

Learning to Swim

“Okay, give it to me one more time,” Hermione said.

“Come seek us where our voices sound,” Harry recited. “We cannot sing above the ground. An hour long you’ll have to look, to discover what it is we took.”

Hermione flipped through her copy of *Hogwarts, A History*, and ran her finger down the page. They were sitting at a table in the library. It was nearly empty. Most students were in the Great Hall having lunch.

“Well, there are no Mermaids in the lake, but this says there’s a colony of Selkies that live at the bottom,” she said. “They’re a close relative of Mermaids. It sounds like they want you to find something at the bottom of the lake.”

“I figured that,” Harry muttered grumpily.

“All we have to do is figure out a way for you to stay underwater for an hour.”

“Brilliant,” he replied flatly.

“Stop moping,” Hermione said crossly. “You should be happy. At least we know what the task is now.”

Harry sighed heavily.

“Hermione, I don’t even know how to swim.”

She looked up from her book and stared at him incredulously.

"Is that what's bothering you?" she asked. "Oh, Harry. I can teach you how to swim. It won't take that long. I'm sure you'll pick it up quickly."

"Really?" Harry asked hopefully.

"Of course," Hermione smiled.

"Well, I suppose that's one problem solved," he said. "But the lake's going to be freezing."

"Don't be silly," she said. "We'll just use the Prefects' Bathroom. It'll be much easier to teach you there."

Harry blinked.

"Well, the password should still work," he nodded. "Between the cloak and the map, we should be able to sneak in there after curfew."

Hermione turned to him with an unimpressed look and shook her head.

"Honestly, it's like you look for reasons to break the rules."

"Well, how else are we supposed to get there?"

Sighing, she rolled her eyes and stood. Harry watched her for a moment before he realized she was leaving and raced to catch up with her.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

“The Great Hall,” she said as if it should have been obvious.

Harry followed her through the halls and down the stairs to the Great Hall. He waited for her to turn to the Gryffindor table, anxious to get some food before it was too late, but she didn't. She continued on between the tables, marched straight up to the Head Table, and paused in front of Professor McGonagall. He paused a few steps behind and shifted nervously, conscious of the eyes on him.

“Professor, Harry needs to learn how to swim for the Second Task,” Hermione said. “May we use the Prefects' Bathroom this evening?”

Professor McGonagall glanced over at Harry and momentarily looked relieved.

“Of course,” she said. “The password is ‘Pine Fresh.’ I'll let the prefects know not to use it tonight.”

“Thank you, professor,” Hermione smiled.

“Oh, and Ms. Granger,” McGonagall called out as she turned to leave. “If you need the pool to be bigger, ask the Mermaid. She can enlarge it for you.”

Hermione smiled and nodded. When she turned and walked back to Harry, she raised an eyebrow. He blushed lightly. The idea of asking for permission had never even occurred to him.

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Later that night, Harry and Hermione made their way to the third floor and into the Prefects' Bathroom. The Mermaid perked up and waved at them as they entered.

“Wow,” Hermione said. “That’s a lot bigger than it looks in the pictures, but I suppose a bit more room would be nice. Excuse me, could you make the pool bigger for us?”

The Mermaid nodded, and the whole room seemed to swell. The room and the pool doubled in size.

“Thank you,” Hermione smiled. “Alright, let’s go get changed.”

Harry nodded and stepped behind the changing partition while she did the same on the other side of the room. Quickly, he stripped down, changed into his swimming trunks, and stepped back out. He could hear Hermione still rustling around behind the partition, so he walked over and climbed into the pool. The water was pleasantly hot.

Wading through the waist-deep water, he made his way over to the side and sat down on one of the benches along the side, sinking chest-deep into the water. With a sigh, he sat back and closed his eyes. He sat and relaxed for a couple of minutes before he heard Hermione’s bare feet slapping against the tile floor. He opened his eyes and stared.

Hermione was wearing a blue, two-piece bikini. It wasn’t that revealing compared to some of the outfits he’d seen in Dudley’s magazines, but it was the most skin he’d even seen in real life. To put it frankly, Hermione was a lot hotter than he had expected. Her breasts weren’t what he’d call big, but they looked bigger than they did under her clothes, and they bobbed slightly with every step. His eyes traveled down her thin waist to her long, muscular legs momentarily before climbing back up to her chest.

Her breasts bounced as she walked down the steps into the pool. As she came to a stop in front of him, he realized he was staring and jerked his eyes up to her face. She smiled shyly, and there was a light dusting of red on her cheeks.

“Okay, so, the first thing you need to learn is how to float on your back,” Hermione said. “Once you know how to float, you won’t panic as much when you learn how to swim.”

“Sounds simple,” Harry said.

“It is. All you need to do is fill your lungs with air and lie back. Like this.”

