

It was chilly, as late December in the Highlands of Scotland usually were, but Harry didn't care one bit. Atop his brand new Firebolt without a care in the world, he was whooping and laughing in the air. He'd lamented the loss of his Nimbus 2000 but, this new broom was definitely a class above. He was widely considered the best seeker in the school regardless of broom, but with the incredible piece of craftsmanship he'd received anonymously for Christmas, he'd be even better.

He spent hours with the cold wind whipping through his hair, a light snow catching in sticking to his heavy robes as he soared over the Black Lake and the top of the Forbidden Forest. He was careful to stay within the bounds of the school though, not wanting to invite the dementors to attack him.

Eventually, the cold started biting deep in his bones and the discomfort of it won out over the joy he felt in the freedom of the air. His footfalls crunched lightly on the snow-covered grounds as he made his way back up to the castle. The smile wouldn't leave his face even as he found Professor McGonagall approaching him at the entrance.

"Afternoon Professor," Harry brushed the snow from his hair, "having a good Christmas?"

"I am, Mr. Potter." The stern older witch told him, eyeing the broom on his shoulder, "Though something was brought to me that I feel needs my attention."

"Oh, something I can help you with?"

"I would say so. I'll need to take that broom, I'm afraid." She opened her hand, waiting expectantly for him to listen.

"Why?"

"It came as an anonymous present at a time when your well-being is in direct danger. I would be remiss if I didn't do everything possible to ensure that it's safe for you to use."

*You did a bang-up job of looking out for me in my first year... and my second.* He managed to keep the snide remark to himself, but didn't give her the broom just yet, "I just spent hours using it. If it's jinxed, surely, I'd already know it."

"Sirius Black was an exceptionally skilled student," McGonagall's lips were pursed, irritated that he was questioning her, "It would be well within his capability to delay the effects until the opportune moment."

"And when would that moment be?" Harry couldn't hide the irritation in his own voice, "I was alone, in the cold, and no one knew it but me. What better moment could there have been?"

McGonagall extended her hand out further, "Unless you want detention, you will not make me ask again, Mr. Potter. Give me the broom so that it can be checked. Only when I know with certainty that it is safe will it be returned to you." With a shake of his head and a sigh of defeat, he handed the racing broom over.

Without any further comment, Harry hurried past the professor and made his way to the staircase. His steps were heavy with the weight of his frustration as he trudged up to Gryffindor. Deprived of the happiness he'd felt only minutes before, the winter chill seemed to dig deeper into his skin and he shivered involuntarily.

When he reached the Common Room, it was almost entirely empty, most of his housemates had gone home for the holiday. However, Hermione was sitting on the couch in front of the fire, seemingly waiting for him. *Because of course she would be, who else would have told Professor McGonagall for her to worry?*

Hermione was reading a book that she quickly closed, she tucked a strand of her bushy hair behind her ear, "Harry... where've you been?"

"I was out on the grounds... flying my new broom," he watched her face fall, "without a hint of any problem. But when I got back McGonagall demanded that I hand it over to her because she was concerned it might be a ploy of Sirius Black's." He crossed his arm, staring at his friend, "You wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you Hermione?"

She didn't meet his eye for a moment, and took a steadying breath when she finally did, "I... only wanted to make sure that you're safe."

"I was safe!"

"You don't know that!"

"You don't know that I wasn't!" Harry threw his hands up, "You think you know everything, Hermione, but you don't! I take plenty of risks all the time... you know that better than most."

"This was a pointless risk though," she argued, "McGonagall will make sure that it's safe and then give it back to you. No harm done." They were both breathing heavily from yelling, their eyes wide and alert.

"Plenty of harm done," he bit out, "You went behind my back... instead of just talking to me about it."

"You weren't listening to me when you opened it!"

"Because I was excited! I just got the best racing broom on the planet and there's nothing in the entire world that I love more than flying." He shook his head, "But if you had just given it a bit of time and come to me... reasonably... I would've listened to you. Because more often than not I respect you enough to listen to you... and you know it. But you couldn't handle being ignored for even a second, so you went behind my back."

Hermione's mouth opened and closed as she tried to form a response, but nothing was coming. He watched as tears started to form at the corner of her eyes and her shoulders sagged, "I'm... I'm sorry... you're right." She sniffled softly, but Harry didn't have it in him to care when she so blatantly disregarded his thoughts, "I should've talked to you."

