done, he popped them free and sent her a cheeky grin, "Sorry, if I'm interrupting, I just couldn't help myself. You sounded so... sexy."

His friend blushed prettily and looked away embarrassed. He couldn't help but tease her, "Did someone forget their silencing charms?"

Surprisingly, she shook her head, "No, I wanted you to hear."

"You did?"

She nodded, "Only seems fair after I caught you beating one out."

That caught him off guard, and it was his turn to blush, "When?"

"Couple days ago," She wiggled her hips, and his eye went down to her dripping sex, "Haven't been able to stop thinking about it since."

"Naughty," Harry reprimanded her as he bit at the inside of her thigh, "It's rude to spy on people, Hermione."

"I know... but, I couldn't help myself and then... you moaned my name... and I've never been more turned on in my life." Her hands went to his hair, and she stroked his coal, black tresses lovingly, "I never thought you saw me that way..."

"You're beautiful, Hermione." He knew that she didn't always think so, still seeing herself as the awkward bookworm she'd been as a child. The smile she gave him was full of love and understanding, but there was lust there too.

"Show me..." She told him softly, "Show me all the things you've been thinking of doing with me when you pull on that big dick, Harry."

Harry didn't hesitate, he wanted it far too much to do such a thing. Leaning down, he took one long lick from her taint all the way to her clit that left her shuddering before he started making out with her delicate pussy, "Oh fuck..."

"Language," he shot up to her cheekily, before lashing at her with his tongue again.

"Fuck you..." Hermione shot back, as she took a firm hold of his hair and started humping up into his face, "Too good... to... to care..."

Hermione always seemed so well-controlled, even in stressful situations, so to see her come completely undone on the tip of his tongue was incredibly erotic. He swiped and licked at her tunnel, burying his tongue as deep as it would go as he full on made out with her tiny slit. Then he added his fingers to the mix, delving as deep as they would go and curling them up to find that wonderful button.

And she loved every bloody second of it. Every bit of his effort was appreciated as she writhed and twitched on the bed. She beat her hand down against her side as she moaned, "Oh yes... yes... Harry!" He didn't think he loved anything in life more than hearing his name on her lips, especially when it was said with such wanton need.

Her clutching slit grew tighter around his fingers as she humped up hard into his face. Taking hold of her hip, he held her up as he hammered away at her sex with two fingers. He battered at that one special spot as the heel of his palm mashed against her clit. The petite brunette flushed red, and her eyes bugged out as she started squirting. The juices leaked around his hand and dripped to the bed beneath as he sloshed inside her sex.

Words failed her, probably the first time in her entire life, as she just screamed. Eyes rolled to the back of her head, her own juices trailed down her from her sex to her taut tummy as she humped into his fingers. It became too much, too sensitive, and she had to reach down to push him away.

Taking hold of the bottom of her shirt, he pulled it over her head and revealed her perky, pointed tits. They were just smaller than a handful with tiny, dark-pink areola, and long, rubbery nipples. Harry reached down and pulled on one of those lovely buds to get her attention, "Considering you're the brightest witch of the age, how hard do you think it'll be to fuck your brains out?"

Hermione giggled, lust-drunk, "Don't know... but I'd be happy to find out... as long as it's with you!"

Grinning like a fool, Harry pushed his pajama bottoms down and his cock sprang up to hit against his abs in the process. Hermione couldn't take her eyes off it as she bit her bottom lip. Slapping it down onto her belly, it looked so big pressed against the gentle lines there. Hermione reached down and gave it a few tentative squeezes, "Fuck Harry..." he shivered at his name and she noticed, "please put it in. I want you sooo badly..."

Taking hold of his shaft, he angled his cockhead down to her enflamed lips. As he gathered some of her juices on the tip and situated himself at her entrance, she stopped, "Wait," he furrowed his brow because from the look in her eye, he could tell she had no intention of ending this prematurely, "I think maybe you should kiss me properly for the first time before you fuck me..."

Harry chuckled, "I don't know, I think I already gave you one hell of a kiss somewhere else."

"Prat," It was said with incredible fondness, "you know what I..."

He didn't let her finish, just leaning over her to capture her lips with his own. Her pointy nipples pressed into his chest as he felt her melt against him. They were so close and it just felt... right. Without breaking their lip lock, he pushed into her tightness. They gasped into one another at the new sensation. She was so snug, and hot around him. But so wet that he was able to bury himself to the root in one slow, solid motion.

"Fuck... that's a lot bigger than my wand..." Hermione whispered into his ear as they pulled apart to look down at where they were joined. There was an obscene squelch as her perfect, cock-hugging lips fit snugly around his base. Harry twitched at the mental image of her doing that. She had the naughtiest look in her eye as she smirked up at him, "Harry, I think you know what we both need..."

Weeks of build-up and tension, years if he was being honest with himself, were ready to be released. Not to mention the many other stressors they were dealing with. She was right, as usual, they both needed this. There would be plenty of time for gentle lovemaking some other time, but right now what they both needed, more than anything, was a good hard fuck. Taking hold of her slender waist, he did just that.

He pushed and pulled her pussy along his imposing length and she loved every second of it, "Holy fucking shit... Harry, yes!... Use that little fucking pussy..."

He never thought he'd hear such vulgar things from his brainy friend, but he was damn sure happy he was the one with the pleasure of making it happen. Her pussy fluttered around his sensitive cock-flesh as he battered at her walls. They became single-minded rutting animals chasing that blissful feeling of climax.

Given his inexperience, Harry was ecstatic when he managed to fuck Hermione to her first orgasm. It took more control than he thought he had to keep from popping off inside of her as her clutching hole tried to pull the baby-batter from his balls.

Knowing that there was only so much longer he'd be able to hold out, there was something else he absolutely wanted to do. She was so light in his arms as he turned her over. Hermione didn't even bother holding herself up, she just laid her head down on the pillow as he pushed her legs apart and admired her beautiful, sculpted bum.

She was looking back at him with one sex-drunk eye as he admired the sight of her perky, pale globes, her enflamed pussy in between, and her positively tiny asshole. It wasn't the biggest bum, but it was absolutely perfect in his opinion, just the right amount of fat and muscle. He'd admired her jean-clad bum so many times over the years that he wanted to finish all over those perky cheeks. The smooth lines of her back and the little dimples above each cheek weren't too bad either.

Taking hold of himself, he guided his cock back to her eager, dripping slit and filled her up all over again. That one thrust took her breath away, she groaned low in the back of her throat, "Fuck... Harry, you feel even bigger..."

His domed head scraped along the sensitive walls of her sex as he worked into a torrid pace. Her ass jiggled enticingly every time he pulled her back against his groin. Words became difficult for Hermione as her mouth lolled open with the absolute bliss of their incessant rutting. She keened low in her throat, and then he felt her squeeze him impossibly tighter again and he couldn't hold out anymore.

His cock flexed harshly inside of her, and Harry didn't pull out as the first couple ropes escaped his slit. Hermione's eyes rolled to the back of her head as she felt that exquisite warmth bathing her insides. Still, as heavenly as that felt, he managed to pull himself free as another rope jetted out of his cock. The sticky white spunk landed in her bushy hair in a line that went all the way down to her tiny asshole. He twitched and groaned through the most epic climax of his life as he covered his best friend, now lover's, back and bum.

As they both caught their breath, Harry couldn't help but smile. He could only imagine the look on Ron's face if he found out. *But what was he expecting, leaving two people alone in a tent together. It was bound to happen.* It happened again before dawn... twice. And again and again in the days that followed. They did a damned good job finding out just what it took to fuck the pretty witch's brains out.