Hermione leaned back, lifted her feet, and floated on her back. Harry’s eyes were instantly drawn to the twin blue peaks on her chest. She waved her hands and slowly spun in a lazy circle. As she did, she unintentionally gave him a good view of her cleavage. There was a small mole on her right breast, just above the edge of her bikini.

“See, easy,” she said. “You just have to keep air in your lungs.”

She dropped her feet down and momentarily dunked herself completely under the water before standing up and sweeping her hair back away from her face.

“Now you try.”

Harry nodded. Taking a deep breath and holding it, he closed his eyes and leaned back. Surprisingly, he floated, but his arms and legs kicked instinctively.

“Relax,” Hermione said, rushing over and placing her hands under his shoulders. “You’re doing fine.”

With a conscious effort, he stilled his arms and legs. He was floating. It felt nice.

Slowly, he opened his eyes and found himself staring up at the underside of Hermione’s breasts. They looked even bigger from this angle.

“Breathe,” she told him.

Harry let out the breath he was holding and immediately sank like a stone. His arms and legs kicked wildly. Hermione helped lift him up as he coughed up the water he'd inhaled.

"Are you alright?" she asked worriedly.

He nodded even as he continued coughing.

"I'm fine," he said when he got his breath back.

"I told you to keep air in your lungs," she said.

"Er, right," Harry said. "I just...uh...,"

Hermione crossed her arms over her chest.

"You were too busy staring at my chest to listen," she finished for him with a raised brow.

Harry blushed heavily and muttered an apology.

"Oh, honestly, Harry," she sighed. "I don't mind. It's quite flattering, really. But this is important! You need to learn how to swim."

"I know," he murmured, embarrassed. "Sorry."

"It's fine," Hermione said. "Let's just try it again."

Harry leaned back into the water and managed to float on his back without much difficulty. He even remembered to breathe properly this time. It was all going just fine until Hermione

suddenly appeared above him again. He stared up at her perky breasts, marveling at the smooth, pale skin and the beautiful contours. For a moment, he even imagined he could see her nipples pressing ever so slightly against the center of the blue triangle. He wondered what they looked like.

“Harry! Are you even listening to me?”

Harry jerked his eyes up to Hermione’s face and blushed.

“I was, er, focusing,” he said lamely.

Hermione raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah, on my chest,” she said.

“I can’t help it! They’re right there!”

His eyes darted to her breasts and then back up to her face just in time to see her roll her eyes.

“I don’t know why you’re so fascinated,” she complained. “They’re hardly impressive.”

“They’re perfect,” Harry whispered before he could stop himself.

His eyes widened, and he blushed furiously. He tried to sit up and ended up dunking himself underwater again, although this time he didn’t inhale any. Standing up, he wiped his face and turned to Hermione. She had her hands on her hips and an annoyed look on her face.

“You’re useless like this.”

“Sorry,” he muttered.

She sighed, but her visible annoyance quickly turned into a thoughtful look. She nodded to herself as if coming to a silent decision and then reached behind her back. Harry watched in disbelief as she untied her bikini top and lifted it over her head.

Her breasts, as he’d told her just moments earlier, were perfect. Pert and perky, they were capped with light pink areolas, slightly darker nipples, and looked to be the perfect size to fill his hand. Harry knew he was gaping like an idiot. He knew he was staring, but he just couldn’t force himself to look away.

“There. See? No big deal,” Hermione said. “Take a good look and get it out of your system. You’ll get bored of them soon.”

Harry snorted.

“Not likely. I’d stare at them all night if I could.”

He was so engrossed in her breasts that he completely missed the pleased smile that flittered across her face.

“Well, then, we’ll use that as an incentive.”

Disappointingly, she put her top back on, but for a moment, Harry got to watch her breasts jiggle wonderfully before they were covered.

“If you manage to swim from one end of the pool to the other without my help before the end of the night, I’ll let you look at them again,” she told him.

Harry grinned.

“Deal.”

“Good,” Hermione smiled. “Start floating on your back again.”

Harry did as he was told. He still got to enjoy the view of the underside of her covered breasts, but the sight wasn’t as all-consuming as it once was. Maybe it was because he’d seen them uncovered, or perhaps it was because of the promise of seeing them again if he succeeded, but either way, he was able to focus on her instructions. Or, he would’ve been, if Hermione didn’t giggle. She covered her mouth to cover it, but that only set her off again.

“What?” he asked.

“I’m sorry,” she smiled. “It’s just... you look like you’re trying to raise a sail.”

Harry followed her eyes down to his groin, where his erection was pressed prominently against the front of his shorts. Embarrassed, he jerked his hips under the water.

“Oh, stop it,” Hermione said, smacking his shoulder. “There’s nothing to be embarrassed about. It’s perfectly natural. Flattering, even. Now, come on.”

Sighing, Harry started floating on his back again.

“Good,” Hermione said, glancing down at his groin with a little smile. “Now, use your arms and legs to move yourself through the water.”