He ignored her apology because he wasn't feeling particularly forgiving at that moment, "Yeah, you should've." He strode past her toward the boys' dormitories. Behind him, Hermione dropped to the couch defeated, shaking silently with sobs. Normally, he would have been quick to comfort her, but he was far too angry to even consider it. When he got up to the dormitory, he stripped down and headed for the showers trying to chase the cold away.

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After a long week, it was New Year's Eve and he'd barely spoken fifty words to Hermione since their argument in the Common Room. Given they were the only two members of Gryffindor from their year

still at the castle for the holidays, it'd made things rather awkward. But Harry wasn't in any hurry to fix it.

When she tried to apologize again, the day after, he'd told her quite harshly that, "I don't believe you, Hermione. You're always so confident that you're right, words alone aren't going to convince me that today is any different." Since then, she hadn't tried again reserving their interactions to nothing more than stiff greetings.

There were a number of times that he felt her watching him when she thought he wasn't looking. And when that happened, there was a part of him that knew he should resolve the issue. It was making her miserable from what he could tell, and he wouldn't say that he was enjoying it either. *I don't really want to hurt one of my first and closest friend.* But, since he'd yet to even get the broom back, he couldn't find it in him to just suck it up and talk to her

That morning, at breakfast, he'd almost found his resolve broken when for the second day in a row, Hermione received a package seemingly out of nowhere. But, he managed to stop himself from asking her any questions. Instead, he just watched with quiet curiosity.

In leu of spending time with his friend, he finished his holiday assignments without too much trouble. *I really need to stop relying on Hermione to make sure I get these things done.* Late that evening, after dinner he was in the library finishing up the last of his Transfiguration essay. It was surprising that Hermione wasn't there as well. *Even if we were talking, I would expect her to be in here. She spends more time in the library than anyone in the school.*

His thoughts were interrupted by the soft footfalls of the approaching librarian, "Return your books to their shelves, Mr. Potter. The library is closing." Madam Pince padded away, her steps echoing in the quiet library.

*I've been here longer than I thought.* He packed up quickly and made his way to Gryffindor Tower. He couldn't help but think this had been his least eventful Christmas holiday since coming to Hogwarts. *First year was the Restricted Section debacle, then sneaking into the Slytherin Commons Rooms in second. If it weren't for having my broom confiscated, this one would have been downright normal.*

He reached the tower quickly, and found Hermione sitting on the couch again, just as she had been the night of Christmas. She was bundled up in a fluffy robe and reading a small novel. Glancing up at him as he came in, she pulled her robe tighter around her, "Hi."

"Hi." His simply greeting brought a smile to her lips, and he decided then and there he would have this settled before the new term officially started. *I know she meant well. I just need to get past my disappointment, and then I'll be able to tell her we're fine.*

As he walked past the couch, Hermione called to him, "Harry..." he turned and waited expectantly for her to continue, she was looking around nervously before her nerve seemed to leave her and she just sighed, "Have a good night's sleep."

Brow furrowed in confusion, he replied, "You too, Hermione. I'll... uh see you tomorrow." She nodded her head shakily and turned back to her book.

Heading up to his dorm, he tossed his bag at the foot of his bed, stripped down and changed into his pajamas. It wasn't particularly late yet, but whether it was the mental stress of being on the outs with Hermione or just the fact that he'd spent a good chunk of the day pouring over books, he was quite knackered. Turning off the lights and closing the curtains around his bed, he fell asleep in no time at all.

Despite his personal turmoil, he found himself in a surprisingly pleasant dream. Dark hair filled his lap, and a soft sucking sound filled his ears. He groaned deep at the wonderful sensations emanating from his cock. Reaching down he filled his hand with thick hair and pulled slightly at those tresses.

It was the whimper that action garnered that woke him up. *Slurp. Slurp. Slurp.* The sucking sounds were louder in the waking world than in his dream, and the actions accompanying it were less practiced though no less pleasurable. The hair between his fingers was soft and thick, and a familiar brunette.

Laying between his legs, Hermione hungrily sucked at his cock. He was having a hard time believing his eyes. *I must still be dreaming. It's just incredibly vivid.* Her cute, pert bum was up in the air, just visible in the dim light of the moon coming from the window. That lovely bum was clad in a crimson pair of silk and lace knickers that were astoundingly skimpy... and sexy. *Fucking Merlin, I never would've thought...* Her chest was pressed against his thigh, and he could feel her nipple through the fabric of her bra.

Despite the grip on her hair, which was surprisingly sleek and up in a loose bun, she hadn't realized that he was awake. Her attention was devoted fully to the task at hand. She pushed her lips down his shaft and filled her mouth with as much of him as she could manage... and even more. His spongy crown prodded against the back of her throat.

*Glughck.* A thick strand of spittle covered his cock as she choked on his length. If there was one thing that he'd learned about Hermione over the years, it was that she was a meticulous, focused worker. So, despite her discomfort at having his big knob poking the soft flesh at the back of her mouth, she kept choking herself on him. *Glughck. Glughck. Glughck.* Her efforts covered his cock all the way down to his coarse pubic hair and dripped down to his bollocks as she spit and gagged

Harry never thought he'd see his prim and proper friend fucking her own face on his prick. The obscene sight pulled a groan from his throat as a shot of pleasure throbbed through his member, "Hermione..."

His quiet exultation grabbed her attention and her dark eyes snapped up to see that he was looking down at her. Caught in the act, it didn't deter her one bit, if anything it made her double her efforts. She stroked the length of his shaft that she couldn't fit in her mouth and hollowed out her cheeks to suck particularly hard at the top of his cock.

"Oh... fuck..." His hips popped off the bed, and Hermione gagged as he pushed his length further into her mouth than it'd gone before. He thought of apologizing, but she didn't seem to mind one bit, still just working adoringly on his cock. *And what a fucking job she's doing.* He couldn't believe that his nerdy friend was such a fantastic little cocksucker. *It wouldn't be a surprise if she's been studying to make sure she's as good at this as she is everything else.*

The wet welcoming embrace of her mouth proved to be too much for him. "Mione... cum...cumming..." She didn't pull back right away, instead sucking on him harder as his cock throbbed and expanded. His white spunk raced up his shaft and shot from his cock-head with more force than any orgasm he could remember in his life.

Whatever his friend had been expecting, he obviously provided her with more than she could handle. She took his first shot of cum in her mouth, the warm seed shooting to the back of her throat. But the second came just as quickly as the first and she couldn't stop herself from gagging. His cum mixed with her spit and dribbled down his length as she gagged on bulbous crown.

Hermione tried to weather the storm, but she failed and pulled off his shaft gasping and panting. Lines of spittle connected her lips to him as he kept shooting ropes of cum up into the air. Three lines of his cum landed in her hair and across her face before the last vestiges of his orgasm seeped out of his cockhead and down his messy pillar. Her pink tongue, flicked out of her mouth and gathered the seed on her lips before she swallowed his sticky treat.

Breathing heavily, Harry looked down when he felt a small, soft hand stroking at his still mostly hard cock, "Hermione... what are you doing?"

"I think that would be rather obvious at this point." She told him with a shy smile, her hand stroking all of her spit and his cum into his flesh.

"I... uh guess you're right." He groaned as her ministrations to his over-sensitive post-orgasmic member brought him to full stiffness quickly, "But why?"

"Because you were right. Actions speak louder than words. I did what I did with your best interests at heart... but I should've talked to you first. Hell, because I was busy telling McGonagall, you went flying before it could be checked anyway." She pushed herself up and he got his first look at her perky tits encased in a crimson bra.

Putting her knees on either side of her hips, she smiled down at him. "Consider this my proper apology." Reaching down, she peeled the gusset of her panties to the side. It was sticky with her own arousal, and he watched as a strand of her juices broke as she pulled it away. Her drippy little pussy was a deep pink with cute butterfly lips, and a neatly trimmed triangle of hair just above.

He didn't have long to admire that scintillating sight before he was greeted with something even better, his cock-head poised right at her entrance as she angled his knob toward her. Hermione looked down at him with hooded eyes, and bit her bottom lip between her teeth, "I figured this was a better present than a Firebolt, too."