She held a hand under his back while he moved his arms and legs uncoordinatedly. At first, he only managed to spin himself in circles, but eventually, he started to get a feel for being in the water.

“Prefect,” Hermione smiled. “Okay, next, you’re going to do the same thing, but on your stomach. Just make sure to lift your head up and take a breath once in a while.”

Harry rolled over and flapped his arms and legs wildly to stay afloat. She reached under him, one hand on his chest, the other on his stomach, and supported some of his weight. Once the panic of possibly drowning passed, he got himself under control.

“Kick your legs up and down, and use your arms like paddles,” Hermione said.

Doing as instructed, he started moving forward slowly. As he slid over Hermione’s hands, one brushed his erection briefly. The sensation broke his concentration, and he plunged underwater. Hermione was quick to lift him back up, and he caught his breath.

“You’re doing great,” she said encouragingly.

Harry practiced swimming for several more minutes, and soon, he was moving around without Hermione’s help. With the promise of his reward at the forefront of his mind, he moved to the far end of the pool and pushed off the wall. It was hard to tell if he was going in the right direction with his eyes closed, but he just kept swimming until his hand hit the tile steps.

“You did it!” Hermione cheered.

Standing up with a triumphant grin, he turned around and was immediately enveloped in a tight hug. Feeling her nearly bare body pressed against his brought his erection back rapidly, and he pulled his hips back so she didn’t notice.

As they separated, his eyes darted down to her chest and back up to her face. Hermione bit her lip cutely.

“I guess you’ve earned your reward,” she said, reaching behind her back. “If you still want it.”

Harry nodded his head eagerly.

Smiling, Hermione pulled the tie loose and lifted the top over her head. He stared unabashedly at her supple mounds.

“Well,” she said after a long, slightly awkward silence, “I suppose we might as well wash up while we’re here.”

She waded through the water over to the taps and gave one a twist. Purple, lavender-scented foam poured into the water. In moments, the surface was covered in a thin layer of bubbles. Cupping her hands, Hermione caught some of the soap and rubbed it onto her body. Harry groaned softly as her hands ran up her stomach and over her breasts.

He watched for the next few minutes as she washed her body and then moved on to her hair. Ducking under the water to wash up the soap, she resurfaced a few moments later and brushed the water from her face. Turning to him, she smiled and rolled her eyes.

“Come on,” she said.

Grabbing his hand, she pulled him over to the taps. Harry halfheartedly washed himself, looking away only when absolutely necessary. As each minute passed, he swore she only got prettier. Unfortunately, the clock eventually chimed, and they both looked over. It was 9 o’clock. He couldn’t believe they’d been in there for three hours already.

“Time to go,” Hermione said.

They waded towards the steps, but partway there, Harry paused. Just as she was about to step out, she turned back and looked at him curiously.

“Are you coming?” she asked.

"I'll, er, let you go first," Harry said.

Hermione furrowed her brow, but then realization hit, and her eyes darted down to his groin, which was thankfully hidden under the water.

"Oh," she said, her lips twitching with a suppressed smile. "Okay."

She turned and walked up the steps, and Harry found himself fascinated with another part of her anatomy. Hermione's bum was utterly and fantastically brilliant. Full and round, her muscular cheeks flexed beautifully as she walked away. Harry watched raptly until she disappeared behind the changing screen. Letting out a breath he didn't realize he'd been holding, he climbed out of the pool and prayed his erection subsided before they walked back to the common room.

They didn't talk about what had happened in the Prefects' Bathroom, but Harry felt a distinct yet indefinable shift in their relationship. He looked at Hermione completely differently now. She wasn't just his closest friend; she was a beautiful young woman. He found himself gazing at her throughout the day, his mind drifting back to the sight of her mostly naked, glistening body.

Sadly, he didn't think he'd ever get to see it again, but thankfully, Hermione had other ideas, and she was a lot smarter than he was.

They were packing up their things to leave Transfigurations class when Professor McGonagall stopped by their desk.

"I trust your swimming lessons went well?" she asked.

"I think so," Harry said.

He looked at Hermione, who smiled and nodded.

“He did really well,” she said. “But I think he might need a few more lessons to really get the hang of it.”

McGonagall nodded, and Harry tried not to look too excited.

“The Prefects won’t be happy, but I’ll reserve the bath for you for the rest of the week. Do you think that will be enough time?”

“Yes, Professor,” Hermione smiled.

“Very well,” McGonagall said, turning to Harry. “Good luck in the Second Task, Potter. If you need anything else, let me know.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said.

As she turned to leave, he shared a look with Hermione. She smiled slyly, and her cheeks flushed slightly.

Later that night, Harry and Hermione made their way back to the Prefects’ Bathroom for another swimming lesson. Harry changed into his trunks, climbed into the pool, and waited impatiently for Hermione to join him. When she finally stepped out from behind the partition, she was only wearing her blue bikini bottoms. His eyes followed her breasts as they bounced slightly with every step.

With a pleased but shy smile, Hermione stepped into the pool and pushed him by the chest.

“Honestly,” she said, shaking her head.

Harry gave her a lopsided smile and shrugged unapologetically.

“You can ogle them later,” she said. “Right now, I need you to pay attention. I’m going to teach you some swimming techniques. Freestyle, the backstroke, and the breaststroke.”

Harry perked up at the mention of the last one, and Hermione pinned him with a playful glare.

“Mind out of the gutter,” she said.

Hermione spent the next couple of hours teaching him each stroke. Contrary to his expectations, the backstroke turned out to be his favorite, although that had more to do with how Hermione looked demonstrating it than anything else.

For the rest of the week, they spent their evenings swimming in the Prefects’ Bath. By the time the weekend arrived, Harry was confident in his swimming ability, but he was sad that his time seeing Hermione nearly naked was over. From then on, they spent their evenings in the library searching for a method that would allow him to breathe underwater with little success.

The Second Task loomed closer, and it looked like they’d never find a solution. They were still looking for something, anything to help on the eve of the Second Task when Professor McGonagall approached them in the library.

“Ms. Granger, Mr. Waesley,” she said. “The headmaster needs to see you in his office.”

“We’ll see you back in the common room,” Hermione said.

She and Ron climbed to their feet and followed McGonagall for a couple of steps when she suddenly stopped. Turning around, she darted back to Harry and hugged him tightly.

“I don’t care if you win or lose,” she whispered emotionally. “Just make it through in one piece, and I’ll let you play with them.”

Harry was so stunned, he hardly reacted when she pulled back and walked quickly out of the library. It was the first time she'd said anything like that since their last evening in the Prefects' Bath weeks earlier. He felt a swell of determination, then reality hit. They'd been looking for a solution for over a month and hadn't found anything. What hope did he have when the task was just hours away?

Sitting back down with a sigh, he flipped through a random book. He wondered if forfeiting counted as making it out safe.

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Hermione and Ron stepped curiously into the headmaster's office. It was the first time either of them had been there. Professor Dumbledore was seated behind his desk. Fawkes the Phoenix was perched on the back of his chair. Across the desk, Cho Chang and a young blonde girl that Hermione didn't recognize were already seated. Percy Weasley, Ludo Bagman, and the other headmasters stood slightly off to the side.

"Ah, welcome," Dumbledore smiled.

"What's this about, professor?" Hermione asked, though she had a good idea this must have something to do with the tournament.

Before he could answer, she gasped as realization struck.

"We're hostages!"

Dumbledore smiled under his beard, and his eyes twinkled.

"Precisely," he said. "There's no need to worry. I assure you you'll be perfectly safe. Professor Snape has brewed a very special potion that will leave you in an enchanted sleep until the moment you're removed from the lake."

"You're putting us in the lake?!" Ron asked incredulously.

"With your permission, of course," Dumbledore nodded. "Each of you represents something our Champions will miss most. Ms. Change will be Mr. Diggory's hostage. Young Ms. Delacour will be her sister's. Ms. Ganger, you will be Mr. Krum's, and Mr. Weasley, you shall be Harry's hostage."

Hermione bit her lip nervously, but she had to voice her concerns.

"Professor, are you sure that's a good idea?" she asked. "Harry's likely to be confused if he sees both of us down there. I don't even think he could bring himself to leave one of us behind. Besides, Viktor and I aren't very close."

Dumbledore frowned thoughtfully.

"You were his date to the ball, were you not?" Professor McGonagall asked.

"Yes, but he only asked me because his fiancée could come," Hermione told her.

McGonagall blinked in surprise.

"I didn't even know he was engaged."

"He's trying to keep it out of the papers," Hermione explained. "Irena's doing an apprenticeship in Italy. I don't mind being his hostage, but I'm worried about Harry. If he hesitates, it could put him in danger."

"You're quite right," Dumbledore said, stroking his beard. "I hadn't considered that. Do you think we could convince his fiancée to participate?"

“No,” Karkaroff said shortly.

“Well, then, I’m afraid we have no other choice than to continue as planned,” Dumbledore said.

“It doesn’t have to actually be someone they care about, right?” Hermione asked.

Dumbledore looked at her curiously and nodded.

“Does Professor Snape have any spare Polyjuice?”

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Harry burst to the surface of the lake just as his gills vanished. Hermione and the blonde girl woke up as soon as their heads broke the surface. They flapped their arms wildly for a moment before they realized where they were.

“You did it!” Hermione beamed. “What’s she doing here? Where’s Fleur?”

“The Grindylows got her,” he said. “I couldn’t leave her down there.”

“Oh, Harry,” she moaned. “We weren’t in any real danger.”