Much as he didn't want her to think this was necessary to apologize, he also wasn't stupid enough to stop a girl from sliding down onto his dick when he had the opportunity. The exquisite heat of her incredibly tight sheath made him pulse involuntarily. He fisted the sheets at his side as he had to fight the urge to cum right away. As good as her mouth felt, this was infinitely better. *How in the hell do I get her to apologize like this more often.*

There was a thin fleshy barrier within her that made Hermione hesitate, but it only lasted a second. With a bit of extra pressure, she pierced herself deeper on his dick and broke the barrier. Her hands came up to rest on his chest as she whimpered in pain. A small tear escaped from the corner of her eye. Reaching for her thigh, he massaged the smooth flesh gently and spoke softly, "If you want to stop..."

"No... it's fine. The first time always hurts a little. It'll pass." Brow furrowed in concentration, she kept pushing down with her hips. Inch by inch, his cock was encased in her wonderfully welcoming heat until he felt her perky bum resting against his bollocks.

When she reached the hilt, she wiggled her hips experimentally, “Hmmm... I can feel you... so deep...”

Harry groaned and grabbed her hips at the sensation, “Stop...”

Hermione smirked down at him, “Why? Do you not like it?” She wiggled her hips again, and gave a throaty moan of her own.

“I fucking love it... enough that I want to enjoy it a little bit longer.”

Giggling, she flexed her legs and pulled up slightly on his cock before dropping all the way back down again. They both moaned as he knocked at the deepest parts of her sex, “That’s sweet... Harry... but this is my apology to you... So, just enjoy. And when you can’t take anymore... just let it go.”

He could only stare at her wide-eyed as she started to bounce on his cock. He couldn’t help but wonder if she’d ever been horse riding, because she did it with a surprising amount of ease. The oily grip on his cock was sooo perfectly tight. With every drop of her hips there was a heavy clap and a wet squelch as his cock plunged deep inside her.

Reaching up, Harry pulled the straps of her bra down and revealed her lightly jiggling bosom. Her breasts were perky, a bit smaller than a handful, and perfectly shaped. Her nipples were half an inch, ghostly pale, and hard with her arousal. He twisted the firm flesh between his fingers and watched as he pulled a silent scream from the girl on top of him.

Her arms started shaking as she kept throwing her hips up and down, faster and harder. *Clap. Clap. Clap.* The obscene noises of their lovemaking got louder and louder with every drop. Her arms started shaking, and suddenly they gave out and she laid the whole of her lithe body across him. Her lips went to his neck as she continued fucking against him... more and more aggressive with every desperate movement.

Kissing her way up the soft flesh, she was whispering something quietly... so quietly at first that he couldn’t hear her, but with each desperate humping of her hips, she grew louder, “Please... I’m sorry... I’m sorry... I need you to forgive me... to fill me. Please Harry, I’m sorry... I’m sorry...”

Her pussy was leaking thick cream down his shaft to the bed below them, and it was taking everything in his power to hold off his orgasm. His hand went to her bum, and he helped her drive even harder down into him, “I’ll accept your apology... if you just cum for me, Hermione.” She whimpered deep in her throat, and he could feel her pussy tighten even harder against his shaft.

“I’m sorry... I’m sorry... so good.” Harry could feel wet tears against his chest, as she spasmed through her orgasm. The ridiculous rippling of her grippy tunnel was far too much for him to handle. And he forced her down flush against his groin, hilding himself as deep as he could go as he filled her up with his cum, “Yes! Yes!”

“Fu...fuck!” Harry saw stars as he went through his second mind-numbing, blissful orgasm of the night. He pulsed and pumped her full of ropes of his cum without a care in the world. He jerked his way through his peak, giving a few erratic humps of his hips that shook her whole body and prolonged her own climax.

When they were both finished, they were covered in a light sheen of sweat and breathing heavily. Harry gently rubbed her back and kissed her temple. Unable to keep the massive grin from his lips, he told her, "Apology accepted."

Giggling, Hermione pushed off him slightly to look him in the eye, "Good."

"And any time you want to apologize like that in the future..." He wiggled his eyebrows.

Slapping his chest, she rolled her eyes but then quietly said, "I'll keep that in mind. You should as well."

They both laughed as Harry pulled his best friend in to nestle against his side. As they drifted off to sleep, the last thing he heard from Hermione was a quiet, "Oh, and Happy New Year. Bit more fun than a kiss." With one last chuckle they both drifted off to sleep.