“How was I supposed to know?” Harry asked. “You heard the song.”

“It only said that to make you try harder,” she told him. “Let’s talk about this later. This water’s freezing.”

Harry nodded and, shivering, the three of them swam toward the dock. He wasn't that far behind Krum, who finished first and helped pull his pretty blonde hostage out of the water, or Cedric, who helped Cho out a moment later, but he'd still come in last.

He kicked himself for not just grabbing Hermione and leaving. If he'd known the little girl would have been fine, he might have come in first.

Reaching the dock, he pulled himself out of the water and then helped Hermione and the little girl.

"Gabrielle!" Fleur shouted.

The little girl raced over to her just as Madam Pomfrey appeared and wrapped thick, warm towels around his and Hermione's shoulders. Professor Sprout was checking on Cedric and Cho, while Karkaroff was trying to check on Krum. He ignored his headmaster and focused on his hostage.

Harry didn't know who she was.

Krum wrapped a towel around her shivering body, cupped both of her cheeks, and pulled her in for a searing kiss. Hermione gasped next to him and clutched his forearm tightly. His stomach plummeted. He thought she was interested in Krum anymore. A flush of hurt and jealousy colored his cheeks.

"Viktor, no! That's not Irena!" Hermione yelled.

Harry looked over and noticed the woman pushing back against Krum's chest as if trying to get away. Krum let go of her, and she stumbled back, eyes wide. Suddenly, the woman, Irena, began to change. Her face bubbled, and she hunched over. Her long, blonde hair receded into her skull and turned a familiar orange. When she straightened up, she was no longer Irena, but Ronald Weasley.

Krum looked furious.

"It wasn't my idea," Ron said, holding up his hands.

Krum shouted at the judges, including his own headmaster, in Bulgarian. It took nearly fifteen minutes to calm him down so they could give the scores.

The good news was that, thanks to rescuing Gabrielle, Harry was tied for first place.

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The party in the common room celebrating Harry's performance lasted until midnight when Professor McGonagall came in and told them all to get to bed. Hermione grabbed his arm as he started to head upstairs and pulled him off to the side.

"Grab the map and your cloak and meet me down here in half an hour," she whispered.

Harry nodded and slowly climbed the stairs up to his dorm. The curtains around Ron's bed were already closed. He'd been teased relentlessly about kissing Krum, especially by the twins, and had hidden in his bed shortly after they returned to the castle.

His roommates all changed into their pajamas and climbed into bed. Harry pretended to do the same until it was time to leave. As quietly as he could, he grabbed his cloak and map from his trunk and snuck back downstairs. Hermione was already waiting for him by the portrait hole and waved him over.

"The cloak," she whispered. "Quick. Before we get caught."

Harry threw the cloak over them and activated the map. Together, they snuck through the halls down to the third floor. Once they'd gotten inside the Prefects' Bathroom, they separated and

ducked behind the partitions. Harry raced to get into his trunks as quickly as possible and climbed into the pool. He waited, excited yet nervous, for Hermione. It seemed to take longer than ever for her to get changed, but eventually she came out, wearing only her familiar blue bikini bottoms.

Smiling shyly, she climbed into the pool and sat down next to him. Her breasts bobbed tantalizingly at the waterline. Harry ached to touch them, but Hermione grabbed his wrists before he could.

"I know I said you could touch them," she said, biting her lip nervously. "And, you can, but I want you to do something for me first. I want you to kiss me."

Harry stared at her for a moment, blinked, and then smiled. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her closer. Her warm skin pressed against his as their faces slowly drifted closer. He watched her eyes flutter shut before he closed his own. For a moment, he tasted her minty breath as she exhaled nervously, and then their lips met.

They kissed softly, tentatively, at first, slowly exploring. Then Hermione wrapped her arms around his neck, ran her fingers through his hair, and deepened it. She pressed her body flush against his and slipped her tongue between his slightly parted lips. Harry eagerly met it with his own.

In moments, their soft kiss turned into full-blown snogging. Hermione climbed into his lap, her knees on either side of his thighs. He groaned as she pressed against his erection.

Of their own volition, his hands slowly drifted down from her lower back to her bum. Her response was a low moan as she bucked her hips. He took that as permission and grabbed two fat handfuls of her luscious cheeks. They felt so full, firm, and large for her petite frame. Harry kneaded them roughly, and she only kissed him harder.

He kneaded and massaged her glorious ass while they snogged until both of them ran out of breath. Hermione rested her forehead against his, panting lightly. Their eyes met, and he

couldn't look away even as she grabbed his wrists and moved them away from her bum. His momentary disappointment changed to excitement as she brought them up to her chest.

Just as he'd imagined weeks earlier, her breasts filled his hands perfectly. It was like they were made for him. Harry groped them gently, marveling at how they could be so soft yet firm at the same time. He brushed his thumbs over the impossibly smooth skin and across her hardened nipples. Hermione closed her eyes and hummed pleurably.

"You're beautiful, Hermione," he said softly.

Hermione opened her eyes and smiled, her warm brown eyes swimming with emotions he couldn't name. She didn't give him much time to figure it out before she pressed her lips against his once more. It was less frantic this time, but deeper, more passionate. Harry's hands explored every wonderful inch of her body. He tested and teased, trying to figure out what she enjoyed most, but she seemed to like all of it, even when he got a little rough. She moaned and showered him with affection through all of it.

The skin on their hands and feet was quite pruned by the time they finally climbed out of the pool and returned to the common room.

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Harry paused in his weeding to wipe the sweat from his brow. This summer had been unbearably hot. Thankfully, he was in the shade of the house, giving him a respite from the direct sunlight.

Digging his trowel into the soil, he ripped up the roots of the last weed he could find and tossed it into the pile. With a tired sigh, he stood, wiped his dirty, aching hands on his jeans, and picked up the pile of weeds he'd collected. He dumped them in the bin on his way to the back door. Being inside didn't offer much relief from the heat, so he turned on the cold water at the kitchen sink and washed his hands and face.

He had just finished drying off when the doorbell rang.

“Boy! See who it is!” Vernon shouted from the living room.

Rolling his eyes, Harry walked through the living room and opened the front door. He caught sight of Hermione’s beaming face before she hugged him fiercely.

“Harry!” she yelled, pressing herself tightly against him for several seconds before she pulled back with a grin. “We’re getting you out of here. Let’s go pack your things.”

“We?” Harry asked curiously.

He peeked behind her, but all he could see was a Range Rover parked on the side of the road.

“My parents are in the car,” she told him. “Professor Dumbledore said you could leave a week ago, but he kept postponing things, so I decided to do it myself. You’re coming to France for vacation with us.”

“Seriously?” Harry asked hopefully.

“Yes,” Hermione smiled. “Now, come on, let’s get your things.”

Grinning, he turned and showed her to the stairs.

“What the ruddy hell is going on?!” Vernon shouted. “Who’s that?!”

Harry and Hermione ignored him as they climbed the stairs quickly and entered his messy bedroom. He expected to hear his uncle thundering up the stairs any moment, but apparently it

was too hot for him to bother. They quickly packed his trunk, grabbed Hedwig's cage, and carried them back downstairs.

"Where do you think you're going, boy?" Vernon growled.

"He's coming with me, or my next stop is the local police station, where I tell them they might want to take a closer look at that cupboard under the stairs," Hermione said, arching her brow challengingly.

Uncle Vernon glared at her, his beady eyes narrowing.

"Vernon, the neighbors," Aunt Petunia said worriedly.

"Fine!" he barked. "Take him. And don't come back til next summer, you hear me, boy?"

"Gladly," Harry said.

Hermione flashed the Dursleys a viscous glare and helped him carry his trunk out to the Range Rover. They loaded his things into the boot and then climbed into the back seat.

"Ready to go," Hermione's dad, Dan, asked.

"All set," Hermione said, fastening her seat belt.

Her mother, Emma, turned in her seat to look back at them and smiled at Harry.

"Hello, dear," she said.

"Hi," Harry smiled. "Thanks for picking me up, Mrs. Granger."

"Oh, think nothing of it," Emma smiled. "Hermione said you've never been out of the country before?"

"No," Harry replied. "I haven't."

"Well, then you're in for a treat," she said.

They drove for hours, and in that time, Hermione caught him up on what he'd missed. Dumbledore had reformed his organization, the Order of the Phoenix, to fight Voldemort. The Ministry still didn't believe him, but at least some people did and were willing to fight back. She also vented her frustrations about Dumbledore leaving him with his relatives all summer.

It was early afternoon by the time they crossed the Channel Tunnel into France. They drove for a few more hours before stopping for the night at a hotel. Dan rented a small room with two beds, one for Harry and Hermione and one for her parents. They woke early and drove for several more hours before arriving in the French Riviera.

The view out of the window was gorgeous. Harry had never seen anything so bright and clear in his life. Eventually, they reached the hotel they'd be staying at for the week and unpacked the car. Dan walked up to the receptionist and spoke to her in fluent French. They seemed to get into a bit of a disagreement before he turned to his wife.

"I thought you ordered three rooms," he said.

"I said I tried," Emma corrected him. "Dan, they've been booked for weeks. The best I could do was move Hermione from a single bed to a double."

Dan glanced between Harry and Hermione and frowned.

“Oh, stop it,” Emma said. “Honestly, they’re both adults. And, unless you’re going to make Harry sleep in the car, there’s really no other choice.”

Dan sighed heavily.

“Fine,” he muttered grumpily and turned back to the receptionist.

Once that was settled, Harry helped carry the luggage upstairs to their rooms.

“I’m going to take Harry to the beach,” Hermione told her parents once they were settled. “He’s never been before.”

“Okay,” Emma smiled. “Your father promised to take me out to dinner. Do you want to come with us?”

“No, you two go ahead,” Hermione said. “We’ll figure something out.”

“Alright, dear, have fun,” Emma told her.

Hermione pulled Harry back into the room they were sharing. It was fairly small, with most of the space taken up by the two queen-size beds, but it had a fantastic view of the beach. Harry changed into trunks in the room while Hermione did the same in the bathroom. She came out wearing a new, black bikini that covered slightly less than the blue one he’d seen at Hogwarts. He followed her back downstairs, noting the way her bum flexed and jiggled as she walked.

They walked out onto the street, bought a couple of towels, and made their way out onto the beach. Harry was quite shocked by the number of women walking around topless, and a few were even completely naked. In order to keep himself from staring, he kept his eyes fixated on Hermione. When she noticed, she rewarded him with a pleased smile.

After a bit of walking, they found a good spot and laid out their towels. Hermione reached into her bag and pulled out a bottle of sunscreen.

“Would you mind doing my back?” she asked.

“Sure,” Harry smiled.

She laid down on the towel, arms folded under her head as he squeezed the sunscreen into his hand. Starting at her shoulders, he slowly rubbed down her back, taking significantly longer than was strictly necessary. Not that Hermione complained. He paid particular attention to her bum but eventually moved down to cover her legs as well.

Once he was finished, she did the same for him. It was wonderfully relaxing. As they lay in the sun and discussed inconsequential things, he wondered if she would remove her top like the other women, but she didn't. It was difficult to sort out his feelings about that. He liked that he was the only person who got to see those parts of her, but he was disappointed he'd have to wait to see them again.

They only spent a couple of hours on the beach before it started to get dark. Packing up their towels, they wandered the city on foot. Hermione bought them a pair of sunglasses each and a wrap for herself that she tied around her waist before they stumbled across a nice restaurant. It took a while to get seated. They ordered dinner, and Harry had the time of his life just sitting and talking with his best friend. For the moment, he could forget about Cedric, Voldemort, the Ministry, and all of his problems.

As they laughed and joked over dessert, Hermione spotted her parents wandering down the street back toward the hotel. Both of them were smiling and looked to have had a few drinks.

“Well, aren't you two adorable?” Emma giggled.

“Mum,” Hermione groaned.

“Oh, relax, Hermione, I think you make a great couple, don’t you, Dan?”

Dan grunted noncommittally.

“We’re going to head back to our room for the night. You two have fun,” Emma smiled.

As she and Dan staggered off to the hotel, Harry and Hermione shared a look and laughed. After dinner, they wandered around for a little longer before making their way back to the hotel. Hermione took him by the hand when they entered their room and led him over to one of the beds. With a firm shove to the chest, she knocked him back onto the mattress and climbed on top of him until their faces were even with each other.

“I missed you,” she said softly.

Harry smiled.

“I missed you, too.”

Their lips met in a deep, passionate kiss. He slipped one hand under her bikini to squeeze her breast while the other trailed down her side to grasp her bum. Unfortunately, the wrap around her waist got in the way. He tugged at the side until it came loose and then tossed it carelessly aside. Her top joined it soon after.

Harry broke their kiss and ducked his head down to her chest. Hermione moaned and threaded her fingers through his hair as he kissed the inside of her soft, warm breasts. Slowly, he kissed his over to her left nipple and captured it between his lips. She moaned again and ground herself against his incessant erection. Then, in a surprising move, she reached for his shorts.

He froze nervously as she loosened the tie and shimmied them down his hips. His cock sprang free and slapped his stomach the moment it was free. Hermione stared down at it, unmoving, and worse, her hair fell over her face so he couldn’t see her expression. Excitement warred with

worry as he waited for her reaction with bated breath, and then, just when he didn't think he could take the silence any longer, she reached out and brushed her fingers against his shaft.

Harry gasped through his teeth, and his cock jerked upward as if seeking out her touch. She looked up at him. Their eyes met. The smile that crossed her face was like none he'd ever seen from her before. It looked sultry, naughty, nervous, and excited all at once. And then she wrapped her hand around him.

"Oh, bloody hell," he groaned.

Hermione giggled as he pulsed in her hand. She held him loosely and ran her thumb over the skin in slow circles.

"It's so hot," she said softly, more to herself than to him.

Gripping him tighter, she gave him one long stroke from the base to the tip. Harry slammed his eyes shut and groaned, willing himself not to explode too soon. Eventually, he got himself under control and opened his eyes. Hermione was still staring down at his cock, studying it. She caressed every inch of it. When she brushed her thumb over the tip, his vision turned white. Her second hand joined the first, and she stroked him up and down slowly.

It was the most glorious torture Harry had ever experienced. A part of him wanted to beg her to go faster, but he knew if she did, he would erupt in seconds. Hermione scooted closer until her mons was pressed up against the base of his cock. He could feel the heat pouring off of her.

She moaned, stopped stroking him, and started grinding against him. It felt incredible, but ended far too soon. Hermione rolled to the side, and before he could ask her why she had stopped, the words froze in his throat as he watched her peel her bottoms down her legs.

He swallowed thickly as the only part of her he'd never seen came into view. There was a small, well-groomed patch of dark brown hair above her mound, and as she shifted, he caught a brief

glimpse of her taut, glistening folds. The scent of her arousal reached him, inflaming his senses, a moment before she straddled his waist and knelt above him.

Their eyes met, and she raised his cock and pressed it against her entrance. Hermione's mouth fell open as she lowered her weight. For a moment, Harry worried he wouldn't fit, then her entrance gave way, and he plunged into her depths. He groaned as he was enveloped by a tight, slick furnace.

With a gasp, Hermione collapsed onto his chest and whined.

"Bloody hell," Harry gasped. "Are you alright?"

"Mmh hmm," she hummed. "Just give me a minute. You're a lot bigger than my fingers."

He caressed her back and fought the urge to move his hips. She felt amazing around him. Rubbing her back, he kissed the top of her head. Hermione hummed contentedly, and after a couple of minutes, sat back up. They both groaned as he shifted inside of her.

"Oh, that feels much better now," she murmured.

Pressing her hands firmly against his chest, she started rolling her hips. She started slowly at first but quickly fell into a rhythm of rocking forward and then pushing herself back. Her breasts bounced enticingly each time she bottomed out. Trying to distract himself from the incredible pleasure he was feeling, Harry reached up and grasped one firmly. Hermione moaned and placed her hand over his, directing him to squeeze it even harder.

She rode him harder as he groped her roughly. Panting heavily, her eyes turned glassy, staring unseeingly at the wall. Harry bit his lip hard, trying to use the pain to stave off his rapidly building climax. His mind was so clouded that his fingers pinched Hermione's nipple roughly in a sympathetic reflex.

Her back arched as she cried out, and he let go quickly. An apology died on his lips when she suddenly grasped her own nipples and pulled them hard. Her entire body stiffened and trembled like a bowstring. She practically vibrated before she cried out again and collapsed on his chest. Her body spasmed and jerked over his as she rocked her hips with a frantic desperation. A flood of arousal soaked his cock before she stilled, panting like she'd run a marathon.

Harry didn't dare move. He felt like a single twitch might set him off, and he didn't want this to end. In the short time it took Hermione to catch her breath, his approaching climax receded.

"Don't stop," she panted, rocking her hips.

Harry groaned and rolled her over onto her back. With his weight resting on his forearms placed on either side of her head, he pressed his forehead against her and plunged into her depths. He tried to pace himself, but he couldn't. Now that he was in control, his body refused to listen. His baser instincts took over, and he thrust into her hard and deep.

"Faster," Hermione whispered between breaths.

His body obeyed before his mind even registered the words. Harry pounded into her vigorously. Their bodies clapped together as he chased his climax. Hermione moaned under him. Her legs tightened around his waist, heels digging into his bum to urge him on. He felt the sharp sting of her nails raking along his back. Panting, he buried his face in the crook of her neck and fucked her with a single-minded focus.

"Oh, God!" Hermione gasped. "I'm cumming again."

She grunted rhythmically into his ear in the most sensual sound he'd ever heard. Slamming his eyes shut, Harry pressed her against the mattress with his weight, buried his cock to the hilt, and exploded in her depths.

It was the most intense thing he'd ever felt. More intense than even the Cruciatus, but pleasure instead of pain. His climax lasted far longer than he expected it to. He just kept pumping into her, flooding her depths until, finally, it ended.

Harry lay panting on top of Hermione as she caressed his back and kissed his shoulder. By the time he caught his breath, he'd softened so much that he slipped out of her. Worried he was crushing her, he rolled over onto his back.

"Wow," Hermione breathed.

"Yeah," Harry said with a silly grin.

They turned to look at each other and burst into laughter.

"That was amazing," she smiled. "I can't wait to get back to the bookstore."

"The bookstore?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, the bookstore. If that felt great, imagine what it'll be like once we do some research. There are so many things to learn. Oral. Different positions we can try. And think of all the magic. I bet the magical world has all sorts of spells and potions we can use."

Harry stared at her open-mouthed. He never imagined Hermione to be so... adventurous.

Hermione glanced down at his cock, which was already starting to re-harden, and smirked.

"Want to do it again?" she asked.

Harry nodded dumbly. With a giggle, Hermione sat up and then crawled forward onto her hands and knees. Presenting him with her magnificent bum, she rested her head atop her folded arms and looked back at him with a smile.

“Let’s try it this way.”

Harry scrambled up and knelt behind her.